



Hope essays 4^o 41.



John Thomas Hope.

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 It is a peculiar characteristic of this Work that every Volume is complete in itself.

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If custom had not rendered it almost imperative, that, at the commencement of every new volume, the Editor should say something of himself and of his work, our delicacy would have induced us to have omitted it. To the readers of the LITERARY CHRONICLE, it cannot now be necessary to state the circumstances under which it was commenced; its objects, or how far these objects have been accomplished; but, in a time of unparalleled competition in periodical literature, when every species of empiricism is resorted to, and when works which, from the time they have been in existence, might be supposed to be established,—when such impose their youth on the public and are announced as new literary journals, then it becomes necessary that we should re-state the grounds on which we found our claims to public patronage and support.

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To those friends whose communications form a valuable part of our work, we return our most sincere and grateful thanks, as well as to the Public generally. With the commencement of a new Volume, we hope materially to increase our subscribers; since the LITERARY CHRONICLE presents one advantage over every other journal, viz. that each Volume is in itself complete.

Review of New Books.

WINE, BEER, AND BREAD.

1. *A Treatise on the Art of making Wine from Native Fruits; exhibiting the Chemical Principles upon which the Art of Wine Making depends; the Fruits best adapted for Home-made Wines, and the Method of preparing them.* By Fredrick Accum, Operative Chemist, &c. 12mo. pp. 92. London, 1820.
2. *A Treatise on the Art of Brewing; exhibiting the London Practice of brewing Porter, Brown Stout, Ale, Table Beer, and various other kinds of Malt Liquors. With Copper-plates.* By the same. 12mo. pp. 208. London, 1820.
3. *A Treatise on the Art of making Good and Wholesome Breads, of Wheat, Oats, Rye, Barley, and other Farinaceous Seeds. Exhibiting the Chemical Constitution and Alimentary Properties of different kinds of Bread Corn, and other Substances employed in different Parts of the World, instead of Bread.* By the same. 12mo. pp. 160. London, 1821.

It will be in the recollection of all our readers, that, about twelve months ago, Mr. Accum, who has the reputation of a skilful analyser, published a work which, if it did not, as Dr. Prolix says, 'occasion a great laugh at the time,' certainly excited considerable interest. This was a 'Treatise on Adulterations of Food and Culinary Poisons,' in which he, to the great terror of all epicures and hypochondriacs, declared that almost every article that we eat or drink is poisonous. In vain did we quit our wine or our brandy, and take to 'entire butt beer,' for we were instantly told that it was 'a very heterogeneous mixture, composed of all the waste and spoiled beer of the publicans,—the bottoms of the butts,—the leavings of the pots,—the drippings of the machines for drawing the beer,—the remnants of the beer that lay in the

leadens pipes of the brewery,' &c. To fly to tea was useless, for he assured us that he had examined 27 samples of imitation leaves. In coffee, we were no better, for it was only pigeon's-beans and peas. At last, we determined to drink nothing but water; but here the persecuting spirit followed us, and we were forbidden to touch this simple beverage until we had ascertained that it contained the due proportions of common air and carbonic acid gas. Soda-water, cream, custards, confectionery, pickles, and sauces, bread and cheese, *cum multis aliis*, filled up the sordid catalogue of the miseries to which eating and drinking subjected us. It was in vain to protest that we had dieted on them for many years, and enjoyed good health, for, like Partridge, the Almanack Maker, who contradicted Swift's assertion, that he was dead, we were not believed. Our only remedy now appeared to be in calling in the assistance of the physician, with an antidote to the thousand poisons we had swallowed; but Mr. Accum would not even leave us this consolation, for he declared that 'nine-tenths of the most potent drugs and chemical preparations used in pharmacy, are vended in a sophisticated state by dealers who would be the last to be suspected.' Nothing, we found, would now save us, but to muster up courage and make an exertion of common sense; to burn Mr. Accum's book, and to drink our wine, sip our brandy, and trifle over our custards and confectionery as usual. This saved us.

Mr. Accum, after sounding the tocsin of alarm, and suffering it to operate for nearly 12 months, now comes forward to remove it, so far as relates to three important articles, of the poison and adulterations of which he had dwelt largely,—wine, bread, and beer. Should these books be successful, we doubt not but that, in the course of ten or a dozen years, he will gradually remove all the terrors of his first publication, and teach us how to make our pickles, sauces, and confectionery in the most wholesome and most economical manner.

In the Treatise on Wines, Mr. A. gives a concise description of the art of preparing the several varieties, from the fruits of domestic growth. He also states the destructive characters of British fruit wines, and their chemical difference from the wine of the grape. The 'historical sketch of the art of making wine,' with which the work commences, is very imperfect, particu-

larly so far as relates to Britain. We are barely told that the vine was introduced here by the Romans, and appears to have very soon become common; that 'few ancient monasteries did not manufacture wine. In an early period of the history of Britain, the Isle of Ely was expressly denominated the Isle of Vine, by the Normans. The Bishop of Ely, shortly after the conquest, received at least three or four tuns of wine, annually, as tithes from the vines in his dioceses, and in his leases he made frequent reservations of a certain quantity of wine, by way of rent.' We now pass on to the most important part of the subject,—the art of making wines. Home made wines differ chiefly from foreign or grape wines, 'in containing a much greater quantity of malic acid, whilst the wine of the grape contains chiefly tartareous acid.' The British fruits most capable of being converted into wine, besides grapes, are the gooseberry, elderberry, mulberry, raspberry, blackberry, strawberry, red currant, black currant, white currant, and cranberry. These ferment well and afford good and wholesome wines. Without carrying our readers through the processes of fermentation, racking and sulphuring, barrelling and clarifying of wine, we shall extract a few of Mr. Accum's recipes for making such wines as are most common; and first, of—

Gooseberry Wine.—'Take 50lbs. of immature gooseberries, freed from the remains of the blossoms and fruit stalks, bruise them in successive portions, in a wooden tub, without much compressing the husk, or bruising the seeds; dilute the mass with four gallons of water, and after having suffered it to stand for ten or twelve hours, put it into a coarse canvas bag, and squeeze out the liquor.

'Pour upon the residue one gallon of water, suffer it to macerate for twelve hours, and then press it out, and add the produce to the before-obtained juice. Put the whole of the liquor into a tub, and add to it from 30 to 40lbs. of white loaf sugar, according to the desired strength and sweetness of the wine, and 1lb. of finely pulverized crude super-tartrate of potash.

'Stir this mixture, and make up the total bulk of the fluid with water, to the amount of 10½ gallons; cover it with a blanket or sacking, and let it stand in a moderately warm place.

'In a day or two, the fluid will begin to ferment, and when the yeast froth, which appears on the surface, has assumed a uniform texture, skim it off, and repeat the skimming from time to time, till no more yeast becomes separated. When the fermentation has so far been com-

pleted, draw off the liquor from the dregs, or lees, into a cask, which must be completely filled with the wine.

'A small quantity of yeast will continue to become separated, and overflow the bung-hole, in consequence of the slow fermentation in the cask, and hence the quantity of liquor diminishes; the loss thus sustained, must be made up by adding, from time to time, a portion of the liquor which was made for that purpose, so as to keep the cask always filled up to the bung-hole.

'When the fermentation has nearly ceased, the bung may be put loosely into its place; but a small hole must be bored by the side of the bung-hole, and loosely fitted with a peg, to give vent for the extrication of the carbonic acid that may become developed. When no farther froth appears, the vent-peg must be withdrawn, the spile may then be tightened, and the cask left undisturbed for five or six months; after which time, the wine should be drawn off from its lees into another cask; and if it is not fine, it may be rendered so by the addition of a small quantity of isinglass dissolved in water, which will render it clear in a few days, after which it may be bottled and stored in a cool cellar.

'Should the wine be too sweet, the fermentation, (before it is drawn off from its lees,) may be re-excited by stirring up the contents of the cask, and suffering it to repose in a warm place. By this means an additional portion of the undecomposed sugar which it contains will disappear. The wine may then be decanted. Sometimes it is necessary to decant it a second time, into a clean cask, after it has been suffered to stand two months. In any case it must be bottled during the month of March, provided that the wine is become perfectly clear; if not, some mistake has been committed in the manufacture of it.'

Wine from ripe gooseberries may be made in a similar manner to what has been just stated, a more careful exclusion of the husks and seeds being necessary. For,—

Brik Gooseberry Wine.—'Let 40lbs. of unripe gooseberries be mashed, and having poured upon the mass one gallon of water, squeeze out the juice, add to it 12lbs. of lump sugar, and six ounces of super-tartrate of potash, previously reduced to a fine powder; suffer the liquor to ferment in a tub for about two days only, and then transfer it into a cask, and attend to the process of replenishing the waste liquor by filling up the cask from time to time, till the fermentation has so far subsided, that the hissing noise which is heard at the bung-hole is but slightly perceptible. The bung of the cask may then be fastened down, and also the spile, and the cask left undisturbed, in a cool cellar, till the month of November, at which time the clear liquor

should be racked off into a cask, and bottled.

Brisk Currant Wine.—Let the currants be gathered when they have nearly attained their full growth, but before they have shewn much tendency to ripen; separate the berries from the stalks, mash the fruit, and let all the preliminary process for obtaining the juice, be conducted precisely in the same manner as described in the method for making brisk gooseberry wine; add the same proportion of sugar and super-tartrate of potash.

The fermentation and further treatment of the wine should also be similar to that of brisk gooseberry wine. We now pass on to—

Elder Wine.—This fruit is excellently calculated for the production of wine. Its juice contains a considerable portion of the fermentative matter which is so essential for the production of a vigorous fermentation, and its beautiful colour communicates to the wine a rich tint; but, as the fruit is deficient in saccharine matter, this substance must be liberally supplied. This wine is much ameliorated by adding to the elderberry juice a small portion of super-tartrate of potash. Dr. Macculloch observes, "that the proportion of this salt may vary from one to four, and even six per cent. The cause of this admissible laxity will appear, when it is considered that the greater part of the super-tartrate of potash is again deposited in the lees. I may also remark, that from two to four per cent. will be found a sufficient dose, in proportion to the greater or less sweetness of the fruit, the sweetest requiring the largest quantity of this salt, and *vice versa*. The dose of it ought also to vary in proportion to the added sugar, increasing as it increases."

To every two quarts of bruised berries, put one quart of water; strain the juice through a hair sieve, and add to every quart of the diluted juice one pound of lump sugar. Boil the mixture for about one quarter of an hour, and suffer it to ferment in the manner before stated. —See *Gooseberry Wine*.

Or, bruise a bushel of picked elderberries; dilute the mass with ten gallons of water, and having boiled it for a few minutes, strain off the juice, and squeeze out the husks. Measure the whole quantity of the juice, and to every quart put three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar; and, whilst still warm, add to it half a pint of yeast, and fill up the cask with some of the reserved liquor.

When the wine is clear, it may be drawn off from the lees, (which will be in about three months,) and bottled for use.

For flavouring the wine, ginger, allspice, or any other aromatic substance, may be used; the flavouring materials may be enclosed in a bag, and suspended in the cask, and removed when the desired flavour is produced.

Ginger Wine.—Dissolve 18 or 20 pounds of sugar, in nine and a-half gallons of boiling water, and add to it 10 or 12 ounces of bruised ginger-root. Boil the mixture for about a quarter of an hour, and when nearly cold, add to it half a pint of yeast, and pour it into a cask to ferment, taking care to fill up the cask from time to time with the surplus of the liquor made for that purpose. When the fermentation ceases, take off the wine, and bottle it when transparent.

It is a common practice to boil the outer rind of a few lemons, together with the ginger destined for the wine, to impart to the wine the flavour of lemon-peel.

Orange Wine.—Take the outer rind of 100 Seville oranges, so thinly pared that no white appears in it; pour upon it 10½ gallons of boiling water; suffer it to stand for eight or ten hours, and having strained off the liquor, whilst slightly warm, add to it the juice of the pulp, and from 25 to 30 pounds of lump sugar, and a few table-spoonfuls of yeast; suffer it to ferment in the cask for about five days, or till the fermentation has apparently ceased; and when the wine is perfectly transparent, draw it off from the lees, and bottle it.

A raisin wine, possessing the flavour of Frontignac, we are told, may be made in the following manner:—

Take six pounds of raisins, boil them in six gallons of water, and, when perfectly soft, rub them through a cullender, to separate the stones. Add the pulp to the water in which the raisins have been boiled; pour the mixture upon 12lbs. of white sugar, and suffer it to ferment with the addition of half a pound of yeast. When the fermentation has nearly ceased, add a quarter of a peck of elder flowers, contained in a bag, which should be suspended in the cask, and removed when the wine has acquired the desired flavour. When the wine has become clear, draw it off into bottles.

With this extract we close the Treatise on Wines: we do not pledge ourselves that Mr. Accum's recipes are unknown to many of our fair readers; but even they will, we doubt not, be pleased at having the opinion of a scientific writer on the subject, who will, no doubt, take care that in all the preparations he recommends, there shall not be 'death in the pot.' The addition of spirit, so often recommended in the recipes for making wine, so far from checking the wine from becoming sour, increases the tendency; and, therefore, the use of brandy as a preservative to wine is founded in error. The effect, on the contrary, is to destroy the briskness of the wine, while it increases their expense and diminishes their salubrity.

The 'Treatise on Brewing' is of a less popular character than that on the making of wine; the first 190 pages being chiefly applicable to brewing on a large scale, as practised in the London breweries. Then comes a chapter on 'brewing in the small way'; but before we touch on this part of the subject, we shall notice some of the ingredients which ought to be used in all breweries, both in a large and small way; such as malt and hops. And first, of malt:—

The best malt is of a round full body; the grains, when broken, present a soft flour, enveloped in a thin skin; it breaks easy between the teeth, and has a sweet mellow taste. Such malt is devoid of a saccharine and mealy taste, and agreeable colour, and which breaks hard and stinty, ought to be rejected.

Another method employed by brewers to ascertain the goodness of malt, is to put a quantity in a glass of water; when that part of it which has been thoroughly malted will swim upon its surface, and such grains as are unmalted, sink to the bottom.

The most rational method of ascertaining the relative value of different samples of malt, is to determine the quantity of fermentable matter obtainable from a given quantity; for no substance of commerce varies more in quality than malt. And this may easily be accomplished, by extracting in the small way, by means of water heated to the temperature employed in the brewing process, all the fermentable matter from a given sample of malt.

Mr. Accum says, hops were first brought into England from the Netherlands, in the year 1524; and that they are first mentioned in the English statute-book in the year 1552. Now, although we have not the statute-book to refer to at the present moment, and do not profess to be fully acquainted with the history of hops, yet we suspect that Mr. Accum is quite erroneous in his statement, and that they were known in England at least a century before the date he assigns. In the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, vol. 950, we find the following mention of the prohibition of hops, so early as the year 1428: 'There was an information, about the 4th of Hen. VI. against a person, for that he put a kind of unwholesome weed into his brewing, called an hop.' Whether hops had been the subject of legislative enactments before this time or not, we will not pretend to determine, but the passage we have quoted proves that they were known and used in England early in the fifteenth century. On the 'char-

acters of the goodness of hops, with which we doubt not Mr. A. is better acquainted than with his history; he says,—

'The goodness of hops depends upon several different circumstances, but principally on the clammy or resinous feel of the yellow farinacious powdery matter which is sprinkled over them, their colour, and aromatic odour. And a sample is considered the more or less valuable, the more or less clammy the flower-buds feel; while it is of the greatest consequence, in relation to the colour, that it should be preserved as bright as possible; yet it does not always follow that the best coloured samples possess the strongest aromatic flavour.

'Rub a few of the hop-pods strongly in the palm of the hand, and if they are good, an oily, rich, or resinous substance will be perceptible, accompanied by a most fragrant smell. The friction should produce a quantity of fine yellow dust, called by the trade, *condition*, in which the richness of the hop in part consists, as does their strength in the oily or resinous substance. On opening a sample of good hops, a considerable quantity of seeds are found; and if they have been properly dried, they possess a fine olive-green colour. Attention should be paid to the bags, or pockets, to see that they have been properly strained or tightened.

Having treated on hops, we shall now make a *skip*, and then *jump* at once, not into the mash-tub, but into Mr. Accum's Treatise on Domestic Brewing. It would far exceed our limits to give the whole process of brewing even in 'a small way,' nor could we condense it sufficiently to render our readers masters of the subject; we shall, therefore, only quote an extract on the quantity of ale or table beer to be brewed from a given quantity of malt and hops:—

'In domestic brewing, and if the beer be not intended for keeping, one bushel of malt, and ten ounces of hops, will produce 12 gallons of *common*, or table ale; and ale brewers allow one measure of such ale to be equal to two of table beer. From one bushel of malt, therefore, may be brewed 24 gallons of table beer, without any table ale, or nine gallons of ale, and six of table beer; or six of ale and 12 of table beer, or any other proportions of ale and table beer, bearing in mind the proportions that *common* ale and table beer are here considered as two of table beer being equivalent to one of ale. This is the smallest quantity of malt that should be employed for brewing 12 gallons of good table or common ale. It is likewise understood that the malt be measured before it is ground, because a bushel of malt, by measure, produces, when coarsely ground, one and a quarter of grist; and, when finely ground, the increase of bulk

is still more considerable; hence, if the malt be purchased in a ground state, this allowance must be made accordingly.

'If the ale is intended for keeping, it is advisable to allow from five and three-quarters to six bushels of pale malt to a hogshead, (54 gallons,) of good ale. The quantity of hops must be suited to the taste of the drinker, and the time the liquor is intended to be kept. For strong ale, intended to be kept about 12 months, three-quarters of a pound of hops should be used, (if the hop be new or of the best kind,) to every bushel of malt. If the beer is to be preserved 16 or 18 months, one pound of hops to a bushel of malt will be a good proportion.'

'Pale malt is preferable to amber-coloured malt, for brewing in the small way, and should always be used, and the best malt produces the best flavoured beer. If the beer be intended to have a brown colour, the addition of a small portion of burnt sugar answers that purpose very well.'

The private brewer may employ molasses, sugar, or any other substance in his brewing, which the public brewer is not allowed to do:—

'When economy is an object, a quantity of molasses or muscovado sugar may be substituted for a portion of the malt. From experiments in which we [Mr. Accum] have been professionally engaged, on a large scale, we are authorized to state that 12lbs. of molasses, or 10lbs. of muscovado sugar, are equivalent, or yield as much fermentable matter, as is produced from one bushel of malt of the usual quality, that is, such as is capable of yielding 63lbs. of solid fermentable matter per quarter of malt.'

We will conclude the brewing treatise with Mr. Accum's recipe for making spruce beer, which is prepared in the following manner:—

'Add to 18 gallons of boiling water, from 12 to 14lbs of molasses, and from 14 to 16 ounces of extract of spruce. Suffer the mixture to cool, and when lukewarm, add to it one pint of yeast, and suffer the mixture to ferment.

'Whilst the fermentation is going on, remove the yeast by skimming, and when the fermentative process begins to become languid, which usually happens in two days, let the beer be bottled. It will be fit for use in three or four days. Sugar is preferable to molasses, and if malt-wort of an ordinary strength, (15 or 18 gallons drawn from a bushel of pale malt,) be substituted for the water, a spruce beer of a much superior flavour is obtained.

'White spruce beer is made in a similar manner, by substituting for molasses, common sugar.'

We now come to Mr. Accum's treatise on making bread. An egotistical preface commences the work, in which an 'I have' begins almost every

sentence. He then gives some preliminary observations on the chemical constitution and nutritive quality of vegetable food. This is followed by an historical sketch of the art of making bread,—an account of the various substitutes for bread,—an analysis of bread flour,—the methods of making various sorts of unleavened and leavened bread,—bread made with yeast, &c. Among the substitutes for bread, used in different countries, are the bread fruit, *sago*, *cassava*, *tapioca*, the plantain, *hapana*,—bread made of dried fish, of *woos*, and of earth. The Icelanders collect the *Lichen Rangiferinus*, or reindeer moss, in summer, and, when dry, grind it into powder and make it into bread. But the strangest substitute for bread that has ever been employed, is a sort of white earth:—

'The poor, in the lordship of Moscov, in Upper Lusania, have been frequently compelled to make use of this earth as a substitute for bread.

'The earth is dug out of a pit where saltpetre had formerly been worked: when exposed to the rays of the sun, it splits and cracks, and small globules issue from it like meal, which ferments when mixed with flour. On this earth, baked into bread, many persons have subsisted a considerable time.'

We doubt not but that every good house-wife will hint herself as well qualified to make bread as Mr. Accum, although she may not be able to explain the chemical changes that it undergoes in the process; we shall, however, quote his recipe for home-made wheaten bread:—

'Take a bushel of wheaten flour, and put two third parts of it in one heap into a trough or tub; then dilute two pints of yeast with three or four pints of warm water, and add to this mixture from eight to ten ounces of salt. Make a hole in the middle of the heap of flour, pour the mixture of yeast, salt, and water into it, and knead the whole into an uniform stiff dough, with such an additional quantity of water as is requisite for that purpose, and suffer the dough to rise in a warm place.

'When the dough has risen, and just begins again to subside, add to it gradually the remaining one-third part of the flour; knead it again thoroughly, taking care to add gradually so much warm water as is sufficient to form the whole into a stiff tenacious dough, and continue the kneading. At first the mass is very adhesive, and clings to the fingers, but it becomes less so the longer the kneading is continued; and when the fist, on being withdrawn, leaves its perfect impression in the dough, none of it adhering to the fingers, the kneading may be discontinued. The dough may be then divided into

loaf pieces, (of about 5lb. in weight.) Knead each piece once more separately, and having made it up in the proper form, put it in a warm place, cover it with a blanket, to promote the last rising: and when this has taken place, put it into the oven. When the loaves are withdrawn, they should be covered up with a blanket, to cool as slowly as possible.

As a matter of curiosity rather than of actual utility to our readers, we quote the account of manufacturing sea-biscuits:—

'The process of biscuit-baking for the British navy is as follows, and it is equally simple and ingenious. The meal, and every other article, being supplied with much certainty and simplicity, large lumps of dough, consisting merely of flour and water, are mixed up together; and as the quantity is so immense as to preclude, by any common process, a possibility of kneading it, a man manages, or, as it is termed, rides a machine, which is called a horse. This machine is a long roller, apparently about four or five inches in diameter, and about seven or eight feet in length. It has a play to a certain extension, by means of a staple in the wall, to which is inserted a kind of eye, making its action like the machine by which they cut chaff for horses. The lump of dough being placed exactly in the centre of a raised platform, the man sits upon the end of the machine, and literally rides up and down throughout its whole circular direction, till the dough is equally indented; and this is repeated till it is sufficiently kneaded; at which times, by the different positions of the lines, large or small circles are described, according as they are near to or distant from the wall.

'The dough, in this state, is handed over to a second workman, who slices it with a prodigious knife; and it is then in a proper state for the use of those bakers who attend the oven. These are five in number; and their different departments are as well calculated for expedition and correctness, as the making of pins, or other mechanical employments. On each side of a large table, where the dough is laid, stands a workman; at a small table near the oven stands another; a fourth stands by the side of the oven, to receive the bread; and a fifth to supply the peel. By this arrangement the oven is as regularly filled, and the whole exercise performed in as exact time, as a military evolution. The man on the further side of the large table, moulds the dough; having previously formed it into small pieces, till it has the appearance of muffins, although rather thinner, and which he does two together, with each hand; and, as fast as he accomplishes this task, he delivers his work over to the man on the other side of the table, who stamps them with a docker on both sides with a mark. As he rides himself of this work, he throws the biscuits on the smaller table next the oven, where stands the third workman,

whose business is merely to separate the different pieces into two, and place them immediately under the hand of him who supplies the oven, whose work of throwing, or rather chucking, the bread upon the peel, must be so exact, that if he looked round for a single moment, it is impossible he should perform it correctly. The fifth receives the biscuit on the peel, and arranges it in the oven; in which duty he is so very expert, that though the different pieces are thrown at the rate of seventy in a minute, the peel is always disengaged in time to receive them separately.

'As the oven stands open during the whole time of filling it, the biscuits first thrown in would be first baked, were there not some counteraction to such an inconvenience. The remedy lies in the ingenuity of the man who forms the pieces of dough, and who, by imperceptible degrees, proportionably diminishes their size, till the loss of that time, which is taken up during the filling of the oven, has no more effect to the disadvantage of one of the biscuits than to another.

'So much critical exactness and neat activity occur in the exercise of this labour, that it is difficult to decide whether the palm of excellence is due to the moulder, the marker, the splitter, the chucker, or the depositor; all of them, like the wheels of a machine, seeming to be actuated by the same principle. The business is to deposit in the oven seventy biscuits in a minute; and this is accomplished with the regularity of a clock; the clack of the peel, during the motion in the oven, operating like the pendulum.'

We do not think it necessary to notice the methods of making turnip bread, or potatoe bread, since the price of grain is such, at present, as will, we trust, enable the humblest peasant to eat good wheaten bread. A description of a family oven, an abstract of the laws prohibiting the adulterations of bread, and a few remarks on the economy of use of yeast, conclude the volume.

We will now take leave of Mr. Accum and his three treatises on the making of wine, beer, and bread. There is another art which these works teach, and which Mr. A. has had the modesty not to mention.—We mean the art of book-making, in which he has proved himself quite an adept. The treatises on wine and on brewing afford fine specimens of spinning out a subject; and that on bread has been eked out, with nearly thirty pages of extracts from an old pamphlet on 'the advantage of eating pure and genuine bread.' The whole of the works are printed very loosely, and, though sold at the price of sixteen shillings and sixpence, do not contain so much matter as three numbers of the *Literary Chronicle*.

Wallace; A Historical Tragedy. in five acts. By C. E. Walker, Esq. 8vo. pp. 74. London, 1830.

If we thought that we should be the means of discouraging the young author of this dramatic production, which has been represented with so much success at Covent Garden Theatre, or that we should, in the least degree, injure his creditable fame, we would throw down our pen and let the tragedy of Wallace repose with 'all its imperfections on its head.' But, if the judgment of a well-known critic and poet can be relied on, that

'Your own defects to know,'
you must

'Make use of every friend and every foe;' then we shall feel ourselves justified by pointing out the most striking blemishes that deface many poetical and judicious passages in this tragedy.

A modern writer, in speaking of our immortal bard, who was not for an age but for all time, has justly observed, 'That which distinguishes the dramatic productions of Shakspeare from all others, is the wonderful variety and perfect individuality of his characters. Each of these is as much itself, and as absolutely independent of the rest, as if they were living persons, not fictions of the mind. The poet appears, for the time being, to be identified with the character he wishes to represent, and to pass from one to the other, like the same soul, successively animating different bodies. By an art like that of the ventriloquist, he throws his imagination out of himself: and makes every word appear to proceed from the very mouth of the person whose name it bears. His plays, alone, are properly expressions of the passions, not descriptions of them. His characters are real beings of flesh and blood; they speak like men, not like authors. One might suppose that he had stood by at the time and had overheard what passed. Each object and circumstance seems to exist in his mind as it existed in nature. Each several train of thought and feeling goes on of itself without effort or confusion; in the world of his imagination, every thing has a life, a place, and being of its own.' Every dramatic writer would do well to recollect these remarks; and Mr. Walker in particular, for he has failed most in individuality of character. All his characters think, act, and speak alike. He has fixed on some favourite words and expressions which he has put into the mouth of each of

them, and they are repeated perpetually. The exclamations 'away,' 'enough,' 'heaven,' 'hn,' &c. are used indiscriminately, by several of the characters, in vast profusion. Wallace has—

- *Away!* hence some of you, and skirt the gien.
- *Away* at once.
- *Away* with hands.
- Wert thou but now *away*.

Helen has—

- *Away*—waste not a thought on me.
- Then *away* to him.
- Hence, *away*, and leave me here to die.
- And I stand idly here—*Away!*

Douglas *away's* it half a dozen times, and Monteith nearly as many. The word *enough* is used frequently, and often very injudiciously. Take the following examples:—

Wallace. 'Enough'; and now I do but snatch an hour.

Douglas. 'Enough'; now mark!

Enough! thy hand.

Monteith. 'Enough! thou hast remember'd me of that
[which] Might make me drag a lingering life of woe.

Monteith. 'Enough! ye have your orders.'

Helen. 'Enough! I see.'

But of all others, the word *heaven* is the most hacknied; we could quote at least forty lines in which it occurs; for, in addition to numerous appeals to heaven, we have 'gracious heaven,' the 'face of heaven,' 'dews from heaven,' 'merciful heaven,' 'a glimpse of heaven,' 'yonder heaven,' 'patient heaven,' 'the eye of heaven,' with a number of 'ah! heavens,' and 'oh! heavens.' The exclamation 'Ha!' is used still more reprehensibly: but we will not stop to notice the instances, as the author will perhaps think we have done enough already. Well then, to be brief; there are a few *must not be's*, *cannot be's*, and other *be's* which, though evidently favourites, are intruders in legitimate tragedy; therefore, we advise Mr. Walker to give them a peaceful exit. There is a little word called *ye*, that has crept in and disfigured some of the best poetry. *No more of that*, has spoiled another dozen lines; and in *sooth* is any thing but *soothing*.

Thus, having dwelt so largely on its blemishes, justice demands our giving quotations of a higher description, and which have biased the public, as well as ourselves, in Mr. Walker's favour:—

From Act 5—Scene the First. [Interior of a prison.]

Glas. Wallace, it pitieth me to speak thy doom;

But, lo! the sovereign's seal and signature Hath past, and thou must die!

Wal. I have heard no less.

Glas. Aye; but belike this hour; even now the guards

Do wait without to bear thee to thy fate;
And circling thousands, round the barrier stand,
In hope to see—

Wal. A fellow-creature die?

And they shall see, how undimay'd
By every change and charge, the intrepid soul
Can proudly triumph o'er oppression.
I am prepared.

Glas. Farewell, then, thou brave Scot!

Would that my power availed to change thy doom.

But Edward's edict is imperative.

Nor will admit delay—yet—yet—awhile—
Farewell!

Helen. [Without.] Restrain me not!

[From scene the last.]

Wal. Free again! once more my country free!

Catch the blast sound ye choiring angels—ye
That circle heaven's high throne exulting!;

Ye thunders, join your notes, and loud proclaim
To all the astonished world, the tidings round—

Scotland again is free! the star hath ris'n
That prognosts a day of peace!

The Bruce! the Bruce! he comes! he rushes on
Her chains!—my native land is free!

Scotland again is free!

Clif. But for thee

This instant—

Wal. Aye—this instant to the block!

Scotland is free and Wallace falls contending!

Clif. Now lead him on!

The King hath sworn he will not quit you lower
Till the commingling swell of trumpet and drum,
Shall to the city's utmost bounds proclaim,
Th' arch-rebel is no more!

Come! [Helen falls senseless into the arms of Gloster.]

Wal. Hold yet, awhile:

Helen! my latest moment is arrived.
Nay; rouse thee—and collect thy noble self.

To bid me one farewell—one dear farewell—
Till we do part.

Clif. Now, prisoner—it were best—

Guards, bear him to the block! [Soldiers approach.]

Wal. [With extreme indignation.] Back!
back! ye slaves!

Nor dare pollute me with your ruffian land!
Shall it not be permitted me to pour

A few warm tears o'er an expiring wife?

Look there!—there!—[throwing himself on his knees beside her.]

Thou loveliest and thou best!

Is there a power on earth to tear me hence,

Ere I have taken of thee one last embrace?

Ah me! my wife! my poor, dear, desolate wife!

And art thou stricken thus for me—for me?

Falls this stroke on thee? Ah! when I'm gone

Thou shalt revive! for I have been to thee

As the fell poison-tree, beneath whose shade,
Thou, sweetest flower, hast sickening died away!

Farewell! farewell! farewell! [Retiring slowly.]
Yet, one kiss more!

One other! oh, eternally farewell!

We have an utter dislike to the presumptuous appeals of tragedians, however Roman-like and prevailing; and independently of our citations of *heavens*, there are other expressions which are reprehensible. The *galloping* syllable is permitted to run very freely, and the imitations are numerous.

To conclude, we must observe that the orthography and punctuation are very incorrectly printed throughout, and trust Mr. Walker will improve from our candour and impartiality; for we can assure him we would not have taken this pains with an old author, whom we might suspect to be incorrigible.

Notes on Rio Janeiro and the Southern Parts of Brazil; taken during a Residence of Ten Years in that Country, from 1808 to 1818. By John Luccock. 4to. pp. 639. London, 1820.

MR. SOUTHEY has given us a valuable history of Brazil; Koster and Prince Maximilian, of Wied Newwied, have added much information respecting that interesting and extensive country; Mawe has explored its mines; and now Mr. Luccock, in a bulky quarto, pours in a vast quantity of general information to complete our knowledge of the subject. The title of 'Notes' is modestly and very appropriately assumed, for the facts stated by Mr. Luccock are desultory and ill arranged: he is evidently a plain and intelligent man, who has, during his ten years' residence, gleaned a variety of interesting information respecting the Brazils. The singular facts which he details in natural history are confined to general descriptions, and not to scientific notices: this being a branch of science with which he does not appear to be acquainted. This is the more to be regretted as no country in the world presents such an extensive or valuable field for the naturalist; but, not to dwell longer on what Mr. Luccock does not presume to know, we will come to those subjects on which he is sufficiently informed, and make a few extracts from this miscellaneous and unconnected work: and, although by no means first in order, yet of the first importance, we quote a passage on the present state of literature and the arts in Brazil:—

'The licensed press has produced some useful works besides those which relate to military affairs. Among them we reckon, as the most useful, the *Thesouro dos Meninos*, which treats of "Morals, Virtue, and Good Manners." It was dedicated, very properly, to Don Miguel, the king's second son, for no boy can require such instructions more than he does; his education has been most limited and unfortunate. A book entitled, *Lectures on Philosophy*, contains too much of the dogmas of Aristotle and the dark ages to evince that the author is either enlightened or judicious. We have also the *History of*

Extravagant Delusions and Supernatural Influence; the Commercial Laws of Brazil; several useful works on Commerce and Navigation, particularly a Nautical Almanack, calculated for the meridian of Rio; a work badly executed but followed by Tables of the Sun's Declination, of Latitudes and Logarithms; one or two works on Geography; and a Treatise on the Diseases of Negroes.

A private printing press was established at the close of 1816; philosophical lectures were read and attended; the cabinet which formerly belonged to the celebrated Werner was arranged and studied; mineral waters, found in Minas Graes and other places, had been analysed; and Brazilians boasted of a native discovery, in the composition of gunpowder, but, I apprehend, without reason, for it consists simply in mixing a quantity of fresh saw-dust with the grains; a patent had been granted for making bricks by machinery, and another for the navigation of the bay by a steam boat; a company had been formed even in Cuyaba, under royal patronage, for improvements in the art of mining.

In 1818, at a sale of books, English works went off well, as did some Latin ones; but few, I believe, fell into Brazilian hands; French books are in demand, but it was impossible, by any means, to sell the Glasgow edition of Homer's Iliad in Greek; the Septuagint and New Testament, in the same language; Hederich's, nor even Schrevelius's Lexicon, nor did a Hebrew Psalter with a Latin translation, find a customer.

With the sciences, the arts both mechanic and those which are commonly denominated fine ones, prospered in a large degree, and we had not only blacksmiths, carpenters, and bricklayers, but poets and painters in abundance.

Having discussed the subject of literature, we now turn to that of agriculture, though this would have been a treasonable preference in the time of Jack Cade. The farms in the Brazils, as in all thinly populated countries, are of vast extent:—

The smallest are stated at four square leagues, or more than twenty thousand acres; the largest are said to reach to a hundred square leagues, or near six hundred thousand acres.* To each three square leagues are allotted four or five thousand head of cattle, six men, and a hundred horses; though, according to circumstances, such as the distance from navigable waters or from church, there must be a variety in the number of oxen kept for the business of a farm. The proportion of horses will appear a very large one; but, it is to be remembered, they cost nothing in keeping, as they are turned out on the plains; that no one

about the farm, not even a slave, ever goes the shortest distance on foot; and that each manager will change his horse two or three times in a day. About a hundred cows are allowed for the supply of milk, butter, cheese, and veal, to a farm of the average size. Hogs are usually found near the houses, but little care is taken of them; they wander about, root up the earth, devour reptiles, and make a good part of their subsistence on the waste parts of the cattle slaughtered. There are few sheep, and they are remarkably light and ill made, with a short ordinary wool, which, however, might easily be improved. This wool is, at present, used partly unstripped from the skins, as saddle covers and the like; partly, for the stuffing of beds and mattresses. The country is so thinly peopled, its inhabitants have so little liking to mutton, and the wild dogs, and other beasts and birds of prey are so numerous, that there can be little inducement to increase the flocks.

In every farm there is, at least, one enclosed place, called *rodeio*, generally on the highest spot; here the cattle are occasionally collected, marked, and treated as circumstances may require. So accustomed are they, particularly the horses, to this practice, that when the servants of the farm ride along, swinging their lasso or their hats, and loudly pronouncing the word *rodeio*, they all walk slowly to the spot. In a country so little enlivened by variety, this assemblage forms one of its most rural and pleasant scenes.

As an instance of the extent to which grazing is carried in Brazil, Mr. L. states 'that in one year, an individual, José Antonio dos Anjos, slaughtered fifty-four thousand head of cattle, and charqued the flesh.' The name of *charqueados* is derived from the charqued beef which the district prepares and exports. When the cattle are killed and skinned, the flesh is taken off from the sides in one broad piece, something like a fitch of bacon; it is then slightly sprinkled with salt and dried in the sun. In that state it is the common food of the peasantry of Brazil; and, says our author, 'is, in itself, by no means to be despised.' From the numerous notices of subjects on natural history, which this work contains, we select the following, hoping that Mr. L. did not participate in the barbarous amusement with the frogs:—

No stranger can possibly conceive the number of frogs found on the swampy grounds, nor the noise which they make. It was a common diversion when they issued from their lurking places at night, to procure a forked stick, with sharp points, and to strike it on the ground, without any very particular selection of place, un-

til the forked part was full of them; these were stripped off, and the operation recommenced; thus many hundreds were killed in a very short time. Ants, of several species, are also a most serious pest. Every house, and almost every yard of dry ground, is infested with them, and the wounds which they inflict are painful and irritating, arising, I suspect, not from the mere bite, but from some venomous fluid left by them beneath the skin. The wandering Indians, who cannot escape them, cultivate in their warriors not only a contempt for such molestations, but a general spirit of stern endurance, by placing them in a nest of these insects. In this country these insects present no lesson of useful labour; they are restless and active, but, as it seems to me, to no purpose. I have observed them carrying a heap of sand through a hole in a wall, dropping it on the opposite side; and, when the whole is cleared away, carrying it back again with the same air of important occupation.

We suspect Mr. Lucock is quite wrong here, and that this employment of the ants is to promote habits of industry. Lord Castlereagh, who recommended in the House of Commons that the labouring poor should be employed in digging holes in the ground and filling them up again, no doubt took the hint from the Brazilian insects, although he claimed it as an original idea.

In a broad sandy plain, north of St. John, which is covered with coarse herbage, Mr. Lucock met with a Brazilian porcupine, which he attempted to drive before him. He says,—

'The animal is naturally slow, and to urge it to greater speed and prevent its escape among the shrubs, I made use of my hat, a leghorn one, lined with leather at the back part of the brim. Being released from the office of driver by some boys, who willingly undertook it, and about to put on my hat, I was surprised to find several of the animal's quills sticking in it, which had penetrated the leather as well as the straw. This circumstance induced me to think that they are discharged with considerable force; and this opinion was confirmed by my hearing one of the boys cry out that he was wounded in the leg; a misfortune to which his companions evidently thought themselves liable, and which rendered them cautious. It is probable that the hat might be very near, if not actually touching the porcupine, when the quills struck the brim, and that at a greater distance they might have fallen to the ground. Yet the wound which the boy received showed that they could take effect at the distance of several, if not of many inches. The quills were nearly an inch long, had a hard, sharp, brown point; the other end hollow, of a pale straw, inclining to flesh

* Thus a single farm in Brazil nearly equals, in extent, the English counties of Chester, Hereford, Northampton, or Warwick.—REV.

colour, and the intermediate space had alternate rings of bright yellow and brown. These points appeared perfectly smooth and polished; but their effect on dogs, which seized the animal in hunting, indicates that they are really barbed, for they work into the tongues and gums of the poor howling creatures and cannot be extracted without violence.

The snakes in Brazil are of large size, and many of them extremely venomous. Mr. L. mentions one, which was killed near his inn, called the Jaracá:—

'It was about eight feet long, and from the dinginess of its blue and yellow skin, was, I suspect, old or diseased. The blow by which it was destroyed, had exposed the fangs of the lower jaw, in which state it was carelessly left: when a hen of the common domestic kind, with her chickens, approaching the spot, instantly gave the note of alarm, collected the terrified brood behind her, spread her wings, bristled her feathers, and seemed prepared either to fight or fly. Seeing the reptile motionless, she took courage, gradually drew nearer to it, at length made a hasty attack with her bill on the open jaw, and immediately retreated. She continued such attacks until she had taken something from each side of the jaw and swallowed it. She then appeared to think no farther precaution necessary, but led her chickens to feed close by the carcass. I had frequently observed domestic fowls devouring ants and scorpions, and had watched, with interest, their battles with centipedes; but never before saw one attack so large a reptile, or seek its food from such a creature. Little did I imagine that the vesicles of poison in the jaw of a snake could be delicious, or even wholesome food for any living thing.'

We have hitherto quoted nothing respecting the character of the Brazilians, but, indeed, on that subject, we have inserted much in the two preceding volumes of the *Literary Chronicle*, in our reviews of Southey's *Brazil* and Prince Maximilian's *Travels*. We, however, now add an anecdote of Indian revenge, which occurred near Uvá:—

'Two gentlemen having obtained a grant, sent a person, accustomed to the country, to settle upon it. Probably, by some means, he offended the Indians remaining in the neighbouring woods; for one day a shot fired at him, struck the powder horn in his waistcoat pocket, and wounded him in the wrist. Being on horseback, he instantly pursued his assailants, and saw two Indians, who escaped from him in their usual mode. In such cases, the fugitive endeavours to reach the brow of a hill little encumbered with wood, where, dropping on his breech, he puts his head between his knees, and his arms round his ancles: in this state being nearly as round as a ball, he precipitates

himself from the brow and rolls speedily to the bottom. From this circumstance, I apprehend, the Indians take their modern name of Booticudies or Butudies, a barbarous word, half Tupi, half Portuguese, signifying fallers by the breech. The man who had been wounded was obliged to come down to Rio for surgical assistance. On his return, he was seriously cautioned against exposing himself to similar attacks. About fourteen days after, as he was riding along the road, followed, at some distance, by a slave, a shot fired again by an invisible hand, threw him forward on the saddle, and a second brought him to the ground. Two Indians then came out of the wood, one of whom walked deliberately to the Negro, and ordered him to halt, while the other went to their victim, broke his legs, and beat out his brains. Afterwards they shot the horse and decamped. Every search was made for them, but these people are too well acquainted with the forests to find secure lurking places, and defy, if they have any knowledge of, the arm of the law.'

We are going to conclude with an extract which more immediately concerns our female readers, and yet, we suspect, they will scarcely thank us for it, as most persons had rather suffer a fraud unconsciously, than know they have been imposed upon. Mr. L. says,—

'At Chapoá, we visited the gold and topaz mines, the possessors of which are reported to be wealthy; but, if they are so, it is in the midst of such a want of comforts as would make a Briton, not over delicate, completely miserable. They produced a large quantity of real topazes, and endeavoured to convince me that a cubical mass of yellow transparent spar, though differing so widely from the usual form, was a stone of that description; when closely pressed, however, they wished to insinuate that it was composed of parts truly prismatic. We ought to distinguish between precious stones and such spars as these, which abound in the country, are of various colours, and though of almost as little value as pebbles, are made to imitate the topaz, the emerald, the amethyst, and even the diamond, and as such are frequently passed off to inexperienced purchasers. The appearance of the imitative topaz is often more imposing than that of the real one of South America, for I never yet saw the latter in a perfect state, but almost invariably fractured at one end, frequently at both. Of the stones sent to Europe under dazzling names, particularly as topazes, agao-marinao, and amethysts, many are nothing more than pieces of spar, found in the beds of rivers and affected by the common attrition of streams.'

With this extract we close our notice of Mr. Luccock's work; which,

although more bulky than was necessary, contains much varied and valuable information respecting a country which is growing in interest.

Poems. By Thomas Gent. 18mo. pp. 155. London, 1820.

MR. GENT is one of the most pleasing, as well as the most unassuming of the minor poets of the day. We use the word minor, rather in reference to the extent than the merit of his productions, for this small volume affords some specimens which might compare with those of our most popular and most favourite authors. In proof of this assertion we need only quote the following:—

TO MARY.

Oh! is there not in infant smiles
A witching power, a cheering ray,
A charm that every care beguiles,
And bids the weary soul be gay?

There surely is—for thou hast been
Child of my heart, my peaceful dove,
Gladd'ning life's sad and chequered scene,
An emblem of the peace above.

Now all is calm and dark and still,
And bright the beam the moonlight throws
O'er ocean wave, and gentle rill,
And on thy slumbering cheek of rose.

And may no care disturb that breast,
Nor sorrow dim that brow serene;
And may thy latest years be blest
As thy sweet infancy has been.

Mr. Gent is as successful in facetiousness as he is in tenderness, and this little volume abounds with instances of both, in the most agreeable variety. There is a good deal of satiric humour in the following epigram:—

'I knew a being once, his peaked head
With a few lank and greasy hairs was spread;
His visage bow, in length was like your own
Seen in the convex of a table spoon.
His mouth, or rather gash, athwart his face,
To stop at either ear had just the grace,
A hideous rift: his teeth were all canine;
And just like Death's (in Milton) was his grin.
One shilling and one fourteen penny leg,
(This shorter was than that, and not so big),
He had; and they, when meeting at his knees,
An angle formed of ninety-eight degrees.
Nature in scheming how his back to vary,
A hint had taken from the dromedary;
His eyes an inward screwing vision threw,
Striving each other thro' his nose to view;
His intellect was just one ray above
The idiot Cymon's, ere he fell in love.
At school they Taraxippus called the wight;
The Misses, when they met him, shrieked with
fright;
But, spite of all that Nature had denied,
When sudden Fortune made the cub her pride,
And gave him twenty thousand pounds a-year,
Then from the pretty Misses you might hear,
"His face was not the finest; and, indeed,
He was a little, they must own, in-kneed;
His shoulders, certainly, were rather high,
But then, he had a most expressive eye;"

Nor were their hearts by outward charms inclined;

Give them the higher beauties of the mind."

These specimens will enable such of our readers as are not already acquainted with Mr. Gent, to judge of his poetical talents, of which we have always thought very favourably.

Original Communications.

BOILED INFANT COTTON SPINNERS!

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—It is stated that France and England shall never be at peace,—the moment the sword is sheathed, the pen is dipped in gall, and the French writers make sad havoc with us, our manners, our books, and even our art of cookery; for the latter, look only into the *Cuisinière Bourgeoise*, and you will learn not only the 'English way of dressing roast beef of beef, but also roast beef of mutton and lamb!' The last number of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, a monthly journal, accused the English of 'incredible barbarity' to the young children employed in cotton manufactories, keeping them from 13 to 16 hours a-day, in a place 25 degrees above the boiling point. Now, as their own bouillie beef takes only seven hours to boil, they must think English children made of tough stuff not to be stewed to rags in that time; and lest the author's veracity should be doubted, he quotes the English text, from the Report of the House of Commons, wherein it is stated, the children are kept in a heat of 70 to 90 degrees; this, the sapient Frenchman translates literally, forgetting, or perhaps not knowing, that we calculate by Fahrenheit, on which the boiling point is at 212°, and they by Reaumur, in which it is at 80°!! We leave our learned brethren of the Seine to explain this blunder in their own way, but we would in future recommend them to look before they leap, and abstain from condemning till they understand. Z.

CLERICAL DANCING.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—As I expected, answers to and observations on the Clerical Dancer have speedily appeared; but I certainly expected something more substantial, pro and con. The two* would-be ladies are far from treating the subject

* For they appear to have more the style of male than female writers.

with the attention and argument it deserves; neither are Mr. Cantab's observations and defence of clerical dancing sufficiently substantial, making his plea in its being a healthy exercise, since I can prove that many a valuable life has fallen a sacrifice to the effects of dancing.

I am myself so fond of dancing, that I have frequently rode many miles to a family dance, and returned, at this season of the year, at midnight, through frost and snow, when a bed could not be spared; and the ladies also were obliged to turn out when beds were scarce. I leave it to Cantab to judge if many constitutions could sustain so much with impunity. But this is not so much to the point. I deny that dancing in a crowded, heated, and consequently impure atmosphere, is productive of any corporeal advantage; half an hour's walk or a ride, in the fresh air, will be of more benefit to a person of studious habits, than four or six hours' dancing in a close room. So that dancing, so far as it concerns health, can form no plea for the practice.

How ridiculous would Dr. Herschell make himself appear, even were he younger, or any other grave philosopher, in a country-dance or waltz, for no other reason than that it is derogatory to the character supposed essential to profound philosophers, who spend much time in serious contemplation.

We are pleased with toys when children, but as we grow older, and have our minds interested with nobler pursuits, we neglect our toys, which afforded us so much pleasure, as objects beneath our attention.

So methinks the clerical character, from frequent meditation and contemplation on the divine precepts and ordinances of Almighty God, contained in the Holy Scriptures, would so far elevate his ideas and desires, as that all worldly desires and pleasures should appear mere trifles, not worth concern, and beneath his pursuit who has joys and rewards of Paradise in the society of blissful angels, in view, to recompense him for all deprivations, self-denials, and sufferings in this transitory world. I am far from considering dancing a sin; but, at the same time, I think it indecorous for clerical gentlemen to be seen hopping and frisking about in a dance. The preachers of the Gospel are the successors of the Apostles and Jesus Christ; and I think it is inconsistent to see a modern apostle dance, as it is improbable that St.

Paul or the Evangelists ever mingled in a Jewish, Grecian, or Roman dance.

It is much to be regretted that persons enter the sacred profession from other motives than that of serving the cause of christianity and morality. A good living, through the interest of a friend, is frequently a strong inducement to a parent to bring up his child to the church, who does no credit to it or himself, but might have proved a brave soldier, or a physician, or lawyer, &c. So long as this continues to be a motive with candidates for church preferment, so long shall we have clergymen hankering after worldly pleasures and amusements, forgetting that no man putting his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven.

I beg, in conclusion, to offer this consolation to Rev. P.—, of Essex, that, if he is a sound christian, a man of refined sentiments and education (which a clergyman ought to be), he will find it more to his comfort and interest to remain in a state of celibacy, than marry a lady who can perceive no other accomplishments in him, to induce her to prefer him for a husband, than a pretty dancer.

Your constant reader,

EDWD. PRICE.

Narberth, Jan. 1, 1831.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

NEW Year's Day in Paris is the most remarkable in the whole year; it is the only day which resembles in its external an English Sunday; for, though that day receives no respect in Paris, the opening of the new year displays all its characteristics,—all the shops are shut,—labour suspends his toil,—commerce reposes on her oars,—and the philosopher suspends his studies; nature and nature's son enjoy an universal holiday.

For several weeks preceding New Year's Day, various classes of ingenious artists employ all their talent and skill, to shine with an uncommon lustre on the auspicious opening of the new year; these are the confectioners, the embossers of visiting cards, the jewellers, &c. and their shops on this day display a degree of taste and magnificence difficult to describe, and totally unknown in England. This is the day of universal greetings, of renewing acquaintance, of counting how many links have been broken by time last year in the circles

of friendship, and what new ones have replaced them. All persons, whatever may be their rank, degree, or profession, form a list of the names of persons whose friendship they wish to preserve or cultivate; to each of these persons a porter is sent, to deliver their card. Those more particularly connected with them by blood or friendship, are visited in person; and all who meet embrace on this happy day. Millions of cards are distributed; and nothing is seen in the streets but well dressed persons going to visit their friends and relations, and renew in an affectionate manner all the endearing charms of friendship. On this day, too, parents, friends, and lovers bestow their presents on the various objects of their affection, and pour so many draughts of the most delightful balm that human nature can partake of. We will not pretend to depict these scenes of universal joy,—every sensible heart will feel, relish, and enjoy them, and thereby anticipate all that a rapturous poet could imagine on so delightful a subject. Then,—

‘Let mirth abound; let social cheer
Invest the dawning o’ the year;
Let blithesome innocence appear
To crown our joy,
Nor envy, with sarcastic sneer,
Our bliss destroy.’

ANECDOTES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

[FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE]

The Highlanders* are now, and ever have been, remarkable for their presence of mind and ready wit; to prove which, the following anecdotes may serve as a few instances.

The two powerful clans of M'Donald and M'Dougald are descended from two twin brothers, whose birth-right, from some neglect of the midwives, could not be decided. Their father, a powerful Irish chieftain, died; and disputes ran high between the brothers concerning primogeniture. This was the state of affairs, when, being in the train of Fergus I., on his voyage to Scotland, at the suggestion of that prince, it was mutually agreed, that he whose hand should first touch Scottish ground should be considered as

* It is not a little singular that less is known in England, and even in Edinburgh, of the manners and domestic habits of the Highlanders than of those of the Hotentots. Their superstitions also, notwithstanding Mrs. Grant's work on that subject, are very imperfectly known. The reasons are, that Scotchmen are too vain to tell what would do no honor to their countrymen, and Englishmen, being ignorant of the language, have not the means of arriving at the truth.

chief of his house. It was supposed that both, on approaching the shore, would plunge into the waves, and that success would crown the efforts of the best swimmer. Dougald meant to follow that course, but was prevented by Donald, who, on coming within a stone-cast of the beach, drew his sword, cut off his left hand by the wrist, and threw it bleeding on land; at the same time calling the King and his attendants to witness that his left hand, his flesh, blood, and bone, had first touched the Scottish earth. In commemoration of this extraordinary instance of presence of mind, the lords of the isles wear a bloody hand in their coat of arms ‘unto this day.’

After the defeat of the Highlanders at Culloden, John Roy Stewart was lurking in a hiding place, in Kincardine, Strathspey, his native place, and a party of soldiers stationed there, were in search of him. One day, they received private intelligence of his retreat, and the party, in a body, was marching thither to secure him, when his son, a boy about ten or twelve years of age, happened, luckily, to be going to his father with some provisions tied in a handkerchief. He could not be mistaken! the whole party, consisting of a serjeant and twelve, were making directly towards his father's cave,—something must instantly be done to give the alarm. There was a drummer also of the party, and with him young Stewart entered into conversation. He soon learnt that the greatest grievance little *duck-leg* had to complain of was the woeeful effect which the keen Highland air had upon his stomach.—

‘Nothing can be better,’ argued the sagacious mountaineer; ‘he will soon forget the danger of his back for the gratification of his belly.’ They lagged behind; and Stewart affected great curiosity to know the use of the drum. ‘I’ll give you all the provisions I carry in this bundle,’ said he to the drummer, ‘if you shew me the use of that same thing.’ The offer was too tempting, the drum was braced; and three jolly ruffians put its possessor also in possession of a roasted fowl, a quantity of bread and cheese, and some whiskey; and warned the intrepid Roy Stewart to fly from his merciless pursuers.

Captain Lewis Grant meeting a Highland girl, who had just forded the Spey with a peck of meal under her arm, was minded to puzzle her, by asking the depth of the ford, the price of the meal, and the hour of the day, all in a breath.—

‘How deep?—How dear?—How late?’ quired the witty captain,—

‘Past nine, going to ten;
Knee deep, and eleven pence,’
was the quick reply. ULIN.

TWELFTH-DAY.

[FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE]

‘Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where Beane’s the King of the sport here:
Best let us we must know,
The Pea also
Must revell as Quenee in the court here.

Begin thou to abuse,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here;
Be a King by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe-day Quenee for the night here.’

HEARICK.

THE rites of Twelfth Day, called also the Feast of the Epiphany, (from a Greek word, signifying ‘manifestation,’) though different in various countries, have the same common object, that of doing honour to the eastern magi, to whom Christ on this day was manifested, and who, according to a tradition of the Romish church, were three in number, and of royal dignity. ‘Of these magi, or sages, (vulgarly called the three kings of Colen,) the first, named Melchior, an aged man, with a long beard, offered gold; the second, Jasper, a beardless youth, offered frankincense; the third, Balthasar, a black or Moor, with a large spreading beard, offered myrrh, according to this distich:—

‘Tres Reges Regi Regum tria dona ferebant;
Myrrham homini, Ucto auro, Thura dedere Deo.’

The custom of making the offerings was observed at court so late as the year 1731, when, at the Chapel Royal of St. James, on Twelfth Day, George II. and his son, the Prince of Wales, ‘made the offerings at the altar, of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, according to custom.’ The offerings are still continued, but they are now made by proxy.

Ever since the days of Alfred, who made a law that the twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour should be kept as festivals, Twelfth Day has been remarkable for its festivities. Bourne says, it is one of the greatest of the twelve, and of more jovial observation for the visiting of friends and Christmas gambols.

During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the celebration of Twelfth

Day was, equally with Christmas Day, a festival throughout the land, and was observed with great ostentation and ceremony in both the universities, at court, at the Temple, and at Lincoln's and Gray's Inn. Many of the Masques of Ben Jonson were written for the amusement of the royal family on this night; and Dugdale, in his *Origines Juridicæ*, has given us a long and particular account of the revelry at the Temple on each of the twelve days of Christmas, in the year 1562.

The breakfast on Twelfth Day was directed to be of brawn, mustard, and malmsey; the dinner of two courses, to be served in the hall; and, after the first course, cometh in the master of the game, apparelled in green velvet; and the ranger of the forest also, in a green suit of satten, bearing in his hand a green bow, and divers arrows; with either of them a hunting horn about their necks, they pace round about the fire three times. Then the master of the game maketh three curtseys, kneels down, and petitions to be admitted into the service of the lord of the feast.

This ceremony performed, a huntsman cometh into the hall with a fox, and a purse-net with a cat, both bound at the end of a staff, and with them nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting horns. And the fox and cat are by the hounds set upon and killed beneath the fire. This sport finished, the marshal (an officer so called, who with many others, under different appellations, were created for the purpose of conducting the revels,) placeth them in their several appointed places.

After the second course, the 'ancientest of the masters of the revels singeth a song, with the assistance of others there present;' and after some repose and revels, supper, consisting of two courses, is then served in the hall, and being finished, 'the marshal presenteth himself with drums afore him, mounted upon a scaffold, born by four men; and goeth three times round about the harthe, crying out aloud, "A lord, a lord," &c.; then he descendeth and goeth to dance. This done, the lord of mirth addresseth himself to the banquet, which ended with some minstrelsy, mirth, and dancing, every man departeth to rest.'

Such were the rural sports of our ancestors on Twelfth Day, in the 16th century; these, however, were not the only amusements, as a King and Queen were chosen for the night, as appears by the quotation from Herrick, who was

contemporary with Shakespeare, at the head of this article; and in Ben Jonson's Masque of Christmas, the character of Babycake is attended by 'an usher, bearing a great cake with a bean and pease.' The chusing a person King or Queen by a bean found in a piece of a divided cake, was formerly a common Christmas gambol in both the English universities; and the practice of balloting for them by written papers or characters is of modern date.

The practice of chusing King and Queen on Twelfth Night, is said to owe its origin to a custom among the Romans, which they took from the Grecians, of casting dice who should be the *Rex Conviviæ*, or, as Horace calls him, the *Arbiter Bibendi*. Whoever threw the lucky cast, which they termed *Venus* or *Basilicus*, gave laws for the night. A similar custom was observed at the festival called Saturnalia, among the Romans and Grecians, when persons of the same rank drew lots for kingdoms, and, like kings, exercised their temporal authority.

In the ancient calendar of the Romish church, there is an observation on the 5th day of January, the eve or vigil of the Epiphany: 'Kings created or elected by beans.' The 6th is called 'The Festival of Kings,' with this additional remark, 'that the ceremony of electing kings was continued with feasting for many days.' In the cities and academies of Germany, the students and citizens choose one of their own number for King, providing a most magnificent banquet on the occasion. In France, during the *ancien regime*, one of the courtiers was chosen King, and the nobles attended on this day at an entertainment; but, at the end of the year 1792, the council general of the commons at Paris, passed an arrêt, in consequence of which, 'La Fête des Rois,' (Twelfth Day,) was thenceforth to be called 'La Fête des Sansculottes.' It was called an anti-civic feast, which made every priest that kept it a royalist.

With the French, 'Le Roi de la Fête' signifies a Twelfth Night King; and they have a proverb, 'Il a trouvé la fève au gâteau,' signifying, 'he is in luck,' &c. but, literally, 'he has found the bean in the cake.' There is a very curious account in Le Rouch Dictionnaire Comique, of the French ceremony of the 'Rois de la Fête,' which explains Jordan's fine picture of 'Le Roi boit;' but we prefer concluding this account of Twelfth Day with a song from the *Anthologie Française*, for

1817, in which the subject is very happily moralized:—

'LES ROIS DE LA FEVE.

En ce jour le sort n'est propice,
Et sur le trône il m'a porté;
Amis, que l'on se réjouisse,
Pour célébrer ma royauté.
Mon règne n'étant qu'un beau rêve,
Prolongez mon heureux sommeil;
Car vous me direz au réveil:
"Tu n'étais qu'un Roi de la fève."

Nous voyons souvent sur la scène
César, Auguste, Agamemnon;
Mais les enfans de Melpomène
De ces grands Rois n'ont que le nom.
Alors que la pièce s'achève
Se dissipe l'illusion;
César, Auguste, Agamemnon,
Ne sont que des Rois de la fève.

Si le bonheur est sur le trône,
J'en jouirai quelques momens;
Mais si la gloire l'environne,
Elle en cache aussi les tourmens.
Quand vers les cieux mon œil s'élève,
Je dis: "Ces Rois si grands, si fiers,
Devant le Roi de l'Univers,
Que sont-ils? des Rois de la fève."
X.

Original Criticisms

ON

*The Principal Performers of the Theatres
Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.*

Messrs. POPE, EGERTON, CONNOR, AND
HOLLAND.

'I'd rather bear a bruise can stick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree.'

SHAKESPEARE.

Of these four worthies perhaps Mr. Pope stands rather the highest, though bad indeed is the best; we have heard that, fourteen or sixteen years ago, this gentleman was an extremely fine actor;—if so, he may now with great justice and propriety exclaim with Wolsey,—'Nay, then, farewell! I've touched the highest point of all my greatness, and from that full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting.' Mr. Pope has undoubtedly fine lungs; he makes a great noise, has a great skill in clapping, and is a tatterdemalion of passions. He has not one requisite for an actor, excepting a good voice, and this he uses at all times, and on all occasions, with such vehemence, that its value is entirely lost. He substitutes rant for reason and raving for energy; in fine, he exactly answers Shakespeare's description of a 'robustious fellow, who tears a passion to rags, to very tatters.' His face is as hard and unmeaning as a piece of wainscot, his eyes are generally nearly closed, and his brow always pursed up and contracted with an angry frown. We have been told that he formerly performed Othello

with great applause; if this was the case, it must have been because his countenance was not exactly seen, for surely no person can be pleased unless the eye answers to the heart, and the external corresponds with the internal action. Mr. Pope may have been a good actor; we do not mean to deny it; we cannot contradict it; but we are speaking of him as he is at the present time, when he is neither a fine, a good, or even, generally speaking, a tolerable actor. He is barely respectable in more than half a dozen characters; nothing can be worse than his Iago; indeed, we only mention it to deplore that any one should be permitted to stalk through the very character which has acquired so much celebrity from the pre-eminent acting of the late Mr. Cooke, Mr. Kean, and Mr. Macready. The illusion is completely destroyed; we trust, however, never again to endure the pain of its repetition. We are, however, always more happy to point out beauties than defects; it therefore gives us pleasure to eulogize the feeling manner in which he plays Hubert, particularly the scene in which he is about to put out the eyes of the unfortunate Arthur. His rough honesty in Clytus, his 'trusty Caius,' in 'King Lear,' his admirable performance of Sciolto, his 'Old John of Gault, Time Honour'd Lancaster,' his blunt Casca, and his highly natural representation of Old Norval, deserve favourable mention. But here commendation must cease. His Henry the Sixth is boisterous, noisy, and vociferous; and we really feel obliged to Richard for ridding us of so much clamorous vehemence. He may have played Mr. Oakley and Mr. Strickland well in his younger days, but they are miserable now. His Friar Lawrence and Lascasas are the best things he has done lately; they might, however, be very much improved. We advise Mr. Pope to repress his voice as much as possible; his other physical deficiencies, of course, he can never supply, but he may be more calm, and act with a little more judgment and discretion; we never expect to see him play finely, but he certainly may, with care and attention, maintain his station as a decent third-rate performer.

Of Mr. Egerton the less said the better, he is indeed a fellow of no mark nor likelihood, if he has been seen once, he has been seen always, he has no change of voice, no variety of manner, always the same monotonous

sepulchral drawl, always inanimate, always unfeeling. Whether as the fat ghost in Hamlet, or Banquo, the hypocritical arch fiend Stukely, the distrest merchant Antonio, the Solemn Capulet, the licentious and overbearing Henry the Eighth, or the majestic Cymbeline, it is still nothing but Mr. Egerton. The pungent remarks of the sarcastic sneer are entirely lost by the inefficient manner in which Mr. Egerton performs the character. In Tullus Aufidius, he looks more like a brawny butcher than a Volscian, he is sadly wanting in nobility in his interviews with the haughty Coriolanus. His attempt of Joseph Surface merits the severest animadversion, unless, indeed, we would divest the accomplished hypocrite of every thing like gentlemanly manners. What are we to say then of his Macduff? If clenching his fist and striking his bosom every other moment, is pathetic, it is unquestionably a fine performance: in our humble opinion, however, every body can do so; it is the transition of voice and countenance from desperate to languid sorrow, as the passion fluctuates, that indicates the master; it is this which renders Mr. C. Kemble's personation of the wronged and virtuous Thane, the most perfect representation on the stage. He is coarse and vulgar in Major Oakley, to a degree that can charm only his counterparts in the galleries. His Ford possesses very few beauties, but we forbear further comment, as the part is altogether far beyond him. His Iago is but little better than Mr. Pope's; his own good sense should teach him never to appear in characters of this nature; he cannot surely expect to succeed in them. His best efforts, and they are but efforts, are Syphax, Clytus, and Sully, in 'Henri Quatre.' He makes as much of the bluntness of the two former characters, as it is possible, and he both looked and dressed the latter extremely well. The good humoured gaiety, gallantry, and generosity of Henri are finely contrasted with the gravity of his staid counsellor, Sully; we again repeat that these characters are very decently performed.

It may be, with justice, said of Mr. CONNOR, that 'he has no spur to prick the sides of his intent, but only vaulting ambition which overleaps itself.' The characters of Glow-worm, in 'Tessing made Easy,' (originally sustained by Mr. Jones); Howard, in 'The Will'; Keri Khan, Pizarro, the fiery Tybalt, (Mr. Connor having no more

animation or fire than an automaton); Axalla, in 'Tamerlane'; Lovell, in the 'Clandestine Marriage,' &c. &c. and numberless others, formerly performed by Mr. C. Kemble, will fully justify our remarks. It was a direct insult to the public to assign him the character of the Prince of Wales, in Henry IV.; the gay, the airy, the sprightly Henry was converted into a vulgar Irish bog-trotter; all the elegance, the wit, the piquant railery was completely lost; our disgust was also much increased by having, a short time before, seen Mr. C. Kemble in the same part, whose exquisite delineation was still vivid in our recollection. What are we to say, then, of his perpetual performance of Don Juan? why, merely this; that he is about as far distant from giving us any conception of the character, as we are from the Antipodes. Imagine a fat, vulgar, bald-headed man of forty, personating the handsomest, most gallant, and most dissipated character throughout the Spanish dominions. Is it possible that such a representation can excite any thing but laughter and well-merited contempt? The only characters which he performs at all respectably, are Irishmen; he is, however, too hurried in his articulation; still he possesses a more just conception of an Irish gentleman than we generally see exhibited; he has no more of the brogue than is sufficient to distinguish his country, in which respect he reminds us of the inimitable Johnstone. We have good specimens of gentlemen in Sir Patrick MacGuire and Sir Lucius O'Trigger; he likewise displays considerable ability in such bog-trotters as Pat, in 'Pigeons and Crows,' and the Irishman, in 'Rosina'; nor will we forget O'Donnell, in 'Henri Quatre'; Foigard, in the 'Beaux Stratagem'; Father Luke, in the 'Poor Soldier'; and Captain O'Cutter, in the 'Jealous Wife.'

'Though hat not least in our dear love' stands Mr. HOLLAND; we think this gentleman has a small portion of talent, but it is obscured by a host of faults. 'He creeps, he flies, (a hero should not walk); he struts, he bel-lows, he saws the air with one hand. Whenever he personates old men, he walks as if his legs were tied together; when young ones or lovers, he seems to have infinitely too much self importance to think of any thing but himself; it is, therefore, in middle aged characters that he succeeds the best. Among these we would instance Buckingham, and Valerius, in Brutus, which possess considerable merit. It was presumpt-

tion in him to attempt the character of the Abbé de L'Épée, especially after Mr. Kemble had performed it in so masterly a style. In Lord Lovell, he sits as unconcerned during the time Sir Giles Overreach is relating his villainous projects, as if they were conversing on common place topics. Nothing can be much more absurd than to see him figuring away in comedy; it is quite ridiculous for a man of his age to aim at performing Danley, in the Hypocrite; Hastings, in *She Stoops to Conquer*; and Colonel Briton, in *The Wonder*. What could induce him to undertake Cassio, for which he has not a single requisite? His drunken scene is miserable; indeed, the whole character is completely murdered. The only part which he really plays fairly, is the Prior, in *Bertram*; he could not have imagined that he possessed so much talent: in several passages he was eminently successful, and received that applause which his admirable delineation so richly deserved; indeed, we really are at a loss whether to admire him, in the Prior, or Mr. Keen, in *Bertram*, the most; we should, however, have preferred religion clad in a little less austerity. We shall now conclude our brief notices of these gentlemen, merely observing, that we trust they will never appear in any character which requires more than ordinary share of genius or ability.

W. H. PARRY.

THE JEW'S LEAP.*

The path we were now obliged to follow was not more than two feet wide, in one place, and on our left it broke off in a precipice of some hundred feet deep to the sea; the smallest slip of the mule or camel would have plunged it and its rider down the rocks to inevitable and instant death, as there was no bush or any thing to lay hold of by which a man might save his life. Very fortunately for us, there had been no rain for a considerable time previous, so that the road was now dry. Kail told me, when it was wet it was never attempted, and that many fatal accidents had happened there within his remembrance; though there was another road which led round over the mountain far within the country.

One of these accidents he said he

would mention.—A company of Jews, six in number, from Santa Cruz for Morocco, came to this place with their loaded mules in the twilight, after sunset; being very anxious to get past it before night, they did not take the precaution to look out and call aloud before they entered on it, for there is a place built at each end of this dangerous piece of road, from whence one may see if there are others on it, not being quite half a mile in length; a person, in hallooing out, can be heard from one end to the other, and it is the practice of all who go this way to give this signal. A company of Moors had entered at the other end going towards Santa Cruz, at the same time, and they also supposing that no others would dare to pass it at that hour, came on without the usual precaution. When about half way over, and in the place the two parties met, there was no possibility of passing each other, or turning about to back either way; the Moors were mounted as well as the Jews, neither party could retire, nor could any one, except the foremost, get on his mule: the Moors soon became outrageous, and threatened to throw the Jews down headlong; the Jews, though they had always been treated like slaves, and forced to submit to every insult and indignity, yet finding themselves in this perilous situation, without the possibility of retreating, and unwilling to break their necks merely to accommodate the Moors, the foremost Jew dismounted, carefully, over the head of his mule, with a stout stick in his hand; the Moor nearest him did the same, and came forward to attack him with his scimitar: both were fighting for their lives, as neither could retreat; the Jew's mule was first pitched down the craggy steep, and dashed to atoms by the fall. The Jew's stick was next hacked to pieces by the scimitar; when, finding it was impossible for him to save his life, he seized the Moor in his arms, and, springing off the precipice, both were instantly hurled to destruction; two more of the Jews and one Moor lost their lives, in the same way, together with eight mules! and the three Jews, who made out to escape, were hunted down and killed by the relations of the Moors who had lost their lives on the pass, and the place has, ever since, been called the Jew's Leap. It is, indeed, enough to produce dizziness, even in the head of a sailor, and if I had been told the story before getting on this frightful ridge, I am not

certain, but that my imagination might have disturbed my faculties, and rendered me incapable of proceeding with safety along this perilous path.

ON BALLS FOR CHILDREN.

'To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven,' said the wise man; but said it before the invention of baby balls.

This modern device is a sort of a triple conspiracy against the innocence, the health, and the happiness of children.

Thus by factitious amusements to rob them of a relish for the simple joys, the unbought delights, which naturally belong to them, is like blotting out spring from the year.

To sacrifice the true and proper enjoyments of sprightly and happy children, is to make them pay a dear and disproportionate price for their artificial pleasures.

They step at once from the nursery to the ball-room, and, by a preposterous change of habits, are thinking of dressing *themselves* at an age when they ought to be dressing their *dolls*. Instead of bounding with the unrestrained freedom of wood-nymphs over hill and dale, their cheeks flushed with health, and their hearts overflowing with happiness, these pretty little creatures are shut up all the morning, demurely practising a minuet, or transacting the more serious business of acquiring the *Highland fling*, with more cost and pains than it would take them to acquire twenty new ideas.—*Hannah More.*

Original Poetry.

ANTAR'S DREAM.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

As they each other sat beside,
Looking to heaven, then on the tide
Of ocean, which before them lay,
Watching the beams that seemed to play
With the soft breeze, and waves all bright,
Flashing and curling,—blue and white,
Antar, with one hand round Lila's neck,
The other lock'd in her sweet one,
Directed her eyesight to a speck—
A cloud, on which the moonlight shone!
And while they gaz'd upon it there,
It slowly melted into air.
And then he turned, as if amaz'd,
And said, as he on Lila gaz'd,—
The cloud, that thou but now didst see,
Forbodes some dire distress to me!
For oh! I dreamt that you and I
Were lying 'neath as calm a sky
As that which now above us glows,
Tinted with colours sweet as rose;

* A dangerous and frightful pass, over which Captain Riley and his fellow sufferers travelled, in their journey from Santa Cruz towards Morocco, is related in his own narrative.—*From Riley's Narrative.*

Methought, that we that moment turn'd
Our eyes on heaven, where brightly burn'd
A meteor, with a train of fire,
That flash'd and trembled through the air:
Then came a cloud, like one in ire,
Whose brow of danger cries 'beware!'
Black as the midnight ocean, when
The moon and stars are veiled from men.
The meteor now the cloud had met,
And round it like a scorpion curl'd:
When 'gainst them both a high wind set,
And downward they to earth were hurld.
And then, methought that ev'ry star
Forsook the sphere where they were fixt;
And meeting, form'd a fiery car,
That roll'd the earth and sky betwixt.
And there were sitting side by side,
A bridegroom and his blushing bride,
And as though air the star-earrings hid,
They off embraced—but off her kist,
And seem'd as blest in either's eyes,
As our first parents ere they knew
The curse of sin and Satan too,
Seem'd in sainted Paradise!
While gliding on, all lightly they,
Thro' fields of ether, bent their way;
Like a young flower that blossoms when
The sun looks bright upon the world.
The wide sky opened—closed again,
And ev'ry star was, hiasing, whirl'd
Back to the heaven where they first shone,
Just as my niry dream began.
The bride and bridegroom downward fell,
When out I shriek'd in dreadful yell,
And woke in time—confused, amazed,
To hear the cry my echo rais'd!

WILFORD.

IMITATION.

SWEET is the moment, richly sweet,
When lovers, after absence, meet;
And find within the pure embrace,
That time cannot their love efface.
To gain an hour so sweet as this,
E'en separation perfects bliss;
They quite forget the parting pain,
So great the joy to meet again.
All their past troubles, all past cares,
While one relates, the other shares;
Then down they in the present minute,
Which gives an age of rapture in it.

THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

(FROM MELMOTH.)

He dreams, that on a lofty precipice
He stood, whose brow frown'd o'er a vast abyss,
No eye could measure, far and wide beneath;
Its base was scorch'd by the tempestuous breath
Of fiery waves, which sunk and rose again,
Drenching the dreamer with the sulphurous
rain
Of their red spray; livid and fierce they glow'd,
On ev'ry curl a tortured spirit rode,
And shriek'd and sunk and rose again to air,
But to be blasted by the light'ning there.
With agonising and immortal life,
Each grogging bellow heaved in fearful strife;
The rude rock echoed back the madd'ning roar
Of the fierce wave, and ones that shoot the
shore;
Of souls that struck upon its granite side,
Then yelling sunk beneath the scalding tide;
Sudden, the wand'rer felt his carcass flung
Half down the steep, and there in terror clung:
He looked aloft, no light could be decey,
But all was darkness, horror, agony.

He saw an arm alone, he felt its grasp,
And his breath died beneath its iron clasp.
He shriek'd, and with the strength that terror
gave,
Felt round, and grasp'd at all he deemed might
save.
A group stood there, Mononda, Stanton, those
Whose days he gave in misery to close,
E'en his last, foudest victim, Isidore,
Turn'd coldly from him, and all hope was o'er.
His eye's bright glance (as slow they flitted by,)
Roll'd 'twards the dial of eternity;
It pointed to the long protracted hour
When he must bow beneath a demon's power.
He fell, he sunk, he blazing rose, and heard
Float on the burning surge, the sick'ning word,
Echoed by myriad tongues in mock'ry roars:
Melmoth, th' accurs'd, the wanderer, has come.
The wide wave open'd to the hideous yell,
And bound his spirit in its proper hell.

SAM SPIRITAIL.

SONG FROM THE GAELIC.

TUNE—MY POOR DOG TRAY.

THOUGH December to others seems bleak and
severe,
'Tis the dearest to me of the circling year;
For it gave me a treasure, in giving a wife,
A lover less than e'er spring brought to life.
THOUGH December to others seems bleak and
severe,
'Tis the dearest to me of the circling year;
For it gave me twilights that outlive the rose,
And a bosom that's purer than new-driven
snows.

It gave me a breath sweet as vernal perfume;
It gave me two cheeks of the loveliest hue;
It gave me two eyes that are brighter than dew;
And it gave me a heart that is faithful and true.

Then welcome, December, though hoary with
snow,
Thou art dearer to me than the summer's bright
glow;
And my Mary, the treasure thou gavest to me,
Shall be dear when grown hoary and ancient
like thee.

When her beauty and bloom shall have yielded
to age,

As the beauties of nature now yield to thy rage,
Then dear shall she be as the light to my eyes,
For her fond faithful heart is the jewel I prize!

AULD DOMINIE.

Fine Arts.

ANCIENT ARMOUR.

Which awakes
The stirring memory of a thousand years.
LORD BYRON.

Of all the branches of knowledge,
which have, at different times, em-
ployed the energies, and excited the
investigation of the human mind, there
is, perhaps, scarcely any so universally
useful as the study of antiquity, and
the inquiry into the manners and cus-
toms of past ages. The genius of an-
tiquarian research lends, successively,
his assistance to history and romance,

to literature, and the fine arts. It is,
in its connexion with the last subject
that we propose to consider, the present
exhibition, and, we will venture to say,
that the advantage which painting may
derive from the study of this valuable
collection, will not be inconsiderable.
The preservation of costume, in histo-
rical composition, is always desirable,
and although deficiency, in this respect,
may be pardoned, when its want is
counterbalanced by excellence in the
higher branches of art, still, we believe,
none of our readers will be inclined to
think that impropriety, as far as relates
to costume, is not to be avoided. This
assertion will have less weight, if
we consider how many of the greatest
masters have fallen into the most glaring
and absurd incongruities from a
want of attention to this point. We are
disgusted when we see Rembrandt, the
great master of the chiaroscuro, in his
'Descent from the cross,' representing a
Jewish ruler under the similitude of a
fat Dutch burghmaster, almost as much
so as when we see in our old Bibles,
God the Father represented in a Quaker's
coat, with steel buckles, looking out
of the burning bush, and Moses
unlacing a pair of hob-nailed boots at
his command. We lament, when even
Il Divino Raffaello, in his celebrated
'Parnassus,' arms his Apollo like a
French dancing-master, with a modern
violin. As these instances plainly shew
into what absurdities the greatest artists
have fallen from neglect of appropriate
costume, we cannot but regard it as a
happy omen, when we see an exhibition
opened in the heart of our fashionable
metropolis, for the express purpose of
introducing to our attention, some of
the choicest specimens of military an-
tiquities. The different parts of the
collection are disposed in such a way
as to reflect the highest credit on the
taste and ingenuity of the exhibitor, as
well as to make a striking impression
on the mind of every visitor; indeed,
the arrangement is only to be exceeded
by the costliness and good choice dis-
played in the collection. We shall notice
a few of the most striking speci-
mens, as our limits will not allow us
to enter into a minute detail of every
part of the exhibition. A whole length
of Henri Quatre, which we believe an
authentic likeness of that distinguished
sovereign, forms a striking object in the
collection; and the armour, in point
of beauty and preservation, has never per-
haps been equalled, certainly never sur-
passed. The armour of a knight of the
Second Crusade, consisting of a suit of

chain armour of the most curious and unique nature, being in a state of preservation, when we consider the great antiquity which it has now attained; as if we transfer to other objects the title to excellence in the literary world, fixed by Dr. Johnson as tenable after the lapse of a century, the present valuable specimen of antiquity has already a sevenfold claim to our attention and admiration. When, to this consideration, we add the circumstance, that, after the invention of plate armour, and the subsequent disuse of the 'maillle enchainée,' this species of defensive armour was rarely to be met with, unless in the choice, and showy collections which existed in the armories of the nobility, and that even there, the plain appearance of the rusty and unsightly chain-mail gave way to the more elegant and elaborate manufacture of Milan and of Malta, we shall rather incline to wonder that any reliques of so remote a period should have reached us, than that so few collections can boast of more than detached portions of this species, and those, generally, carelessly and imperfectly preserved. To offer any observations on the suit of Albert, the great champion of Bararia, and upon numerous other specimens, as entire as they are detached, would extend this article to too great a length, but we cannot withhold our expression of satisfaction, at the manner in which the entire suits have been prepared for public exhibition, as well as at the execution of the striking countenances, and, comparatively speaking, natural attitudes of the figures invested with them. To conclude; we would wish to recommend to the antiquarian, to the artist, and to the curious in general, the present exhibition at the Gothic Hall, as one which unites, at once, instruction with amusement, in a way which cannot fail to attract the notice, and delight the taste of the enlightened public of the metropolis. After all, the contemplation of reliques like the present, recalls to our recollection the heroes on whose heroic forms these ponderous arms were once braced; they forcibly arrest our attention, and bring to our minds the words of the bard:—

'Where are our chiefs of old? Where are the kings?
Of mighty name? The fields of their battles
are

lone—
Where their mossy tombs remain.'
Note upon Ossian's Crown.

WILLIAM HENRY PARRY.

The Drama.

As it is seldom deemed necessary to make any exertion during the Christmas Holidays beyond that of producing a new pantomime, our notice of the drama, this week, is necessarily very limited, and we must, therefore, refer our dramatic readers to the criticism on the performers in another part of our journal.

DAVY LANE.—The comedy of *The Wonder* was performed at this theatre on Saturday night, for the purpose of introducing a Miss Barry in the character of Violante. Her appearance is not very youthful, and her figure is rather too *embonpoint* for the character of Violante, but her face is expressive and her voice clear and powerful. In many of the scenes she blended energy and tenderness very happily. If she was deficient in any thing, it was in sprightly humour, which was, in some degree, compensated by her unaffected ease. Her reception was very favourable, and she repeated the character on Wednesday night with increased effect. Elliston was the Don Felix, which he played with great spirit and vivacity. His drunken scene, though somewhat overacted, was productive of much amusement. Harley was a pleasant bustling Lissardo; and the two waiting maids were admirably sustained by Miss Kelly and Mrs. Orger.

The new pantomime of *The North-west Passage*, has received some judicious alterations, and may probably run the usual period of such productions.

COVENT GARDEN.—The public expectation has been considerably excited by the announcement of a new tragedy, from the pen of Mr. Barry, Cornwall, called *Mirandola*, which was to have been performed on Thursday night: its production is, however, postponed until Tuesday next. Green Room report, not always the most correct, speaks highly of the tragedy, and the talents of Mr. C. are such as to give the report considerable credence.

The new pantomime continues attractive.

Literature and Science.

Linnæus.—There has lately been discovered, accidentally, among the papers of a shopkeeper in Sweden, a biographical account of Linnæus, written by himself, and since continued to

his death. The autograph MS., which is in the Swedish language, has been sent to Upsal, and will speedily be printed.

The Museum of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, among other curiosities, contains a bulrush, cut in Nepal, eighty-four feet long; a serpent with two heads; specimens of mosaic from Agra and Calcutta; crystals from Nepal, and sculptures from Persepolis, Java, &c.

The promised edition of Mr. Sheridan's dramatic works is expected to appear in the course of this month; but Mr. T. Moore's life of that distinguished individual is likely to be long deferred.

Mr. Halbert, author of the 'African Traveller,' &c. has in the press, 'Select Antiquities, Curiosities, Beauties, and Varieties of Nature and Art.'

Dr. Cartwright's Pædo-Motive Machine.—The ingenious doctor's expectation, that he should live to see carriages of every description travelling the road without horses, has been, in some degree, realized. A letter in the *Star*, signed 'A Traveller,' states, that on the road between Tunbridge and Hastings he had met a cart loaded with coals, and travelling without horses, being impelled by an apparatus managed by two men,—the same, in short, as that invented by Dr. C. 'Its pace,' says the traveller, 'was uniform, and, as the men informed me, varied very little whether it was on level ground or going up hill, provided the carriage was not overloaded.' On expressing my doubts how this could be, the men could not explain the reason. But much as I might have doubted its facility of ascending a hill, I should have doubted still more (had I not seen it) the rapidity and safety with which it went down.—On coming to a short steep hill, instead of locking the wheel, considering how heavily the carriage was loaded, the carriage was suffered to run down with unrestrained velocity, much faster than any prudent man would have ventured with a light gig. I saw clearly, however, there was no danger; for the whole machine, I observed, was guided with the greatest accuracy, and its speed, as the men informed me (and of which, on inspecting the mechanism, I had no doubt), could be regulated at pleasure, or even stopped, should occasion require it, in the middle of its career, in an instant.' **North Polar Expedition.**—The natural curiosities brought from the arctic regions by Captain Parry have been

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Reviews of New Books.

THE NEW TRAGEDY.

Mirandola. A Tragedy. By Barry Cornwall. 8vo. pp. 110. London, 1821.

We feel peculiar pleasure in commencing the second Number of the third Volume of the *Literary Chronicle* with a notice of one of the finest efforts of the tragic muse, that has been produced for many years. The late period at which the play has been published allows us little time for comment, and we have, already, in another part of our Journal, detailed the plot and incidents, and expressed our unqualified approbation. But we must confess that much as we felt gratified in witnessing the performance of this tragedy, and aware as we were of the many poetic beauties that it possessed, we enjoyed a still higher treat in its perusal. It possesses all the beauties of Mr. Cornwall's style, free from those blemishes with which his former productions were tinged. The same intense beauty and depth of feeling, the same good taste and vigour of expression, the same animated description and skilful appropriation of imagery which distinguishes his 'Dramatic Scenes' and his 'Marcian Colonna,' are exhibited in *Mirandola* in still greater power and perfection. Before we select two or three of the scenes, which, we believe, will fully justify all that we have said, we shall quote the author's advertisement as to the originality of the tragedy. He says,—

'The fact of a father having married the lady betrothed to his son, occurred in the case of Philip the Second of Spain and of D'Este, one of the Dukes of Ferrara. This fact I have borrowed, as well as the circumstance of the father condemning his son to death. In other respects, the Tragedy is, as far as I know, original. The character of the sensitive *Mirandola*, more particularly, is unborrowed. He is unlike Philip and D'Este: and he will be found to differ also from Othello and Polixenes. In mentioning these characters of Shakespeare, the reader

will not. I am sure, infer that I mean to draw any comparison, otherwise than for the mere purpose of stating that a difference actually exists.

The first extract we shall make is part of the third scene in the first act, which breathes of love and tenderness:

Duke. Forgive me that I thus neglect you, love.

—Why my dear Isidora, yesterday

Has worn you to a shadow.

Isid. Oh! not so.

Duke. In faith it has.—Dear girl, I know you hate

These empty pageantries. Jove! so do I.

I'd rather be in battle, and weighed down

By steel and iron than by these idle gauds.

But we must play our part, my sweet one, in

This silly world. Could I order things here,

Half of the moon I'd waste in war: the rest

I'd give to Cupid.

Isid. So: not all to love then?

Duke. Why, no—yet I am wrong; for oh! with you

Who could desert the chamber for the camp?

Not I. I would be with you even—ever.

Isid. That were too long.

Duke. Too long, my Isidora?

Isid. Ay: 'Ever' is a long time, my dear lord:

Love has no such eternity.

Duke. Indeed!

Isid. Indeed, 'tis so: Life even has its end;

And love cannot be longer sure than life.

The declaration of the Duke's affection for Isidora, though partly anticipated in our dramatic critique, possesses so much force and beauty that we cannot forbear giving the passage at length:—

Duke. My own sweet! love! Oh! my dear peerless wife!

By the blue sky and all its crowding stars

I love you better—Oh! far better than

Woman was ever loved. There's not an hour

Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:

There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,

And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon

But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale

Of thee, my love, to thy *Mirandola*.

Speak, dearest Isidora, can you love

As I do? Can—no, no; I shall grow

Boish if thus I talk. You must be gone,

You must be gone, fair Isidora, else

The business of the dukedom soon will cease.

I speak the truth, by Dian. Even now

Gheraldi waits without (or should) to see me.

In faith, you must go; one kiss; and so, away.

Isid. Farewell, my lord.

Duke. We'll ride together, dearest,

Some few hours hence.

Isid. Just as you please; farewell! [*Exit.*]

Duke. Farewell! With what a waving air she goes

Along the corridor. How like a fawn;

Yet statelier.—Hark! no sound, however soft

(Not gentlest echo) telleth when she treads;

But every motion of her shape doth seem

Hallowed by silence. Thus did Hebe grow

Amidst the gods, a paragon; and thus—

Away! I'm grown the very fool of love.'

The remaining part of this scene, in which the treacherous monk Gheraldi pours the subtle poison into the ear of the Duke, and makes him jealous of his son, when he hears that he had once loved Isidora, and was now on his way home, is extremely well managed. But we pass on to the third scene of the second act, which is the melancholy and affecting interview between Guido and Isidora:—

Isid. He comes, he comes; and I must see him, too.

Oh! that I must—Not yet—I must, I must.

Hark! no, it is not he: It is my heart.

Will it not burn! My throat is full and choking.

God! look upon me now, and save me!—Save!

He'll come and curse me—and it will be good;

For I have stolen his heart away, and sung

My own to ruin.—Ruin! Oh, that I

Could tell him all about my cruel lot,

And how I was betrayed, and lost for ever!

That monk advised me—Oh! no more of that. Ha! some one comes.

[*Guido enters.*]

Guido. [after a pause.] Madam, I come to pay

My duty to you.

Isid. Welcome; you are welcome.

Guido. I come to see how well thy bridal dress

Becomes the Duchess of *Mirandola*.

Isid. You have been well, I hope?

Guido. Since when?

Isid. Since you—

You and I parted.

Guido. That's a long time, now.

I have forgot: how is 't that you remember?

Isid. I—I—Oh! pity me!

Guido. Weep, lady, weep.

Teem (yet they're bitter) purity the soul,

But your's is fair!—I know they ease the heart.

Moan!

Isid. Oh! Guido—cruel, cruel, cruel!

Guido. [aside.] By heaven, my courage begins to fail; and I

Grow womanish. Now let me wring her heart,

As she wrung mine—Ah! there she weeps away

Almost to dissolution.—How she bends,

Like one who sickens with remorse or love;

And she, perhaps, has been betrayed.—Alas!

Poor Isidora!

Isid. Ah!—you spoke?—you spoke?
Guido. 'Twas nothing.
Isid. Nothing? It was all to me.
Isid. Happiness!—no, that is gone: 'twas hope.
Isid. Pardon. Oh! my lord, (Guido no more.)
 What have I done that you can use me thus?
 I would not for the world, for all the world,
 Put you to such great sorrow.
Guido. Shall I tell you?
Isid. Yes.
Guido. Listen to me, then. When you were young—
 You are young still, and fair—the more's the pity:
 But in the time I speak of, you were just
 Bursting from childhood—with a face as fair
 As though you had look'd in Paradise, and caught
 It's early beauty: then, your smile was soft,
 As innocence before it learns to love.
 And yet a woman's passion dwelt within
 Your heart, as warm as love.—But I am wrong?
Isid. Oh! no. I loved—
Guido. Indeed!
Isid. Indeed, indeed!
Guido. Well!—There was one who loved you too. He said
 That every hope he had rested on you.
 He worshipped you, as idols are adored
 In countries near the sun. He gave his heart
 So absolutely up, that had he thought
 Then, that you would desert him, he'd have
 slain
 Himself before you. You were his home, his
 heaven,
 His wealth, his light, his mind, and life substantial.
 But then he went away to the fierce wars,
 (His honour was pledged for it), and he left
 You with an oath upon your soul, behind,
 'Twas said he died—
Isid. One said he saw you fall.
Guido. 'Twas said he died, and that she
 grieved awhile,
 In virgin widowhood for him. At last,
 A duke—a reigning duke, with wintry hair,
 And subtle spirit, and—without a heart,
 Came wooing to her, and so—you do not heed
 me—
 And so she died her tears, and (tho' the youth
 Wrote that he lived,) she laugh'd, and left the
 son,
 To marry with the father.
Isid. And you wrote
 To me?
Guido. To you and him.
Isid. I feared 'twas so
 Now heaven help me; for I'm wound about
 By their strong toils, and there is no escaping.
 O! I am worn, and broken down by grief.
 I dare not hope that you'll believe me, yet
 That letter, Guido—Oh, I never knew it;
 I had no letter—saw no letter.
Guido. What!
 I wrote to you from Naples; from my bed
 Where I lay languishing, by Gaspero,
 My father's servant. Why, I wrote—(has there
 been cozening here!)—unto my father: *he*
 Will not deny't. Where is that slave?
Isid. Gaspero? He is dead.
Guido. He was my father's servant. Could
 he be
 Unfaithful? No.
Isid. Your father priz'd him much.
 Oh! it is too clear: we are both undone.
Guido. It may be; nay, it is. But, 'ere I
 sink,
 I will be righted some way, or revenged.

What! does he think to cheat me now, and
 wear
 His prize abroad so boldly—before me?
 I'll have revenge.
Isid. He is your father, Guido.
 Nay—
Guido. I disown him. He has lost his son.
 Some parents shut their children from their
 homes,
 (Young boys and gentle girls) but I abjure
 My father in his age: let him go down
 Into his grave alone!
Isid. Do not incense him.
Guido. Whom?
Isid. The duke.
Guido. You're right.
 Call him no more my father. No; I'll talk
 As one man with his equal; or, perhaps,
 I may wear something of superior scorn,
 And drop a word or two of charity;
 But that will be for thy sake, my poor girl!
 Nay, dry your tears: and let us part awhile.
Isid. Farewell.
Guido. Oh! not farewell yet. I but go
 To see the duke. When shall we meet again?
Isid. We must not; yet—
Guido. We will, we will, once more.
Isid. Hark!—lush! your father comes.
Guido. Why, that is well.
 We will (I'm glad of't) say at once good-morrow,
 Without more ceremony.
Isid. No; not now.
 Not now, I cannot bear it.—Nay, for me.
Guido. That is a charm I cannot disobey.
Isid. Quick, quick, he comes!
Guido. We'll meet again. Remember!
 [Isid. exit.]
 Isidora does not, however, meet Guido,
 but, at the persuasion of Isabella,
 sends him a ring, a fit and not unfre-
 quent instrument for exciting jealousy.
 The Duke gives a banquet to celebrate
 his son's return; and, after welcoming
 him with music, discovers that Isidora
 does not wear the ring: the circum-
 stance does not much affect him until
 he sees it on the finger of his son:—
Duke. More wine: fill high!
 Gentlemen! a brave welcome to my son!
 Guido, may discord never, never come
 Between us.—Bring a goblet hither, Sirs,
 And let him taste his welcome. Let the health
 Pass round, and no one slight it. My dear son,
 Give me your hand.—At Mantua once this—
 Ah— [He sees the ring.]
Julio. Look!—What's the matter with the
 Duke?
Guido. My lord!
Hyp. Look at my uncle, mother!
Isab. Sir, be still!
Lord. Come forward—How?
Isid. My Lord!—Ha!
Guido. Father, speak,
 What means this?
Duke. Nothing. I am quiet—calm.
 The heavens are o'er us, and it may be—no
 thing.
 It may be—Ha! begone!—Now, now, for ever
 I cast aside goodness and faith and love,
 No more to be put on—masks as they are,
 To hide the base and villainous tricks of men.
 Break up the feast! All leave us!—O bright
 Heaven!
 Laugh you in scorn upon me? See! it shines
 Right through the windows, and the nodding
 pines

Shake their black heads and mock me.—Shall I
 swear
 To kill? [The guests go out.]
Guido. Father!
Duke. That is—
Guido. My lord!
Duke. A lie.
 Monstrous and foul, not to be said or thought.
Isid. My gracious lord!
Duke. False painted thing, begone!
Isab. Nay—
Duke. Sister, will you drive me mad—out-
 rageous?
 I am abused—abused, I tell you. Ha!
 Now do you start?
Isab. Retire, sweet Isidora;
 And you, dear Guido, bid Gheraldi come.
Guido. Poor Isidora!—What a fate is thine!
 [Guido and Isidora exit.]
Duke. Just then I had forgiven—almost forgot
 All his most insolent taunts, all; and her cold
 Unwilling smiles, that made—that make me
 mad.
 I could have loved her—like a fiery star,
 I could have bent before her from my path
 And worshipped her as something holy—Now,
 O, now!—
Isab. Dear brother!
Duke. Still am I the Duke
 Must you too put aside respect? No matter.
 I'll keep my way alone, and burn away—
 Evil or good I care not, so I spread
 Tremendous desolation on my road:—
 I'll be remembered as huge meteors are,
 From the dizziness they scatter.
 [Gheraldi enters.]
Gher. Gmelous Sir!
Duke. I wish to be alone.
 O earth and heaven! so fair, so lovely, yet
 To be—detestable!—Now for all future time
 I'll hate all things which seem as they were true,
 For then they're false, I know.—What I am
 I care not.—Father, draw you curtain down;
 Those cypripedium branches with their bending
 leaves
 Mock me: they mock my misery—my pain.
 O how my heart aches!
Isab. Brother, be composed.
Duke. I cannot.—Will you pour upon my
 brain
 Oblivion, or sweet balm over my heart?
 No: then you jeer me when you bid me still
 Be calm.—Would I were dull as Lethe is!
 Or dead—dead: that were better; yet not so,
 For I will live to be a terror still.
Gher. My lord!—
Duke. And yet,—were it not better, now,
 To leave the world at once, and pass my age
 In cell or forest?—this has been.
Gher. My lord!
 Perhaps the lady Isidora—
Duke. Slave!
 That word destroys me—tears me,—heart and
 soul.
 Cannot I dream, or sleep, but thou must be
 (My black familiar) at my elbow? Monk!
 I hate your fawning—(Sister, stay your speech,
 I hate your sly insinuating smiles,
 Your tongue that mocks your eyes, and tells a
 tale
 As foul as night. I will not trust that tongue;
 No, nor your eye, for both may be—are false.
 Audacious slave!
Isab. Dear brother, I must speak.
Duke. I've heard of men who in a moment
 have
 Done deeds of blood; but I—I will not thus
 Redden my memory. Leave us, Monk.—Be-
 gone! [Gheraldi exit.]

Isid. Dear brother, you—

Duke. And you too go.

Go, Isabella!—Nay it must be so.

Leave me to think.

Isid. Farewell!

[*Exit.*]

Duke. To think—of what?

Of hell and all its horrors; for this earth,

It seems, may have a hell as full of pains,

And burning torture as was ever hid

In the dark bowels of the rolling world.

Place there, 'tis said, where ill-starred souls
Pine amongst flames. My flames are in the
heart,

And in the head—the brain, and every nerve,

And every trembling muscle of my frame.

On this hot tongue: and my parching tongue

Clings close and closer still, and thro' my eyes

Run blood and fire, and—Ah!—O false, false,

false!

Hush! some one comes. What! shall the Prince

be jeered?

I'll fly unto some corner, dark as night. [*Exit.*]

There is a pretty passage on content
in one of the subsequent scenes, part
of which has been omitted in the representation.
It is the Duke speaking to
Isidora,

'Sorrow has past

Over us like a storm—my heart is stilled;

And though more lonely than I thought to live,

We'll make the best of life. Poor policy

It is to shun the few bright hours that come,

'Cause more are absent from us. Let us be

Happy, love, if not gay.'

Guido promises his father to leave
the city and has the assurance of un-
limited pecuniary resources; but, in
an interview which he has with Isidora
previous to his departure, in the garden,
at moonlight, they are surprised by
the Duke, who has been made ac-
quainted with their intended meeting.
The Duke vows revenge, and delivers
his son up to the officers in attendance.
The catastrophe now fast approaches,
and we quote the concluding part of
the scene descriptive of it. The officers
seize us on Guido:—

Isid. (Shrieks.) Ha!—What's that?

Oh! mercy, mercy! Spare him—spare us both,

My lord—O husband!

Guido. Sweet, implore no more.

My fate is come. I'll meet it as a man.

Of thee I dare not think: but thou—

Duke. Speak on!

You shall have license,—once—but once.

Speak on.

Guido. Thou hast abused

Thy trust of father, husband, prince.—

Isid. No, no.

Guido. Thou hast, to glut a base and bitter

hate,

Destroyed thine only son. Angels now look

Upon us, and before their homes I swear

That I am innocent. Remember this:

For her who stands palely beside you there,

(A star amidst this darkness,) she is pure

As heaven. I speak this with a dying tongue.

I loved her—

Duke. Ha! shall this be said? Away,

Away, I say!—If once I swear— [*Rises.*]

Isid. One word—

Isid. One word!

Guido. Four Isidora!

Isid. One—

Guido. One word's enough. My lord, when

I depart,

To where—no matter, mark me. I shall tread

With the same step,—the same bold, faithful

step,

Which bore me on, 'midst fire and carnage,

when

I saved your life at Mantua—Now, lead on!

[*Guido exit with officers.*]

Duke. (Shrinks down.) He's gone!

Isid. A moment stop!—My lord! my lord!

Spare him! I'll kneel to you, and wet the dust

With tears. Oh! husband: my dear husband!

speak!

I.—Isidora—Isidora, whom

You loved so once, am here—here on my knees.

Before the world,—in the broad light. My lord:

Give him but time,—a word—do you hear that:

A word will clear him. Will you not listen?

Oh!

Cruel, oh! cruel! Mercy, yet—oh, God!

[*Isidora falls before him.*]

Piero. (after a pause.) Shall we not help the

duchess?

Curio. Stay, stay: he

begins to move.

Piero. He looks like marble with those fixed

eyes.

Curio. Ha! those are heavy tears.

Officer. Hark!

Duke. Mercy!

No more of that. I am a desolate man:

Much injured! almost mad. I want—I'll have

Vengeance—tremendous vengeance! Ha!

pale thing;

I will not tread upon her. Tears? what, tears?

Take her away. [*Isidora is taken out.*]

My heart is cold as lead.

I should have had a cloak to cover me—

A tomb, a tomb, to keep the wind out. Ha!

I love this lonely pomp. My lamps are hung

All round a mighty dome; and music, like

The noises bustling from Æolian caves,

Come round me like a charm. Oh! I have

Betrayed; ay, and revenged.—All silent!

How!

Come, talk, Sirs, talk. [*Isabella enters.*]

Officer. Will not your highness go?

Duke. Go? where? where? Ah! the light

comes. I have been

Long wandering. Misery! oh, misery!

But justice shall be done; and vengeance.

[*Leaves back.*]

Gheraldi and Pesarò enter.

Isid. Ha!

Gher. Madam, he has escaped.

Isid. Be still, Sir. Who?

Pes. Count Casti.

Isid. Ha! go seek him, and confine him:

Do this, and you shall thrive. This is unlucky.

Gher. 'Tis death.

Isid. Not quite so bad! Guido is gone

to rest.

Gher. How the duke sits!

Isid. We'll lead him in. My lord!

Duke. Ah! sister. Well; justice is done.

Casti. (without.) The duke?

Duke. What voice is that?

[*Casti enters quickly.*]

Casti. The duke—where is the duke?

Duke. Here; on his seat of judgment.

Casti. Seize the monk!

My lord, pray pardon me, but—O my heart!

Madam, you must not go.

Isid. Shave! dare you think

To daunt the sister of Mirandola?

Duke. What's this?

Casti. You are abused.

Duke. I know it. Wretch!

Will you bring back my terrors? Silence him.

Casti. You and your son are both abused,—
betrayed.

You and your innocent wife. Look on the monk.

Your son's as fair as heaven. Mark the monk,

I say. Here, my lord, here are letters,—scrawls

Fashioned in hell, too black for such a place.

Here are the letters which you sent to Naples.

Look! these your son writ: these—your sister

sent.

I took them from the monk: he bribed, and

prayed,

Nay, wept and tore my cloak to get them, but

I have them here,—read! read!

Duke. Letters! my son!

Casti. He met the duchess here by my en-
treaty:

Against his wish he met her: nay—

Duke. Ah, sister! [reads.]

Casti. Read, Sir!

Isid. Slave! my son

Reigns in Mirandola. I am content.

Casti. Lend out the lady.

[*Isabella is taken out.*]

Duke. Now, where is she!—gone!

'Tis better. Ah! thou coward villain,—thou

Whom I have loved and trusted. I forgot—

Where am I? I am wandering yet.

Casti. My lord;

Where is your son?

Duke. My son? Ha! death and haste!

Fly, fly and save him! Bring him hither! Drag

That villain to a dungeon. Oh! my heart!

Fly some one! fly again, and bring my son.

Oh! mercy, mercy!

Casti. Where is he—his son?

Officer. Led out to death.

Casti. Ha! where?

Officer. In the western court.

[*Casti rushes out.*]

Duke. My son! where is my son? Is no one

gone

To stop my orders? Go—some more. I'll sit

Here, while the heavens are trembling.

[*A distant report of musquetry is heard.*]

Ha!

[*Sinks down.*]

[*After a short pause, Casti re-enters.*]

Casti. My lord!

Duke. Ha! my good messenger, a word, a

word;

But one: I'll give my dukedom to you,—all.

Tell me he lives. Swear it. 'Tis my command.

Casti. Alas! it was too late. We can but pray.

Duke. Rain down your blessings upon us!

Casti. Sir, be calm.

Duke. Sulphur and blistering fire. I want

to die;

Unloose me here, here: I'm too tight—Some

one

Has tied my heart up; no, no; here, Sir, here.

All round my heart, and round my brain,—

quick, quick—

I'm burning—Hush! a drug—

Casti. Hold him up

Duke. Some dull—some potent drink. I'll

give—I'll give

The world away for peace. Oh! round my

heart,

And—Ah! unloose this cord about my throat.

Has no one mercy here? I am the duke,—

The duke. Ha!—I am—nothing.

Casti. Raise his head.

Now, my dear lord—

Duke. O my poor son! my son!

Young victims—both so young—so innocent.

But they are gone. I feel as I could sleep—
Sleep—hush! for ever. My poor son! [*Dies.*]

Memoirs of the Life of Andrew Hofer: containing an Account of the Transactions in the Tyrol during the Year 1809. Taken from the German. By Charles Henry Hall, Esq. 8vo. pp. 198. London, 1820.

The name of Andrew Hofer is not only dear to every German, but to every one who admires undaunted courage and bold resistance of usurpation. The events in the Tyrol, in 1809, in which Hofer took so distinguished a part by rousing his fellow countrymen, who had been abandoned by their government to the French, created much interest at the time, and all Europe rung with the daring exploits which the brave leader of the Tyrolese achieved. It was with the recollection of these events, which we considered might have been imperfectly detailed at the time, that we took up the present volume with eager expectation, but never did we feel so disappointed. So far from its being a Life of Hofer, it details very few particulars respecting him, and assigns him a very subordinate part in all the events it narrates. 'This contradiction between the title and the subject of these few pages,' says the translator in his preface, 'must, in justice, be thrown on the original, as I could give no more than what my materials gave me, though I certainly was not without suspicion that, in more than one instance, the fame of Hofer had been sacrificed by the writer, to that of his more fortunate rival, Hormayr.' This suspicion receives considerable weight from the circumstance that Baron Hormayr, one of the most active Tyrolese patriots, and who was constantly at variance with Hofer, is believed to be the author of the work, or that, at least, he furnished the materials for it. The work is evidently the production of a man who wished to depreciate the merits of Hofer, as some insidious observations on his love of the bottle, and others of a similar nature, evidently show.

Of the early life of Andrew Hofer we learn nothing more than that he was born on the 22d of November, 1767, at the village of St. Leonhard, in the valley of Pusseyr, and that his father kept an inn, as his ancestors had done from time immemorial:—

'Hofer was in his forty-seventh year when the insurrection first broke out in the Tyrol; he was of Herculean make, with black eyes and brown hair; he stooped considerably, having been accustomed from his youth to carry heavy burthens over the mountains; in his or-

dinary walk his knees were bent, but his step, though slow, was firm,—his voice was soft and pleasing,—his countenance, though not generally animated, was expressive of great good humour, particularly when he smiled; when he prayed, his eyes were raised to heaven with the humility and resignation of a Christian.

'His education was superior to that of the generality of people in his station of life; and, from his frequent intercourse with travellers, as well as from the traffic which he carried on in wine and horses, he had acquired a competent knowledge of the Italian language, which he spoke fluently, but in the Venetian dialect; he was popular through the whole country for his integrity, his unaffected religion, his attachment to ancient customs, and his dislike of all innovation.

'He wore the dress of his country, with some trifling variation: a large black hat with a broad brim, adorned with black ribbons, and a black curling feather; a short green coat, red waistcoat, over which were green braces, a broad black girdle with a border, short black breeches with red or black stockings, and occasionally boots; he wore a small crucifix, with a large silver medal of St. George, to which were afterwards added, a large gold medal and chain sent him by the Emperor; it is not true that he ever received the cross of Maria Theresa, or obtained any rank in the Austrian army.

'But that which was most remarkable in the appearance of Hofer, was his long black beard, which reached to his girdle, and which, particularly when he rode on horseback, had an extraordinary effect. It had been an ancient custom for the innkeepers in these vallies, to allow their beards to grow; but Hofer had been principally induced to cherish his in consequence of a wager of two oxen, which he had made with some of his friends.

'In his disposition he was phlegmatic, fond of ease and tranquillity, averse from every new and rash proceeding, and only to be roused to action by his respect for the ancient customs of his native country. He was cheerful and good tempered, slow in decision, confined in his information, confused in his projects, superstitious like the rest of his countrymen, and accessible to the grossest flattery; his head, indeed, was turned by his unexpected good fortune, in being raised to a rank for which his own talents had not qualified him. He was easily urged to strong measures, the performance of which, however, was usually prevented by the natural mildness of his disposition; and when his national pride or patriotism was roused, the unaffected manner in which he expressed himself, appealed most powerfully to the feelings of his hearers. He was wholly destitute of dissimulation; and generally convinced by the last speaker, especially when he had found the way to his heart. The mention of a victory gained by Austria, or in the cause of his native country—an allusion to the

old times of the Tyrol—an enthusiastic word in favour of the sacred person of the Emperor, or of the Archduke John, so dear to every Tyrolean—were appeals which had too powerful an effect on the feelings of Hofer; and he, who, according to the testimony of those who attended him, conducted himself in his last moments, "come un eroe Cristiano e martire intrepido," was for some time bathed in tears and unable to utter a word.

In personal courage, Hofer was certainly not deficient: he has sufficiently proved it by the manner in which he exposed himself for the sake of his country; but though it may appear incredible, it is a well known fact, that he never was in action but once during the whole of 1809, but was usually to be found (even during the two decisive battles near Innsbruck, on the 29th of May, and the 12th of August), carousing in a public house. He was incapable of directing a march, attack, or indeed any disposition of his troops, altho' much might naturally have been expected from the complete knowledge which he possessed of the country; and, in allusion to the superstitious weakness of his character, he has been described leading his troops with a rosary in one hand, and a bottle in the other.'

The details which follow this brief notice of Hofer, possess no other interest than that which the struggles of a brave people for their freedom must necessarily inspire. We have copies of all the proclamations that were issued in the Tyrol from the Emperor Francis down to the conceited Hormayr, but we have none of those striking facts, those romantic incidents, and those instances of noble daring which we know were frequent in the wars of the Tyrol. The name of Hofer is studiously kept in the back ground, and when it is impossible to avoid naming him, there is always some ungenerous reflection on his character or his conduct. We quote the following, as instances of the writer's *impartiality* in this respect. The author is speaking of an engagement with the Bavarians at Innsbruck:—

'Hormayr had, previous to this action, remained at Landeck, from whence he kept up a correspondence with Hofer; but Hofer's letters were so wild, and his intelligence so inconsistent and unconnected, that he was unable to understand his intentions; and had it not been for a message which he received from Colonel Ertel, he would have been ignorant of the affair of the 29th. Hofer, he heard, passed the principal part of his time at the alehouse; but he was particularly fond of writing and dispatching couriers, without considering the danger they ran of falling into the hands of the enemy, and of disclosing their plans and motions. The following singular letter, which is very characteristic of the man,

was addressed by him to the inhabitants of the Upper Innthal:—

“Dear Brethren of the Upper Innthal.—For God, the emperor, and our dear native country. To-morrow, early in the morning, it fixed for the attack. With the help of our Holy Mother, we will seize and destroy the Bavarians, and we confide ourselves to the beloved Jesus. Come to our assistance, but if you fancy yourselves wiser than Divine Providence, we will do without you.

“ANDREW HOFER.”

The appointment of Hofer to be Commander-in-Chief is thus noticed:—

“Hofer himself shortly appeared amongst them [the Tyrolese], and declared that he was willing to accept the office of commander-in-chief, if they wished to confer it on him, but if they preferred Leiningen, he was prepared to draw his sword as simple commandant of the Passseyr Valley; but that, in whatever situation it pleased God to place him, he would sacrifice his life for the cause in which he was engaged, and that he was confident the Emperor of Austria would not desert them, but return, as soon as he was able, to their assistance. This declaration was received with shouts of approbation, and Hofer from that moment became Commander-in-Chief of the Tyrolese.

“His first care was to organize a fresh force, sufficient to defend his country, and in a short time hundreds of peasants flocked to his standard, partly from a sort of confidence they had in his powers, and partly from the hope that the discipline of his army would be less strict than that which had hitherto been so irksome to them, so that he found himself at the head of a formidable body of men, all prepared to follow him and sacrifice their lives in his service.”

This would have been very well, if the author had not accompanied the passage with the following malicious note. Speaking of Hofer, he says, ‘His vanity, on this occasion, carried him so far that he is said to have caused his initials to be stamped on a new coin.’ The author ought either to have known the truth, which he might easily have done, or not have made the assertion. The remaining notices of Hofer are very scanty, but such as they are we collect them. When summoned by the Duke of Dantzig to appear at Innspruck, he replied, ‘he would come, accompanied by 10,000 sharpshooters,’ a retinue with which the duke would, no doubt, gladly dispense. Three times Hofer delivered his country from the Bavarians, and a grand festival was held at Innspruck in honour of him. He was that day formally invested with a medal, sent to him by the Emperor, in the great

Church, at the foot of the tomb of Maximilian, by the abbot of Wilna, amidst the acclamations of the people.

Tragical events now followed: the Bavarians gained ground in the Tyrol, and their successes were followed by a treaty of peace between France and Austria. Hofer could not brook the idea of becoming a subject of the French emperor, and when he was deserted by all his followers, he retired to a place of concealment in the mountains of his native valley, where he remained for some time undiscovered, in spite of the active search that was made for him, and the reward that was offered for his head.

“The sudden disappearance of Hofer, in the mean time, had given rise to innumerable contradictory rumours and conjectures. Many believed that he had followed the example of Speckbacher and his companions, and escaped over the mountains into Austria, and they expected to hear intelligence of him soon from that quarter; others were persuaded that he had actually been seen at Vienna; and some few rightly conjectured that he was concealed in the Tyrol. The place of his concealment, in which he remained from the end of Nov. to the end of the month of January following, was a solitary Alpine hut, four long leagues distant from his own house, at times inaccessible from the snow which surrounded it; a few faithful adherents supplied him from time to time with the food that was necessary for himself and his family, and more than once he was visited by confidential messengers from the Emperor of Austria, who used every entreaty to make him quit his abode and follow them to Austria, assuring him, at the same time, a safe conduct through the enemy’s army. But Hofer steadily refused all their offers, and expressed his determination never to abandon either his country or his family. He adhered tenaciously to all his old attachments and habits, and even resisted the urgent entreaties of his friends, who endeavoured to persuade him to cut off his beard, from an apprehension that it would lead to a discovery of his person. At length, the traitor Donay, once his intimate friend, allured by the flattering promises of the French, basely persuaded a man who had been entrusted with the secret, to betray him to Barraguy d’Hilliers, and Captain Renouard, of the 44th regiment, was appointed to the command of sixteen hundred men, to take him prisoner. Besides this force, which appears enormous, when we consider that it was intended merely for the capture of one unfortunate man, who, situated as he was, could not hope to defend himself, two thousand more were ordered to be in readiness to assist them, so fearful were they of some attempt being made to rescue him.

“The column began their march at

midnight, over ice and snow, and at five o’clock in the morning, of the 20th of January, Hofer and his family were made prisoners. It was dark when the French approached the hut, but as soon as he heard the officer inquire for him, he came intrepidly forward and submitted to be bound.

“He was then marched, together with his wife, his daughter, and his son, who was twelve years old, through Meran to Botzen, amidst the shouts of the French soldiery, and the tears of his countrymen. At Botzen he met with kinder treatment; Baraguay d’Hilliers gave orders that he should be removed to a more commodious prison, and that less rigour should be used against him. The French officers also did all in their power to alleviate the pain of his confinement, by such attentions as it was in their power to bestow, in return for the kindness with which he had always treated his prisoners. While at Botzen, he requested forgiveness of several persons whom he feared he had offended, but was answered only by their tears; and having parted with his family, whom he was fated never to see again, he was hurried off, under a strong escort, to Mantua.

“From his long confinement in his miserable retreat, and his coarse food, his appearance was much altered, and his hair had become more grey; but his spirit was as untamed as ever, and his countenance, in the midst of the gloom which surrounded him, preserved to the last the same expression of cheerfulness and serenity. He did not, however, expect the sentence which was passed upon him, but continued to hope that his innocence and the justice of his cause would protect him.

“On his arrival at Mantua, a court-martial was immediately holden for the purpose of trying him, of which General Bissone, then governor, was appointed president; on comparing the votes, a great difference of opinion was found to prevail as to the nature of his sentence; the majority were for confinement; two had the courage to vote for his entire deliverance; but a telegram from Milan decided the question, by decreeing death within twenty-four hours, thus putting it out of the power of Austria to render him any assistance.

“Berthier, who was then at Vienna, excited universal indignation by the hypocritical manner in which he affected to pity him; he ventured even to affirm that it would cause great pain to Napoleon, who would never have permitted such a proceeding had he been aware of it. Hofer received his sentence of death with the same unshaken firmness that had marked his character throughout, and requested that a priest might be allowed to attend him, which was immediately complied with. To this priest, (Manifesti,) who never quitted him till the moment of his death, he delivered his last adieu to his family, conversed with him of the Tyros

lese war with great eagerness, and constantly expressed his confidence that the Tyrol would sooner or later return to the government of Austria.

"The fatal morning of his execution now arrived. As the clock struck eleven, the general sounded, a battalion of grenadiers was drawn out, and the officers who were to attend the execution entered his prison. As he came from thence, he passed by the barracks on the Porta Molina, in which the Tyrolese were confined; all who were there fell on their knees, put up their prayers, and wept aloud. Those who were at large in the citadel assembled on the road by which he passed, and, approaching as near as the escort permitted them, threw themselves on the ground and implored his blessing. This Hofer gave them, and then begged their forgiveness for having been the cause of their present misfortunes, assuring them at the same time that he felt confident they would once again return under the dominion of the Emperor Francis, to whom he cried out the last "vivat" with a clear and steady voice. He delivered to Manifesti, the priest, every thing he possessed, to be distributed amongst his countrymen; this consisted of 500 florins in Austrian bank notes, his silver-snuff box, and his beautiful rosary; a few moments before his death, he also delivered to this faithful attendant his small silver rosary, which he constantly carried about him.

"On the broad bastion, at a little distance from the Porta Ceresa, the commanding officer halted his men. The grenadiers formed a square open in the rear; twelve men and a corporal stepped forward, while Hofer remained standing in the centre. The drummer then offered him a white handkerchief to bind his eyes, and told him that it was necessary to kneel down, but Hofer declined the handkerchief, and peremptorily refused to kneel, observing, "that he was used to stand upright before his Creator, and in that posture he would deliver up his spirit to him." He cautioned the corporal to perform his duty well, at the same time presenting him with a piece of twenty kreutzers, and having uttered a few words by way of farewell, expressive of his unshaken attachment to his native country, he pronounced the word "Fire" with a firm voice. His death, like that of Palm, was not instantaneous, for on the first fire he sunk only on his knees; a merciful shot, however, at last dispatched him. The spot on which he fell is still considered sacred by his countrymen and companions in arms.

"His body, instead of being allowed to remain for some time on the place of execution, as was usual on such occasions, was borne by the grenadiers on a black bier to the church of St. Michael, where it lay in state, and a guard of honour appointed to watch it, that the people might see that the much dreaded Barboue (or General Sanvird, as the French used to call him) ally no more. The funeral then

took place, and by the solemnity with which it was conducted, it appeared as if the French were anxious to compensate for the injury they had done him when alive, by the honours they paid to him now dead. His family were permitted to depart for Austria, and the Emperor immediately gave them a pension of 2000 florins, and a sum of money to enable them to settle; but his widow could not prevail upon herself to abandon her native country, and in spite of the offers made to her by the Court of Austria, preferred returning to her old habitation in the valley of Passeyr. His son was also handsomely provided for.

"Thus perished Hofer in the prime of life. Amidst the numerous crimes that stain the name of Napoleon, there is not one of a deeper dye than the murder of Hofer. With all his faults, all his irresolution, and contradictory conduct, when we reflect that Hofer was a simple uneducated village innkeeper, who opposed for some time with success the enormous power of France and Bavaria, with an army of undisciplined peasants, we cannot contemplate his conduct without astonishment and admiration. It is true that his name will not occupy a conspicuous place in the page of general history; but in his own country, by those who knew and could estimate his merits, as well as by those who had experienced his power or his kindness, it will never be forgotten.

"By his companions and countrymen, he was regarded as the hero, the saviour of his country. His faults were forgotten in his victories; and his name is never mentioned in the Tyrol at this day without tears of grateful affection and admiration.

"A simple tomb has been erected to his memory on the Breiner, at a short distance from his own habitation; it contains no other inscription than his name, and the dates of his birth and death. The record of his actions is left to be transmitted, as it doubtless will be, to the latest posterity, in the popular stories and rude ballads of the mountaineers, who love and revere his name as a model of disinterested loyalty and devoted attachment to his native land."

Of the conduct of the Tyrolese in the war, we have the following anecdotes:—

"The enthusiasm displayed in these districts [Bassano and Belluno] was such, that the women took an active part in the hostilities, and aided each other to hurl down stones upon the enemy's troops in the narrow defiles. A girl of eighteen, named Josephine Negretti, assumed the dress of a man, and was several times in action with the sharpshooters, carrying a rifle and using it with considerable dexterity. Among the natives of this small district, Casimir Bosio and Charles Savoi were particularly distinguished, and were appointed by Hornay to the rank of majors, as well as the brave Ottavio Bianchi, whom the Archduke John made chief of the Ty-

rolese volunteers; he was taken prisoner at Belluno, in June, and was shot at Mantua, as one of the rebellious chiefs, leaving a wife and a large family of young children to lament his untimely end. Bianchi died like a hero, exclaiming in his last moments, "long live the Emperor Francis."

"Speckbacher, with his column, consisting of six hundred men, attacked the enemy at the bridge of Halle, drove them back, and destroyed it. The farm of Rainerhof was three times attacked by the Bavarians, who were each time driven back with considerable loss. During the conflict at the farm, a young woman, who resided at the house, brought out a small cask of wine to encourage and refresh the peasants, and had advanced to the scene of action, regardless of the tremendous fire of the Bavarians, with the cask upon her head, when a bullet struck it, and compelled her to let it go. Undaunted by this accident, she hastened to repair the mischief, by placing her thumb to the orifice caused by the ball, and encouraged those nearest her to refresh themselves quickly, that she might not remain in her dangerous situation, and suffer for her generosity."

In an action with the Bavarians at Brixen,—

"One extraordinary method of destruction used by the Tyrolese on this occasion, ought not to be omitted. They had, by the direction of Haspinger, felled several enormous large trees, upon which they piled large masses of rock, and heaps of rubbish; the whole being supported by strong cords, by means of which they were suspended over the edge of a precipice. During the action, the Tyrolese decoyed a body of the enemy's troops, by appearing to retreat immediately under the spot, when in an instant the ropes were cut, and the whole structure came thundering down upon the heads of the unfortunate troops beneath. Few had time to escape; the principal part of them were instantly crushed to death: a death-like stillness succeeded to the tremendous noise of the falling avalanche, which was alone interrupted by the dreadful shrieks of those who were perishing in the ruins. For a moment the firing ceased on both sides, but was soon renewed with double vigour on the part of the enemy, who at length succeeded in forcing the Tyrolese to retreat to the Laditser bridge, which was immediately blown up. The enemy had sustained too severe a loss to renew the combat, and both parties separated. Haspinger immediately retreated to Brixen, to collect provisions, and to re-assemble those peasants who had returned there during the action."

A more striking incident was published in the newspapers at the time of the war, and which the translator has given in a note. With this we conclude our extracts:—

'The following interesting account of Lefevre's expedition against the Tyrol, was communicated by a Saxon officer, who was himself a witness of what he describes. "We had penetrated to Innspruck," he says, "without great resistance, and although much was reported about the Tyrolese stationed upon and round the Brenner, we gave little credit to it, thinking the rebels to have been dispersed by a short cannonade, and already considering ourselves as conquerors. Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner was only opposed by small corps, which continued to fall back after an obstinate though short resistance; among others I perceived a man, full eighty years of age, posted against the side of a rock, and sending death among our ranks at every shot; upon the Bavarians descending from behind to make him prisoner, he shouted a loud hurrah, struck the first man to the ground with a ball, seized the second, and with the ejaculation, 'In God's name!' precipitated himself with him into the abyss below. Marching onwards, we heard from the summit of a high rock, 'Stephen, shall I chop it off yet?' to which a loud 'nay' reverberated from the opposite side. This was told to the Duke of Dantzig, who, notwithstanding, ordered us to advance. The van, consisting of four thousand Bavarians, had just stormed a deep ravine, when we again heard over our heads, 'Hans! for the most Holy Trinity!' Our terror was completed by the reply that immediately followed: 'In the name of the Holy Trinity cut all loose above!' and ere a minute had elapsed, thousands of my comrades in arms were crushed, buried, and overwhelmed by an incredible heap of broken rock, stones, and trees, hurled down upon us.'

With the translator we ought not, perhaps, to quarrel, since he acknowledges the scantiness of the materials, and apologises for his paraphrastic version, on the ground, that 'the style of the German author is so perplexed and intricate, so loaded with metaphor and poetical imagery, and in many places so very harsh and obscure, that a literal translation would be perfectly unintelligible.' We must, however, say, that we do not think the work was worth translating, and that a history of the Tyrolese war, in 1809, as well as a life of Hofer, still remain desiderata.

A coloured portrait of Hofer, and a map of the Tyrol, are given in the work.

Orient Harping; a Desultory Poem. In two Parts. By John Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta. pp. 227. London, 1820.

Mr. Lawson's piety is stronger and more harmonious than his poetry; it

gentle, and ascends with unrenitting ardour to the source of light and love: but, if there is a deficiency of elevation of soul, and a degenerate feeling in the writings of some of our modern bards, they have the decided advantage of the author of 'Orient Harping,' in the earthly attributes of poetry. 'Of all bad poems,' said Dr. Johnson, 'a poem in blank verse is the worst,' because there are no bounds to the extent of the poet's imagination. And Mr. Lawson's poetical fame will not be enhanced by this his last production. His 'Maniac,' written in the stile of Mr. Montgomery's 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' with miscellaneous pieces, was favourably reviewed, and perhaps deservedly received by the public; they were published for the benefit of an orphan, but, like the benefits of many theatrical performers, when expenses necessarily incurred, and incidentals are properly discharged, he derived but little advantage from the publication. 'Orient Harping' is, as its title expresses, 'a desultory poem in blank verse;' it gives many accurate descriptions of the characteristics of the Hindoos, and, with the advantage of eastern scenery, produces occasional passages of chaste and energetic writing; but, on the other hand, we are sorry to say, the same poem also produces much prose and eking out of syllabic measures and rough reading; there is not sufficient rhythm and elegance to give effect to the purity of thought which ever elevates its subject, and which, if aptly illustrated, would, like angels' golden wings, bear its reader to those regions of which it writes and so fervently recommends.

Of the author's skill in 'harping,' these chords, which introduce him to his celestial music, will convey a fair criterion:—

'The orient panorama glowing grand,
Strange to the eyes of poetry; the depths
Of jungle shade; the wild immensity
Of forests rank with plenteity, where trees
Foreign to song display their mighty forms
And clothe themselves with all the pomp of
blossoms;
The fervid heavens; the hot consuming wind;
The fierce delirium of north-western storms
Black with vehemence; the vicissitude
Of shape and hue afloat upon the sky,
When the full clouds are tossed upon the gale,
The village thronged with sable peasantry;
The temple, dark abode of numerous gods
Of all complexions, in chromatic glory;—
Of various structure, tall or short, and round,
Brittle, but comely to the admiring eye;
Or tough or servicable, made to last
As gods should last,
The muse discursive sings.'

muse proceeds to sing; and by the few concluding lines being prosaic, much chromatic glory is necessarily lost. This will be but too applicable to the tone of the whole poem. But why will Mr. Lawson hang his harp on the willow to sing blank verse into prose?

The Percy Anecdotes. Part XIV. *Anecdotes of the Fine Arts.* 18mo. pp. 180. London, 1821.

We have so frequently called the attention of our readers to this neat little work, that any further expression of our opinion, as to its general merits, is quite unnecessary. The grand object in works of this nature, that of blending amusement with instruction, appears to us to have been happily attained; and, in those volumes which were illustrative of some peculiar virtue, the anecdotes were such as to increase a love of it, and to enforce, by a series of examples, the best of precepts. The present part, like that of Science, ranks somewhat higher, and furnishes a concise, but general and correct history of the subject. The Fine Arts particularly noticed are those of Sculpture, Painting, and Engraving; and their progress is regularly traced from the earliest period to the present time, in a succession of the most striking anecdotes of those individuals who have most distinguished themselves and contributed most to the advancement of the Arts. In the course of some hundreds of anecdotes, which this work contains, there will, necessarily, be many with which the amateur and the general reader will be acquainted; but even these appear to be sparingly and judiciously selected, while the number of rare anecdotes, and those of modern artists, is very considerable. Without extending our remarks, we select the following:—

The Slave of Velasquez.—'A slave of the name of Juan de Paresa, a Mulatto, was employed by the Spanish painter, Velasquez de Sylva, in mixing his colours and feeding his pallet; from painting the arrows of Apollo, he became ambitious of trying his strength at the bow. The disqualification of his condition nevertheless was such, that to touch the most liberal arts with the hand of a slave, was dangerous in the extreme. The casts in India do not stand at a greater distance from each other, than degrees of men did in Spain; and Velasquez was, of all masters, the least likely to brook a violation so presumptuous as that which Paresa mediated. Hung round with chains of gold and courtly orders, of haughty preten-

your and familiarity with his sovereign, Velasquez would have treated the insolence of the slave, as Jupiter did that of Salmoeneus, by extinguishing his existence. Notwithstanding this, the temptation was for ever present, and the impulses of genius in the end became irresistible. In the stolen moments of his master's siesta, or when court avocations called him from home, Pareza seized the clandestine opportunities, and by force of talents, arrived in time an accomplished artist. Ambition now inspired him with higher projects; and, as the liberality of Philip held out a general asylum to merit, he determined upon a method of introducing his performance to the eye of the King. He observed it was his Majesty's practice in Velasquez's chamber, to order the pictures that stood within their faces to the wall, to be turned, that he might see them; this suggested to him the thought of substituting one of his own productions, and taking his chance for what should follow. The experiment happily succeeded. The King coming into the academy, ordered the canvas to be turned. Pareza eagerly obeyed, and presented to the royal view, a piece composed by the audacious pencil of a slave and a Mulatto, but such an one, in point of excellence, as would have done honour to a freer and a fairer artist. It was not easy to appeal to better judgment than that of the King, or to enter upon his trial at a more merciful tribunal. Pareza fell upon his knees, and avowing the guilt of the performance, implored protection against the resentment of his master for having secretly purloined his art. "Velasquez," said the King, "you must not only overlook this transgression in Pareza, but observe that such talents should emancipate the possessor." The generous decree was obeyed by Velasquez, and Pareza had his freedom. The grateful freedman continued his voluntary services during the life of Velasquez; and, after his death, to his daughter, who married Don Juan Baptista del Mazo, until his own death, which was in 1670, at the age of sixty years.

Blunders.—Tintoret, in a picture which represents the Israelites gathering manna in the desert, has armed the Hebrews with guns; and a modern Neapolitan artist has represented the Holy Family, during their journey to Egypt, as passing the Nile in a barge as richly ornamented as that of Cleopatra.

Breughel, a Dutch painter, in a picture of the Eastern Magi, has, according to the grotesque fashion of his country, drawn the Indian king in a large white surplice, with boots and spurs, and bearing in his hand, as a present to the holy child, the model of a Dutch seventy-four!

Lanfrac has thrown churchmen in their robes at the feet of our Saviour, when an infant; and Algarotti relates, that Paul Veronese introduced several Benedictines among the guests at the feast of Cana.

painted by Chella delle Puera, representing the Annunciation, is a curious collection of absurdities. The Virgin is seated in a rich arm-chair of crimson velvet, with gold flowers; a cat and parrot placed near her, seem extremely attentive to the whole scene; and on the table are a silver coffee-pot and cup.

A modern Italian has painted the same subject in a similar way. The Virgin is on her knees near the toilette; on a chair are thrown a variety of fashionable dresses, which show that, in the painter's opinion at least, she must have been a practised coquette; and at a little distance appears a cat, with its head lifted up towards the angel, and its ears on end to catch what he has got to say.

Paulo Mazzochi painted a piece representing the four elements, in which fishes marked the sea, moles the earth, and a salamander the fire. He wished to have represented the air by a camelion; but not knowing how to draw that scarce animal, he contented himself, from a similarity of sounds, to introduce a camel, who extending his long neck, snuffs up the breezes around him.

But of all the blunders which artists have committed, none is perhaps so great as the painter who, in a picture of the Crucifixion, represented the confessor holding out a crucifix to the good thief who was crucified with our Saviour.

Anachronisms of this description have been so often noticed, that they are now scarcely worth collecting; but there are others of a rarer sort, which owe their existence to the barbarous transformations which pictures, originally correct, have undergone, to please the passions and prejudices of a day; and which it is well to treasure up, as marks of the impotence of power, when it would torture genius into a violation of sincerity and truth.

In the chapel of one of the principal colleges in Paris, there was a picture representing the general in chief of the army of Egypt, attended by some of his aides-de-camp, paying a visit to the plague hospital. Since the restoration of the Bourbon family to the throne of France, Bonaparte has been converted into Christ, and his aides-de-camps into apostles. The artist who has made these alterations, has not, however, thought it necessary entirely to change the costume, and our Saviour appears in the boots of Napoleon.

An instance of similar absurdity occurred at Naples, where, to preserve Gros's magnificent picture of the Battle of Aboukir, a Neapolitan general who never set foot in Egypt, has been substituted for Murat.

Patriotism.—When Nancy was taken from the Duke of Lorraine, by Cardinal Richelieu, he wished Jacques Callot, who was one of the duke's subjects, to make a set of prints descriptive of the siege of that important place. The artist refused; and

trily that he should do it, he replied, "My lord, if you continue to urge me, I will cut off the thumb of my right hand before your face; for I will never consent to perpetuate the calamity and disgrace of my sovereign and protector."

Spagnuolo.—The Spanish painter Ribera, known by the name of Spagnuolo, was of very humble parentage; but suffering the extreme of poverty, he felt within himself such powers of genius, as were superior to depression. After being some time with Ribalta, he went to Rome, and enlisting himself in the academy, pursued his studies with an industry which knew no remission; even whilst he was in the pursuit of the scanty necessities of life, which he obtained by the sale of drawings and sketches in the academy. Without friends, and, at times, almost without food or raiment, he persisted in his course with a stubborn virtuous perseverance, which nothing could divert from its object. One day, a cardinal passing in his coach, observed a tattered figure employed in painting a board affixed to the outside of one of the ordinary houses in the streets of Rome; the youth and wretchedness of the spectacle excited pity, and the singular attention with which he pursued his work, attracted his attention. It was Ribera, in the act of earning his bread, of which his appearance showed he was absolutely in want. The cardinal called him to his coach, and ordering him to his palace, immediately domiciliated the lucky youth. Here he lived in ease and affluence; but that virtue which the frowns of fortune could not shake, was not proof against her caresses. Young Ribera became a slave to pleasures of which he had not before even speculative enjoyment. At length, the ruin which his genius was menaced with, alarmed his pride. With one gallant effort he burst the shackles of temptation, and sallied out of the palace of the cardinal, re-assumed his dignity of soul and poverty at once.

He had now all his former miseries to encounter, with the aggravated contrast of experienced delights. The slender encouragement he met with at Rome, determined him to go to Naples. He set out in a ragged jacket, having pledged his cloak to make provision for the journey. In Naples, he engaged himself to a common painter for hire. This man, however, had some science and much humanity; the abilities of Ribera surprised him; he clearly saw how superior his talents were to the low occupation in which he was engaged. He employed him on better subjects; and a further acquaintance opening to him his good qualities, he gave him his only daughter in marriage.

It was now that Ribera's genius was enabled to display itself. A new choice of subjects now presented themselves to the world; and people saw, with a terror partaking of delight, martyrdoms, execu-

truth and fidelity hitherto unknown. He selected all that sacred or classic history afforded in the terrible, for "horrors were not displeasing to him." All that the Pagan theology, or the poetical hell, had represented to appal the guilty, was to be found on the canvas of Ribera. A martyred St. Bartholomew, stripped to the muscles, became a study for anatomists. Cato of Utica, in the act of tearing out his bowels, brought the horror of self-murder to the eyes and hearts of men. Hercules, struggling in the throes of death, and all the tortured in the fabulous realm of Pluto, were now exhibited like Eschylus's furies on the stage of Athens, and, in some instances, with the same effects. His pictures were now eagerly sought after, and adorned the best collections in Europe.

Tribute to the Arts.—In the Life of Philippe Lippi, the Florentine painter, we have a memorable proof how much it is in the power of painting to charm even the most barbarous minds, and to soften hearts the most hardened. Lippi and some friends happened one day to be making an excursion in a small boat along the sea coast, when they were surprised by a Moorish brigantine, and taken prisoners into Barbary. After they had been eighteen months in a state of the most cruel slavery, Lippi, one day, took a piece of coal, and drew, on a wall, a portrait of the master he served. The likeness was so strong, that it struck the Barbarian, who had never seen any thing of the kind before, with astonishment and delight. He requested Philippe to draw some other portraits for him; and was, in the end, so pleased, that he not only gave him his liberty, but procured him a safe conveyance to Naples.

All for Love.—Quintin Mesius, or Matis, was a farrier at Antwerp; when in his twentieth year, he became enamoured of a young woman of his own condition in life, who was, at the same time, sought in marriage by a painter of some repute. The damsel confessed to Quintin, that she had a greater inclination for him than for the painter, but that she had an unconquerable aversion to his trade of a farrier. Quintin, who, from his childhood, had evinced a strong taste for designing, instantly resolved to be on equal terms with his rival, and to abandon the hammer for the brush. He applied to his new art with so much liking and assiduity, that in a short time he produced pictures which gave a promise of the highest excellence. He gained, for his reward, the fair hand for which he sighed; and continuing after his marriage, to exercise the art in which he had made so noble an essay, he rose, ere long, to a high rank in his profession.

Among other productions of Quintin's pencil, were the portraits in one piece of the two friends Erasmus and Egidius, which afterwards formed part of the collection of Charles I. of England. Sir

wrote on this painting, apostrophized the artist in terms which shew the high estimation in which he was held, both by his countrymen and foreigners:—

"Quintine, O veteris Novator artis
Magna non minor artifex Appelle!
Mire composito potens colore, &c."

Quintin died in 1540. A hundred years afterwards, a monument was erected to his memory in the cathedral church of Notre Dame, at Antwerp, the inscription on which records in a few expressive words the singular story of his life:—

"Connubialis amor de muliere fecit Apulem."

Skillful Fraud.—It is related of Cross, an English painter, who was remarkable for his talent in copying correctly, that, being employed by King Charles the First to copy some of the works of the best masters of Italy, and being permitted by the State of Venice to copy a famous Madonna of Raffael, in the church of St. Mark, he executed his commission so lappily, that he brought away the original, and left the copy in its stead. The deception was not immediately discovered, and the detection was made too late to regain it; for, although several messengers pursued him expeditiously, they were all disappointed.

Genius Rescued.—Brooking, who died in 1759, was the most eminent painter of sea pieces, since the time of Van de Velde; but his merits were scarcely known until after his death. He used to paint for a picture-dealer near the Mews, who exposed his productions in his window. A gentleman, who sometimes passed the shop, being struck with the merits of some sea pieces by this artist, desired to know his name; but he was not satisfied in this respect, and only told, that if he pleased he could procure any thing that he might wish from the same painter.

Brooking was accustomed to write his name on his pictures, which mark was constantly obliterated by the shopkeeper before he placed them in the window; it, however, happened that the artist carried home a piece while the master was from home; it was placed in the window by his wife, and the gentleman passing soon after, discovered the name of the painter whose works he had so much admired. He immediately advertised for the artist. To this advertisement, Brooking, at first, paid no attention; but seeing it repeated, with assurances of benefit to the person to whom it was addressed, he prudently attended, and had an interview with the gentleman, who, from that time, became his friend and patron; but, unfortunately, the artist did not live long to receive the advantage of his patronage.

The Sorceress.—It is related of Mademoiselle Rozee, one of the most extraordinary painters that ever lived, that she used neither oil nor water-colours in her astonishing performances, and only worked on the rough side of the panel with a

expressible care, and disposed in different boxes, according to different degrees of the bright and dark tints, out of which she applied whatever colour was requisite for her work. She blended, softened, and united the tints with such inconceivable art and judgment, that she imitated the warmth of flesh with as great a glow of life as could be produced by the most exquisite pencil in oil; nor could the nicest eye discern, at a proper distance, whether the whole was not the work of the pencil. Houbraken says, he cannot tell how she managed her work, nor with what instruments. But, by whatever art her pictures were executed, they were truly beautiful, and like nature. Her portraits have as striking a likeness as possible; and every object was a just imitation of her model, whether the subject was portrait, architecture, landscape, or flowers; and, as her manner of working could not be well accounted for, she was distinguished by the name of the Sorceress, as if her work had been the effect of magic.

One landscape painted by Mademoiselle Rozee, was sold for five hundred florins; the subject of the picture was only the trunk of an old tree covered with moss, and a large spider finishing its web among the leaves and branches; but every part appeared with so great a degree of force, so relieved, so true, and so natural, that it was always belied with astonishment.

A Painter's last hours.—When Lucas of Leyden, during the last six years of his life, lay pining under the pressure of disease, his industry and love of his art were eminently conspicuous. It having been represented to him that such close attention increased the malignity of his disorder, he calmly replied: "I am content it should be so, since by my studies I endeavour to make my bed of sickness a bed of honour. An artist can never die in a more suitable manner than with his pencil in his hand." The "Goddess Pallas" was the last plate which he engraved; and it was on requesting to see it a short time before he died, that he is said to have used these memorable words.

The invention of oil painting has generally been attributed to Van Eyck, who flourished in the fifteenth century; it is, however, believed that he only revived the art; the brothers Percy mention an oil painting of a Madonna and child, which has the date 996. This picture is said to have formed part of the treasures of the old palace of the Florentine Republic. We do not know on what authority this anecdote is related, and should have been happy to have had more information on a subject so curious and interesting.

This Part is embellished with a spin

the President of the Royal Academy, to whom the work is very appropriately dedicated.

Original Communications.

LITERARY PREMIUM.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—It will no doubt be in your recollection, and perhaps in that of many of your readers, that, about two years ago, the proprietor of the *New Monthly Magazine* very pompously announced the offer of a premium of one hundred guineas, for the best essay 'on English literature during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.' Your cotemporary declared at the time, that from what he knew of the party offering this prize, he could take upon himself 'to invite the attention of aspiring writers to it, as an honourable object for competition, which would be *bona fide* and justly awarded.'

Now, as it is very improbable that in a country and in an age when literature is so much cultivated, there should not have been numerous candidates, (if the offer of the proprietor was deemed sincere,) I wish to know, through the medium of the *Literary Chronicle*, to whom the prize was awarded, or if it was ever given to any one.

If you, Mr. Editor, or any of your readers, can give me this information, you will much oblige*.

Your's, &c. R. B. S.

INAUGURAL SPEECH OF

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, BART.

ON HIS TAKING THE CHAIR AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

AFTER expressing to the members his deep sense of the honour they had done him in placing him in their chair, Sir Humphrey entered into some general views of the present state of the Royal Society, its relations to other scientific bodies, and on the prospects and hopes of science. In the early periods of the history of the Society, experiments were made with the apparatus belonging to the body of their curators and operators, under the eyes of the Society; but since the progress of the useful arts had rendered it easy for individuals, attached to scientific pursuits, to procure chemical and mechanical

* We confess our inability to answer the inquiries of our correspondent, and should have referred him to the proprietor to whom he alludes, but that we wish to give him the chance of gaining the information from our readers.—

tical apparatus, the Fellows, in general, had worked in their own laboratories. 'There may, however,' said the President, 'occur instances in which instruments upon a great scale may be required; or very expensive experiments; and, in such cases, it is to be hoped the proposers will recur to the Society: for, by the commands of our august patron, government has never been tardy in affording us assistance, when our objects have been of national importance; and, on inferior occasions, the object might be effected by a division of expense amongst the members.'

In speaking of the relations of the Royal Society to other scientific bodies, the President expressed a hope that they would naturally assist each other. He disclaimed any thing like patriarchal authority on the part of the Royal Society: but considered it as entitled to respect and affection 'as an elder brother of the same family, acting for objects which ought to be a bond of harmony and of peace, not merely amongst the philosophers of the same country, but even amongst those of distant nations.'

The President took an extensive view of the different departments of science which seemed to offer promising subjects of new investigation. In the mathematical sciences he pointed at the application of the doctrines of quantity, weight, and number; to the elementary philosophy of chemistry; and to many other parts of general physics.

In astronomy, he referred to the system of the fixed stars, the motions of the comets, and of the bodies which, in passing through our atmosphere, throw down showers of stones; for it cannot be doubted (he said) that these extraordinary phenomena do not depend upon fortuitous or accidental formations in the atmosphere; but are owing to heavy bodies which, in a system where all appears harmonious, must be governed by fixed laws, and intended for definite purposes.

In Optics, he mentioned the discoveries of Wollaston and Young, which, followed by those of Malus, Arago, Biot, and Brewster, have opened a curious connexion between the crystalline forms of bodies and their relations to the particles of light.

In Electricity, the learned President alluded to the wonderful instrument of Volta, which, he said, had done more for the recondite chemo-physical sciences than the telescope for astronomy, or the microscope for natural history.

the discoveries of Ersted, which promised to connect so intimately magnetism and electricity, and to solve the grand problem of the magnetic phenomena of the earth.

In speaking of the figure of the earth, the President took notice of Capt. Kater's experiments with the pendulum, and expressed a hope that his ingenious contrivance would be applied to determine the physical constitution of the surface. On this point he said, that he hoped there might be a co-operation with the members of the French Royal Academy of Sciences in completing the measurement of 20 degrees of an arc of the meridian; on which these able philosophers had laboured with so much zeal and address. He referred, in this part of his discourse, to the expedition to the polar regions, which he designated as equally honourable to those by whom the expedition was planned, and to the brave and enterprising navigators by whom it was executed. Such expeditions (said the President) are worthy the great maritime nation of the world, as applying her resources, not for empire alone, but for the advancement of science and benefits common to all countries,—thus creating a purer species of glory than that dependent upon power or conquest.

In speaking of Chemistry, he mentioned various interesting objects of research, and congratulated the Society on the progress made in the theory of definite proportions since it was first brought forward in a definite form by Mr. Dalton.

In alluding to Vegetable and Animal Physiology, he described the imperfect state of these sciences, and said that the Society had a right to expect elucidation of them from those disciples of the schools of Grew and of Hunter, who had already done so much for the Anatomy of Plants and for Comparative Anatomy.

It would be impossible to follow the learned President through every part of his profound views on the improvement of science, as we could not do them justice; but we earnestly hope that he will himself be induced to lay them before the public in some lasting record. He concluded by recommending to the Fellows the sure path of investigation, and the same methods of reasoning that constituted the glory of the founders of the Royal Society—cautious inductions from exact experiments. He expressed his ardent desire to assist in every way the progress of science, and stated that through

their good opinion had elected him to a high dignity, corresponding to that of a general, yet that he should always be happy to act with them as a private in the ranks of science.

Let us (said the President) labour together, animated by the noblest kind of emulation; let us prove that we are not unworthy of the name we bear, and of the times in which we live; and let us endeavour to transmit the glory of the Royal Society to posterity, not impaired, but exalted.

ON THE

SERVICES RENDERED TO AGRICULTURE BY WOMEN.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE CUBIERES.]

MAN (says M. de Cubieres) has not alone contributed to the perfection of agriculture; in this he has been assisted by that partner, which the Eternal, in the height of his beneficence, has given him, to share his labours, to alleviate his pains, and to embellish his life.

And, indeed, by opening the annals of the world, and by reverting to the most distant periods of time, we shall perceive, through the glimmering light which succeeds the darkness of unknown centuries, that woman, so well designated by Madame Bourdie, in her epistle to the men, as 'the flower of the human species,' has had, in all ages, a direct share in the progress of agriculture.

By raising up the veil, which fiction and heathenism have placed between us and truth, we shall see, in a very remote back-ground, history pointing to Isis, and saying, 'she was queen of Egypt.'

While Osiris was dictating laws to the Egyptians, Isis, his wife, was giving them those precepts of agriculture, which rendered his dominions the richest in the universe. Isis had chosen the ox as her type, on account of its great usefulness in agriculture; from hence the Egyptians fancied, that the soul of that princess had, after her death, animated the ox; and, impelled by this idea, they exalted that useful animal to the rank of a deity.

There are still extant, several statues of Isis, which represent her with the body of a woman, and the head of an ox; and we know of several monuments, on which their numerous inscriptions witness, what an idea those people who had adopted the worship of Isis, entertained of their deity.

If we continue in our attempts to

dispel the clouds which fable and superstition have raised around truth, we shall find in Sicily, a queen who conferred the greatest benefits on mankind, by giving them lessons of agriculture, by making them acquainted with the use of corn, and with the mode of cultivating it. That queen is Ceres, whom the ancients, by an allegory equally just and ingenious, have represented as mother of Plutus; meaning, unquestionably, that agriculture is the source of all riches.

The Greeks, who personified all received favours, as they deified all virtues, wishing to perpetuate their gratitude to the queen of Sicily, made her the goddess of agriculture and harvest.

These facts, purified from the dross of fable and mythology, prove that the two best cultivated countries, whose fruitfulness was envied by all others, were indebted to women for their fertility.

How many more instances could I here adduce! I might name Minerva, queen of Athens, who brought her subjects acquainted with the olive-tree, and the use of its fruit; and who made them cultivate the land, instead of following piracy, which she suppressed.

The honours of apotheosis, conferred on Flora, on Pomona, on Pales, Perenna, Bubona, Mellona, Vellona, &c. afford just ground to believe, that all these women rendered services to agriculture.

In Sparta, while the men were fighting for their country, the women were cultivating the soil.

In the Isle-Dyœux, or Isle-Dieu; belonging to the department of La Vendée, the men are exclusively employed in navigation, fisheries, &c. and the women, from time out of mind, have taken upon themselves all the agricultural labours of the island.

Among almost all savage nations, the men have enjoyed the pleasures of hunting, while the women were performing all the business of agriculture.

In the first centuries of the Roman republic, the care of the kitchen-garden was intrusted to the mother of the family.

It is to an empress of China that we are indebted for the culture of the mulberry-tree, and the rearing of silk-worms.

Isabella, sister to Charles V., married to the unfortunate Christian, king of Denmark, made the Danes adopt the use of vegetables; and taught them that mode of culture by her own example.

Marie Sybille de Merian braved all

the dangers of a long and disagreeable voyage, to study botany in Surinam; from whence she brought a figured herbal, forming a large quarto volume.

Mlle. Linnæus, daughter to the celebrated professor of the Upsal University, assisted her father in his immortal work.

The charming Hydrangea, so well known under the name of Hortesia, is a new tribute paid by Commerson to the talents and memory of Mlle. Hortense de Pante.

Elizabeth Blackwall has published a work on botany, in six volumes folio, with figured plants, which is held in great estimation by the learned.

Mlle. Victorine de Chateaufort has published a work in three volumes, entitled *le Calendrier de Flore*, (Flora's Calendar,) and in which are united correctness as to facts, with that peculiar grace of epistolary style which is so peculiar to her sex.

Madame de Genlis, whose name is above all praise, has written, with her usual eloquence, several articles on botany.

The charming garden at Kew, one of the first, one of the handsomest, and one of the most luxuriant of those landscape gardens which the English have imitated from the Chinese, was created by a Princess of Wales; and this kind of gardens, improperly called 'the English garden,' has been so much approved of in France by women, that, at their solicitation, we have adopted them.

To this we shall add M. de Cubieres' picture of a French farmer's wife; not as it really exists, but as his imagination has depicted her.

'The farmer's wife,' (*fermiere*) says M. de Cubieres, 'bestows her attention and her daily cares on whatever is connected with the administration of the farm. She inspects the dovecote, the farm-yard, the stalls, the dairy, the orchard, &c. She sells the vegetables, the fruit, the produce of the dairy; ewes and their fleeces; to her is intrusted the gathering of hemp and flax, with the first operations these plants undergo; in the southern countries, she has also under her management the important business of rearing silk worms, and the sale of their produce.'

'She knows how to excite workmen to their labour; to the lazy, she gives a new life, by friendly remonstrances, and, at the same time, she supports by her praises the zeal of the most laborious.'

'She knows how to inspire awe, by a

studied silence, and to insure obedience by the mildness of command; she renders all her labourers faithful, by bestowing on them a due share of her confidence.

'It is she who presides daily at the preparation of their food; in their sickness she attends them with maternal care; on the days of rest she excites them to rural sports.

'In short, surrounded by her labourers, by her husband, by her children, who form her principal riches, she enjoys that felicity which springs from benevolence; she is happy in the happiness she confers on others; and that large family, free from fear, from cupidity, from ambition, leads a happy and peaceful life.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The English language is a curious compound. It is an olio of Greek and Latin, of Saxon, French, and Dutch ingredients. With this admixture it would be impossible to reduce etymology to any regular system; yet it may be remarked generally, that our scientific terms are from the Greek; our terms of art are from the French, Latin, and Italian; whilst most of our domestic words, words expressive of objects, which daily attract our attention, are from the Saxon. Our derivatives are of course deduced from primitives; while our primitives are derived from other languages, much after the rate of the following scale of obligation. Mathematical accuracy, in a case of this sort, is not to be fairly expected, particularly as etymologists are so frequently at war with each other. It, however, ought to be observed, that the obligations here stated are very far from being over-charged:—

Latin	6621	German	117
French	4361	Welsh	111
Saxon	3060	Spanish	83
Greek	1288	Danish	81
Dutch	660	Arabic	18
Italian	229		

With several words from the Teutonic, Gothic, Hebrew, Swedish, Portuguese, Flemish, Russian, Egyptian, Persian, Cimbric, and Chinese.

Nothing is more singular in the history of English etymology, than the circumstance of our having borrowed so little from the Welsh, which may be esteemed the most uncorrupted of all the fourteen vernacular languages of Europe, and for which reason it is the worst, being exceedingly harsh and guttural, and if we may judge from

the dictionary of a very limited range, this language had four dialects: the Cornish, the American, the Northern, and the Southern. The Cornish is extinct; but the American may still be traced in Brittany.

DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

'If Africa is to be discovered, it must be by missionaries.' WILBERFORCE.

IN 1812, the Rev. John Campbell, as the agent of the London Missionary Society, visited South Africa, and on that occasion he penetrated as far as Lattaakoo, a very large town, about nine hundred miles north of the cape, inhabited by savages of the Bootchuana tribes, (who, since that visit of Mr. Campbell, have removed and formed a new settlement, called New Lattaakoo.) The journal of that enterprising tour has long been before the public.

In 1818, Mr. Campbell consented to visit south Africa a second time, and the following statement has just been received of the successful discoveries of what was to us *terra incognita*.

On Mr. Campbell's arrival at Lattaakoo, in 1819, he found circumstances uncommonly favourable to the further extension of his journey into the interior. The missionaries had been recently visited by Bootchuans from different tribes beyond them, who had expressed a wish to have missionaries among them, and a powerful chief of one of the tribes was at this time at Lattaakoo, and had offered his services to assist our traveller in accomplishing the object of his wishes. Accompanied by Munameets, the King of Lattaakoo's uncle, and the King, whose name is not mentioned, and a suitable escort, Mr. Campbell left Lattaakoo on the 11th of April, 1820, in his bullock wagon.

Visit to Old Lattaakoo.—After travelling about forty miles in a northerly direction, they came to Old Lattaakoo. On the removal of Matteebe to New Lattaakoo, the place was taken possession of by people of different tribes, and Mr. Campbell supposes it to contain eight thousand inhabitants. It is governed by a chief of the name of Mahoomer Peeloo. At a public meeting of the principal men of the place, there was not only a willingness expressed to receive and protect missionaries, but even a desire to have them.

A Town called Meribolwhely.—From thence Mr. Campbell proceeded in a north-easterly direction, and after travelling a week, (about one hundred and

twenty miles,) come to Meribolwhely, the principal town of the Tammaha tribe, sometimes called, 'Red Caffres,' and who are represented as a savage, warlike people. Mr. C. observed that their appearance corresponded with this report; but he experienced kind treatment from them; and after the chiefs had held a consultation, they consented to receive missionaries, and promised them their protection.

A large Town named Mashew.—He next visited Mashew, a town about twenty miles further, which was estimated to contain from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants. Much land was seen under cultivation. Here Mr. C. had some conversation with an intelligent old woman, who said she came from a country to the eastward, bordering on the Great Water, where people live, who, she said, had long hair. At Mashew the people expressed an equal willingness to receive missionaries.

Discovery of Kurreechane, a large Town.—From this town Mr. Campbell travelled a week, (about one hundred and twenty miles,) further to the north-eastward, and came to Kurreechane, the principal town of the Marootze tribe, containing about sixteen thousand inhabitants. Here Mr. C. found a people arrived to a degree of civilization, and possessing a knowledge of arts superior to any one of the tribes he had seen. They smelt iron and copper from the ore. The metals are procured from mountains in the neighbourhood. When Col. Collins was in Caffree Land, and among the Tambookes, in 1819, the articles of iron and copper which he found among the savages, he supposed to have been furnished by the Portuguese, at De La Goa Bay.

From the description Mr. C. has given of the Kurreechane, the colour appears to have been mistaken in this opinion. The manufactures of Kurreechane are found to have diffused themselves from the borders of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope to the shores of Mozambique, and from De La Goa Bay to the wandering tribes on the opposite coast. The needles, bodkins, and other articles of a similar nature manufactured at Kurreechane, and found in abundance in the neighbourhood of Augra Pequena Bay, strengthens the supposition that the Portuguese have for many years carried on an inland correspondence between their settlements and the eastern and western shores of Africa.

The desire of keeping any thing in trade secret, indicates considerable ele-

vation above savage life. Mr. C. saw many foundries in Kurrerechane; but he regrets that they were guarded with so much jealousy that he was not allowed to enter them.

Kurrerechane appears to be the Staffordshire as well as the Birmingham of that part of South Africa. They manufacture pottery, and in the shape and painting of their articles shew a superior degree of taste. They appear to excel in the making of baskets; and Mr. C. found the walls of their houses ornamented with paintings of elephants, camel leopards, shields, &c. On the third day after arrival, Mr. C. found himself in a critical situation, and began to suspect a snare. He was told that the king was advised to take him and his party on a *commando* against a nation with whom he was at war. As we are not told by what means our brother escaped from this awkward predicament, we may suppose that he might have been deceived in his estimate of the comers on which this alarm was created. On Mr. C.'s proposing to send missionaries to reside in Kurrerechane, they called a *Pietso*, or meeting of the principal men. About three hundred assembled in a public place, all armed with spears, battle axes, shields, &c. and an exhibition of savage oratory ensued, where noise, gesture, and fluency of speech were not wanting to make it strikingly expressive. Messengers sat beside Mr. C. to explain the proceedings. In the course of the discussions, a lively old chief rose up and spoke, pointing his spear in a northerly direction, which immediately produced a general whistling, meaning 'Bravo, Bravo!'—The interpreter informed Mr. C., that the speech was intended to stir up the people to go to war with a nation beyond them, some of whose people had, a short time before, carried off several of their cattle. In his own way Mr. C. remarks 'between you and me, I have heard noises more agreeable to my ear than this whistling was.' After much had been said respecting the war, some of the people began to speak of white men as offering themselves; and the Assembly, at last, resolved that missionaries should be received and protected. The king then presented Mr. C. with two oxen and two large elephants' teeth.

General Account of the Country.—About Kurrerechane, and many other places, visited by Mr. C. the height of the hills, the smooth regularity of their outline, and the indentations upon their

sides, afford sufficient indications of the presence of chalk, lime, &c. and of a secondary, and consequently, a fertile country. From the distance travelled by Mr. C. Kurrerechane must lay near the latitude of 24 degrees S. and not a very great distance from the eastern coast of Africa. In this neighbourhood some of the rivers were seen running to the westward, while others ran to the eastward, and in a S. S. E. direction. It is probable that some of the rivers seen by Mr. C., on this occasion, may be branches of the De la Goa, or Machavana, near the sources of those which empty themselves into the De la Goa Bay. Several large towns were reported to lay to the eastward of Kurrerechane, the smoke of one or two of them was seen in the distance. From this place Mr. C. returned nearly in the same route to Tammahala and from thence southward to Malapeetsee and Makoon's Kraal: then westward in a direct line to new Lattakoo, from which he had been absent two months.

Original Poetry.

FETCH ME THE HARP.

(A CAMBRIAN MELODY.)

Fetch me the harp, and let me try
One note of joy to waken;
For once, at least, let sadness lie
A little while forsaken.
Give me the goblet, let me drink
A short farewell to sorrow;
The heart hath time enough to think
Upon its griefs to-morrow.
Tis fit, at times, the sun should be
Upon the desert glowing;
And oft 'mong barren rocks we see
The wild flower sweetly growing.
Give me the harp, we consecrate
The hour to song and pleasure;
To-morrow let the fiend, in hate,
Arrest its lively measure.
Now let it loudly sing,—the hour
Is ours, we'll freely pass it;
Spite of dull sorrow, envious pow'r,
With happy ones we'll clasp it.

SAM SPRITRAIL.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SETTING SUN.

(FROM STEWART'S COLLECTION OF GAELIC POEMS.)

AND hast thou o'er thy narrow circle rolled,
Son of perfection, with the locks of gold?
Lo, to receive thee to thy hall of rest
Night opens her portals in the glowing west;
The heaving billows at thy presence blush,
Still all their roaring and their marm'ring hush,
Awe'd by the splendour of the rays divine,
Facetting glories that around them shine.
May no rude storm disturb thy rest, O sun!
And be thy radiant course again with joy begun!

AULD DOBIE.

TO ANNE,

Aged eight years; the daughter of Mrs. R.—
'Tis well for me
My years already doubly number'd thine—
My loveless eyes, unmoved, may gaze on thee."
LORD BRON.

I have not seen so sweet a face,
A form so promising,
So much of loveliness and grace,
Save when imagining
How beings of a brighter sphere
Would look were they permitted here.
Dear little fairy! with an eye
Pure, calm, and eloquent,
Whose glances, as they gently fly,
Seem capable and meant
To shew of charms and innocence
The bland and mighty influence;
Young Peri! with an angel-brow,
On which I deem I see
A promise and a proof that thou
Shalt not ignoble be,—
I view upon thy forehead fair
The pledge of feelings high and rare.
And then thy voice, and wistful smile,
Thy cheek and raven hair,
All formed to charm and to beguile,
All bright beyond compare!
Of these some bards may sweeter tell,
But none can feel them half so well!
Farewell! the new and perfect bliss
Of gazing upon thee
Must fleet like other joys; but this
Shall unforgetten be!
A page kept pure in mem'ry's book
On which, in happier hours, I'll look.
L. W. DALBY.

ANTAR'S BOWERS.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

BESIDE the cot where Antar dwelt,
A calm cool lake, with flow'r's o'erspread,
Extended far, and like the sky,
When sinks the sun to his billowy bed,
Look'd bright and dazzling;—Then was felt,
Beneath those pendant boughs, that hung
As if enamour'd with the young
Beauty of their own greenness, seen
Reflected in the glassy sheet,
The last—the refreshing breezes sigh,
That usher'd evening to its close,
Which round'd the flow'r's groves among,
And nidd' sweet from every rose!
Antar alone had access to
This wide deep lake of thousand bowers;
For none, save him, the pathway knew,—
As 'round its border cliffs arose,
And copse wood flank'd it every way,—
Seeming, forthwith, as if the day
The darkness threaten'd to oppose,—
Lapt in the veil of midnight hours.
And here, when day-light first began
To extend the orb of Mecha's clan,
Like the loose bat, he fled the plain,
Till night envelop'd earth again!

WILFORD.

The Drama.

The present week has witnessed an unusual spirit of honourable competition between the two great theatres, each of which has produced a new tragedy, and, although they vary much

in their merits and success, yet the least fortunate of the two is a rather creditable effort. It is not a little singular that jealousy forms the basis of both, though differently treated and under very different circumstances. We congratulate our readers on the activity which pervades our great establishments, an activity which continues unabated, though far from being cheered with liberal patronage, and often very unsuccessful.

DRURY LANE.—A new tragedy was produced at this theatre on Monday night, called *Montalto*. The story, which is by no means fertile in incidents, is rather buried in prolixity; the following is a pretty correct outline:—

Montalto (Wallack), by marrying Julia (Mrs. W. West), has become the sovereign of a principality in Italy, to the exclusion of Laura (Mrs. Egerton), the cousin of Julia, whose affection, at an early period of her life, had been slighted by Montalto; irritated by this slight, and urged by ambition to obtain possession of those honours possessed by Montalto, in right of her cousin Julia, she determines on revenge: and, as a preliminary step to obtaining it, marries Durazzo (Booth), a favourite and confidential officer of Montalto; and, having succeeded in seducing Michael (Cooper), the brother of Durazzo, to become a party to her designs, she makes use of the influence which he has over his brother, to prevail on him to betray his benefactor and friend Montalto.—Such is the situation of the parties at the opening of the piece, at which time Montalto, who has been absent on an expedition against a neighbouring prince (Count Bassanio), arrives suddenly and unexpectedly at his own castle, induced to do so by a mysterious written warning, which he finds on his table in his tent, cautioning him to be careful that, during his absence, his honour was not betrayed by his wife. The business of the piece then consists of the endeavours of Laura, aided by Michael's base insinuations, to increase and strengthen the seeds of jealousy already sown in the mind of Montalto by the contents of the paper found in his tent, and which had been placed there by their contrivance. In these plans they were aided by the unsuspicious and open character of Julia; and the jealousy of Montalto is at length raised to such a height, that he is led to attempt to poignard his innocent victim whilst sleeping in her bed. She awakes, however, at the instant he is about to effect his diabolical purpose, which is thus defeated; and his suspicions of her guilt are somewhat shaken by her conduct on this occasion. Laura and Michael having, in the mean time, prevailed on Durazzo to come into their plans, the latter, in the night, opens the gates of Montalto's castle, and admits Count Bassanio! Montalto

is roused, and opposes the enemy, but, in doing so, receives a mortal wound. In this situation his passions are again wrought on by Laura and Michael, and he is persuaded that it was by Julia's treachery that Bassanio was admitted into the castle, and Durazzo induced to become a traitor; and, under this impression, he, in the agonies of dissolution, curses his innocent wife. At this period, however, Laura is informed that Durazzo and Michael have fallen victims to their treachery; and, struck with remorse, she then confesses her own guilt, and the arts which have been used to deceive her unsuspecting victim. Montalto thus undeceived, revokes his curse, and dies, blessing the innocent object of his unjust suspicions.

The prologue, which was very well delivered by Mr. Cooper, prepared the audience to expect an imitation of Shakespeare, and it will be seen from the sketch of the plot which we have given, that the characters of Othello, Desdemona, and Iago, are all parodied in this production. The same remark will apply to many passages of the play which have been transferred, some unaltered, and others but very slightly altered. The story is by no means devoid of interest, but it is tedious in its development. Some of the situations are effective; and the language, though seldom rising above mediocrity, was not destitute of energy in two or three of the scenes. Great justice was done to the play by the performers, and by an audience as indulgent as we ever witnessed. Wallack exerted himself much in Montalto, and Cooper made the most of the part of Michael, which, however, is scarcely worthy of his talents. Booth was seized with one of his usual fits of tameness. This gentleman is one of the most unequal performers we ever saw, and, to play well at all, he must have a good character assigned him, for he will never make one. Mrs. West played the tender, affectionate, and injured Julia, with much effect, particularly in the scene where she meets her husband with a dagger, prepared to sacrifice her to the blindness of his passion; for really it cannot be said of Montalto as of Othello, 'that he is a man not easily jealous,' since there is nothing whatever to justify it. Mrs. Egerton, in spite of her fantastic dress and boisterous declamation, gave a good picture of the 'fury of a woman scorned.' The epilogue, a very silly piece of composition, was much better delivered than it deserved, by Mrs. Edwin. The tragedy was heard throughout with great attention, but experienced some oppo-

sition when given out for repetition. It was, however, performed on the following evening, with more success, as some judicious curtailments had been made. It will, probably, run a few nights, but we cannot expect it to keep its place on the stage.

COVENT GARDEN.—Few events in the dramatic world have excited more interest in the public mind than the announcement of a new tragedy, from the pen of Mr. Barry Cornwall, who had acquired considerable reputation by his 'Dramatic Scenes' and his Poem of 'Marcian Colonna.' His studies led him to choose his models from the writers in that golden era of the English stage, the age of Shakespeare. All lovers of the drama, therefore, who had watched the commencement of his career, felt gratified that a tragedy, avowedly from his pen, was to be submitted to the public; and the long-forgotten period of theatrical annals seemed to be revived, when a new tragedy in announcement was the theme of every tongue, and the expectation of every mind that aspired to literature. The appearance of the house, which was crowded in every part, corresponded with this sentiment.

The tragedy contains the following *dramatis personæ*:—

John, D. of Mirandola	Mr. Macready.
Guido, his son	— C. Kemble.
Hypolito, son of Isabella	Miss Boden.
Casti	— Mr. Abbott.
Julio	— Connor.
Gheraldi, a monk	— Egerton.
Isidora, Dss. of Mirandola	Miss Foote.
Isabella, the duke's sister	Mrs. Faucit.

The following is a sketch of the plot:—

Guido and Isidora have long entertained a mutual passion unknown to the Duke of Mirandola. The young prince, called away to defend his country in arms, is desperately wounded, and it is reported to his mistress and his father that he is dead. The Duke, in an evil hour, sees Isidora, loves her, and, under the impression that Guido was no more, obtains from her a weeping and cold consent to marry him. Guido writes to his father and his mistress the news of his recovery; but the letters are intercepted by Isabella, the sister of the Duke, a sort of female Iago, who labours, in concert with the miscreant monk Gheraldi, to ruin Guido, for the purpose of placing in the hands of her own son the sceptre of Mirandola, and, in ignorance of Guido's existence on this side the grave, the fatal union takes place. It is at this distressing moment that Guido returns. He meets Isidora, and the interview is full of tenderness. Then follows the meeting with his father, exquisitely wrought, which, after a con-

dict of filial, paternal, and jealous feeling, ends in an affectionate reconciliation. Isabella persuades Isidora to give a ring to Guido as a token of friendship. The Duke, at a banquet, whilst holding Guido affectionately by the hand, recognizes the ring. It was his marriage present to her. He conceives a horrible suspicion, and is stung to very madness. Guido now determines to depart for ever—ignoring what has caused his father's jealous paroxysm. The father is again reconciled to him. But another interview, under the most innocent circumstances, and against Guido's will, is produced between him and Isidora, in a garden. The father, led by Isabella, surprises them; and, in his fury—or rather in the fixed and fearful calmness of despair, passes sentence of death upon Guido, and orders him to instant execution. Casti, in the mean time, has discovered the intercepted letters, and reveals to the Duke the horrid treason of Isabella and the monk. The wretched father invokes heaven to save Guido from the fatal stroke: and issues a mandate to arrest the execution, but in that moment the dread volley is heard from behind the scenes, and the Duke, agitated with a super-human pang of remorse, expires distracted with the horror of having deprived a beloved son of life.

There are two historic incidents to which the plot has affinity—the fate of Don Carlos, son of Philip the Second, and that of Ugo, natural son of Nicholas, Duke of Ferrara. The former has been treated by Otway not happily, and by Schiller and Alfieri with great power. In the former, there is the wild vigour of the German school; in the latter, the stern genius of Alfieri has embodied and developed sombrous tyranny, hypocrisy, and cruelty, with a giant's power. The fate of Ugo, as told by Gibbon and the Ferrarese historian, and which, by the bye, has inspired Lord Byron with one of the most beautiful of his shorter poems, seems more nearly allied to the subject of *Mirandola*, than the story of Philip.—Guido, like Ugo, is a natural son, and the desolate father, after his unnatural judgment, cried out—'Oh! that I were dead, since I have been hurried to smother thus against my own Ugo!'

The character of *Mirandola* is admirably drawn; the elements of tragic emotion are so, finely bleeded. His haughty and jealous temper, and his choleric suspicions are softened and mitigated by sentiments of the most kindly sensibility which filled every heart with emotion, and suffused many an eye in tears. The passions are so mingled with *Mirandola*—the transitions of touch from one chord of the heart to another—from terror to ten-

derness, and from suspicion to confiding—are so rapid as to require a dominion over tragic expression, which could only be exercised by great skill, united with the finest talent. Mr. Macready's performance of this character fully proved the greatness of his powers; it was of that class of performances which triumphs over the greatest difficulties. Mr. C. Kemble was as spirited as the conception of the poet, in the character of Guido, which is drawn with great skill. He breathed the very spirit of love and gallantry, and we never saw him to more advantage. Mr. Abbot obtained much applause in one scene, where a good opportunity was afforded him, and played well throughout the whole. Miss Foote and Mrs. Faucit sustained their respective characters with great ability, and the piece throughout was well acted.

The language of this play fully justified the expectations which the former talents of the author had excited. It was, however, feared by some, that he would allow his muse to luxuriate too freely in poetic imaginations. This he has very judiciously avoided; indeed, his design seems to have been to try the effect of natural dialogue on the stage, and to bring down the serious drama from its usual elevation without endangering its dignity. There are, however, several passages of great poetic beauty. His description of human happiness, as—

'The gay to-morrow of the mind
Which never comes.'

Strikes us as peculiarly happy and original. The Duke's passion for Isidora is finely expressed. He says,—

'By the blue sky and all its crowding stars
I love you better—Oh! far better than
Woman was ever lov'd. There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee;
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love, to thy *Mirandola*.'

We could cite other passages which possess great merit, but these, for the present, must suffice. We have now only to add, that the tragedy was applauded throughout, and that, when it was given out for repetition, the acclamations were such as to leave no doubt of its complete success.

Literature and Science.

The late Voyage of Discovery.—It has been mentioned in many of the public Journals, that a newspaper was printed on board the *Discovery* Ships

in the late northern expedition. This is partly erroneous; no printing materials were on board. The fact was, each officer contributed some article (generally, either an ingenious pleasantry, or else upon the subject of the Expedition) unknown, at the time, to the rest of the crew. The whole being collected were fairly copied out by a clerk, and thus was produced a newspaper, in writing, once a fortnight, to the great amusement of the crew.

A natural phenomenon occurred on board, which may be of peculiar interest to the admirers of Newton's principles of colours, of the truth of which it appears to be a remarkable confirmation. Near the stove was grown a considerable quantity of mustard and cress which was highly useful on account of its anti-scorbutic qualities. In consequence of the privation of light, during the winter, this vegetable, as it grew, was perfectly white; but when the summer returned, and the light was admitted to it, through an aperture, it immediately bent in the direction of the light, and the tips became green, which colour gradually spread itself down the stalks.

The crews used every means as may be supposed to escape the cold. The cabins were kept at a moderate and comfortable warmth, which was always regulated by a thermometer. They were also air-tight; but whenever the exterior air gained admission, the intensity of the cold was so violently opposed to even the moderate warmth of that within, that it produced an effect which had the appearance of a fall of snow which covered the floors.

The sailors generally wore masks, warmly lined, when upon deck. Upon their return below, they were examined by their messmates, for fear there should be any white spots upon their faces. These spots were the effects of the intense cold in congealing the blood, and if not attended to, were the forerunners of mortifications; they, therefore, immediately rubbed them with snow, until the free circulation returned. Although their situation, in regard to climate, was of itself thus difficult to be sustained, other disheartening troubles were added—for a long period, previous to their return, they laboured under a scarcity of provision. Four pounds, only, of meat, weekly, were allowed to each man, and a very small glass of rum each day. The former was weighed, and the latter measured with the most scrupulous exactness. The conduct of the men under

these circumstances was highly deserving of praise.

The officers suffered from the cold, particularly when changing their clothes for the performance of the play, being obliged to go into another cabin, the warm one being fitted up as the theatre. This play was performed once a fortnight, and the time of its repetition was looked forward to by the men with the utmost delight and impatience. The subject of the drama related to the expedition, and exhibited the numerous dangers they were to encounter in the voyage. Among others was displayed a desperate battle with the ferocious white bears, which of course ended in the destruction of those animals. Then succeeded an encounter with an enormous sea horse, which, after giving ample scope to the palpitations of hope and fear, terminated in a similar manner. The successful passage of the ships into the Pacific Ocean was represented, and after that the acquirement of the 20,000*l.* in London. There was also a sort of after act, which turned upon the different ways of getting rid of the money in that great city.

By the above, and other judicious means, Lieutenant Parry and his officers succeeded in their highly meritorious endeavours to keep the men in excellent spirits during their very long confinement.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnino ilidem depascitur arena dicta.*

LUCANUS.

Becket's Executions.—In the year 1170, the four knights, who slew Thomas à Becket, fled for refuge to Knaresborough castle: Sir Hugh de Morville, whose descendants were settled in Cumberland, where the sword with which he slew Thomas à Becket was kept a long time, in memory of the fact: his family is extinct; Sir Richard Breton, of which name, a good family at this day is extant in Northamptonshire: Sir William Tracey, whose heirs, at this day flourish in Gloucestershire; Sir Reginald Fitz-Urse, or Bear's Son; his posterity were afterwards men of great lands and command, in the county of Monaghan, in Ireland; being there called Mac Mahon, which in Irish signifies the son of a Bear. They remained shut up for a year; but, submitting to the church, were pardoned, on condition of performing a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

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I consider Grammar as absolutely necessary in the search after philosophical truth, and I think it not less necessary in the most important questions concerning religion and civil society.

—HORNE TOOKER.

In this Work, which is the first fruit of Mr. Lewis's imprisonment, the Author has pointed out much false doctrine and many erroneous principles in the popular Grammar of Mr. Cobbett. This Grammar, like Mr. Cobbett's, is intended for the Use of the Working Classes of Society. The Author has, however, refrained from introducing political remarks, on the supposition, that such remarks would be calculated to divert the attention of the Learner from the subject more immediately under his consideration. ‘There is,’ says the wise man, ‘a time for all things.’

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The disposal of several communications will be noticed in our next.

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Review of New Books.

By WALTER SCOTT'S NEW ROMANCE.

Kenilworth: a Romance. By the Author of 'Waverley,' 'Ivanhoe,' &c. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1007. Edinburgh and London, 1821.

THIS Romance, from the matchless pen of the great unknown, is published too late in the week to allow us time for much critical remark, but such of our readers as are acquainted with the history of Kenilworth Castle*, and know any thing of the talents of the master spirit of the North, will anticipate a rich treat. No author, perhaps, ever luxuriated so much in the power of description, or threw such a clarn of classic grandeur over the monuments of British antiquity as this author; while, in the portraying of the soul stirring scenes of chivalry, or in delineating the character of the humble peasant, he is no less successful. The romance of 'Kenilworth' resembles that of 'Ivanhoe' more closely than any other production of the same author; and although it has been allowed, that he is more at home in Scotia's land, yet there are few Englishmen who would not wish to see the 'old days of merry England' recorded by such a pen.

The outline of the melancholy tale on which the romance of Kenilworth is founded, is narrated at length in Ashmole's Antiquities of Berkshire, and it is alluded to in many other works which treat of the history of Queen Elizabeth's celebrated favourite, Leicester. The fair heroine is the Countess of Leicester, whose tragic fate has been the subject of an elegy, by Mickle, called *Connor Hall*.

The novel commences with a scene at the Black Bear Inn, in the village of Connor, three or four miles from Oxford, kept by Giles Gosling, 'a man of

goodly person, and of somewhat a round belly, fifty years of age and upwards, moderate in his reckonings, prompt in his payments, having a cellar of sound liquor, a ready wit, and a pretty daughter.' To this inn, Michael Lambourne, the landlord's nephew, a hopeless vagabond, 'a swasher, and a desperate Dick,' returns from serving with the Spaniards: and here also a young gentleman, of the name of Tressilian, has taken up his residence. The company of the inn get very merry, and Lambourne enquires of the guests the fate of many of his accomplices in guilt. The scene is well drawn, but we only select a brief extract. 'Goldthred, the cutting mercer,' sings a song:—

"There is savour in this, my heart," said Michael, when the mercer had finished his song. "and some goodness seems left among you yet—but what a headroll to have read me of old countries, and to every man's name tacked some ill-omened motto! And so Swallowing Will of Wallingford hath bid us good night?"

"He died the death of a fat buck," said one of the party, "being shot with a cross-bow bolt, by old Thatcham, the duke's stout park-keeper at Donnington Castle."

"Ay, he always loved venison well," replied Michael, "and a cup of claret to boot—and so here's one to his memory. Do me right, my masters."

"When the health of this departed worthy had been duly honoured, Lambourne proceeded to inquire after France of Padworth."

"Pranced off—made immortal ten years since," said the mercer; "marry, sir, Oxford Castle and Goodman Thong, and a tenpenny-worth of cord, best know how."

"What, so they hung poor France high and dry? so much for loving to walk by moonlight—a cup to his memory, my masters—all merry fellows like moonlight. What has become of Hal with the plume?—he who lived near Yattenden, and wore the long feather—I forget his name."

"What, Hal Hempseed?" replied the mercer, "why, you may remember he was a sort of a gentleman, and would meddle in state matters, and so he got in to the mire about the Duke of Norfolk's matter, these two or three years since, fled

the country with a pursuivant's warrant at his heels, and has never since been heard of."

"Nay, after these baulks," said Michael Lambourne, "I need hardly inquire after Tony Foster; for when rope, and cross-bow shafts, and pursuivant's warrants, and such like gear, were so rife, Tony could hardly 'scape them.'"

"Which, Tony Foster mean you?" said the inn-keeper.

"Why, he they called Tony Fire-the-Faggot, because he brought a light to kindle the pile round Latimer and Ridley, when the wind blew out Jack Thong's torch, and no man else would give him light for love or money."

"Tony Foster lives and thrives," said the host—"But, kinsman, I would not have you call him Tony Fire-the-Faggot, if you would not brook the stab."

"How! is he grown ashamed on't?" said Lambourne; "why, he was wont to boast of it, and say he liked as well to see a roasted heretic as a roasted ox."

"Ay, but, kinsman, that was in Mary's time," replied the landlord, "when Tony's father was Reeve here to the Abbot of Abingdon. But since that, Tony married a pure precisian, and is as good a Protestant, I warrant you, as the best."

"And looks grave, and holds his head high, and scorns his old companions," said the mercer.

"Then he hath prospered, I warrant him," said Lambourne; "for ever when a man hath got nobles of his own, he keeps out of the way of those whose exchequers lie in other men's purchase."

"Prospered, quotha!" said the mercer, "why, you remember Connor-Place, the old mansion-house beside the church yard."

"By the same token, I robbed the orchard three times—what of that?—it was the old Abbot's residence when there was plague or sickness at Abingdon."

"Ay, said the host, "but that has been long over; and Anthony Foster hath a right in it, and lives there by some grant from a great countier, who had the churchlands from the crown; and there he dwells, and has as little to do with any poor wight in Connor, as if he were himself a belted knight."

"Nay," said the mercer, "it is not altogether pride in Tony neither—that is a fair lady in the case, and Tony will scarce let the light of day look on her."

"How," said Tressilian, who no the first time interfered in their con-

* As an introduction to this romance, if any one read an introduction while a work by the author of Waverley is before him, we recommend a small pamphlet, just published, entitled 'An Historical Account of Kenilworth Castle, in the County of Warwick, with an Engraved Plan.' By J. Nightingale.

tion, "did ye not say this Foster was married, and to a precisian?"

"Married he was, and to as bitter a precisian as ever eat flesh in Lent; and a cat-and-dog life she led with Tony, as men said. But she is dead, rest be with her, and Tony hath but a slip of a daughter; so it is thought he means to wed this stranger, that men keep such a coil about."

"And why so?—I mean, why do they keep a coil about her?" said Tressilian.

"Why, I wot not," answered the host, "except that men say she is as beautiful as an angel, and no one knows whence she comes, and every one wishes to know why she is kept so closely mewed up."

Foster is a man who had been one of Queen Mary's papists and afterwards one of Queen Elizabeth's protestants; he had lighted the faggots for burning Latimer, and, though formerly poor, was now rich, and lived as master of the manor house. Lambourne had made a wager that he would go to Foster's house, and get introduced to the fair guest. Tressilian agreed to accompany him; and while Foster and Michael had retired to talk over old crimes and plan new ones, Tressilian encountered the fair lady Amy Robsart, the heroine of the novel, to whom he had been attached and was now seeking. While he is advising her to quit the place with him, they are interrupted by Lambourne and Foster; Tressilian is ordered to quit the house, in doing which he encounters a cavalier muffled in his riding cloak, who proves to be Varney, an attendant of the Earl of Leicester and an important agent in this drama. Tressilian and Varney fight, and the latter would have received his death blow had not Lambourne come to his aid.

Varney is the bearer of a present from his master and a letter to 'the Queen of his affections', announcing that he will visit her that evening. Varney had been so much the confidant of Leicester in this love affair with Amy, that he had been accused of carrying her off, and was afterwards charged as her seducer. The rooms at Cumnor had been splendidly fitted up for the residence of Amy, who was in fact married to England's proudest earl, Leicester, although it was not publicly known or avowed. The Earl arrived and was received with raptures by his wife; the interview between them is delightfully drawn, particularly where, with childish wonder and rustic simplicity, she mixes the most tender and conjugal affection, and admires from head to foot the noble form and princely attire of her Lord:—

"I wished to see my earl visit this obscure and secret bowyer," said the count-

ess, "in all his princely array; and now, methinks, I long to sit in one of his princely halls, and see him enter dressed in sober russet, as when he won poor Amy Robsart's heart."

"That is a wish easily granted," said the earl—"the sober russet shall be donned to-morrow if you will."

"But shall I," said the lady, "go with you to one of your castles, to see how the richness of your dwelling will correspond with your peasant habit?"

"Why, Amy," said the earl, looking around, "are not these apartments decorated with sufficient splendour? I gave the most unbounded order, and, methinks, it has been indifferently well obeyed—but if thou canst tell me aught which remains to be done, I will instantly give direction."

"Nay, my lord, now you mock me," replied the countess; "the gaiety of this rich lodging exceeds my imagination as much as it does my desert. But shall not your wife, my love—at least one day soon—be surrounded with the honour, which arises neither from the toils of the mechanic who decks her apartment, nor from the silks and jewels with which your generosity adorns her, but which is attached to her place among the matronage, as the avowed wife of England's noblest earl?"

"One day," said her husband,—"Yes, Amy, my love, one day this shall surely happen; and, believe me, thou canst not wish for that day more fondly than I. With what rapture could I retire from labours of state, and cares and toils of ambition, to spend my life in dignity and honour on my own broad domains, with thee, my lovely Amy, for my friend and companion! But, Amy, this cannot yet be; and these dear but stolen intervals are all I can give to the loveliest and the best beloved of her sex."

"But why can it not be?" urged the countess, in the softest tones of persuasion,—"why can it not immediately take place—this more perfect, this uninterrupted union, for which you say you wish, and which the laws of God and man alike command?—Ah! did you but desire it half so much as you say, mighty and favoured as you are, who or what should bar your attaining your wish?"

The earl's brow was overcast. "Amy," he said, "you speak of what you understand not. We that toil in courts are like those who climb a mountain of loose land—we dare make no halt until some projecting rock afford us a secure stance and resting place—if we pause sooner, we slide down by our own weight, an object of universal derision. I stand high, but I stand not secure enough to follow my own inclination. To declare my marriage, were to be the artificer of my own ruin. But, believe me, I will reach a point, and that speedily, when I can do justice to thee and to myself. Meantime, poison not the bliss of the present moment, by desiring that which cannot at present be."

Varney is a strong headed artful knave, capable of any mischief to forward his ambition; he urges Leicester to seek the hand of majesty itself, confident that, however high his master climbs he must drag Richard Varney along with him. The Countess having been informed by Tressilian that her father was ill, entreates the Earl that she might communicate the secret of her marriage to him; the Earl objects to her visiting her father, expressing some jealous fears of Tressilian, her former admirer. The Earl takes his departure for Woodstock next morning, accompanied by Varney and Lambourne, whom he had engaged in his service.

Tressilian, after his interview with the Countess, returned to the inn, but refused all further acquaintance with Lambourne. After he had retired to rest, his host, Giles Gosling, entered his room, and warned him against his nephew. Tressilian, in confidence, told him the tale of the Countess, to whom he had been secretly contracted, but that she had been suddenly carried off from the house of her father, Sir Hugh Robsart, and it was believed by Varney. Tressilian is induced to quit the inn during the night; in traversing along crooked lanes and by-ways, as directed by his host, his horse loses a shoe, and, on inquiring for a smith, he meets with a pedagogue, Master Erasmus Holiday, whose person is thus described:—

A long, lean, shambling, stooping figure, was surmounted by a head thatched with lank black hair somewhat inclining to grey. His features had the cast of habitual authority, which I suppose Dionysius carried with him from the throne to the schoolmaster's pulpit, and bequeathed as a legacy to all of the same profession. A black buckram cassock was gathered at his middle with a belt, at which hung, instead of knife or weapon, a goodly leather pen-and-ink-case. His ferula was stuck on the other side, like harlequin's wooden sword; and he carried in his hand the tattered volume which he had been busily perusing.

The account of himself, as related to Tressilian, is one of those happy sketches in which our author is so successful. Tressilian only wanted to know where he could get his horse and, but the man of letters could not give that information without prefacing it with a full half hour of his own history, and that of a Doctor Doboebe. We can only give the commencement of Magister Holiday's narration:—

He was born at Hogsorton, where, according to popular saying, the pig plays upon the organ; a proverb which is interpreted allegorically, as having reference

to the herd of Epicurus, of which Horace confessed himself a partner. His name of Erasmus, he derived partly from his father having been the son of a renowned washerwoman, who held that great scholar in clean linen all the while: he was at Oxford; a task of some difficulty, as he was only possessed of two shirts, "the one," as she expressed herself, "to wash the other." The vestiges of one of these rascals, as Master Holiday boasted, were still in his possession, having fortunately been detained by his grandmother to cover the balance of her bill. But he thought there was a still higher and over-riding cause for his having had the name of Erasmus conferred upon him, namely, the secret prementition of his mother's mind, that, in the babe to be christened, was a hidden genius, which should one day lead him to rival the fame of the great scholar of Amsterdam. The schoolmaster's surname led him as far into dissertation as his Christian appellation. He was inclined to think that he bore the name of Holiday *quasi lucus a non lucendo*, because he gave such few holidays to his school; "Beware," said he, "the schoolmaster is termed, classically, *Ludi Magister*, because he deprives boys of their play." And yet, on the other hand, he thought it might bear a very different interpretation, and refer to his own exquisite art in arranging pageants, morris-dances, May-day festivities, and such like holiday delights, for which he assured Tressilian he had positively the purest and the most inventive brain in England; inasmuch that his cunning in framing such pleasures had made him known to many honourable persons, both in country and court, and especially to the noble Earl of Leicester—"And although he may now seem to forget me," he said, "in the multitude of state affairs, yet I am well assured, that had he some pretty pastime to array for entertainment of the Queen's grace, horse and man would be seeking the humble cottage of Erasmus Holiday. *Parvo contentus*, in the meanwhile, I hear my pupils parse and construe, worshipful sir, and drive away my time with the aid of the Muses. And I have at all times, when in correspondence with foreign scholars, subscribed myself Erasmus ab Die Fausto, and have enjoyed the distinction due to the learned under that title; witness the erudite Diedrich Buckenchockius, who dedicated to me, under that title, his treatise on the letter tau. In fine, sir, I have been a happy and distinguished man."

"Long may it be so, sir," said the traveller; "but permit me to ask, in your own learned phrase, *quid hoc ad Iphyci literas*, what has all this to do with the shoeing of my poor nag?"

"*Pesinna lente*," said the man of learning, "we will presently come to that point."

This Dr. Dobocovie, a man of bad character, had a servant, Wayland, who, after the death of his master, turned

smith; to him Tressilian was recommended. This Wayland Smith is an uncouth and mysterious personage, who never wishes to see his customers, but exacts from them that they shall lay their groat on a stone, retire at some distance, and never look at him, while he does the necessary work. Tressilian determined on having some conversation with him at all hazards, and follows him into a subterraneous cell, where he learns his history. Smith had been apprentice to a juggler, and told the fortune of Tressilian's favourite, of whom he brought a painful remembrance. He was afterwards on the stage, and performed at the Black Bull, the Globe, and the Fortune, before he became half partner, half domestic, to the 'physician.' Cured of his alchemy, he would fain have returned to his former occupation of smith, but no one would bring a horse to be shod at the devil's post. His debtors would not pay him, and he was afraid of his creditors, which was the cause of his living in concealment. Tressilian agrees to take Wayland along with him to Lidcote Hall, the seat of Sir Hugh Robsart. The good knight has suffered much from the loss of his daughter, particularly as he was unacquainted with her fate. Tressilian approached him:—

"I will ask thee no questions," said the old knight; "no questions—none, Edmund—thou hast not found her, or so found her, that she were better lost."

Tressilian was unable to reply, otherwise than by putting his hands before his face.

"It is enough—it is enough. But do not thou weep for her, Edmund. I have cause to weep, for she was my daughter,—thou hast cause to rejoice, that she did not become thy wife.—Great God! thou knowest best what is good for us.—It was my nightly prayer that I should see Amy and Edmund wedded,—had it been granted, it had now been gall added to bitterness."

"Be comforted, my friend," said the curate, addressing Sir Hugh, "it cannot be that the daughter of all our hopes and affections is the vile creature you would bespeak her."

"O, no," replied Sir Hugh, impatiently, "I were wrong to name broadly the base thing she is become—there is some new court name for it, I warrant me. It is honour enough for the daughter of an old Devonshire clown to be the lemmen of a gay courtier,—of Varney too,—of Varney, whose grandsire was relieved by my father, when his fortune was broken, at the battle of—the battle of—where Richard was slain—out of my memory—and I warrant none of you will help me."

"The battle of Bosworth," said Master Mumblebrazen, "stricken between Richard Crockback and Henry Tudor, grandsire of the Queen that now is, Primo Henrici Septimi; and in the year 1485, post Christum natum."

Wayland, by his skill in medicine, administrators a sedative draught to Sir Hugh, which does him much good. It is then determined, that Tressilian, being invested with sufficient powers, shall repair to Court to claim the lost Amy. While he is preparing for his departure, a messenger arrives from the Earl of Sussex, invites him to repair to him immediately at Say's Court, near Deptford; and he sets off, accompanied by Wayland and the messenger.

We shall not, for the present, pursue the story further, but extract a scene between the artful Varney and the ambitious Leicester, which may be said to lay the ground-work for the catastrophe: viz. the death of the unfortunate Amy, Countess of Leicester, by Varney and the wretch Foster. Queen Elizabeth had been to Say's Court, to reconcile the rival Earls Leicester and Sussex:—

When Leicester returned to his lodging, after a day so important and so harassing, in which, after riding out more than one gale, and touching on more than one shoal, his bark had finally gained the harbour with banner displayed, he seemed to experience as much fatigue as a mariner after a perilous storm. He spoke not a word while his chamberlain exchanged his rich court-mantle for a furred night-robe, and when this officer signified that Master Varney desired to speak with his lordship, he replied only by a sullen nod. Varney, however, entered, accepting this signal as a permission, and the chamberlain withdrew.

The earl remained silent and almost motionless in his chair, his head reclined on his hand, and his elbow resting upon the table which stood beside him, without seeming to be conscious of the entrance or of the presence of his confidant. Varney waited for some minutes until he should speak, desirous to know what was the finally predominant mood of a mind, through which so many powerful emotions had that day taken their course. But he waited in vain, for Leicester continued still silent, and the confidant saw himself under the necessity of being the first to speak. "May I congratulate your lordship," he said, "on the very deserved superiority you have this day attained over your most formidable rival?"

Leicester raised his head, and answered sadly, but without anger, "Thou, Varney, whose ready invention has involved me in a web of most mean and perilous falsehood, knowest best what

reason there is for gratulation on the subject."

"Do you blame me, my lord," said Varney, "for not betraying, on the first push, the secret on which your fortunes depended, and which you have so oft and so earnestly recommended to my safe keeping? Your lordship was present in person, and might have contradicted me and ruined myself by an avowal of the truth; but surely it was no part of a faithful servant to have done so without your commands."

"I cannot deny it, Varney," said the earl, rising and walking across the room; "my own ambition has been traitor to my love."

"Say rather, my lord, that your love has been traitor to your greatness, and barred you from such a prospect of honour and power as the world cannot offer to any other. To make my honoured lady a countess, you have missed the chance of being yourself!"

"He paused, and seemed unwilling to complete the sentence."

"Of being myself what?" demanded Leicester; "speak out thy meaning, Varney."

"Of being yourself a KING, my lord," replied Varney; "and King of England to boot!—It is no treason to our Queen to say so. It would have chanced by her, obtaining that which all true subjects wish her—a lusty, noble, and gallant husband."

"Thou ravest, Varney," answered Leicester. "Besides, our times have seen enough to make men loath the crown matrimonial which men take from their wives' lap. There was Darnley in Scotland."

"He!" said Varney; "a gull, a fool, a thrice soddan ass, who suffered himself to be fired off in the air like a rocket on a rejoicing day. Had Mary had the hap to have wedded the noble earl, once destined to share her throne, she had experienced a husband of different metal; and her husband had found in her a wife as complying and loving as the mate of the meanest squire, who follows the hounds a-horseback, and holds her husband's bridle as he mounts."

"It might have been as thou say'st, Varney," said Leicester, a brief smile of self-satisfaction passing over his anxious countenance. "Henry Darnley knew little of women—with Mary, a man who knew her sex, might have had some chance of holding his own. But not with Elizabeth, Varney—for I think, God, when he gave her the heart of a woman, gave her the head of a man to control its follies.—No, I know her.—She will accept love-tokens, ay, and requite them with the like—put sugared sonnets in her bosom—ay, and answer them too—push gallantry to the very verge where it becomes excrement of affection; but she writes *nil ultra* to all which is to follow, and would not barter one iota of her own supreme power for all the alphabet of both Caph and Hymen."

"The better for you, my lord," said Varney, "that is, in the case supposed, if such be her disposition; since you think you cannot aspire to become her husband. Her favourite you are, and may remain, if the lady at Cumnor Place remains in her present obscurity."

"Poor Amy!" said Leicester, with a deep sigh; "she desired so earnestly to be acknowledged in presence of God and man!"

"Ay, but my lord," said Varney, "is her desire reasonable?—that is the question. Her religious scruples are solved—she is an honoured and beloved wife—enjoying the society of her husband at such times as his weightier duties permit him to afford her his company. What would she more? I am right sure that a lady so gentle and so loving would consent to live her life through in a certain obscurity, which is, after all, not dimmer than when she was at Lidcot Hall,—rather than diminish the least jot of her lord's honours and greatness by a premature attempt to share them."

"There is something in what thou say'st," said Leicester; "and her appearance here were fatal, yet she must be seen at Kenilworth, Elizabeth will not forget that she has so appointed."

"Let me sleep on that hard point," said Varney; "I cannot else perfect the device I have on the stithy, which I trust will satisfy the Queen and please my honoured lady, yet leave this fatal secret where it is now buried.—Has your lordship further commands for the night?"

"I would be alone," said Leicester. "Leave me, and place my steel casket on the table.—Be within summons."

Varney retired; and the earl, opening the window of his apartment, looked out long and anxiously upon the brilliant host of stars which glimmered in the brilliance of a summer firmament. The words burst from him as at unawares—"I had never more need that the heavenly bodies should befriended me, for my earthly path is darkened and confused."

It is well known that the age reposed a deep confidence in the vain predictions of judicial astrology, and Leicester, though exempt from the general control of superstition, was not in this respect superior to his time; but, on the contrary, was remarkable for the encouragement which he gave to the professors of this pretended science. Indeed, the wish to pry into futurity, so general among the human race of every description, is peculiarly to be found amongst those who trade in state mysteries, and the dangerous intrigues and cabals of courts. With heedful precaution to see that it had not been opened, or its locks tampered with, Leicester applied a key to the steel casket, and drew from it, first, a parcel of gold pieces, which he put into a silk purse; then a parchment, inscribed with planetary signs, and the lines and calculations used in framing horoscopes, on which he gazed intently for a few moments; and, lastly, took forth a large

key, which, lifting aside the tapestry, he applied to a little concealed door in the corner of the apartment, and, opening it, disclosed a stair constructed in the thickness of the wall.

"Alasco," said the earl, with a voice raised, yet no higher raised than to be heard by the inhabitant of the small turret to which the stair conducted—"Alasco, I say, descend!"

"I come, my lord," answered a voice from above. The foot of an aged man was heard, slowly descending the narrow stair, and Alasco entered the earl's apartment. The astrologer was a little man and seemed much advanced in age, for his beard was long and white, and reached over his black doublet down to his silk girdle. His hair was of the same venerable hue. But his eye-brows were as dark as the keen and piercing black eyes which they shaded, and this peculiarity gave a wild and singular cast to the physiognomy of the old man. His cheek was still fresh and ruddy, and the eyes were had mentioned resembled those of a rat, in acuteness, and even fierceness of expression. His manner was not without a sort of dignity; and the interpreter of the stars, though respectful, seemed altogether at his ease, and even assumed a tone of instruction and command, in conversing with the prime favourite of Elizabeth.

"Your prognostications have failed, Alasco," said the earl, when they had exchanged salutations—"He is recovering."

"My son," replied the astrologer, "let me remind you, I warranted not his death—nor is there any prognostication that can be derived from the heavenly bodies, their aspects, and their conjunctions, which is not liable to be controlled by the will of Heaven. *Astrægent homines, sed regit ætra Deus.*"

"Of what avail, then, is your mystery?" replied the earl.

"Of much, my son," replied the old man, "since it can show the natural and probable course of events, although that course moves in subordination to an higher power. Thus, in reviewing the horoscope which your lordship subjected to my skill, you will observe that Saturn, being in the sixth house in opposition to Mars, retrograde in the house of life, cannot but denote long and dangerous sickness, the issue whereof is in the will of Heaven, though death may, probably, be inferred—Yet if I knew the name of the party, I would erect another scheme."

"His name is a secret," said the earl; "yet, I must own, thy prognostication hath not been unfaithful. He has been sick, and dangerously so, not however to death. But hast thou again cast my horoscope as Varney directed thee, and art thou prepared to say what the stars tell of my present fortune?"

"My heart stands at your command," said the old man: "and here, my son, is the map of thy fortunes, brilliant in aspect as ever beamed from those blessed signs whereby our life is influenced, yet

not unchequered with fears, difficulties, and dangers."

"My lot were more than mortal were it otherwise," said the earl; "proceed father, and believe you speak with one ready to undergo his destiny in action and in passion, as may becom a noble of England."

"Thy courage to do and to suffer, must be wound up yet a strain higher," said the old man. "The stars intimate yet a prouder title, yet a higher rank. It is for thee to guess their meaning, not for me to name it."

"Name it, I conjure you—name it, I command you," said the earl, his eyes brightening as he spoke.

"I may not, and I will not," replied the old man. "The ire of princes is as the wrath of the lion. But mark, and judge for thyself. Here Venus, ascending in the House of Life, and conjoined with Sol, showers down that flood of silver light, blent with gold, which promises power, wealth, dignity, all that the proud heart of man desires, and in such abundance, that never the future Augustus of that old and mighty Rome heard from his *Haruspices* such a tale of glory, as from this rich text, my lore might read to my favourite son."

"Thou doest but jest with me, father," said the earl, astonished at the strain of enthusiasm in which the astrologer delivered his prediction.

"Is it for him to jest who hath his eye on heaven, who hath his foot on the grave?" returned the old man, solemnly.

"The Earl made two or three strides through the apartment, with his hand outstretched, as one who follows the beckoning signal of some phantom, waving him on to deeds of high import. As he turned, however, he caught the eye of the astrologer fixed on him, while an observing glance of the most shrewd penetration shot from under the penthouse of his shaggy white eye-brows. Leicester's haughty and suspicious soul at once caught fire; he darted towards the old man from the further end of the lofty apartment, only standing still when his extended hand was within a foot of the astrologer's body.

"Wretch!" he said, "if you dare to palter with me, I will have your skin stripped from your living flesh!—Confess thou hast been hired to deceive and to betray me—that thou art a cheat, and I thy silly prey and booty!"

"The old man exhibited some symptoms of emotion, but not more than the furious deportment of his patron might have extorted from innocence itself.

"What means this violence, my lord?" he answered, "or in what can I have deserved it at your hand?"

"Give me proof," said the Earl, vehemently, "that you have not tampered with mine enemies."

"My lord," replied the old man, with dignity, "you can have no better proof than that which you yourself elected. In that turret I have spent the last

twenty-four hours, under the key which has been in your own custody. The hours of darkness I have spent in gazing on the heavenly bodies with these dim eyes, and during those of light I have toiled this aged brain to complete the calculation arising from their combinations. Earthly food I have not tasted—earthly voice I have not heard—You are yourself aware I had no means of doing so—and yet I tell you—who have been thus shut up in solitude and study—that within these twenty-four hours your star has become predominant in the horizon, and either the bright book of heaven speaks false, or there must have been a proportionate revolution in your fortunes upon earth. If nothing has happened within that space to secure your power, or advance your favour, then am I indeed a cheat, and the divine art, which was first devised in the plains of Chaldeæ, is a foul imposture."

"It is true," said Leicester, after a moment's reflection, "thou wert closely immured—and it is also true that the change has taken place in my situation which thou sayest the horoscope indicates."

"Wherefore this distrust, then, my son," said the astrologer, assuming a tone of admonition; "the celestial intelligences brook not diffidence, even in their favourites."

"Peace, father," answered Leicester, "I erred. Not to mortal man, nor to celestial intelligence—under that which is Supreme—will Dudley's lips say more in condescension or apology. Speak rather to the present purpose—Amid these bright promises thou hast said there was a threatening aspect—Can thy skill tell whence, or by whose means, such danger seems to impend?"

"Thus far only," answered the astrologer, "does my art enable me to answer your query. The infortune is threatened by the malignant and adverse aspect, through means of a youth,—and, as I think, a rival; but whether in love or in prince's favour, I know not; nor can I give farther indication respecting him, save that he comes from the western quarter."

"The western—ha!" replied Leicester, "it is enough—the tempest does indeed brew in that quarter!—Cornwall and Devon—Raleigh and Tressilian—one of them is indicated—I must beware of both.—Father, if I have done thy skill injustice, I will make thee a lordly recompense."

"He took a purse of gold from the strong casket which stood before him—'Have thou double the recompense which Varney promised.—Be faithful—be secret—obey the directions thou shalt receive from my master of the horse, and grudge not a little seclusion or restraint in my cause—it shall be richly considered.—Here, Varney—conduct this venerable man to thine own lodging—tend him heedfully in all things, but see that he holds communication with no one.'"

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Life of Voltaire, with interesting Particulars respecting his Death, and Anecdotes and Characters of his Contemporaries. By Frank Hall Standish, Esq. 8vo. pp. 393. London, 1821.

It is a trite observation, that the life of an author is to be found in his works; but, if the biographer adopts such a maxim, he will only make an article of bibliography: this has been felt by many, who, falling into the opposite extreme, have merely compiled a series of anecdotes. Both these systems are, in our opinion, equally remote from the real nature of biography, which should contain a faithful portrait of its subject in his public and private capacity, as a scholar and as a man. He should be pointed out as an example to follow or avoid; for, if biography have not a moral lesson in view, it is worse than useless. If such be the real character of biography, we are compelled to avow that our author has not come up to the idea. His work is a mass of materials, collected from various sources, which he has neither been at the pains to connect nor harmonize. On no occasion does he identify himself with his subject; he is, by turns, a weak advocate and a feeble adversary: his admiration is tame, and his censure spiritless; the same equivocal character reigns as to his religious opinions; he is a professor of Deism and Christianity by turns;—indeed, he seems to have no fixed principles in either politics or religion, and it is not uncommon to find him begin a digression in one principle and write himself into another before its close: if we add to these, the frequency of bad grammar and the redundancy of false images, with, here and there, real beauties of a superior order, but which lose their merit by being misplaced, we have a pretty correct idea of the life of Voltaire by Frank Hall Standish, Esq. Yet, with all these faults, our author has contrived to make an amusing anecdote work, but which is any thing but a biography of Voltaire.

Mr. Standish commences with an introductory chapter 'on the state of France during the 16th and 17th centuries, to enable the readers more completely to appreciate the miseries under which that nation laboured previous to the appearance of Voltaire.' Such an essay, if properly written, would be a valuable document and a proper vestibule to the monument he proposed to erect to the memory of Voltaire; but,

alas, our author has merely selected a few isolated facts, which are far from displaying the state and progress of opinion in France during that period. The head lines of some of the pages shall supply the place of criticism:— 'Reformation,'—'Invention of Printing,'—'Sale of Indulgences,'—'Birth of Luther,'—'Order of the Augustins,'—'Calvin,'—'Progress of Superstition,'—'Profession of Magic,'—'Laws against Duelling,' &c. &c. We will only make one remark on this heterogeneous mass of materials; it is, that our author has discovered that the art of printing was known to the Romans, and cites Cicero de Natura Deorum. We should have been more obliged to him had he cited the passage instead of the title of the work.

We now enter upon the life of Voltaire: the author's account of his youth is very fairly related, but he seems anxious, at every moment, to fly off at a tangent: at every proper name he abandons his subject to tell you some particulars of the person named; thus, he cannot refrain from giving us 'the life of Moliere, his literary productions, &c. to his death;' next follows a digression upon the Jesuits, inserted, apparently, to inculcate the doctrines that, 'if even the deadliness of envy or malice entirely occupied the human breast, its excess has been found among the clergy—and priests, like women, are seldom satisfied but with the extermination of the object of their hatred.'

Mr. Standish is a bold man thus, in one sacrificing clause, to declare war against the representatives of the divinity in heaven and our divinities on earth; for our part, we had rather quarrel with all the world beside than with those two classes; but, as Rabelais said to his lawyer, *retournons à nos moutons*, where is Voltaire? be patient, reader, our author has first to make the following remarks on satire:—

'A libel is the natural offspring of a weak head and corrupt heart, and is sometimes to be found still emanating even from a christian teacher, or protestant clergyman of the present century.'

'High birth, unattended by riches or by talents much as it may adorn a drawing-room or add to the splendour of a court, and conduce to the good reception of the possessor among persons of the same rank, attracts little notice and little envy from others: but money or wit pays heavier tribute to censure, than the social qualities of the owner, whoever he may be, can redeem. He who occupies a situation independent of the world, is regarded with distrust both by his superiors and inferiors; they hate because

they envy him; and the flps that flatter his foibles, proclaim to the world the follies of his unguarded confidence. Eminence of every description has this cup of bitterness; history relates that the head of Jesus was crowned with thorns. Yet, while we bow to the rod of fate, we must hesitate to what divinity to ascribe the attributes of our existence. The fire of youth, like the freedom of an impetuous horse, may spring indignant from the spur of injustice; even that is less felt the longer we live, and the more it is used; and, at last, we fall into a quiet and indifferent scepticism as to what others say, or feel, or think. The clergy may boast that insensibility is the precious fruit of piety and devotion,—the unprotected can tell envy, malice, and persecution, to be evils incident to humanity.'

We confess we do not see what the passion of our Saviour and the new fact, that insensibility is the precious fruit of piety and devotion, have to do with either Voltaire or satire; but, perhaps, in the next edition, our author will tell us.

Our author now condescends to return to Voltaire; but, in an instant, he flies off to give us the lives of the Duke de Richelieu, Baron Goertz, and the Marquise de Villars: this would all be amusing enough if we were not anxiously expecting a life of Voltaire. We presume Mr. Standish has not been to court, as he would then have learnt that a superior is not presented to an inferior; but vice versa.

In 1736, Voltaire published his Epistle to Urania: 'the persecutions of the time rendered subterfuge necessary; the author was obliged to disavow his work, and attribute it to the Abbé de Chanlieu;' how does the biographer vindicate this conduct of Voltaire? Why, he tells us that this species of concealment (is this the right word?) may be allowed in literary compositions, and that this work, of pure deistical principles, 'could not have the tendency of hurting the Abbé's character as a Christian or a scholar.' We apprehend that neither of the parties would feel flattered by this apology and explanation. A layman writes against revealed religion and attributes it to a priest, as it cannot hurt his character! for, says he,—

'The clergy were, and always have been, more eager for the temporal punishment of a heretic than his eternal damnation. Those who discussed the opinions which they maintained, and were alone supposed able to defend them, were persecuted with all the bitterness of insatiable malice and perverted zeal; and thus the pure stream of unity and brotherly love, which springs from the Gos-

pel, like the waters from a high mountain whose head is concealed by clouds, becomes disturbed and contaminated in its course through the human heart. It is rather singular, that, among those men, the practice of moderation should fall so far short of the precept, and that they should be so desirous of mingling together divine and human things,—a practice from which every good Christian ought to abstain.'

We may here take occasion to reprobate the author's propensity to gross and indelicate ideas clad in similar expressions. We are not now in the age of Moliere and Dryden, and if our morals be not improved, at least, the sense of shame is more acute; and few but Mr. Standish would venture to offend the ear of delicacy either in writing or conversation, which, to say the least of it, is bad taste.

We turn with pleasure to a passage which displays our author in a more advantageous point of view; it is on the feelings of a person returning from exile:—

'After a residence of three years in England, the voice of friendship, or perhaps of the minister, recalled Voltaire to Paris. He yielded to its entreaties, and more especially to that natural and spontaneous instinct which always recalls us with pleasure to the place of our birth, and which has its charms, in spite of whatever injustice or inconveniences we may have there experienced. The theorist may speculate in his closet, or the politician may devise schemes for the more perfect government of the kingdom from which he is an exile; but the heart of the father and the friend will overflow at the mention of the welfare of that land, in which he spent the earlier part of a life, which may have been subsequently varied by good or evil; where he first estimated the blessings of those to whom he looked up with gratitude and with awe, before he could comprehend the attributes of a superior Being, and to those early recollections which promised bright days of future happiness with those who have been subsequently separated by distance or by death.'

This passage is not devoid of the general faults of the author, but were his general sentiments as unexceptionable, our task would be less painful; and we cannot but deprecate the idea, taken as a general thesis, that 'the death of a father is the most secret and sincere wish of an expectant son;' and placed, as it is, in relation with that event happening to Voltaire's father, it implies a slander on Voltaire which we know to be unfounded; but this is the mischief of our author's constant effort at moralizing, and giving 'opinions exclusively his own,' and some of them are whi-

sical enough: 'when a prosecuted man forgets his injuries, the state ought to remit the cause of complaint,' p. 136; 'this Dehose, whose name has since ended as it began,' p. 137; there is, doubtless, some wit intended here, if we had wit enough to find it out. 'The representations of the stage form a means of communication between men who labour after the acquirement of knowledge, or are engaged in the pursuit of pleasure,' p. 145; 'the feelings of affection die away with those of indifference,' p. 145; 'a rod may be prepared for the back of fools, even by an inferior pea,' p. 151; cum multis aliis.

Voltaire's disgust for the world and the consequent change of his conduct forms an admirable contrast with the silly nonsense we have just quoted; we give it with pleasure:—

'Wearied with the persecutions which his works excited; disgusted with the insolence and vanity of other writers; disappointed, perhaps, in his intercourse with the great; and smarting under the criticism of his contemporaries; he thought it necessary to change his mode of life. The fortune which descended to him from his father, and which had been subsequently increased, was ample. Thus, to the advantages of possessing wealth, he added that of being indebted for it to himself, and its use, although it could not defeat envy, secured him the means of escaping from unjust oppression. Ancient philosophers praised poverty, because they made a merit of necessity; or because riches led to confiscation; and their limited intercourse with foreign countries rendered the secret conveyance of property dangerous and uncertain. Their dealings were mostly confined to their own cities and their own countrymen; and the transfer of money was attended with trouble and inconvenience. Their climate also subjected them to fewer real wants, and the luxury of the wealthy approached more to riot and debauchery, than to convenience and comfort.'

The portrait of the Marquise de Chatelet is one of our author's happiest sketches, but too long for quotation, and besides, it is not free from immorality; who that ever tasted the sweets of wedded love, will agree with the author, that 'secret and stolen pleasures are remembered with ferrency and devotion,' when the others are obliterated and forgotten? We do not condemn but pity the man possessed of such depraved ideas. The account of Voltaire's connections with the royal poet of Prussia, will be read with interest; the burning of Voltaire's satire against Maupertuis, is curious, and merits our selection, as being well told:—

When Frederic was told, that Voltaire

had, under the title of *Le Docteur Akakia*, written a most severe satire against Maupertuis, which he was about to send to the press, the author was invited, in a very polite note, to the palace; and the moment he arrived, his Majesty told him, in a very friendly manner,—“They say you have written a satire against Maupertuis, which is as witty as it is malicious: I am going to speak to you on that subject with freedom, and as I think I ought to speak to a friend. It is not my intention to argue, that Maupertuis has not done you any injury, or that you have not caused him any. I agree, on the contrary, that you both have a right to complain; and, in short, I feel and acquiesce in the opinion, that you are in the right to complain, and I should deliver him up to you without difficulty, if I were to take his case only into consideration; but I beg you will observe, that I have called that man into my service; that I have placed him at the head of my academy; that I have granted to him the same treatment as to my ministers of state; that I have admitted him into my most familiar society; and that I have permitted him to marry one of the ladies of honour of the Queen, the daughter of one of my ministers, a Lady de Bredow, belonging to one of the most ancient and most considerable families of my kingdom. I have done so much for him, to the knowledge of all Europe, that I cannot consent to his being held up to ridicule without being compromised myself. If you cover him with disgrace, I shall certainly be ridiculed; and, if I suffer that, I cause a real scandal: I shall be blamed for it, and all the nobility of this country will experience a mortification, which will be imputed to my forbearance. I beg you will consider these circumstances, and see what I can expect from your friendship, and what you owe to mine, and to reason. I know what it costs an author to sacrifice one of his works,—above all, when it is filled with happy ideas, and when the details are as agreeable as they are ingenious; but who ought to care less than yourself for a sacrifice of this sort? A thing which would be irreparable for any other person, is nothing to Voltaire,—a man who, above all others in the world, has the most fruitful and the finest genius. You are so rich, both in ideas and talents. Your glory is established by so many more important productions! And what do you want besides, but the wish to make as many more worthy of yourself? You must not doubt, nevertheless, that, in sacrificing the work in question, you will give me a proof of friendship, which, according to the circumstances, I shall so much the more appreciate. I do not hesitate in telling you, that you will render me one of the greatest services. Depend upon it, I shall never forget it. You may, on your side, expect every thing from my friendship.”—“Well,” answered Voltaire, “I will bring the manuscript of my *Doctor Akakia*, and place it in the hands and at

the disposal of your Majesty. I have always been too much devoted to your Majesty, not to sacrifice, to the assurance of your kindness, that little revenge which had appeared to me just, moderate, and consequently innocent. I should certainly make greater sacrifices, if they were required from me by your wishes.”—“Lose no time,” said the King, “I shall wait for you; such noble designs must not be postponed.” Voltaire went out, and came back immediately with his manuscript in his hand. “Sire,” he exclaimed smiling, “here is the innocent going to perish for the people! I put it into your hands, order its condemnation.”—“Ah, my friend, what fate is mine! to order a punishment for that which deserves to be crowned with glory. Well! let us submit to fate with dignity; let us be as just as possible; let us revenge the victim by its sacrifice. Read; I shall save what I can, and it will be a precious remainder, which my memory will keep with care; read, and may the pages devoured by the flames claim my just admiration. O Vulcan! never was a more memorable thing done, or a greater tribute paid to your honour.” Voltaire read the whole satire; he was every moment interrupted by the applauses of the monarch, who found all the attacks as lively as they were well applied; they were bursting into roars of laughter, and as they were going to throw it into the fire, the lamentations again burst forth: “Come, my friend, cheer up, since it is necessary, O Vulcan, cruel and devouring god, receive thy prey!” and while the book was burning, they performed fantastic dances round the fire. It was in this way that *Doctor Akakia* was read to the end, and burnt!

From the selections we have already made, it is evident that the work before us is not entitled to the character of a biography of Voltaire. The author, indeed, seems to be acquainted with little more of Voltaire's works than the title-pages; for out of seventy volumes, he cannot find one page worth quoting, to give us an idea either of the excellencies or the faults of his author; there is not a single criticism on any of his numerous productions. Voltaire has been highly praised and severely censured, and Mr. Standish leaves the question where he found it. He neither tells us the object nor the results of the works of Voltaire, though they have had a more powerful effect on public opinion on the continent, than all the works published in the 18th century. Is Voltaire to be condemned or praised? Do his principles lead to the support or the dissolution of society? Were they instrumental in producing the French revolution, or is such an effect falsely attributed to them? On all these

points, Mr. Standish leaves us totally in the dark;—he does not even consider them connected with his subject.

Even in what he does, his esteem for Voltaire is very equivocal, as he frequently cites M. Lépau, whose falsehoods and ridiculous commentaries on Voltaire, have rendered him the laughing-stock of all France. Besides, from a biographer of Voltaire, we might have expected more interesting details of the noble moral acts and courageous humanity which distinguished him; but the defence of Calas, of Sirven, of the serfs of Mont Jura, occupy no more space than the most trivial anecdote. Did *Belle et Bonne* merit no other notice than that Voltaire married her to the Marquis de Villette? Why have concealed the fact so honourable to Voltaire, of his having given her six thousand guineas as a marriage portion, (160,000 francs.) This distinguished lady is still alive, and enjoys excellent health; and we have seen her shed tears of gratitude and affection at the bare mention of the name of her benefactor.

Odes and other Poems. By Henry Neele. Second Edition, with Additions. 12mo. pp. 228. London, 1821.

The first edition of Mr. Neele's Poems appeared before the commencement of the *Literary Chronicle*, and we have now only to add our testimony of their merits to that of the critics and the public in general. Mr. Neele, we believe, is still a youthful bard, and many of his productions were written at a very early age. He possesses great energy of feeling and a vigorous conception, but a deep melancholy pervades, we had almost said tinges, most of his effusions. In this respect, he will remind the reader very much of Collins, and that early blasted blossom of the muse, Henry Kirk White. His odes strongly resemble the celebrated one of Collins, to whom he is second only in this species of writing. We select, as a first extract, his second ode, which is addressed—

TO HOPE.

Sun of another world, whose rays
At distance gladdens ours;
Soul of a happier sphere, whose praise
Surpasses mortal powers;
Mysterious feeling, taught to roll
Restless o'er the breast,
Beyond ambience, above controul,
The strangest, sweetest of the soul,
Possessing, not possess.

Deceiver, bail! around whose throne
Such numerous votaries bend;

The form to all but thee unknown,
The wretch without a friend:
Youth, when his cherish'd best is dead,
Makes what is living thine;
Age, hoping when his all is fled,
Still totters on with eager tread,
And dies before thy shrine.

Yet what art thou? a tott'ring ball
That crumbles while we walk;
A flower so soon decreed to fall,
And wither on its stalk;
A gather'd rose-bud, but that pride
Of crimson o'er it spread,
Thine own life-blood's precious tide,
That as we pluck'd it, gushing wide,
Has dyed the pale flower red.

'Tis all a dream! the forms we love
Eldre the eager clasp;
The pleasures that we long to prove
Vanish within the grasp;
They're disappointment, death, despair,
Aught but the good they seem;
We love, we hate, we joy, we care,
And hope is sweet, and life is fair,
And yet — 'tis all a dream!

A fiend is sitting on our heart,
We slumber thro' the night,
And every heave, and every start,
He marks with fierce delight:
'Tis death: he loves his watch to keep
By life's decreasing stream,
And soon in thrilling accents deep,
His potent call shall burst our sleep,
And prove it all a dream!

Yet wherefore mourn? since Hope at best,
Thou' fair, was always vain;
Her promises were ever rest,
Her guerdons ever pain:
Why mourn the absence of that light,
That only led astray?
It lur'd the steps, perplex'd the sight,
And yet 'twas bright, 'twas wondrous bright,
And gilded all the way.

Yes; he who roams in deserts bare,
That were not always wide,
Will sigh to think how sweetly there
Full many a flow'ret smil'd;
Will pause to mark th' uncherish'd beam,
The tree uprooted torn,
And sit, immers'd in pensive dream,
By many a now deserted stream,
To meditate and mourn.

The odes to Time, to Memory, to Horror, to Despair, to Pity, to the Moon, and to the Harp, though varied in their imagery and their style, are not less beautiful, and we fully agree in the compliment paid to the author by an individual whose name is dear to English literature,—that Mr. Neele 'sacrifices at the shrines both of pity and terror, and his notes awakening fear are not less potent than those which call forth the tears of sympathy and sorrow.' The ode to the Moon strikes us as singularly happy. It is in blank verse, a species of metre in which our author is peculiarly successful. We quote it at length:—

TO THE MOON.

How beautiful on yonder casement pane
The mild Moon gazes! Mark
With what a lonely and majestic step
She treads the heavenly hills;

And oh! how soft, how silently, she pours
Her chausten'd radiance on the scene below,
And hill, and dale, and tow'r,
Drink the pure flood of light.

Roll on, roll thou, Queen of the midnight hour,
For ever beautiful!
And ill befall the Demon of the Storm,
When he would seize on thee;
When he would lay a hand unbidden here,
Breathe pestilential darkness in thy face,
And read those lucid robes,
And touch that silvery hair.

Thou shinest on a world of wretchedness,
On one vast sepulchre,
Where man is dancing on his father's grave,
And of the creeping worms,
That crawl innumerable from his father's mould;
The fool is forming rings to deck himself,
And round his fingers twines
The coiling slinky brood.

Yes, man is wasting life and hope away,
To add a wig to time;
(Whom nature gave but one, of small avail),
And when the work's complete,
When his well-dressed companion soars away,
O then man gazes wild and vacantly,
With idiot stare around,
And wonders how he flew!

Although thou lookest on such misery,
All has not dimm'd thy ray,
Or torn one silver ringle from thy brow;
And yet thy peaceful light
Beaming such beauty on a world of woe,
Is like the bloom upon Consumption's cheek,
All loveliness without,
While ruin gnaws within.

What art thou? from thy orbit come those hordes
Of wild fantastic forms,
(Their crowns of pearly evening dew, their robes
Wrought by the gossamer),
Who sport beneath thy beam? or is it there
That angels strike their silver harps, and call
The listening spheres around,
To join the mazy dance?

Perhaps thou art the future residence
Of genius, wretched here:
Perhaps the poet and the minstrel who
Have suffer'd, sunk, and died,
Released from mortal shackles, flee to thee,
And warbling soft spirit melodies,
Their gentle serics rove
At peace in thy mild sphere.

If so, O for some lunar paradise
Where I may think no more
Of earth and earthliness, unless, perchance,
When evening glooms below,
Sometimes to wander downward on thy beam
To fit across the scenes I once admird,
And hover and protect
The heads of those I lov'd!

Mr. Neele's sonnets partake of the character of the odes; but, as sonnets, they are of a very superior description. The following appears, to us, to possess much beauty, and the idea to be perfectly original:—

'Traveller, as roaming o'er vales and steep,
Thou hast, perchance, beheld in foliage fair,
A willow bending o'er a brook—it weeps
Leaf after leaf into the stream, till bare
Are the best boughs, the loveliest and the
highest;
Oh! sigh, for well thou mayest; yet, as thou
sighest,

Think not 'tis o'er imaginary woe;
I tell thee, traveller, such is mortal man,
And so he hangs o'er fancied bliss, and so
While life is verging to its shortest span,
Drop one by one his dearest joys away,
Till hope is but the ghost of something fair,
Till joy is mockery, till life is care,
Till be himself is unreflecting clay.'

The additional poems, which have been written since the first edition, fully justify the high poetical character which the author had obtained; we shall, therefore, without further comment, transfer three or four of them to our pages.—

• SONG.

Love, like a bird born in a cage,
In bondage gaily sings,
Nor sighs to rove, but prizes more
His fetters than his wings.
Then do not strive those chains to break,
Tho' lighter than a feather—
They're twined so closely round the heart,
That both must break together.'

The following stanzas, written soon after the death of Portier, the gallant Spaniard, who attempted that reform which his country has since so gloriously obtained, possess peculiar interest at the present moment:—

'And think they, then, in blood to quench
Freedom's a mortal life!
Furn, pour on, with torrents drench,
It blazes fiercer, higher!
Think they that cease, with vigour rise,
Fleets with the patriot's breath?
That cease, unaided love by his life,
Grows holy in his death.'

Think they that when the spirit leaves,
Its power o'er earth is past?
Of all the spells that spirit weaves,
The mightiest is the last.

Nay, hearts with strength before unknown
At that last hour awake,
Like waves that roll in darkness on,
Yet sparkle when they break.

But liberty, the child of truth,
Dies not with mortal man;
She, eagle-like, renews her youth,
And scorns life's narrow span:
And when the world's blind tyrants deem
The princely bird no more,
She soars tow'rd's light's supernal beam,
Undimmed as before.

Still Hope survives—the tyrant's chain
Has many a link unbroken:
Tears are not always shed in vain,
But blood appeals to heaven.

Still there are hearts by honour nursed,
And Freedom soon shall find them,
Hunts whose indignant throbs will burst
The galling bonds that bind them.'

'Oliver Cromwell's last intercourse with his daughter,' a dramatic fragment, proves the varied talents of the author; but we have already drawn so freely on his little work, that we must conclude with a shorter extract. The lines:—

• TO THE RIVER WYE.

Sweet stream! twelve lingering moons have
waded
Since last thy lovely shores I gained;

And now once more I hear thee sound
Thy summons to the hills around;
And see thee rushing proudly by
In all thy mountain majesty,
And scent those gales which o'er thee play
A life of fragrant way;
And mark the rack by zephyr driven,
And listen to the voice of heaven.

Hail thy green pastures, queen of floods,
Thy rocky steeps, thy waving woods!
The mountain-ash, in glittering ranks,
With autumn berries decks thy banks;
There the aspiring fir distils
His balmy sweetness o'er the hills;
There weeps the lovely birch, and keeps
The eye delighted as she weeps;
While by thy mirror, bright and fair,
The willow trims her tangled hair.

Nature and art combine to grace
Thy green and gorgeous dwelling-place.
Thou rich clad hills, earth's fairest birth,
Yet seem to scorn thy mother earth,
And search the breast of heaven to woo
Its brightness down to grace thee too;
And ivied fane and shattered pile
Even in their ruin o'er thee smile,
While with the spoils of time they dress
Thy own immortal loveliness.

How softly now frail vessel glides
Between thy rich and fertile meads!
Earth's fairest scenes are round her spread,
Heaven's brightest glories o'er her shed;
While gloves in the transparent Wye
Another earth, another sky,
And turrets frown, and villas gleam,
Making that lovely vessel seem
Some fast isthmus, placed to join
Two worlds of splendour so divine.

While Morning from her tresses grey
Still shakes her dewy drops away;
Or Noon's or Evening's steps I see,
Sweet Wye! I'll still remember thee:
Nor less when Night her empire boasts,
And glories in those glittering hosts,
Not gems as mortals idly deem,
Which on her sable mantle gleam,
But portals bright, thro' which is given
A glimpse of the full blaze of heaven.'

We should not add a single remark to what we have already said, but to express our gratification, that neither the consciousness of his own talents, nor the public approbation, have tainted Mr. Neele with the poet's failing,—vanity; but that he is as modest and unassuming as when he first ventured his frail bark on the ocean of public opinion.

The Substance of a Discourse preached in St. Mark's Church, Liverpool, with additional Notes and an Appendix. By the Rev. Richard Blacow, A.M. 8vo. pp. 32. Liverpool and London, 1820.

As this Discourse is professed to have been delivered 'on the Aspect of the Times,' we hastily separated its pages, promising ourselves an hour's improvement in our closet, and afterwards to distribute it round our fireside for the consolation of our better selves—the feminine part of our family; but we

were disappointed, and we are sorry that we cannot even venture to make an extract, though from a sermon, to instruct our readers. We are not told whether the ladies of Liverpool relished this Discourse at its delivery; but of this we are sure,—the dissenters, the socinians, and the methodists, who are so violently abused from the pulpit, and afterwards from the press, by this political and prophetic divine,—are either very dangerous persons or undeserving of Sunday evening lectures, which ought to disseminate, by practical doctrines, wholesome precepts and zealous examples. A preacher of the Gospel is never more out of his element than when he writes, preaches, and publishes his sermons, with the view of circulating his political and anti-religious creed*, and, whatever temporal honours he may hope to gain by his efforts, they are but temporal, and 'as the sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.' While we would give every writer an opportunity of presenting his particular opinions through the press, we do think it injurious to the cause of real religion, and unworthy of her advocates, to deliver them from the pulpit.

Commodus. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. With Biographical Memoirs of that accomplished Tyrant. 8vo. pp. 62. London, 1820.

We have seldom approached the last page of a work with such a feeling of utter despair, as we experienced when we found our fingers playing with the last leaves of this (to us serious) tragedy. In vain had we toiled through a tract flat and barren, in the hope of catching sight of something worth making a remark upon, and to find, that at last we should have nothing to recompense our readers for the time we had lost in the task (we say to recompense our readers, for our time is their's) was pushing critical desperation to its utmost stretch.

The tragedy of *Commodus*, we (not the public, for the information is in MS. on the fly-leaf) are told, was 'presented and approved by one of the theatres royal, but it was not allowed to be performed.' It may be so; we cannot contradict it; but, to find it true would give us a much more contemptible opinion of theatrical management than we are willing to entertain.

* The violent doctrines of the Discourse under notice, have induced the Times, Morning Chronicle, and other popular newspapers, to hold forth the reverend author as a fit subject for criminal prosecution.

The tragedy, whether considered as to the choice of the subject, the plot, incident, or language, is not entitled to the slightest praise. What motive the author had in publishing it we know not. As he has concealed his name his reputation cannot suffer; but, as the tragedy is said to be 'printed for the author, we will not answer for his purse. We should be sorry to be severe on any writer, but particularly on a young one, yet we cannot avoid censuring the vanity of those who attempt an effort so noble as that of writing a tragedy, without the slightest qualification for the task.

Foreign Literature.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE

ARTS AND SCIENCES IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I do not know whether the great difference between the English and the French Governments has been stated relative to the encouragement afforded to whatever can conduce to the interest or fame of the country. In England, the government throws a damp on every effort of genius; and, not proposed by one of its own creatures, the greatest discovery may remain dormant for want of the slightest encouragement. In France, on the contrary, the King, the royal Family, and the ministry, each in his department, not only encourage but invite the efforts of genius: and if a person has conceived a happy idea, likely to be of public utility, he has only to communicate it to the Minister, who refers to a Secret Committee, not appointed *ad hoc*, but a permanent one charged with the examination of all projects for the public good, and composed of men the most eminent for their learning and practical knowledge in every art and science. If the project be found useful, government affords the means of carrying it into execution. M. De Cazes, if not the founder of this system, was at least the great encourager of it; he nominated several committees for commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, with salaries, and the system has been continued by his successors.

The liberality of the government does not rest here: it is anxious the public should be in possession of every thing relative to the glory of the country. You know the grand work in Egypt, on which the most learned men and the most able artists in Europe

have been employed so many years. A copy of this work cost nearly 400 guineas, and was, consequently, beyond the reach of most purchasers. Government had furnished all the funds for it, and, to enable others to possess the most splendid work in existence, it has granted to the famous printer, M. Panckoucke, the privilege of publishing a second edition, which will only come to eighty guineas. An octavo volume of text, with twenty-eight plates, will be sold for 6s. and the grand Atlas, in numbers of five immense folio plates, at 8s. 6d.—the mere cost of paper and printing. I will, with your permission, send you an account of the contents of this important work as the volumes appear. Z.

Paris, Jan. 10th, 1821.

Original Communications.

WELSH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—An article appears in your last number, under the head of 'English Language,' which is so inaccurate on one point, that I hope you will permit me to offer a few observations respecting it. And this I shall do with the less reluctance, as I am aware, that the mis-statement does not originate with myself.

The part of the article to which I particularly allude, is that relating to the Welsh tongue, upon which subject I feel myself qualified to speak with some degree of confidence, from having, for some years past, paid considerable attention to it.

In the first place, the number of English words derived from the Welsh, stated to be 111 only, is exceedingly under-rated, perhaps by some hundreds. The fact seems to be, that numerous words, traced by English lexicographers to the Saxon tongue, originated in reality with the Welsh, from whom the Saxons not only received their alphabet, but, most probably, also some part of their language. But this does not rest upon mere conjecture, since a competent knowledge of Welsh enables us to discover the roots of many Saxon words in that tongue; and, had Johnson and others possessed even a moderate acquaintance with Welsh, they would not have committed the flagrant etymological errors, which at present disfigure their works.

I agree with that part of the article in question, which states, that the Welsh tongue is 'the most uncorrupted

in Europe.' Of this there can be no doubt; and the circumstance may be ascribed both to the isolated situation of Wales and to the character of the language itself, which is of a principle so different from that of other modern tongues, as hardly to admit of the least intermixture with it. But, when the article proceeds to assert, that Welsh, because the *most uncorrupted*, is therefore the *worst*, I beg leave to deny the conclusion, as most 'lame and impotent,' inasmuch as the converse of the same proposition would prove the *most corrupted* to be the *best*. But the assumption, in this case, can only have been founded in a total ignorance of the Welsh language, which, whether for its copiousness, its expressiveness, or its poetical capabilities, has no rival in any living European tongue, with which I am acquainted.

After what I have now said, it is hardly necessary for me to notice the assertion, immediately following the last, which charges the Welsh with being 'harsh and guttural, and of a very limited range.' The truth is, that it is by no means a harsh language, and possesses fewer guttural sounds than most others. The sounds, most generally prevailing, are the lingual, labial, and palatal: even the dental, which are really harsh sounds, are not at all of frequent occurrence in it. And to this I may add, that it possesses an unusual proportion of vowels and diphthongs. With respect to its 'limited range,' I am quite at a loss to conceive upon what the writer of the article could found his assertion. The language comprises some thousand words more than the English, as a reference to Owen's Dictionary will sufficiently prove: and the faculty it possesses, of forming compound terms on the principle of the Greek, is illimitable.

I beg, in conclusion, to notice, that the Welsh is presumed by the best scholars to be, in fact, the ancient Cimbric, or, at least, to form the most perfect remains of that venerable tongue now in existence. And it is rather a singular confirmation of this hypothesis, that the Welsh call their language *Cymraeg*, and themselves *Cymry*, a name, that is clearly to be identified with the *Cimbri* and *Commeri* of former times, all which terms imply, according to the etymology still preserved in the Welsh name, a primitive or aboriginal people.

Jan. 15, 1821.

ORDOVEX.

SOCIETY FOR RECOVERING ESTATES.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Two or three letters having appeared in a daily print, in reference to 'the formation of a society with the view of assisting individuals by legal process to recover their estates which have been enjoyed by others not entitled to them,' I would call the attention of your readers and correspondents to the subject, and, through your respectable pages, suggest an eligible plan, in which I am desirous to unite; for I could enumerate several instances of families who have lived in a state of poverty, when, if they had had legal assistance, they might have shared the comforts of independence.

Your's, respectfully,
Jan. 8, 1821. P. P. P.

ARTIFICIAL COALS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Although the present winter, so far as it has advanced, has not been so severe as to require any extraordinary demand of fuel, yet as some of the daily papers have, during the last week, given an account of a substitute for coals, I beg leave, through the medium of the *Literary Chronicle*, to make known to the public, a similar plan which was published nearly two centuries ago. In the course of my researches at the British Museum, for a very different purpose, I met with a tract entitled, 'Artificial Fire, or Coals for Rich and Poore. This being the offer of an excellent new Invention, by Mr. Richard Gesling, Engineer, (late deceased,) but now fit to be put in practice. London, 1644.'

This tract, which is printed on an open sheet, laments the want of fuel among the lower orders in winter, which it stated to be so great, as 'to make some turne thieves that never stole before, steal posts, seats, benches from doores, rails, nay, the very stocks that should punish them, and all to keep cold winter away.' The remedy proposed is as follows:—

'First provide a piece of ground where the sun lies upon it, and for the better ordering, take a brickmaker or a labourer to do it: do thus:—

'Take three loads of red mortar, such as you make bricks with, double loads, half a chaldron of good sea coals, of the smallest and best, three sackfuls of the best small coal, four bushels of sawdust, four trusses of straw chopped; work all these together with water, stiff

as bricks, then, when it is worked all together very well, take four sacks of the dust of small coal, and with that used as they do the sand for casting of brick; then cast the ingredient as you cast brick, but half so thick, and dry it as brick is dried; or you may make it up in round balls, not so big, with charcoal or small coal dust on the outside, and so lay to dry; when they be thoroughly dry, burn them with a little Scotch coal or wood, or any combustible matter to fire it; or with two or three wooden chips to kindle your fire withall, and to keep in the life of the fire, and these cast a most excellent heat, and keep fire for any use, to roast, boil, or bake, for the richer sort; but be sure you lay them not too close on the fire, but as you see your pattern* upon this paper, mingled with a Scotch coale of two.

*For the poorer sort, cow-dung, mingled with sawdust and small coal, made up into balls, or in a square, like a tile, not too thick, and dried, make a very good fuel, but something noisome. Also that which comes out of the paunches of beasts killed, it being dried, is excellent fire.

'Horse-dung in balls with sawdust, or the dust of small coal or charcoal dust, dried, is good fuel, but the smell is offensive.

'Greenwich Heath or Hounslow Heath turf, well dried, is very good fuel, with a little Scotch coal burnt with it.

'Peat, if well dried, but well fattened with seggy or flag roots, from fenny places, is a very good firing mingled with coals when it is burnt.'

I am very far, Mr. Editor, from thinking this plan of service to your general readers, but in Lincolnshire, and some counties where coals are dear, and beyond the reach of the poor for general consumption, these hints may be of some service.

I am, &c. B. T.

Great Russell Street, Jan. 13.

THE SALUTATIONS OF THE JEWS AT THEIR FEASTS. (FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

'Come kiss me sweet and twenty.'—Shakespeare.

The salutations of the Jews were testified either by words or some humble

* An engraved diagram of a grate, with the bricks and balls piled up, in which there is nothing remarkable, but that the bars of the grate are perpendicular, and not transverse, as in the present day.

gesture of the body. When by words, these were the usual forms: 'The Lord be with you!' or, 'the Lord bless you!' From the last of these, blessing is often taken for saluting: 'If thou meet any, bless him not; or if any bless thee, answer him not again.' Sometimes they said, 'Peace be unto thee!' 'Peace be upon thee!' 'Go in peace,' and such like. 'When ye come into a house, salute the same; and, 'if the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it, but if it be not worthy, let your peace return to you.'

By Gesture.—Their salutations were signified, sometimes, by prostrating the whole body; sometimes, by kissing the feet; commonly, by an ordinary kiss. Moses went out to meet his father-in-law, and did obeisance and kissed him. Moreover, Joseph kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them. This Saint Paul calls an *holy kiss*; Peter, a *kiss of charity*; Tertullian, *osculum pacis*, a *kiss of peace*. These were kisses a Cato might give and a *Vestal* receive. Of this sort, the Jews had three kinds,—a *kiss of salutation*, a *kiss of valediction*, and a *kiss of homage*; or, as the Hebrew signifies, a *kiss of state or dignity*, to testify their homage and acknowledgment of their king's sovereignty. Samuel took a vial of oil and poured it upon Saul's head and *kissed* him, which is referred to in the second psalm, '*kiss thy son, lest he be angry.*'
J. R. P.

Original Poetry.

THE NOSE.

A TALE.

'Twas evening, and the setting sun
His farewell glance was giving,
When Hal and Joe, quite ripe for fun,
And eager to observe the living,
Tripping fast the pathway o'er—
Seated themselves outside the door,
And soon began
To mark each man
That nature had mark'd before.
Each took his pipe, and whiff'd away,
Moistening well, with ale, his clay,
Then talk'd of ladies' lovely eyes,
And then of cheeks of roses;—
Till, at the last,
Their converse past
To what, indeed, must all surprise,—
Of large and little noses!

Now Joe, a curious one had got,
A nose without a bridge; and so
The tip cock'd up, as if, I wot,
To view his eyes roll to and fro,
Spurning the mouth that laugh'd below.

Cried Hal to Joe,
What think you now of that one's nose?
He look'd and laugh'd—for you must know,
It from his eye-brow stately rose

Round as sickle. Then came one
Who caus'd the 'gay ones' greater fun:
'Twas round and ruddy—cover'd o'er
With fifty little bills or more,
And look'd just like an artichoke,
When people say—'tis full of eyes.'—
And O! they deem'd it was a joke
Philosophers could not despise.

'Come tell me now,' said Hal to Joe,
'Before I go,—
(And my house is from, this a long way!)—
What sort of nose do you prefer?
For, were I to choose, I tell you, sir,
A hook'd one would, methinks, be best.'
'Indeed!' cried Joe, quite full of jest—
'A hook'd one, ay!—Then I am blest!
For look ye mine is hook'd you know:—
But then, ha! ha!—'tis hook'd the wrong
way.' WILFORD.

TO THE SUN.

O! thou that from Heav'n's azure field,
Dispelst all the mists of night,
Round as the warrior's ample shield,
Whence is thy everlasting light?
When, from the portals of the east,
Thou comest in all thy majesty,
The trembling planets sink to rest,
The stars before thy splendour fly,
The moon, herself, grows cold and pale,
And sinks beneath the western wave.
But thou—O Sun!—shalt never fail,
Till Nature sinks into her grave.
Lo! when the winds of Heav'n are loud,
When lightning flies in awful form,
Thou lookest from behind a cloud
And laughest at the empty storm;
But thou, O Sun! perhaps, like me,
Art lent but for a season here,
The sleep of Death may come on thee,
No more the voice of morn to hear.
Exult! resplendent orb of light!
While yet thy youth knows no decay;
Age is unlovely—dark as night—
And youth returns not, when away.
Jan. 1821, Downing Street. J. B. O. M.

KINGS OF THE BEAN*.

(A FREE TRANSLATION.)

THE day is auspicious to me,
On the throne I am borne with delight;
Come, my friends, and rejoice in that glie
Which my royalty gives me to-night:
My reign's but a dream that is gay;
Prolong happy sleep so serene;
For soon you'll awake me from pleasure, and
say,—
'Thou wast only a King of the Bean!'
We may often behold on the scene,
Historical heroes of fame;
But Melpomene's children are e'en
Of these kings but the shadow and name:
When the pictures are perfect and just,
The allusion disperses in shewn,
And kings, though exalted to greatness and
trust,
Are no more than as Kings of the Bean.
If the blessing is found on the throne,
I will play in these moments so free;
But, if glory about me have shone,
To conceal the true picture from me,
When I look to the skies I exclaim,—
'These king who in pride I have seen,
To the kings of the universe vanish in fame:
What are they?—of the Kings of the Bean.'

J. R. P.

* See *Literary Chronicle*, p. 11.

Fine Arts.

ESSAY I.

'Whatever adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured
gold.' ARENSIDE.
'Do you imagine that what is good is
not beautiful?' 'Have you not ob-
served that these appearances always
coincide?' Such are the questions
which Xenophon has recorded as those
of his master, the divine Socrates;
such too are the questions which we
may be allowed to put to those, who
would degrade the Fine Arts to the
base office of the panders of luxury and
licentiousness, though they are in re-
ality the graces who attire in fresh and
attractive charms, the Venus of Virtue,
and who, by the extraneous ornaments
which they lend her, afford new mo-
tives to prompt the mind of man 'to
high heroic deeds and fair desires.'
They have, at times, indeed, been se-
duced from their allegiance; they have
been bribed, to paint in more glowing
beauty, the mask that conceals the de-
formity of vice; they have, by their
siren strains and angel forms, lured the
unsuspecting voyager of life over the
ocean of excess to the rocks of misery
and guilt. But let him, who, on this
account, would discard them from po-
lished life, shew us the human good
that has never been abused, and we
will acquiesce in his opinions.—Let
the enemy of the polished elegancies of
life, prove to us that the greatest gift
of God to man, religion, has not been
perverted to the anomalies of superstition
and the cruelties of bigotry; and,
if in spite of history and fact, he shall
be able to prove this, then he may be at
liberty to discard the arts of civilization,
as liable to be turned aside to purposes
for which they never were intended;
then let the *καλοκαγαθία* of the At-
tican philosopher be thrown aside, and
the barbarous bigotry and ignorance
of an Omar be planted in its stead.
Then, too, let the palm be torn from
the brow of our great delineator of
human nature; for he has declared
that 'he who hath not music in his
soul, and is not pleased with concord of
'sweet sounds, is fit for murders, strata-
gems, and spoils.' But the world is
not doomed to gaze with terror on the
death-struggle of the arts, or the de-
struction of the Corinthian capital of
society. The age of Cromwell is
passed away—our country is not de-
stined again to behold the softer ele-
gancies of life crumble beneath the
rude touch of prejudice and fanaticism;

nor all the fairy frost-work of polished
refinement to melt at the glare of the
red torch of Gothic superstition and
intolerance. The world seems rather
to be inclining to the opposite extreme
of infidelity. At any rate, the arts, we
may venture to hope, will have nothing
to fear; unless it is the perversion of
their excellencies to purposes unwor-
thy of their divine origin. The liberty
of our own glorious constitution will
not withhold its enlivening influence
from those accomplishments of life
which dignify, support, and adorn the
national character of a powerful em-
pire. We will indulge in the hope
that she will spread her protecting
wings over the germs of art, and the
diffidence of genius; and that our
country, which has already gained the
wreath of naval glory, which was once
the crown of Athens, may hereafter
rival her in the developings of genius
and the encouragements of art. The
nautical fame, the warlike achieve-
ments of Athens have passed away, and
'like the baseless fabric of a vision,
leave not a wreck behind,' save the
narration 'that they were.' Her arts,
her sculpture, her architecture, still
exist, 'in spite of cormorant devour-
ing time.' The nations still send forth
their pilgrims to the shrine of her Mi-
nerva; with patient assiduity they
trace each record of skill, each bright
animated relique of genius; where the
marble still breathes life and vigour
from each mutilated limb, justifying
the application of Horace's remark on
a sister art;—

'In venias etiam disiecti membra poeta.'

Her 'painted Stoa,' her sculptured
temples, glowing with the heroic deeds
of a Theseus, a Codrus, a Miltiades,
were the means which

'Raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breathed firm and unmoved,
With dread of death to fight and foul retreat.'

In Athens, the sculpture and the painter
were employed to perpetuate the
memory of illustrious men and illus-
trious feats; and the representation of
whatever had been achieved for the
service of the public by heroic virtue,
was preserved in the public buildings
and the monuments of the dead; and
the encouragement of these arts, in
the metropolis of Greece, with the ef-
fects which they naturally produced,
fully indicate the necessity, or at least
the utility which accrues to the state
from the cultivation and fostering of
taste and genius in its individual mem-
bers.

W. H. PARRY.

Literary Chronicle

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Miss WILSON.—'Old Drury,' had its triumph on Thursday, in one of the most crowded and elegant audiences we ever witnessed; and in the debut of a young lady who is one of the greatest acquisitions that the musical world has received for many years. Miss Wilson, for that is the name of the young lady, came forward with a royal imprimatur: his present Majesty, whose knowledge of music is, perhaps, equal to that of any of his subjects, having spoken in the highest terms of her talents. Ever since she was announced, public expectation had been on the tiptoe, and we never saw an audience look so anxiously for the rising of the curtain as on Thursday night, when Miss Wilson made her first appearance in the character of Mandane, in the opera of *Artaxerxes*. Independent of this novelty, the opera presented great attractions: *Braham* in *Arbaces*, *Horn* in *Artabanus*, and *Madame Vestris* in *Artaxerxes*. An opera thus cast gave a powerful aid to the fair *debutante*, who, on her entrance, was welcomed with a burst of applause which overwhelmed her; and her trepidation was, for some time, evident. Miss Wilson, in person, is rather tall, but graceful and elegant; her countenance is agreeable and expressive; her voice is powerful, and, in compass, nearly equal to *Catalini*, of whom she often reminded us, as she did, in other respects, of *Mrs. Billington*. The character of *Mandane* is one in which the passions alternately swell in disdain, and melt into tenderness, touching, occasionally, on both extremes, and requiring a power of expression suitable to these vicissitudes. When she sung, 'If o'er the cruel Tyrant love,' she electrified the audience, who testified how they had been enraptured by an universal encore. In the beautiful airs of 'Fly soft ideas' and 'Let not rage,' she was equally happy, but her greatest triumph was her bravura singing in 'The soldier tired of war's alarms,' in which great power, rapidity of execution, and precision were delightfully combined. Although power is the predominant characteristic of Miss Wilson's voice, it possesses much softness and delicacy. She sometimes struck a low chord which was quite melodious, and soon after raised her voice to a key where, permitting it to rest awhile, it died away like an echo. She has also, in a re-

markable degree, the power of ascending or descending the scale with rapidity and great distinctness; and, occasionally, she passed from one part of the scale to another, omitting the intermediate notes, with quickness and accuracy.

Mr. Braham, whom we have often seen and admired in *Arbaces*, never appeared to greater advantage. A collision of talent is always favourable to the best performers, and it was evident on the present occasion. *Madame Vestris* sang charmingly in *Artaxerxes*, and *Miss Povey* was a sweet *Semira*. We must not, however, forget Mr. Horn, who deserves much praise for the spirited style in which he acquitted himself in *Artabanus*: it was his first appearance in that character, and was marked by the audience as a very successful one. On the conclusion of the opera, the pit waved their hats amidst the loudest cheers of the whole audience. Miss Wilson's success was so great that Mr. Elliston has announced operas three nights a-week.

Sheridan's truly inimitable comedy of the *School for Scandal*, was performed at this theatre, on Tuesday night, with the novelty of two first appearances. Miss Chester, a young lady who, we believe, once played *Portia* at this house, was the *Lady Teazle* of the evening, and sustained the character with much judgment and discrimination. She was most successful in scenes which were serious and pathetic. Mr. Cooper was the *Joseph Surface*, and although, in some scenes, he acquitted himself well, yet we must confess that he is not a good hypocrite. *Elliston's* Charles Surface and *Munden's* Sir Peter Teazle are too familiar to the public to need any remark.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Barry Cornwall's new tragedy of *Mirandola* has been frequently repeated since our last with increased success, and may be fairly said to be fully established in public favour.

COBURG THEATRE.—On Monday evening, a new melo-dramatic romance was produced, entitled—*Who owns the Hand? or, The Monk, the Mask, and the Murderer*. The piece has been got up with great splendour; the incidents are striking and well-announced, the scenery very good and appropriate, and the piece is interesting throughout. Mr. T. P. Cooke and Miss Watson performed the parts allotted them admirably well, and, indeed, the whole of the performers played with much spirit and effect.

MR. KEAN, IN AMERICA:

[Although we have no very exalted opinion of the critical acumen of our transatlantic brethren, yet to gratify those of our readers, who, like ourselves, are admirers of Mr. Kean's talents, we insert from a New York paper, entitled the *American*, a critical notice of two of that distinguished actor's best characters, those of *Richard III.* and *Othello*.—Ed.]

RICHARD III.—The character of Richard, we might readily imagine from his history, must be extremely difficult to be represented in any manner coming up to the peculiar traits that distinguished it; and though Shakespeare found in the groundwork of his character certain leading marks, in the delineation of which he particularly excelled, yet 'that mixture of intellectual vigour with moral depravity,' so conspicuous in the features of his life, and the different passions that actuated him at times, must ever make the part extremely difficult for a perfect execution, although the character has been most ably and happily portrayed. Many performers, who were at the height of their profession, and who excelled in characters in which it might be supposed success was more unattainable, have entirely failed in that of Richard. The part of Macbeth has been successfully personated by those who have entirely misconceived that of the crooked-backed tyrant. It was one of those characters the late Mr. Cooke particularly excelled in; it was that in which Garrick first appeared, and that which laid the foundation of the high standing which Mr. Kean has acquired in his own country, and the first in which he has appeared in our's. That Mr. Kean's performance of the character is original, is indisputable; it was so in England when he first appeared in it, and is clearly so to us. It is right, therefore, that we should throw aside any dislike we might have, on the ground of our being unaccustomed to the execution of the character as done in the manner of Mr. Kean. Indeed, in England, on his first appearance in Richard, there were considerable doubts as to his merits, for no other reason than that his performance was original. It is but justice to Mr. Kean, therefore, that, if he has hit upon a happier conception, according to his own belief, we should judge and criticise it with candour and fairness. Full of curiosity and anticipated pleasure, we went to witness Mr. Kean's first appearance on the American boards, and the follow-

ing is the result of our observations: to speak generally, his figure and looks were well adapted to our ideas of the tyrannical Richard; his voice is not good, especially when he elevates it, when it breaks in the most disagreeable manner; and his delivery is new: every word comes forth as if it were measured in a slow method of speech he uses, which, as it was continued through all those scenes where it was possible to employ it, rendered it at length very tiresome, and by no means agreeable. We really thought, at times, that he was reading the part in his own closet, deep ly intent on the study of it, preparatory to his performance.

We agree with a London critic, that the 'courtship scene, with Lady Ann, is an admirable exhibition of smooth and smiling villainy;' but we witnessed not only in that scene attempts at stage effect, but repeatedly in the denouement of the plot. The apparent uneasy delivery of the sentences, if original, is certainly not pleasing, notwithstanding each word is expressed with great precision and distinctness; and although an English writer, (Mr. Haslitt,) 'cannot imagine,' as he observes, 'any character represented with greater distinctness and precision, more perfectly articulated in every part,' yet this 'perfect articulation,' distinctness, and precision, appear to us to be attended with a most uneasy way of delivery, there being too much an appearance of artificial manner. In repeated sentences, too, we observed a pause at the end of the word preceding the last, and after stopping a few seconds or so, pronouncing the last word. This was done, doubtless, in order to give effect to the whole. We took notice of this, we were about to say, in almost every scene he appeared. Another circumstance struck us, which more fully evinced the aim of the performer; it was those sudden transitions which were so strikingly displayed. It cannot be denied that some of them were powerfully and ably executed, where they were required; but in the words of one of his own critics, 'his delineation of it should have somewhat less brilliancy, fewer glancing lights, *pointed transitions*, and *pantomimic evolutions*, with more solidity, depth, sustained and impassioned feeling;' or, in other words, he seems to have at his command a variety of resources, in order to give a continual eclat to his performance, and he necessarily employed them, as in making those long pauses, quick transitions, and, among other things,

as Mr. Haslitt, in his lectures, calls it, his 'exuberance of manner.' He gave a new reading to several passages, which much pleased us; and the manner of his bidding his friend 'good night,' was very striking, although we cannot but believe the long pause was more intended by Mr. Kean for effect, than for the display of any real talent he thought the idea possessed; we could mention several scenes in which he appeared to effect, and several in which effect was partially destroyed.—*The American*, Dec. 1, 1830.

Othello.—One of the peculiar traits in Mr. Kean's acting is seizing on the imagination by frequent, sudden, and striking changes; as from the highest key to which his voice is elevated, when in an ebullition of passion, down in a moment to either a soft or familiar tone, according as Mr. Kean conceives the particular passage requires. This, it is true, is very often applicable and conformable to the true spirit of the author, but that it is proper to make those 'pointed transitions' in all the particular places Mr. Kean has thought right to employ them, can scarcely be allowed, when we once come to consider the propriety or correctness of it. Two instances of misapplication in this respect, we observed in Mr. Kean's performance of *Othello*. The first, when *Othello* is before the senate, on the charge of Brabantio, that his daughter had been stolen, and 'corrupted by spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;' *Othello* requests the duke to send for Desdemona, and the duke gives orders to that effect; immediately after, indeed the words 'fetch Desdemona hither' had scarcely escaped the duke's lips, before Mr. Kean (*Othello*) says to Iago, in a hurried, quick, and unnatural tone and manner,—

'Ancient, conduct them; you best know the way.'

Othello, without doubt, was desirous of the immediate attendance of his wife, to clear him from the charge of Brabantio; but the tone he had employed before his judges in a preceding speech, being so dissimilar, could not at all reconcile us to the unsuitable effect the manner exercised in delivering the above words produced. This quick transition may force an applause from the sudden way in which they were spoken, and the tone and manner above mentioned, but never can be quoted as a specimen of fine acting. The other instance occurred in the same scene. After the conclusion of his defence before the senate, he observes,—

'Here comes the lady, let her witness it.'

The tone here used, was nearly similar to that before mentioned, and appeared to strike us more as if it were delivered tauntingly, or so spoken from malicious delight at Brabantio's certain defeat and his own sure acquittal, than the observation of the dignified *Othello*, who, though sure of success from Desdemona's presence, yet does not manifest any eager anticipation, which would leave an inference, that if the decision of the senate were in his favour, he would evince more malicious pleasure at it than proud satisfaction. From not only the different passions that take possession of the Moor, but from their constant collision, the character of *Othello* becomes one wherein the power of an actor can have full display. In the onset, we find him all fondness for the beautiful Desdemona; then the seeds of distrust are sown by the villain Iago; Iago's continual feeding of the fire he had kindled follows next; his surmise concerning Cassio, his infernal scheme with the handkerchief, and the warring conflicts between doating fondness and supposed dishonour, are imitatively delineated. Although the character of *Othello* possesses these great advantages for the display of the talents and genius of an actor, yet none can claim a perfect infallibility in an accurate conception of it; and that Mr. Kean does not enjoy this infallibility, and that he is by no means exempt from error, and those not unimportant or accidental, has appeared to us on a critical investigation of his merits and faults, and that, too, without any nice acumen or determination to pick out every little mistake or inaccuracy that may have been casually committed.

In the third scene of act third, *Othello* and Iago enter immediately after Cassio had been impugning Desdemona to procure of the Moor the restitution of his lieutenantcy. Desdemona begs of her husband to call back Cassio, and says,—

'Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No; not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.'

The tone in which these answers were given, would lead to the belief that the previous exclamation of Iago, on seeing Cassio in entering the room, 'Ha! I like not that,' had already instilled into the mind of the Moor a distrustful feeling towards his wife. Any thing conducive to such belief, or that would in the least leave any suspicion of the sort, should be particularly avoided;

for it is not until Desdemona has left the room in this same scene, when the Moor and Iago are left alone, that the former first receives an intimation of any thing to rouse his jealousy. But when Othello discovers the meaning of the ambiguous sentences of Iago, Mr. Kean gave an effect both striking and impressive; his looks, his action, and the wild stare of his countenance, were a splendid picture of the effects of jealousy on the heart of a Moor. The shock was electric, and Mr. Kean gave it full force. Indeed, the whole scene with Iago was ably executed, although we should not be displeased to see omitted those specimens of 'pantomimical evolutions,' performed not only in that scene, but frequently in other parts of the play, as we conceive that the effects from the supposed faithless conduct of a beautiful wife on a loving husband, can well be shown without them. When Iago observes to him, that she deceived her father marrying him, the reply,

'And so she did.'

was uttered in a tone that evinced the anguish of his heart, and was feelingly and appropriately delivered. We felt a sympathetic thrill for his own unhappy situation. In the chamber scene we were much disappointed; it was a lame performance, and though, here and there, we could witness specimens of fine acting, we decidedly think we have seen that part of Othello at least as ably, if not better, executed. —*The American*, Dec. 1, 1820.

Literature and Science.

(From the National Intelligencer.)

Of the North-western region of the United States.—We were yesterday gratified with a few minutes conversation with Capt. J. R. Bell, who arrived in this city on Tuesday, from Cape Girardeau, in Missouri; which place he left on the 13th October last. The information derived from him was so interesting to us, that we believe our readers will be pleased with some account of it.

Capt. Bell was second in rank of an exploring expedition, under the command of Major Long, the objects of which were topographical and scientific information respecting the vast wilderness of country which stretches from the Council Bluffs, on the Missouri, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, of which but little is yet known. The expedition, being wholly pacific in its objects, con-

sisted of some 50 soldiers only, and the following officers and artists, besides the two officers already mentioned: Lieut. Graham, Lieut. Smith, Dr. Say, Dr. James, and Messrs. Seymour and Peale, designers and painters.

The expedition set out from the Council Bluffs, on the 6th of June, directing their course first to the Pawnee villages, on a Fork of the La Platte, distant about one hundred and twenty miles from the Council Bluffs, and thence proceeded to the Rocky Mountains, distant about four hundred miles from the Pawnee Villages. The interval is a rolling prairie country, of course destitute of hills and wood, so that the mountains are visible at the distance of one hundred and twenty miles. Time has not yet allowed a calculation of the observations, which were made as accurately as circumstances would allow, but it is supposed the greatest height of the ridge does not exceed the elevation of four thousand feet above the base of the mountain.

The expedition separated into two parties near the point on the Arkansas, designated on the maps as Pike's block house.

The one party, under the command of Maj. Long, proceeded thence with a view to strike the head waters of Red River. But, it appears, the maps which we have are very defective, the courses of the rivers being almost wholly conjectural, and often entirely fabulous. The expedition did not attain the object sought, because it was not to be found where it is laid down on the maps, and fell upon the waters of the Canadian fork of the Arkansas, which it pursued, and terminated its tour at Belle Point, on the Arkansas, the post mentioned in the late message of the President to Congress, as being the advanced post of our cordon in that direction.

The other party, under the command of Captain Bell, proceeded down the Arkansas to Belle Point, which place they reached on the 9th of Sept, after an absence of three months from the haunts of civilization.

Below the first fork of the Arkansas, which was named by Pike, they met several hunting parties of strange Indians, whose names even have rarely, if ever, been heard of before, belonging to the tribes of the Arrapahoes, the Kaakayas, the Kiawas, and the Chayennes. They are frequently, and perhaps at present, engaged in war with the Pawnees, Osages, and other tribes of whom we have some knowledge. Of

the Indians met by our party none have ever been into our settlements. They appeared to be wholly ignorant of the existence of such a people as those of the United States, or indeed of the existence of any people of a fairer complexion than the inhabitants of Mexico, or the adjacent Spanish provinces, of whom, it appeared, they had some knowledge. Being made to understand the existence of such a government, its power, and its humane policy, as exemplified in its treatment of other Indian tribes, they expressed a great desire to be taken by the hand by the United States, and to place themselves under our protection.

The topographers, medical gentlemen, and painters, attached to this expedition, have collected abundant materials for correcting some of the gross errors in the received geography of this part of our country, for making important additions to medical botany, and to the stock of our geological knowledge of our own territory; and the painters have many interesting and valuable sketches of the prominent features of the country. Besides possessing the government of such information as was indispensable to judicious arrangements for the support and protection of the American population penetrating into that country, this expedition ought, and we hope will, form the subject of one of the most attractive works ever published in this country.

What struck us most impressively in this brief narrative was, that some thousand miles on this side of our utmost western boundary, or, in other words, about half way between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean, an exploring party has met with several tribes of men, the aborigines and proprietors of the soil of the country, who were ignorant, not only of the existence of the people of the United States, but of the existence of a race of white people! It gives us an awful idea of the magnificent extent of the domain of the republic.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depacimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIUS.

Cornwall Coin.—At the sale of Dr. Disney's collection of coins, in 1817, a fifty-five shilling piece of Oliver Cromwell, and known by the name of Oliver's Broad, sold for 109l.

A potatoe merchant, in the neigh-

bourhood of Corent Garden, a few years ago, found means of increasing his customers, through the dispersion of a printed handbill, in which he enumerated the different names of potatoes in different countries, such as Dr. Anthony's pills, Munster plums, Irish apricots, Dugarron almonds, Hibernian mandrake, Eastham Ginning, Windsor nutmegs, &c. and concluding with these lines, addressed to his countrymen:—

Vos Hiberni collocatis,
Summum bonum in potatoes.

Bon Mot of his present Majesty.—His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, being present at a piquet party, in which Mr. Stepney and Mr. Church were opponents, the former gentleman went out for a king, but meeting with a disappointment, exclaimed with considerable warmth, 'By Jove, the King is against me;' to which his royal highness immediately replied, 'truly, Mr. Stepney, your case is piteable in the extreme, to have the King and Church against you; you cannot, therefore, hope to escape, but must suffer without benefit of clergy.'

Hogarth once entreated his friend Garrick to sit for his portrait, with which he complied; but while the painter was proceeding with his task, he mischievously altered his face, in a gradual change of features, so as to render the portrait perfectly unlike. Hogarth blamed the unlucky effort of his art, and began a second time, but with the same success. After getting out of temper, he essayed a third time, and did not discover the trick for some time. He then broke out into a most violent passion, and would have thrown his palette and pencils at the head of Garrick, if he had not made his escape from the variegated storm of colours that pursued him.

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As a vague schedule of contents, the following are a few of the subjects which this journal purposes, as occasion presents, to embrace:

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TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

The favours of Eliza and J. R. P. in an early number.

Several communications, intended for insertion this week, have been displaced by our extended review of the new Romance of Kenilworth.

We hesitate in deciding on the 'Loves of O'Rourke and Miss Dyer,' unless we had the whole poem before us; but we fear it would not exactly suit us.

We cannot serve Don Saltero, but if he possesses any share of the spirit of the Knight of La Mancha, he will rescue his Dulcinea from the intrusions of the reverend sexagenarian.

We wish the *Literary Chronicle* to be distinguished by the variety as well as the interest of its pages; it is on this account that we must close the correspondence on 'Clerical Dandies.'

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No. 89.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

An Inquiry concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind, being an Answer to Mr. Malthus's Essay on that subject. By Wm. Godwin. London, 1820.

ONE of the most important questions which have occupied the attention of politicians within the last five and twenty years, is that which relates to the power of increase in the numbers of mankind. The question itself is by no means new, but its immediate importance originated with Mr. Malthus's Essay on Population. Few of our readers can stand in need of being reminded of the frightful doctrine there inculcated, and, unfortunately, too generally received, that no reform, moral or political, ought to be or can be introduced into society, on account of the *premising tendency of mankind to increase beyond the limits of the means of subsistence*; that against these limits mankind would ever be pressing hard, and that the reign of vice and misery must and would be universal and eternal. When it is considered what effect Mr. Malthus has produced in all parliamentary and social regulations, changing the very principles of political economy; and that an important revolution in these respects must follow upon his total discomfiture, the importance of the volume before us will be easily conceived. It is from the pen of one of the first moral philosophers of this age, and, in taking it up, few persons, however satisfied of the impossibility of their being shaken in their faith in Malthus, can doubt of receiving a considerable portion of instruction and delight from a production of the author of Political Justice.

Our limits do not admit of our entering very fully into the question at issue, or doing justice in our extracts, to the book before us. But it may be proper, though it is certainly painful to remark, with what facility the doctrines of Mr. Malthus found their way into the minds of a great portion of those per-

sons who have an influence in the direction of our national concerns.

If an author, observes Mr. Godwin, in the beginning of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, comes forward to teach us a new creed, and to persuade us to abandon that which the concurrent wisdom of ages had taught us, he should surely not attempt to do this by the sole aid of a few dogmatical maxims, but should have gone through the annals of antiquity, and have shewn us where, in all famous nations and states, the evil crept in. The fact is completely against him. The fact is according to the evidence of all history, that population does not require the vigilance of governments to keep it down.

It was sufficient, however, for Mr. Malthus to assert, that population would increase if unchecked in a geometrical ratio, while the means of subsistence could not possibly be increased more rapidly than in an arithmetical ratio; it was sufficient for Mr. Malthus to assert this, for the assertion, to be credited by the class of persons to whom we have alluded. The ratios of increase were taken for granted, and there followed of course. Surely one might have supposed that a doctrine so new and so pregnant with important consequences, so disgusting by its selfishness, and so appalling by its cruelty; so lamentable if true, and so impious if false, would not have found a very hasty reception; on the contrary, that if it had not been sustained throughout by the most irrefragable proofs, so that not a part should exhibit the least sign of rottenness, it would have been promptly and utterly rejected, or at least, that it would not have caused us to swerve, in the slightest degree, from the old and established principles of charity and benevolence.

Such, however, was not the case, and hence, in a scientific contest like this, no man is bound to refute that which is not supported, any more than in law a defendant is compelled to prove a negative; and an assumption like that which formed the basis of Mr. Malthus's doctrine might have been suffered to stand for what it was worth, or at best have been met by counter-assumption.—Mr. Godwin, however, ap-

pears to have published his Enquiry purely in consideration of the effect which Mr. Malthus's doctrine, while uncontradicted, has had and continues to have upon our political regulations, affording, as it does, a plea for many of those oppressive measures to which our rulers are unhappily too prone.

The ground-work of Mr. Malthus is simply this; that in the United States of North America, the population has gone on doubling itself every twenty-five years for the last century and a half, and, as Mr. Malthus states, by procreation only. From this he concludes, that mankind have the power of increasing at this rate, and would every where so increase were they not restrained by vice and misery, whose operation is rendered necessary and unceasing by the slow rate at which the means of subsistence can be increased. Mr. Godwin takes up his pen to refute all this, but chiefly to shew that the authentic history of mankind in all ages add in all nations, as well as the principal laws with which we are acquainted relative to the propagation of the human species, go to prove the utter impossibility of such a regular and constant increase of population as that of the United States by procreation only. The author of the Enquiry shews, that in ancient times, under circumstances the most favourable to population that can be conceived, mankind never did increase at any thing like that rate, and in the first book takes an enlarged view of the population of Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America. Perhaps the strongest argument against Mr. Malthus's doctrine is afforded by the examples of Paraguay and Sparta. We give the following extract from this part of the book:—

Paraguay was a settlement formed by the Jesuits, in the interior of South America, on the banks of the Rio de la Plata. They were shocked, as it was natural that religious men, and men separated from the contagion of the world should be, at the atrocities acted by the Spaniards in this part of the world; and they formed a strenuous resolution to endeavour by an experiment of the utmost gentleness and

humanity, to atone to the unhappy natives for the cruelties acted upon their countrymen in other parts of the continent. They took for their model the history of the happy constitution of Peru, under the rule of her Incas, and the whole transaction will redound to their immortal honour. Their establishment began about the year 1610, and the Jesuits were finally expelled from it, by authority of the King of Spain, in 1767.

“What Abbé Raynal says on the subject is so much to my purpose, that I shall do little more than transcribe it.

“It might be expected that mankind would have most extraordinarily multiplied themselves under a government where no individual was idle, and none were destroyed by excessive labour; where the nourishment was wholesome, abundant, and equally distributed to all; where all were fully supplied with necessary clothing; where old men, widows, orphans, and the sick, were attended with a care unknown to the rest of the world; where every one married of choice and without motives of interest; where a numerous family of children was a consolation without the possibility of being a burthen; where a debauchery inseparable from idleness, and which assails equally the rich and the poor, never hastened the approach of infirmities or old age; where nothing occurred to excite the artificial passions or to oppose those which are conformable to nature and reason; where the advantages of commerce were reaped without bringing in their train the vices of luxury; where abundant magazines and succours, mutually communicated from tribe to tribe, insured them against famine and the inconstancy of the seasons; where the administrators of justice between man and man were never reduced to the sad necessity of condemning one individual to death, to disgrace, or to any punishment but what was monetary; where taxes and law suits, two of the greatest sources of affliction to the human race, were utterly unknown: such a country, I say, might have been expected to prove the most populous on the face of the earth. It was not so.”

Various causes have been assigned for the decrease in the numbers of this establishment, none of which causes are substantial, and Paraguay remains accordingly an incontestible proof, not only that there is not in mankind an abstract and certain power of increasing their numbers, but that, in an experiment made on a particular portion of mankind, there has sometimes appeared to be a positive absence of the power of supplying even a succession of generations of the same numerical magnitude; and, judging by facts rather than pursuing the consequences of an unwarranted assumption, it seems that there is much less reason to provide, as Mr. Malthus would

have us do, against the tendency in mankind to increase beyond the limits of the means of subsistence, than to fear with Montesquieu that population every day grows thinner, and that if it goes on at the same rate, in one thousand years more the race of man will be extinct.

The argument afforded by Paraguay is strongly borne out by that of Sparta:—

“Lycurgus employed every means he could devise to insure a numerous and healthy population. He encouraged marriage, he fixed a stigma on celibacy, and he provided for the support and education of the children that should be born, from the funds of the republic. His institution continued unimpaired for the space of five hundred years. Yet it is apparent that the state perished through the diminution of its numbers. During the interval in which Sparta makes the most splendid figure in the page of history, it was reduced to employ various expedients for the purpose of increasing the amount of its citizens by extrinsic accessions. In the period of which Aristotle treats, the free inhabitants of the capital were reduced from ten thousand to one thousand men; and in the reign of the latter Agis, about one hundred years later than Aristotle, they counted no more than seven hundred citizens. These are phenomena, which I conceive to be utterly incompatible with any hypothesis that affirms the rapid multiplication of the human species.”

Having taken a view of the population of Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America, in ancient and modern times, Mr. Godwin indulges in some deep and finely toned sentiments on the state of man and society, and makes the following truly manly reflection on some of the effects of Mr. Malthus's book:—

“For twenty years the heart of man in this island has been hardening, through the theories of Mr. Malthus. What permanent effect this may have upon the English character I know not, but I am sure it was high time that it should be stopped. We were learning, at least as many of us as studied the questions of political economy, and these are by no means the most despicable part of the community, to look askance and with a suspicious eye upon a human being, particularly on a little child. A woman walking the streets in a state of pregnancy was an unavoidable subject of alarm. A man who was the father of a numerous family, if in the lower orders of society, was the object of our anger. We could not look upon a human being with the eye of a painter as a delicious subject of contemplation, with the eye of a moral philosopher as a machine capable of adorning the earth with magnificence and beauty, or with the eye of a divine as a creature with a soul to be saved, and des-

tined to the happiness of an immortal existence. Our first question, and that regarded as a most difficult one, was, how he was to be maintained? It was not enough that he was born with the implements and the limbs, by which exuberant subsistence is to be produced. It was not enough that there was room for many millions of human beings more than now exist on the face of the earth. We were reduced, (oh, miserable slavery!) to inquire whether he was born among the easier orders of society, whether he was the son of a father who had a fair prospect of being able to support a family. We were learning fast to calumniate the system of the universe, and to believe that the first duty it required of us, was to prevent too many human beings, (that last work of God, that sole ornament and true consumption of the orb we dwell in) from being born into the world.”

Mr. Godwin next proceeds to examine very rigidly, the authorities of Mr. Malthus, which, to say the truth, are miserably slight and insignificant, and to bring the inquirer more closely to the consideration of the principles respecting the increase or decrease of the numbers of mankind. On this subject, his reasoning, which is both lucid and profound, is illustrated by an excellent tabular digest of the Swedish accounts of population, the best documents of their kind in existence. From these, it is attempted to be shown, and, we think, with perfect success, that the human species, abstractedly considered, has very small power of increase, and that, practically, its numbers do not increase, that nearly all the children are born that can be born; and that the American increase cannot have been by procreation only. This branch of the inquiry leads to an investigation of the causes, by which the amount of the numbers of mankind is reduced or restrained. We regret, that we cannot make such extracts from this part of the volume, in which the very pith of the question is contained, as will do ample justice to the author, but the following passages place the fallacy of Mr. Malthus's hypothesis in so clear a light, that we feel compelled to give them:—

“If Mr. Malthus's doctrine were sound, and his novelties constituted a real discovery, the history of the population of the earth would be very different from the thing that it is. But his theory sustains the common fate of every mere hypothesis ingeniously contrived to account for the phenomena around us. It may look in some degree plausible in itself, but it will never truly tally with the facts it is brought to explain. It pays us with words, but it does not clear up a single difficulty.

'The population of every old country, according to Mr. Malthus, is kept down by pressing hard against the limits of the means of subsistence. If this were true, what would be the real state of the case in the history of all the nations of the earth. A periodical fluctuation.—That there is a change, I admit, and that nations from time to time increase and decrease in the numbers of their people. But, the cause of these changes has never yet been fully explained; and least of all do they square with Mr. Malthus's hypothesis. To proceed in the statement and refutation of the views exhibited in the *Essay on Population*: Every country, as well as North America, in the proportion of its area and its soil, is capable of subsisting a given number of its inhabitants; when this capacity has been used, and the country has been replenished with men, that district, a portion of the globe, will refuse to receive a greater number. But, it is perhaps the nature of every check or reaction to operate somewhat beyond the extent of the impulse that gave it birth. Hence, we will say, comes the depopulation which forms so memorable a portion of the records of universal history. That we may not fall into the error, so incident to the limited faculties of man, of confounding ourselves amidst the complication of very large numbers, let us take a district, or island fully competent to the subsistence of one thousand human inhabitants. The power of procreation, we will assume, continually tends to increase the numbers of mankind. The population of this district, therefore, having arrived at one thousand, has an abstract tendency to extend itself further. But here it is stopped by the most powerful of all causes. Calamity invades this devoted race of men, poverty, examples of terrible distress, and the want of the means of subsistence. Hereupon, follows, we will suppose, depopulation. No man need look far for the most impressive examples of depopulation. We will imagine the number of inhabitants reduced to five hundred. What will be the consequence of this? The area and the soil were fully competent to subsist ten thousand. Ships and acres of land now seem to call loudly for the hand of an adventurer. The whole country is idle, and is sick for the ploughshare and the spade. Nothing, therefore, is more evident upon Mr. Malthus's scheme, than that this region will speedily recover its lost population. Want of the means of subsistence, put it down; that want being removed, the principle of increase inherent in the human species will raise it up again.

But is this really the case in the history of the earth? Let us look through all the depopulated countries enumerated by Montesquieu.* They have been amply blessed in the remedy prescribed

* Italy, Sicily, Greece, Spain, France, the whole North of Europe, Turkey, America, Asia Minor, Persia, Egypt, &c. &c.

by Mr. Malthus, the reduction of the number of those who cried out for the means of subsistence. Why are they at present unconscious of their happiness, and why do they not diligently apply themselves to increase their numbers? I think, I may venture to say, that in no one instance has the thing happened as Mr. Malthus's theory requires.

Having thus arrayed against the theories of Mr. Malthus, whatever knowledge on this subject the authentic history of population in past and present times affords, together with a very powerful train of close reasoning on the principles which relate to this part of the moral system of the world, Mr. Godwin enters directly on the subject of the alleged increase of the United States of North America, from which alleged increase alone, Mr. Malthus drew his portentous and calamitous doctrine of the geometrical ratio. We must confess, that we do not look upon this division of the book as the most important, because, had we never heard of the United States of America as a place peopled entirely, and at various times, literally from year to year, by settlers from Europe,—as a portion of the globe, which was looked to at all times, and more particularly within the last fifty years, by the discontented, the unhappy, and the destitute of every kingdom of Europe, as the land of promise, the last retreat of independence, the happy soil on which they might dwell and be at peace, we should have been perfectly satisfied, before our arrival at this part of the *Enquiry*, of the absolute impossibility of such an increase, as a doubling every twenty-five years, for a century and a half, having been produced by the principle of procreation. To satisfy, however, such persons as desire to see that proved to be false, which it has already been proved cannot be true, this division of the book is, we think, perfectly competent. Mr. Godwin gives a history of emigration from Europe to North America, in the seventeenth century, and likewise from 1700 to the present time, beginning with the Brownists and Puritans, flying from the intolerance of James the First, to the radicals (if that term is meant to be used in so comprehensive a sense) who are escaping from the taxation and restrictions of the reign of George the Fourth. Now, without proceeding further with this part of the question, can any person, except Mr. Malthus, who casts his eye over the history of Europe for the last century and a half, have the hardihood to assert that the increase in the popu-

lation of the United States of America has been ascertained to have proceeded from procreation only? We would recommend it to Mr. Malthus, if he has an opportunity, to ask any intelligent American how many of the families of his native country, with whom he is acquainted, can trace back their ancestors for a century and a half, without finding them on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Godwin has, however, with most exemplary diligence and his usual acuteness, proceeded farther with this inquiry, and, in our opinion, perfectly succeeded in establishing the fact from the documents which form the only true means of judging of the state of any given population, that the same laws regulate the progress of the human species in North America, as apply to it in every other part of the world, and that the principle of procreation operates there with precisely the same effect as it does every where else.

The fifth book, which treats of the present state of the globe, as it relates to human subsistence, and the sixth, on the moral and political maxims inculcated in the *Essay on Population*, though engaging in themselves, and highly valuable for the enlarged views which they contain of the state of society and its possible improvement, are by no means essential to the determination of the grand question; for, with respect to the one, Mr. Malthus never professed to do more than assume the arithmetical ratio to be the ratio of increase of the means of subsistence, and, with respect to the other, the correction of the fundamental mischief of Mr. Malthus's book was, we should have thought, a sufficiently useful occupation to satisfy the beneficent yearnings of the author of the *Enquiry*. Be that as it may, we cannot but be pleased with the reflections contained in the last book. The *Essay on Population* was first suggested by a paper in Mr. Godwin's *Enquirer*, and Mr. Malthus, in a subsequent edition of his *Essay*, expressly declared the motive to his publication to be, that 'he really thought that there should be somewhere on record an answer to systems of equality founded on the principle of population.' On this account, Mr. Godwin seems to feel it peculiarly incumbent on him to refute every part of the theory of Mr. Malthus which appears to be opposed to the improvement and happiness of mankind, and to furnish an antidote to the poison of the appearance of which he has innocently been the cause.

For our own parts, we are satisfied. We are fully persuaded, that to remove the existing portion of vice and misery from the world, by means of a reform in our political institutions, would not be attended with any of those fatal results of which Mr. Malthus so confidently warns us. Relaxing a little from gravity in the tone of our review, we heartily congratulate our readers and mankind in general, on the signal and final overthrow of vice and misery, those two furious dragons, stationed by Mr. Malthus to guard the entrance to Nature's mighty banquet hall, that the feast might be enjoyed by a select and comfortable party. In truth, these alarming monsters have proved to be no better than a couple of noisy curs, whose silence has been effectually obtained by a good stroke from the cudgel of Mr. Godwin. For Mr. Malthus himself, we have bid adieu to him. He is no longer a being of this world. He has been fairly carried off upon the back of high-flying geometrical ratio. This incomparable animal, by its sleekness and its fair proportions, in evil hour tempted the wandering essayist to trust himself in its stirrups. From that time to this, has he been borne along with a velocity which baffles the utmost effort of human imagination. He has long since 'put a girdle round about the earth.' By the last account of his progress, we heard that he was cauterizing over the planets at a prodigious rate, and had nearly, if not quite, accomplished a tour of the solar system. Mr. Malthus, in his late publication, *Principles of Political Economy*, p. 227, says, 'If any person will take the trouble to make the calculation, he will see, that if the necessities of life could be obtained without limit, and the number of people could be doubled every twenty-five years, the population which might have been produced from a single pair since the Christian era, would have been sufficient not only to fill the earth quite full of people, so that four should stand upon every square yard, but to fill all the planets of our solar system in the same way, and not only them, but all the planets revolving round the stars which are visible to the naked eye, supposing each of them to be a sun, and to have as many planets belonging to it as our sun has.' Perhaps, at this moment, from some spot in that inconceivable expanse, where 'other planets circle other suns,' he looks down on this terrestrial speck, and, like Sancho Panza, from the en-

chanted steed Clavileno Aligero, sees beneath him this earth and all its alimentary productions no bigger than a grain of mustard, and population like a hazel nut, strutting about upon its surface. We most sincerely hope that this volume may restore him to reason and his friends, and shall be very happy to announce the circumstance to the world.

We have only further to add, that had we not felt in the intense importance of the question, an irresistible impulse to call the attention of our readers to the book before us, we should have been deterred from noticing it, by the consciousness of not being able, in our limited space, to give an adequate account of a work in which every thing is so necessary, so connected, and so admirably arranged, that it is not easy to determine where to begin or where to close an extract. We can only refer our readers to the volume itself, claiming for ourselves no more than the merit of recommending to their serious consideration a question, which, at first, may, perhaps, be thought somewhat repulsive, but which, on account of the influence which it has had in our political regulation for several years past, and may possibly continue to have, yields, in point of importance, to none with which we are acquainted.

Kenilworth: a Romance. By the Author of 'Waverley,' 'Ivanhoe,' &c. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1007. Edinburgh and London, 1821.

(Concluded from p. 37.)

We are happy to find that the plan we adopted in our last, of detailing the story of the romance of *Kenilworth*, in preference to giving half a dozen pages of unconnected extracts, has been approved by the public, and we now, therefore, proceed in the narrative. We left Tressilian and his attendant, Wayland Smith, on their way to Say's Court, where the Earl of Sussex was then confined of an illness, suspected justly to have been occasioned by poison administered by Alasco, at the instigation of the Earl of Leicester, or his party. Arrived in London, Wayland purchased several drugs of as many different chemists; and, on reaching Say's Court, was fortunate enough to prevail on the earl to take an electuary he had prepared, which was of signal service. In the mean time, the Queen sent her own physician, Dr. Masters, to Say's Court; but Wayland having undertaken to cure the earl, only on condition that he

should adhere to his directions, and having given orders that he should not be disturbed, Dr. Masters, on his arrival, was met by a young Devonshire gentleman, in the service of the earl, who refused him admittance. This gentleman is Raleigh, to whom we are now, for the first time, introduced.

The Earl of Sussex, on being acquainted with the repulse the physician had met with from his zealous young follower, commanded Blount, his master of horse, to go instantly to Greenwich, and taking young Walter and Tracy with him, to make a suitable apology to the Queen, for refusing her physician. Here the author introduces the well-known story of Raleigh, spreading his cloak for the Queen to walk upon, and which laid the foundation of his success at court. Raleigh is described as possessing a countenance which, 'besides being regularly handsome and accompanied by a fine person, was animated and striking in a degree that seemed to speak at once the firmness of a decided and the fire of an enterprising character—the power of reflection, and the promptitude of determination.' The incident of the cloak, and the manner in which Raleigh conducted himself in the consequent audience of the Queen, pleased the Queen so much, that she not only overlooked the refusal of her physician, but determined on an immediate visit to Say's Court, to reconcile the Earls of Sussex and Leicester, whose relative situations in the Queen's favour are stated in a line: 'Sussex had been most servicable to the Queen, while Leicester was most dear to the woman.'

While at Say's Court, the petition of Sir Hugh Robsart to the Queen, for restitution of his daughter, is presented; when Varney, to exculpate his master, declares that she is married to himself. The scene in which Sussex and Leicester are reconciled, is finely drawn. The Queen had given Leicester a severe reproof for his interfering with Bowyer, one of Sussex's followers.

'What I say to my Lord of Leicester,' she said, 'after a moment's pause, "I say also to you, my Lord of Sussex. You also must needs ruffle in the court of England, at the head of a faction of your own?"'

'My followers, gracious princess,' said Sussex, 'have indeed ruffled in your cause, in Ireland, in Scotland, and against your rebellious earls in the north. I am ignorant that—'

'Do you bandy looks and words with me, my lord?' said the Queen, interrupting him; 'methinks you might learn of my Lord of Leicester the modesty to beseech—'

lent at least, under our censure. I say, my lord, that my grandfather and my father, in their wisdom, debarred the nobles of this civilized land from travelling with such disorderly retinues; and think you, that because I wear a coif, their sceptre has in my hand been changed into a staff? I tell you no king in Christendom will less brook his court to be cumbered, his people oppressed, and his kingdom's peace disturbed by the arrogance of overgrown power, than she who now speaks with you.—My Lord of Leicester, and you, my Lord of Sussex, I command you both to be friends with each other; or by the crown I wear, you shall find an enemy who will be too strong for both of you."

"Madam," said the Earl of Leicester, "you who are yourself the fountain of honour, know best what is due to mine. I place it at your disposal, and only say, that the terms on which I have stood with my Lord of Sussex, have not been of my seeking; nor had he cause to think me his enemy, until he had done me gross wrong."

"For me, madam," said the Earl of Sussex, "I cannot appeal from your sovereign pleasure; but I were well content my Lord of Leicester should say in what I have, as he terms it, wronged him, since my tongue never spoke the word that I would not willingly justify either on foot or horseback."

"And for me," said Leicester, "always under my gracious sovereign's pleasure, my hand shall be as ready to make good my words, as that of any man who ever wrote himself Ratcliffe."

"My lords," said the Queen, "these are no terms for this presence; and if you cannot keep your temper, we will find means to keep both that and you close enough. Let me see you join hands, my lords, and forget your idle animosities."

The two rivals looked at each other with reluctant eyes, each unwilling to take the first advance to execute the Queen's will.

"Sussex," said Elizabeth, "I entreat, Leicester, I command you."

Yet, so were her words accented, that the entreaty sounded like command, and the command like entreaty. They remained still and stubborn, until she raised her voice to a height which argued at once impudence and absolute command.

"Sir Henry Lee," she said, to an officer in attendance, "have a guard in present readiness, and man a barge instantly.—My Lords of Sussex and Leicester, I bid you once more to join hands—and, God's death! he that refuses shall lose of our tower fare ere he see our face again. I will lower your proud hearts ere we part, and that I promise, on the word of a Queen."

"The prison," said Leicester, "might be borne, but to lose your grace's presence, were to lose light and life at once.—Here, Sussex, is my hand."

"And here," said Sussex, "is mine, in truth and honesty; but,——"

"Nay, under favour, you shall add no more," said the Queen. "Why, this is as it should be," she added, looking on them more favourably, "and when you, the shepherds of the people, unite to protect them, it shall be well with the flock we rule over. For, my lords, I tell you plainly, your follies and your brawls lead to strange disorder among your servants."

After Leicester had the interview with Alasco, it was determined to send the astrologer and Michael Lambourne to Cumnor Place, there to await the orders of Varney. In the mean time, Wayland Smith is despatched by Tresilian, and notwithstanding the vigilance of Foster, under the disguise of a pedlar he gets an interview with the Countess of Leicester, whom he makes acquainted with the Queen's intended visit to Kenilworth, and hints the probability, that 'England will have a King, and England's Elizabeth, God save her, a husband, ere the progress be over.' The Queen had ordered Varney to bring his wife to Kenilworth, and he was, therefore, despatched to Cumnor Place to endeavour to persuade the countess to appear there as his wife. He has an interview with her alone, and makes the degrading proposal; the countess revolting at the idea, insists on being let out of the room; the door is unlocked, and Foster and his daughter Janet enter. The countess, pointing to Varney, says,——

"Look at him, Janet. He is fairly dressed, hath the outside of a gentleman, and hither he came to persuade me it was my lord's pleasure—nay, more, my wedded lord's commands, that I should go with him to Kenilworth, and before the Queen and nobles, and in presence of my own wedded lord, that I should acknowledge him—him there—that very cloak-brushing, shoe cleaning fellow—him there, my lord's lacquey, for my liege lord and husband; furnishing against myself, great God! whenever I was to claim my right and my rank, such weapons as would lew my just claim from the root, and destroy my character to be regarded as an honourable matron of the English nobility!"

"You hear her, Foster, and you, young maiden, hear this lady," answered Varney, taking advantage of the pause which the countess had made in her charge, more for lack of breath than for lack of matter—"You hear that her heat only objects to me the course which our good lord, for the purpose to keep certain matters secret, suggests in the very letter which she holds in her hands."

Foster here attempted to interfere with a face of authority, which he thought became the charge entrusted to him,

"Nay, lady, I must needs say you are hasty in this. Such deceit is not utterly to be condemned when practised for a righteous end; and thus even the patriarch Abraham feigned Sarah to be his sister when they went down to Egypt."

"Ay, Sir," answered the countess, "but God rebuked that deceit even in the father of his chosen people, by the mouth of the heathen Pharaoh. Out upon you, that will read Scripture only to copy those things, which are held out to us as warnings, not as examples!"

"But Sarah disputed not the will of her husband, as it be your pleasure," said Foster, in reply; "but did as Abraham commanded, calling herself his sister, that it might be well with her husband for her sake, and that his soul might live because of her beauty."

"Now, so heaven pardon me my useless anger," answered the countess, "thou art as daring a hypocrite as yonder fellow is an impudent deceiver. Never will I believe that the noble Dudley gave countenance to so dastardly, so dishonourable a plan. Thus I tread on his infamy, if his indeed it be, and thus destroy its remembrance for ever!"

So saying, she tore in pieces Leicester's letter, and stamped, in the extremity of impatience, as if she would have annihilated the minute fragments into which she had rent it.

"Bear witness," said Varney, collecting himself, "she has torn my lord's letter, in order to burthen me with the scheme of his devising; and although it promises nought but danger and trouble to me, she would lay it to my charge, as if I had any purpose of mine own in it."

"Thou liest, thou treacherous slave!" said Countess Amy, in spite of Janet's attempts to keep her silent, in the sad foresight that her vehemence might only furnish arms against herself. "Thou liest," she continued—"Let me go, Janet—were it the last word I have to speak, he lies—he had his own foul ends to seek; and broader he would have displayed them, had my passion permitted me to preserve the silence which at first encouraged him to unfold his vile projects."

"Madam," said Varney, overwhelmed in spite of his effrontery, "I entreat you to believe yourself mistaken."

"As soon will I believe light darkness. Have I drank of oblivion? Do I not remember former passages, which, known to Leicester, had given thee the preference of a gallows, instead of the honour of his intimacy.—I would I were a man but for five minutes! It were space enough to make a craven like thee confess his villainy. But go—begone—tell thy master, that when I take the foul course to which such scandalous deceptions thou hast recommended on his behalf, must necessarily lead me, I will give him a rival something worthy of the name. He shall not be supplanted by an ignominious lacquey, whose best fortune is to catch his master's last suit of clothes ere it

is thread-bare, and who is only fit to seduce a suburb-wench by the bravery of new roses in his mother's old pantofles. Go, begone, sir—I scorn thee so much, that I am ashamed to have been angry with thee."

Varney gets Alasco to prepare a potion, which he hoped would either poison the countess, or at least render her unable to appear at Kenilworth. Compelled by the threats of the wretch, she drinks it, without the dire effect. The countess quits Cunnor in disguise, under the protection of Wayland, who had arranged the escape with Janet; and, after encountering Varney, who mistakes them for revelers, and meeting with other interesting adventures, they reach Kenilworth, where, with some difficulty, they get admission.

The countess was appointed an apartment in Mervyn's Tower, where she found materials for writing. She immediately wrote a letter to the Earl of Leicester; and, 'in lieu of a seal and silken thread, she secured it with a braid of her own beautiful tresses, secured by what is called a true-love knot.' The letter was given to Wayland, but he determined to see Tressilian before he had it delivered. By a singular fatality, allowable in romance, the apartment occupied by the countess had been assigned to Tressilian, who entered by means of a master-key, [we were not aware that lock-making had reached such perfection in those days,] and saw his long-lost Amy. She started with surprise on seeing him, and the paleness of her cheeks gave way to a deep blush:—

"'Tressilian," she said, at length, "why come you here?"

"'Nay, why come you here, Amy," returned Tressilian, "unless it be at length to claim that aid, which, as far as one man's heart and arm can extend, shall instantly be rendered to you?"

"She was silent a moment, and then answered in a sorrowful, rather an angry tone,—"I require no aid, Tressilian, and would rather be injured than benefited by any which your kindness can offer me. Believe me, I am near one whom law and love oblige to protect me."

"'The villain, then, hath done you the poor justice which remained in his power," said Tressilian; "and I behold before me the wife of Varney!"

"'The wife of Varney!" she replied, with all the emphasis of scorn; "with what base name, sir, does your boldness stigmatize the—the—the—" She hesitated, dropped her tone of scorn, looked down, and was confused and silent, for she recollected what fatal consequences might attend her completing the sentence with

'the Countess of Leicester,' which were the words that had naturally suggested themselves. It would have been a betrayal of the secret, on which her husband had assured her that his fortunes depended, to Tressilian, to Sussex, to the Queen, and to the whole assembled court. "Never," she thought, "will I break my promised silence. I will submit to every suspicion rather than that."

The tears rose to her eyes, as she stood silent before Tressilian; while, looking on her with mingled grief and pity, he said, "Alas! Amy, your eyes contradict your tongue. That speaks of a protector, willing and able to watch over you; but these tell me you are ruined and deserted by the wretch to whom you have attached yourself."

She looked on him, with eyes in which anger sparkled through her tears, but only repeated the word "wretch!" with a scornful emphasis.

"'Yes, wretch!" said Tressilian; "for were he aught better, why are you here, and alone in my apartment? why was not fitting provisions made for your honourable reception?"

"'In your apartment?" repeated Amy; "in your apartment? It shall instantly be relieved of my presence." She hastened towards the door; but the sad recollection of her deserted state at once pressed on her mind, and, pausing on the threshold, she added, in a tone unutterably pathetic, "Alas! I had forgot—I know not where to go."

"I see—I see it all," said Tressilian, springing to her side, and leading her back to the seat, on which she sunk down—"you do need aid—you do need protection, though you will not own it; and you shall not need it in vain. Leaning on my arm, as the representative of your excellent and broken-hearted father, on the very threshold of the castle-gate, you shall meet Elizabeth; and the first deed she shall do in the halls of Kenilworth, shall be an act of justice to her sex and her subjects. Strong in my good cause, and in the Queen's justice, the power of her minion shall not shake my resolution. I will instantly seek Sussex."

"'Not for that is under heaven!" said the countess, much alarmed, and feeling the absolute necessity of obtaining time, at least, for consideration. "Tressilian, you were wont to be generous—grant me one request, and believe, if it be your wish to save me from misery, and from madness, you will do more by making me the promise I ask of you, than Elizabeth can do for me with all her power."

"Ask me any thing for which you can allege reason," said Tressilian; "but demand not of me!"

"O limit not your boon, dear Edmund!" exclaimed the countess, "you once loved that I should call you so—limit not your boon to reason! for my case is all madness, and phrenzy must guide the counsels which alone can aid me."

"If you speak thus wildly," said

Tressilian, astonishment again overpowering both his grief and his resolution, "I must believe you, indeed, incapable of thinking or acting for yourself."

"Oh no!" she exclaimed, sinking on one knee before him, "I am not mad—I am but a creature unutterably miserable, and, from circumstances the most singular, dragged on to a precipice by the arm of him who thinks he is keeping me from it—even by your's Tressilian,—by your's, whom I have honoured, respected—all but loved—and yet loved too—loved too, Tressilian—though not as you wished me."

"There was an energy—a self-possession—an abandonment in her voice and manner—a total resignation of herself to his generosity, which, together with the kindness of her expressions to himself, moved him deeply. He raised her, and, in broken accents, entreated her to be comforted.

"I cannot," she said, "I will not be comforted, till you grant me my request! I will speak as plainly as I dare—I am now awaiting the commands of one who has a right to issue them; the interference of a third person—of you in especial, Tressilian, will be ruin—utter ruin to me. Wait but four-and-twenty-hours, and it may be that the poor Amy may have the means to shew that she values, and can reward, your disinterested friendship—that she is happy herself, and has the means to make you so. It is surely yours your patience, for so short a space!"

Tressilian promises to keep the secret for twenty-four hours; he meets Wayland, who has lost the countess's letter, and in going back to her chamber, he encounters Lambourne, who has him turned out of the castle. The Queen now arrives at Kenilworth, when the festivities commence; the description of these is passed over rather slightly by the author, who refers to Laneham's account in Mr. Nicholl's [improperly called Nicholas's] Progresses and Processions of Queen Elizabeth.

Varney had procured certificates, that the countess, his supposed wife, was so ill, as to be unable to attend at Kenilworth; these are shown to Tressilian by the Queen; and he declares they speak not the truth. The Queen declares he shall have a fair hearing; and several noblemen and ladies present speak in praise of Alasco, who had signed the certificate as physician. Tressilian entreated twenty-four hours, in which time, if he did not prove that the certificates spoke falsely, he would lay his head on the block. Varney and Nicholas Blount, and, at the request of the Duchess of Rutland, Raleigh, are all knighted by the Queen. Varney urges Leicester to aim at the

'crown matrimonial,' and the better to persuade him, endeavours to make him suspect the countess's honour, accusing her of passing some time in Tressilian's chamber. — The countess passes her time with great anxiety, and while she is in hopes of seeing her lord, Lambourne enters, muffled up in a cloak, and offers violence to her. The countess shrieks, which brings to her aid Lawrence Staples, the tower-keeper, who threatens to knock Lambourne down with the keys. In the struggle that takes place between them, the countess escapes into the garden, which is soon afterwards entered by the Queen, in a hunting-dress, and Leicester, who on this occasion addressed her Majesty with an importunity which 'became the language of love itself.' The Queen requested to be alone, and while ruminating on the earl's suit, she saw the unhappy countess, whom she at first mistook for a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations, to surprise her with their homage. The Queen was soon undeceived, when the countess approached and claimed her protection:—

"I request—I implore," stammered forth the unfortunate countess,—"I beseech your gracious protection—against—against one Varney." She choked well nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

"What Varney—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of Lord Leicester!—What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I—I—was his prisoner—and he practised on my life—and I broke forth to—"

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it—that is, if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost.—Thou art," she said, bending on the countess an eye, which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul,—"thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robart, of Lidcote Hall?"

"Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious princess!" said Amy, dropping once more on her knee, from which she had arisen.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth; "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely. Well, I see I must wing the story from thee by inches—thou didst deceive thine old and honoured father—thy look confesses it—cheated master Tressilian—thy blush avouches it—and married this same Varney."

"Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the Queen eagerly, with, "No, madam, no—as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would

take me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!"

The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, "Why, God ha' mercy! woman—I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman," she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practised on her,—"tell me, woman—for by God's day, I will know—whose wife, or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy; thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth."

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of the precipice, which she saw but could not avoid,—permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words, and menacing gestures of the offended Queen, Amy at length uttered in despair, "The Earl of Leicester knows it all."

"The Earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment—"The Earl of Leicester!" she repeated, with kindling anger.—"Woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noble lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman, in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!"

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed Queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth hastily advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the pleasure, dragging with her the terrified countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant Queen.

Leicester was at this time in the midst of a splendid group of lords and ladies, assembled under an arcade, when his ears were assailed by the well known voice of majesty, 'where is my Lord of Leicester?'—stand forth my Lord of Leicester." The Queen darted into the circle, and pointing to the countess, whom she supported with one hand, inquired of the astonished earl, 'knowest thou this woman?'—

As at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave, and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself, who, as if some ac-

tual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flag-stones on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou hadst practised on me—on me thy sovereign—on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ingrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises—by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers—to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think—defied in the castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man!—My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England, attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor, Dudley, Earl of Leicester!—Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody.—I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boyleys, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any others, replied bluntly, "And it is like your grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow, for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient."

"Patient—God's life!" exclaimed the Queen,—"name not the word to me; thou knowest not of what he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended sovereign, instantly, (and, alas! how many women have done the same,) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing himself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam—he is guiltless—no one can lay ought to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the Queen, "didst not thou, thyself, say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so," repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self interest; "O, if I did, I foolishly belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath—and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire—shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

"As the Queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him for ever, if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandon her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the Queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honour, to avow his marriage, and proclaim himself the protector of his countess, when Varney, born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius, rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

"Varney, with the air of a man altogether overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, 'Pardon, my liege, pardon!—or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!'"

"Any, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious, place himself so near her, and was about to fly towards Leicester, when, checked at once by the uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had re-assumed, as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new scene, she hung back, and, uttering a faint scream, besought of her Majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the castle—to deal with her as the worst of criminals—"but spare," she exclaimed, "my sight and hearing, what will destroy the little judgment I have left—the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!"

"And why, sweetheart?" said the Queen, moved by a new impulse; "what hat he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?"

"Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury—he hath sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him."

"Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already," answered the Queen.—"My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed, and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming."

An affecting interview takes place between the earl and the countess, in which she entreats that he will do justice to her and to his own honour, by avowing himself her husband; and that then, if law or power require that he should part from her, she will oppose no objection. Leicester hesitates and talks of defiance. On returning with Varney to his chamber, he calcu-

lates on his supposed strength, which he conceives to be 'a tree so deep rooted as not easily to be torn up by the tempest.' Varney turns the conversation to the subject of the countess, whom he accuses of being in continued connivance with Tressilian, and mentions his meeting him at Cumnor Hall. Leicester, being wrought upon, vows the destruction of the countess. Varney obtains authority to take her to Cumnor Place, and rid his master of her for ever. Leicester swears to reserve Tressilian for his own revenge. Varney carries off the countess, and Leicester, fearing he might be too hasty in executing his purpose, writes a counter-order, which he despatches by Lambourne to Varney. Leicester and Tressilian encounter, but are interrupted. They retire, but renew the combat next day, when Tressilian would have received the fatal blow, had not his arm been arrested by the boy, Dickie Sludge, who produced the lost letter from the countess to the earl:—

"The letter dropped from Leicester's hand when he had perused it. 'Take my sword,' he said, 'Tressilian, and pierce my heart, as I would but now have pierced your's!'"

"My lord," said Tressilian, "you have done me great wrong; but something within my breast ever whispered that it was by egregious error."

"Error, indeed!" said Leicester, and handed him the letter; "I have been made to believe a man of honour a villain, and the best and purest of creatures a false profligate.—Wretched boy, why comes this letter now, and where has the bearer lingered?"

"I dare not tell you, my lord," said the boy, withdrawing, as if to keep beyond his reach;—"but here comes one who was the messenger."

Wayland at the same moment came up; and, interrogated by Leicester, hastily detailed all the circumstances of his escape with Amy, the fatal practices which had driven her to flight, and her anxious desire to throw herself under the instant protection of her husband,—pointing out the evidence of the domestics of Kenilworth, "who could not," he observed, "but remember her eager inquiries after the Earl of Leicester on her first arrival."

"The villains!" exclaimed Leicester;—"but O, that worst of villains, Varney!—and she is even now in his power!"

"But not, I trust in God," said Tressilian, "with any commands of fatal import?"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the earl hastily.—"I said something in madness—but it was recalled, fully recalled, by a hasty messenger; and she is now—she must now be safe."

"Yes," said Tressilian, "she must be

safe, and I must be assured of her safety. My own quarrel with you is ended, my lord; but there is another, to begin with the seducer of Amy Robarts, who has screened his guilt under the cloak of the infamous Varney."

"The seducer of Amy!" replied Leicester, with a voice like thunder; "say her husband!—her misguided, blinded, most unworthy husband!—She is as surely Countess of Leicester, as I am belted earl. Nor can you, sir, point out that manner of justice which I will not render her at my own free will. I need scarce say, I fear not your compulsion."

"The generous nature of Tressilian was instantly turned from consideration of any thing personal to himself, and entered at once upon Amy's welfare. He had by no means undoubting confidence in the fluctuating resolutions of Leicester, whose mind seemed to him agitated beyond the government of calm reason; neither did he, notwithstanding the assurances he had received, think Amy safe in the hands of his dependants. "My lord," he said, calmly, "I mean you no offence, and am far from seeking a quarrel. But my duty to Sir Hugh Robarts compels me to carry this matter instantly to the Queen, that the Countess's rank may be acknowledged in her person."

"You shall not need, sir," replied the earl, haughtily; "do not dare to interfere. No voice but Dudley's shall proclaim Dudley's infamy.—To Elizabeth herself will I tell it, and then for Cumnor-Place with the speed of life and death!"

"So saying, he unbound his horse from the tree, threw himself into the saddle, and rode at full gallop towards the castle."

The Queen learns from Tressilian the whole of Amy's unhappy story, and reproaches Leicester with great severity:—

"At length, however, the haughty lord, like a deer that turns to bay, gave intimation that his patience was failing. "Madam," he said, "I have been much to blame—more than even your just resentment has expressed. Yet, Madam, let me say, that my guilt, if it be unpardonable, was not unprovoked; and that if beauty and condescending dignity could seduce the frail heart of a human being, I might plead both, as the causes of my concealing this secret from your Majesty."

"The Queen was so much struck by this reply, which Leicester took care should be heard by no one but herself, that she was for the moment silenced, and the earl had the temerity to pursue his advantage. "Your Grace, who has pardoned so much, will excuse my throwing myself on your royal mercy for those expressions, which were yesterday morning accounted but a light offence."

"The queen fixed her eyes on him while she replied, "Now, by heaven,

my lord, thy effrontery passes the bounds of belief, as well as patience! But it shall avail thee nothing.—What, ho! my lords, come all and hear the news—My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband, and England a king. His lordship is patriarchal in his tastes—one wife at a time was insufficient, and he designed us the honour of his left hand. Now, is not this too insolent,—that I could not grace him with a few marks of court-favour, but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal?—You, however, think better of me; and I can pity this ambitious man, as I could a child, whose bubble of soap has burst between his hands. We go to the presence-chamber—My lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us.”

“All was eager expectation in the hall, and what was the universal astonishment, when the Queen said to those next her, ‘The revels of Kenilworth are not yet exhausted, my lords and ladies—we are to solemnize the noble owner's marriage.’”

“There was an universal expression of surprise.

“‘It is true, on our royal word,’ said the Queen; ‘he hath kept this a secret even from us, that he might surprise us with it at this very place and time. I see you are dying of curiosity to know the happy bride.—It is Amy Robsart, the same who, to make up the May-game yesterday, figured in the pageant as the wife of his servant Varney.’”

“‘For God's sake, madam,’ said the earl, approaching her with a mixture of humility, vexation, and shame in his countenance, and speaking so low as to be heard by no one else, ‘take my head, as you threatened in your anger, and spare me these taunts! Urge not a falling man—tread not on a crushed worm.’”

“‘A woman, my lord?’ said the Queen, in the same tone; ‘nay, a snake is the nobler reptile, and the more exact similitude—the frozen snake you wot of, which was warmed in a certain bosom!’—”

“‘For your own sake—for mine, madam,’ said the earl—‘while there is yet some reason left in me!’—”

“‘Speak aloud, my lord,’ said Elizabeth, ‘and at farther distance, so please you—your breath thaws our ruff. What have you to ask of us?’”

“‘Permission,’ said the unfortunate earl, humbly, ‘to travel to Cumnor Place.’”

The Queen refuses, and orders Tressilian, accompanied by Raleigh, to be despatched to Cumnor. On their way they find Lambourne, who had been shot by Varney, lest he should no longer conceal his villainies. Varney rushes Cumnor with the countess:—

“On the next day, when evening approached, Varney summoned Foster to the execution of their plan. Tider and Foster's old man-servant were sent on a feigned errand down to the village, and

Anthony himself, as if anxious to see that the countess suffered no want of accommodation, visited her place of confinement. He was so much staggered at the mildness and patience with which she seemed to endure her confinement, that he could not help earnestly recommending to her not to cross the threshold of her room on any account whatsoever, until Lord Leicester should come, “Which,” he added, “I trust in God, will be very soon.” Amy patiently promised that she would resign herself to her fate, and Foster returned to his hardened companion with his conscience half-eased of the perilous load that weighed on it. “I have warned her,” he said; “surely in vain is the snare set in the sight of any bird.”

“He left, therefore, the countess's door unsecured on the outside, and under the eye of Varney, withdrew the supports which sustained the falling trap, which, therefore, kept its level position merely by a slight adhesion. They withdrew to wait the issue on the ground-floor adjoining, but they waited long in vain. At length Varney, after walking long to and fro, with his face muffled in his cloak, threw it suddenly back, and said, “Surely never was a woman fool enough to neglect so fair an opportunity of escape!”

“‘Perhaps she is resolved,’ said Foster, ‘to await her husband's return.’”

“‘True!—most true,’ said Varney, rushing out, ‘I had not thought of that before.’”

“In less than two minutes, Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the court-yard, and then a whistle similar to that which was the earl's usual signal; the instant after, the door of the countess's chamber opened, and, in the same moment the trap-door gave way. There was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over.

“At the same instant, Varney called in at the window, in an accent and tone which was an indescribable mixture between horror and rallery, ‘Is the bird caught?—Is the deed done?’”

“‘O God, forgive us!’ replied Anthony Foster.

“‘Why, thou fool,’ said Varney, ‘thy toil is ended, and thy reward secure. Look down into the vault—what seest thou?’”

“‘I see only a heap of white clothes, like a snow-drift,’ said Foster. ‘O God, she moves her arm!’”

“‘Hurl something down on her.—Thy gold chest, Tony—it is an heavy one.’”

“‘Varney, thou art an incarnate fiend!’ replied Foster:—‘There needs nothing more—she is gone!’”

“‘So pass our troubles,’ said Varney, entering the room; ‘I dreamed not I could have mimicked the earl's call so well.’”

“‘Oh, if there be judgment in heaven, thou hast deserved it,’ said Foster, ‘and wilt meet it!—Thou hast destroyed her by means of her best affections.—It is a seething of the kid in the mother's milk.’”

Tressilian and Raleigh arrived; when Varney ‘seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in pointing out to them the remains of the murdered countess, while he, at the same time, defied them to shew that he had had any share in her death.’ Varney took poison, and Foster betaking him to a place of concealment in his own house, locked the door on himself, and, being unable to escape, miserably perished. Sir Hugh Robsart died very soon after his daughter, having left his estate to Tressilian, who embarked with Raleigh for Virginia, and ‘young in years but old in griefs, died, before his day, in that foreign land.’

We have entered so fully into the story of Kenilworth, and given such copious extracts, that we might commit the work to our readers without a single comment. We cannot, however, but observe, that, notwithstanding its many beauties, it falls short of the former productions of the same author, and is even inferior to *Ivanhoe*. The character of Raleigh is feebly drawn, and Shakespeare has had less attention devoted to him than we could have wished. Although there is ‘no scandal about Queen Elizabeth,’ yet her character is not delineated with that skill we had expected. The catastrophe is excessively abrupt, and the death of the heroine, whose name has been prominent in three volumes, is dismissed in a single sentence. But, notwithstanding these defects, *Kenilworth* is a delightful romance. Many of the characters are drawn with a master hand, particularly that of Varney, which is second only to the Iago of our immortal bard.

A Day in Autumn; a Poem. By Bernard Barton. 4to. pp. 31. Woodbridge, 1820.

We have already expressed so favourable an opinion of Mr. Barton's poetical talents,* that we need only to add that the ‘*Day in Autumn*’ is marked by the same beauties, the same moral feeling, and the same fine toned poetic fancy and love of nature which we observed in his first volume of Poems, while we think it displays more genius. The ‘*Invocation to Autumn*’ is a very pleasing poetical description of that season of the year:—

‘Autumn! soul soothing season, thou who spreadest

Thy lavish feast for every living thing,—
Around whose leaf-strew'd path, as on thou treadest,

* See *Literary Chronicle* for 1820, p. 371.

The year its dying odours loves to fling,
Their last faint fragrance sweetly scattering :—
O ! let thy influence, meek, majestic, holy,
So consciously around my spirit cling,
That its fix'd frame may be remote from folly,
Of sober thought combin'd with gentle melancholy.

If, in the morning of my life, to Spring
I paid my homage with a heart elate ;
And with each fluttering insect on the wing,
Or small bird singing to his happy mate,
And Flora's festival then held in state :—
If joyous sympathy with these was mine,
O ! still allow me now to dedicate
To thee a loftier song :—that tone assign
Unto my murr'ing lyre, which Nature gives
to thee.

A tone of thrilling softness, now as caught
From light winds sweeping o'er a stubble
field :—
And now and then be with those breezes brought
A murmur musical, of winds conceal'd
In coy recesses, by escape reveal'd :—
And ever and anon, still deeper tone
Of winter's gath'ring dirge, at distance peal'd,
By harps and bands unceasing ; and only known
To some enthusiast's ear when worshipping
alone.

No more of invocation ! Bright the day
Arose ; as if the glorious sun were bent,
(Like some proud monarch, whose decline
sway
Is still majestic and magnificent.)
On once more filling his own firmament
With undiminish'd splendour :

Mr. Barton is a member of the Society of Friends ; and, although we are far from thinking that the members of that respectable body are now generally inimical to poetry, yet, perhaps, a consciousness that some are not very friendly to it, has induced the author to vindicate 'gentle poesy' in the following stanzas :—

'The Muses are not innately oppos'd
To pure religion :—witness Cowper's lyre,
And those more awful visions once disclos'd
To him, the loftiest of our tuneful choir,
Seraphic Milton, whose lips felt the fire
Caught from the altar's live coal ; prompted
whence,
In verse which, although numerous, could not tire,
He sang of themes beyond our finite sense,
And pour'd his heavenly song with holy eloquence.

Not that a poet by his craft is bound
To be for ever hasting heavenly thoughts ;
Though palms unfading grow on holy grounds,
And at their feet are everlastingly strewn,
And many a spot with holiest vision teems,
Replete with inspiration ; still we may
Be more familiar with them than besems
True reverence, and unguardedly betray
The cause we wish to serve by our unworthy lay.
Yet he who scans aright the end for which
The gift of song, if genuine, was bestow'd,
Will ever strain its most commanding pitch
In virtue's praise ; and seek to strew the road
That leads to her immortal blest abode,
With amaranthine flowers ; even when he
plays
With lighter theme, in seeming misanthropic mode,
Or nature's loveliness in song portrays,
His end and aim through all should be the
Giver's praise.

And inexhaustible the beauties are
Of this fair universe. The boundless main ;
Heaven's outstretch'd cope, begemmed with
many a star ;
And earth's rich loveliness,—the ample plain,
And stream which marks it like a silver vein ;
Mountain and forest—lake and water-fall ;
Can minstrel ere want subject for his strain
While such display their charms so prodigal ?
Or how, while singing them, forget who form'd
them all !
O poesy ! thou dear delightful art !
Of sciences by far the most sublime ;
Who acting rightly thy immortal part,
Art virtue's handmaid,—censor stern of
crime,—
Nature's high priest, and chronicler of time ;
The nurse of feeling, the interpreter
Of pure passion ;—who, in manhood's prime,
In age or infancy alike can't stir
The heart's most secret thoughts !

The strong religious feeling which breathes throughout the whole poem, is very fervidly expressed in the following stanza :—

'One topic more :—still Night will yet intrude
Upon my serious thoughts while hymning
thee :
Thou art the emblem, type, similitude,
Of silence yet more awful ! although we
Are loath the approach of Death's dark night to
see !
Father of mercies ! thou whose goodness gave
Thy son below'd, man's sacrifice to be,
Grant that in life's last hour my soul may
crave,
Nor crave in vain, His love to light me through
the grave.'

We will not borrow farther from a poem of thirty pages, having quoted sufficient to shew the poetical genius, the amiable character, and the strong religious feelings of the author.

—♦—♦—♦—
Such is the World. A Novel. 3 vols.
12mo. pp. 946. London, 1821.

A PRETTY extensive field our author has taken, when he attempts to shew us what the world is. Its varieties, however, are too great to be all developed even in a novel of three volumes. It is too much the character of modern productions of this class, that they are either tame in language, destitute of incident, or too romantic in the story. All these errors the author of 'Such is the World,' has avoided. His style is far above mediocrity : the incidents of his novel are highly interesting, and the story does not encroach too much on improbability. The characters in the novel, which embrace 'all ranks and degrees of men,' from a duke down to the hostler of an inn, are drawn with a fidelity and correctness, which none but a person who has mixed much in the world could have sketched. Another merit this novel possesses, in which we should be happy to see every work of the kind resemble it ;—we mean,

that of having a good moral tendency. There are no coarse ribaldries—no indecent allusions—no *double entendres*, to raise a blush on the cheek of youthful innocence. Virtue and vice are so faithfully portrayed, that we do not fear our juvenile friends choosing the former for the model of their future conduct in life.

The heroine of the novel is a Miss Isabella Templeton, the daughter of Lord Murray, by Miss Etheridge, the daughter of a clergyman. Lord Murray is the only son of the Earl of Annandale, and did not happen to be born until an elder sister, Lady Margaret, had attained sufficient age to entertain the hope of perpetuating in her own person, the title of the family. The enmity of this lady to her brother, on being thus put aside from the succession, was insatiable. Lord Murray dies suddenly, soon after the birth of our heroine. Lady Margaret administers opium to the child ; and its mother and all around believe it dead. The child, however, recovers, and is sent by the lady to a Dr. Neville, in Wales, in a mysterious way, as Isabella Templeton. The doctor and his lady bring the child up with parental fondness, until she attains the age of eighteen or twenty, when she is seen by Lord Murray, the son of Lady Margaret, by a Mr. Irving. He loves her, but his mother, who, on the death of her father, assumed the title of Countess of Annandale, has Isabella kidnapped by some smugglers, and conveyed to London. Here she is first placed with a former servant of the countess, and afterwards as companion to lady Susan Violet. Isabella's charms excite universal admiration. Lord Murray discovers her, and vows unalterable love ; the countess, however, in order to thwart it, sends him abroad. Isabella attends the ladies to a masquerade, where an artful villain, Count le Grand, who paid her particular attentions, is seen with her by Lord Murray, who was also in mask. A deep laid plot, to ruin the young innocent, makes his lordship jealous of her affection, and he hastens back to Paris, and marries the daughter of the Duke of Weobly,—a match brought about by the artifices of her mother. Isabella escapes from her persecutors, and is met by Dr. Neville, and his friend Mr. Lindley : her true history is discovered, and she is declared, by incontestible evidence, the heir of the noble House of Annandale. Lord Murray's mother, on finding her plot discovered,

dies of grief and remorse; his lordship nearly frantic enters a monastery, but afterwards returns to the world and lives happily with his wife. Our heroine, Isabella, now Countess of Anandale, marries a worthy gentleman, a Mr. Sterling, and all the subordinate characters in the drama are disposed of according to their deserts.

Such is a very hasty sketch of the plot, which possesses considerable interest, and is throughout very well managed. There are several scenes, both of a serious and comic cast, which give a favourable opinion of the author, but we select one at the commencement which contains both. Dr. Neville has just received the mysterious letter, announcing the infant charge consigned to his care.

"As soon as Mrs. Neville had read this singular epistle, she exclaimed, 'I hope, doctor, you do not intend to take in this child belonging to nobody knows who.—You may do as you please—but I shall never consent to it—I dare say, it is the —'"

"What can I do?" interrupted her husband. "The child is already on the road, and surely, Mary, you will not shut your door against helpless, friendless, innocence?"

"Dear me, Doctor Neville," resumed his wife, "I am not really equal to the fatigue of taking charge of so young a child: we must have an extra servant for it—a nurse—a girl at least we must have—we cannot afford it—besides, what will the villagers say of me—ay, of us both?—Is not our parish reckoned the most orderly of any for miles round? And has it not been my pride that it should contain none but honest women, and orderly young men? Will they not say, ah! Madam Neville can harbour a love child when it belongs to great folks; she will be well paid for it, no doubt.—I tell you, husband, I never can consent to such a thing."

"How can you not? Mrs. Neville, you are too warm; and your warmth leads you to suspect that for which you have no foundation. Now I should have thought, since it has pleased heaven to depute you of your own cherubs, that this poor forsaken little one would, in some degree, have replaced those you loved so well. Think, Mary, if perchance your own child had laid claim to the protection of a stranger, how you would have felt, had that stranger shut his door against your offspring?"

"Doctor," interrupted his wife, "the case is quite different.—Here is a child, of nobody knows who, absolutely forced upon us. We might have been asked whether or not an addition to our family would have been agreeable."

"I ask you to receive it," replied Dr. Neville. "I ask you to take compassion on Isabella Templeton."

"Just as the doctor pronounced these words, the servant-maid entered the breakfast parlour, to say, that a sick parishioner begged his presence immediately. The good man accordingly hastened to the bed of sickness, where he passed some time administering those consolations with which religion soothes the last hours of the dying Christian. The doctor did not return home till dinner-time; and, when the cloth was drawn, the expected child became again the subject of conversation. Mrs. Neville was not to be convinced; and her husband's arguments were on the point of being changed into commands, when the servant came in, saying that Jenkins was come with a message, that a lady had arrived at the Llewellyn's Head, and desired Doctor Neville would attend her as soon as possible. The doctor rose hastily, and quit the room without uttering one word.

"What sort of a woman, Betty?" inquired Mrs. Neville, as her husband closed the door after him.

"Ma'am, 'a lady,' Jenkins said:—he didn't say what sort of lady; but he said, 'La! Betty, what a sweet baby she has with her!'"

"Baby!" exclaimed Mrs. Neville, colouring deeply. "Fetch me my bonnet and cloak directly, Betty, and make haste. Sweet baby, indeed!" rejoined she. "Bless me, how long Betty is!—Betty—Betty, I say, make haste!"

"Coming, ma'am; but I can't find your gloves."

"O, never mind the gloves!" replied Mrs. Neville. But the maid, though astonished at the impatience of her mistress, still lingered to look for them, till a second call obliged her to descend without them.

Hastily putting on her bonnet and cloak, Mrs. Neville sallied forth from her own house for the inn. Dr. Neville, in the mean time, had made the best of his way thither, preceded by Jenkins, who, though advanced in years, had all the agility of youth, and more of its vivacity than remains when wit exercises its playfulness under the guardianship of experience. But with Jenkins there was "a time to speak, and a time to keep silence;" and at present the latter seemed dictated either by prudence, or the old man's desire to leave the doctor's mind in its best state of preparation for an unexpected surprise.

As soon as they arrived at the inn door, Dr. Neville was told by the hostess, that "a lady waited for him in the best bed-room." Thither the doctor proceeded: and, eagerly ascending the stair, he was followed by the very significant smiles of the landlady and her attendants. Upon entering the room, the door of which Jenkins opened, Dr. Neville bowed to a tall and neatly dressed female, who wore a thick and long veil. She curtsied, and, pointing to the bed, said, in an under tone, which appeared tremulous from

suppressed emotion, "There, sir, lies Isabella Templeton, your future ward."

The good man turned towards the bed, and stood wrapped in meditation as he gazed upon the sleeping infant before him. A pearly tear bedewed its rosy cheek, while an occasional sob further betrayed that the babe had been hushed to sleep after a violent fit of crying.

"Poor babe!" exclaimed the doctor; "poor little forsaken child! if I at the first sight of thee feel thus, what must thy mother have felt at parting with thee! Madam," continued he, turning round to address the unknown female, "madam, you may rest——" He stopped short, for the woman was gone! "This is very strange," resumed he; "but she is no doubt below." Thither the doctor bent his steps; but just as he reached the bottom of the stairs, a post-chaise and four drove rapidly from the inn door, containing, as he was informed by Jenkins, the "veiled lady."

"And," said the landlady, who seemed breathless at the disappointment to which the sudden departure of her guest subjected her, "and the lady, sir, desired I would tell you this trunk contained the baby's wardrobe; but she did not mention this small bundle, which, I think, she left by mistake. I took hold of it while she was fumbling for her purse to pay us; and she hurried into the chaise so fast, and was off so soon——"

"Give it me, ma'am," said Jenkins, who had by this time put the trunk on his shoulder; "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

"Poor baby!" continued Mrs. Apshenkins, "it cried sadly when 'twas undressed, and the lady cried too. Shall I open the bundle, sir?"

The doctor, more amazed than ever, eagerly seized the bundle, which the hostess declined giving up to Jenkins. It had occurred to the vicar, that it might contain a clue to the mystery in which this whole day's work seemed enveloped; and, again ascending the stairs, he gently raised the sleeping infant. The doctor had been a parent; and, pressing his lips softly upon the little innocent's cheek, he repeated, "I will be a father to thee, thou poor deserted little one! Bring the portmanteau after me," said he to Jenkins.

The old man obeyed; and following the doctor, who was absorbed in the contemplation of his beautiful and innocent charge, passed on unconscious of the nods and significant looks of the villagers, who had been drawn together at the novel spectacle of a post-chaise in Oldenwood. Dr. Neville had scarcely passed through the inn-yard, when he was met by his wife, who coloured up as she approached him. He was rocking the infant, for it appeared to be waking; indeed, at this moment it opened its soft blue eyes; and fixing them on the doctor, it put up its lip, but turning its head, it caught sight of

the softened features of Mrs. Neville, and stretched out its little arms to her, when the good woman, (she really was a good woman,) burst into tears as the doctor, holding the infant to her, said, "For my sake, Mary, be a mother to it."

"My own sweet Mary had blue eyes," said Mrs. Neville, as she pressed the baby to her breast. Oh, nature! thou powerful pleader! who can resist thee? One single look of thine has pierced the hardest hearts; no wonder, then, that Mrs. Neville's prejudices should be subdued at thy appeal.

Betty's surprise, as her master and mistress and old Jenkins entered the house, was beyond description. It is true that this country girl had had some intimation of the doctor's errand to the inn; but the babe Mrs. Neville carried in her arms was presented so suddenly, and so unexpectedly, to poor Betty's view, as to create the liveliest impression; and there was, besides, something of mystery in the appearance of the infant. In short, if Betty had studied the most learned disquisition on the passions, she could not have had a better incident to illustrate the law of excitement on which wonder is principally grounded.

"Put down the portmanteau, Jenkins," said the doctor; and the old man did so and departed.

"And Betty," said Mrs. Neville,—"Betty, run to Sally Meadows, and say I want her eldest girl to come here immediately."

Betty, beckoning to Jenkins to stop, she soon joined him; and her curiosity instantly led her to inquire into this very extraordinary affair. As, however, Mrs. Neville was an exceedingly particular mistress, whose disposition Betty had well studied, the girl could carry no time to question or argue with Jenkins. She was thence obliged to be content for the present with mere facts, so few and brief as to be very unsatisfactory to her mind. Onward she hastened to Sally Meadows's cottage, while Jenkins struck off in an opposite direction, to regain the inn.

The case was different at the porch of the Llewellyn's Head. There opinions were various. The appearance of a chaise and four, driving with rapidity into the village of Oldenwood, had roused from their hearths all the gossips of the place; and the dust, put in motion by the horses' feet and the wheels of the vehicle, was not more evanescent in its action than the ideas which now floated in the brains of Dr. Neville's female parishioners. As, however, a short space only elapsed ere the same machine gilded again past their eyes, there occurred to some one's mind a vague idea, that more might be learned at the Llewellyn's Head, from the servants, than by conjecture. Accordingly, by the time Jenkins reached the inn gate, a motley group had assembled, to terminate their curiosity by the acquisition of knowledge. All were inquisitive, for the sight was strange to every one; each had

her peculiar question, for it was rarely such a sight was seen in Oldenwood; and many were the significant and penetrating suppositions as to the origin of Isabella Templeton.

Mrs. Apshenkins, the landlady, was in general the first to give her opinion on all subjects; but, in the present instance, she yielded to the torrent of speculative guesses which were thrown out by the gossips. Though habit had taught our hostess to play the servant to her customers, when her judgment was appealed to, in matters which concerned not her immediate calling, no woman in Oldenwood evinced more vanity than Mrs. Apshenkins.

"But it may not be out of place to account for this woman's self-love."

Mrs. Apshenkins was a native of London, with whom Mr. Apshenkins had become enamoured while he put up at an inn in West Smithfield, whither he had driven some Welsh cattle for sale. At that period, Mrs. Apshenkins was barmaid; and Mr. Apshenkins having preferred his suit with much devotion, the young woman smiled on it with approving condescension. She had put by a few pounds while in this situation; and with that sum, and what other pence Mr. Apshenkins had hoarded while a drover's man, they came to Oldenwood, his native village, and bought the good-will of the Llewellyn's Head, the then landlord having preferred the wilds of Louisiana to the comforts of Wales.

Mrs. Apshenkins's opinion was in general a flat from which little or no appeal was ever made in the village. There were, indeed, a few old women who maintained that the comfortable looking landlady had been occasionally mistaken in her decision; but the majority of the villagers believed that "a Lunnun lady must be wiser in some matters than poor women who had never been twenty miles from home."

The smile which played round her saffron lips was, therefore, eagerly scrutinised; but it was not until all had decided upon the birth and parentage of Isabella Templeton, that Mrs. Apshenkins deigned to hazard an opinion upon the subject in discussion.

"You are all far from the point," said she; "for I do confidently believe that this child is of noble, nay, of royal parentage. You may well stare, that know no better; but has not she blue eyes? and has not she a long nose?—I mean one that will belong. And had not the Queen of France blue eyes, and a long nose?—Yes, she had; and I do verily believe," said Mrs. Apshenkins, when pressed for her opinion as to the baby's origin,—"I do verily believe, that it is the child of the Queen of France, born in the prison just before her death."

"Dead!" exclaimed twenty voices, at one and the same time.

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Apshenkins; "wasn't I reading about the jacobins beheading her?"

"At this part of Mrs. Apshenkins's speech, an involuntary shudder seized the ignorant, but virtuous women, who had gathered around her. Thus, in one instant, the mere reference to an act of wanton cruelty, excited a passion the very opposite of what had tickled the fancy of these lowly Welsh women. Mrs. Apshenkins had put her apron to her eye; the rest followed her example. The mental agony of an allusion is but momentary—the description, in detail, of scenes from which our natures recoil, is durable. So it was at the porch of the Llewellyn's Head. The experienced landlady had been appealed to.

"I do believe," continued she, "this infant has been brought over to Madam Neville." And the conclaves, whose mind possessed sufficient elasticity to revivify to the tune it had been amused with but a few seconds back, stared with astonishment at the penetration Mrs. Apshenkins discovered by this speech.

Jenkins had, at this moment, reached the skirts of the group, and he was assailed by many voices communicating the discovery which had so lately and so wisely been made. The oddity of the assembly, and the absurdity of the conjecture, overbalanced the old man's gravity. He burst into "a horse laugh," as they say, who know how that quadruped displays its joy in violent convulsions of merriment. But Jenkins, one of those who have few wants, and still fewer cares, could be whirled into cheerfulness by any very trivial circumstances of a joyful kind, and when things facetious or ludicrous augmented the social sympathy of the old man's lively disposition, his gladness became noisy and boisterous. In its zeal to communicate itself to all who could participate in its pleasures, it not unfrequently broke out in that invincible ha! ha! ha! which the poet calls, "laughter holding both his sides."

"Queen of France, indeed!" cried he—"Noa, noa; I knows better than all that. Didn't I carry the portmanteau 'ter the doctor? And didn't I see him hug the little un, and kiss it? And didn't I hear him say to Madam Neville, 'be a mother to it, Mary, for my sake?' Now, who talks of the Queen of France? Noa, noa,—this here bantling is no stich great things, depend on't. Why it's as clear as my name's Jenkins whose cub it is. Ay, ay, some folks should look at home a bit."

A lifting up of hands and eyes followed this sagacious harangue.

"Well! who would have thought it?" said one.

"Why, you might have guessed as much," said another. In short, Mrs. Apshenkins herself was struck with this evidence of the doctor's frailty; and, after many wise observations upon people seeing the mote in their brother's eye, and being insensible to the beam in their own, the party separated, fully convinced, that the little stranger was the illegitimate offspring of

spring of Dr. Neville and nobody knew who.

'The doctor's sermon, on the following Sunday, confirmed the suspicion of his parishioners, for he chose the following text: "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

'Nod and winks, and sarcastic sippers, accompanied his exit from the churchyard; but it was not until Madam Neville's back was turned that these became evident. The buzz of many voices followed the departure of the doctor and his wife; and amongst the idle and dissipated, for such are to be found in most places, the innocent and unconscious Isabella Templeton was the vehicle by means of which scandal diffused the vague and thence more readily believed tale, of the guilt of one of the best of men.

'Thus we have discovered among the poor people of Oldenwood, all the elements of painful suspicion—that comfortable state of doubt, which leaves the mind embarrassed concerning the conduct and character of another. But what was the accusation? The appearance of an infant babe, of whose parentage Dr. Neville himself was ignorant. What was the evidence to support the accusation the poor people preferred against their vicar? The friendly language, "be a mother to it, Mary, for my sake." Yet were these incidents sufficient to trouble the repose of confidence these poor people placed in Dr. Neville; and their esteem lowered towards the good man, as from Sally Meadows's eldest girl the gossips learned, that, with time, his attachment to Isabella Templeton suggested.

We have devoted more room to this novel than we are accustomed to do in general, but we think our readers, on reading, will find it to justify our remarks, and will say 'Such is the World.'

A Holiday Letter for a Young Lady, expressive of her Duties when absent from School. By Mrs. J. A. Sargent. pp. 44. London, 1821.

The motto *multum in parvo* has seldom received a happier or more appropriate application than in speaking of the elegant bison, the 'Holiday Letter.' It breathes the pure spirit of Christianity, and inculcates the most excellent precepts for the guidance of those early blossoms of nature's fairest work, for whose use it is intended.

ORIGINAL STORY

ON WHICH

THE ROMANCE OF KENILWORTH IS FOUNDED.

At the west end of the Church of Camoor, (says Ashmole, in his *Antiquities of Berkshire*) are the ruins of a manor, anciently belonging as a cell or

place of removal, as some report, to the monks of Abingdon. There is, also, in the said house, a chamber, called Dudley's Chamber, where the Earl of Leicester's wife was murdered, of which this is the story following:—

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor or widower, the queen would have made him her husband; to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands, or perhaps with fair flattering intreaties desires, his wife to repose herself here, at his servant Anthony Forster's house, who then lived in the aforesaid manor-house; and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, (a prompter to his design) at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatever to dispatch her. This, it seems, was proved by the report of Dr. Walter Bayly, sometime Fellow of New College, then living at Oxford, and professor of physic in that university, who, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the earl endeavoured to displace from the court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain; that there was a practice in Cumoor among the conspirators to have poisoned this young lady, a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner. They seeing the good lady sad and heavy, (as one that well knew by her other handling that her death was not far off,) began to persuade her that the present disease was abundance of melancholy and other humours, &c. and, therefore, would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refused to do, as still suspecting the worst; whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unaware to her) for Dr. Bayly, and intreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would fetch the same at Oxford, meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the doctor upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of a physician, and therefore, he peremptorily denied their request, misdoubting, (as he afterwards reported,) least if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might have been hanged for a colour of their sin; and the doctor remained still well assured, that this

way taking no effect, she would not escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus:—For Richard Varney, above said, (the chief projector in this design,) who, by the earl's order, remained that day of her death alone with her, with one man only, and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants to Abingdon market, about three miles distant from this place, (they I say, whether first stifling her, or else strangling her) afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs, and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but, however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down stairs, (but yet without hurting her hood that was upon her head,) yet the inhabitants will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay, to another where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they in the night came and stifled her in the bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down stairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villainy. But behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder; for one of the persons that was a coadjutor in this murder, was afterwards taken for a felony in the marshes of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away in the prison by the earl's appointment. And Sir Richard Varney, the other dying about the same time in London, cried miserably, and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note (who hath related the same to others since) not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him to pieces. Forster, likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth, and music, was afterwards observed to forsake all this with much melancholy and pensiveness (some say with madness) pined and drooped away. The wife also of Bald Butter, kinsman to the earl, gave out the whole fact a little before his death. Neither are these following passages to be forgotten, that as soon as ever she was murdered, they made great haste to bury her, before the coroner had given in his inquest, (which the earl himself condemned as not done advisedly,) which her father or Sir John Robertsett, (as I suppose,) hearing of, came with all speed thither, caused her corpse to be taken up, the coroner to sit upon her, and for inquiry

to be made concerning this business to the full, but it was generally thought that the earl stopped his mouth, and made up the business between them; and the good earl, to make plain to the world the great love he bore to her when alive, what a grief the loss of so virtuous a lady was to his tender heart, caused (though the thing by these and other means was beaten into the heads of the principal men of the University of Oxford) her body to be re-buried in St. Mary's Church, in Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity. It is remarkable, when Dr. Babington, the earl's chaplain, did preach the funeral sermon, he tript once or twice in his speech, by recommending to their memories that virtuous lady so *pitifully murdered*, instead of saying *pitifully slain*. This earl, after all his murders and poisonings, was himself poisoned by that which was prepared for others, (some say by his wife), at Corburey Lodge, before mentioned, though Baker, in his Chronicle, would have it at Killingworth, Anno 1588.

Original Criticisms

ON
The Principal Performers of the Theatres
Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.

No. IX.—Mrs. W. WEST.

Divine perfection of a woman.—SHAKESPEARE.

It must be confessed that all, but more especially female dramatic talent, is at a very low ebb. Still we have some clever performers among the softer sex; none of them however, in the tragic department at least, possess half the genius or cultivation of the lady before us:—although Mrs. West is much inferior to Miss O'Neil, she undoubtedly possesses much merit; her whole appearance is admirably adapted for tragic expression, and, 'Her fair large front, and eye sublime, declare absolute rule.'—In this lady, we recollect a very pretty girl, of the name of Cooke, who performed some years ago, in rather subordinate characters, at Covent Garden; time, however, has considerably improved her powers, and on her appearance at Drury Lane, in Desdemona, we hailed her as a very promising actress. The character has usually been played by any pretty puppet; our heroine, however, raised it to its proper rank, and gave it that interest, which it so justly requires. But if we were much pleased with her in Desdemona, in Belvidera she proved

herself the possessor of talents which we had no idea belonged to her. She presented us with a picture of the sorrows of the virtuous wife, in which vigour and delicacy were felicitously blended. There was sometimes a redundancy of action, but the performance on the whole inspired universal interest. Her alarm and distraction, on being delivered to the conspirators, were expressed with energy and nature, and, in the scene, in which she is deserted by Jaffier, she was entitled to the same praise. The manner in which she replied to the charge, 'Would she have e'er betrayed her Brutus?' 'No.—For Brutus trusted her,' was most just and forcible; her sudden start and exclamation at, 'How parting, parting!' the exquisite tenderness of her supplications, and the despairing look and tone with which she utters, 'Oh my poor heart, when wilt thou break!' and the rapturous joy, with which she turns, on hearing her husband return, and rushes into his arms, were excellent; and in her mad scene, she was, if possible, greater. The manner in which she repeated the words, 'For ever,' thrilled the whole house; nor was the last scene less effective, particularly during the recital of the death of Jaffier: the frantic vagueness of her attention, the wildness of her look, the quivering of her lip, and the scream of horror, when the light broke in upon her mind, carried tragic horror to its highest pitch. The dying scene which followed was likewise terribly faithful. We did not expect, that her Lady Macbeth would be successful, nor were we in the result, agreeably disappointed. She gave us a correct, but very feeble outline of the character, merely the declamation of the part correct—as to tones and attitudes only; she did not enter into or express the feelings, which belong to the several variations of the character, as it proceeds through its different gradations. We have not, however, a single actress who can perform Lady Macbeth, even tolerably; Mrs. West's performance therefore, making due allowance for the difficulty of a faithful representation, is entitled to a lenient consideration. She performed Hermione with increased claims to public approbation, and produced some good points in the insignificant character of Tarquinia. In Lady Anne, she was extremely successful, though the part is quite unworthy of her genius. In Lady Towney, she delighted us; an interesting countenance, a fine figure,

and harmonious voice, are great qualifications for this character; Mrs. West possesses these in an eminent degree, and adds to them grace, ease, sprightliness, elegance, and feeling; in the playful scenes with her husband, she was highly successful; indeed, we think that few can surpass her in the higher walks of comedy. In Mrs. Beverley, (particularly in the third act,) she is highly interesting; it is one of those exquisite touches of pathos, that insinuates itself through the throbbing pulses of every heart, and entirely subdues an auditory. Her Mrs. Haller, though much inferior to Mrs. Siddons, or Miss O'Neil's, deserves great commendation, especially in her interview with her husband, in which she displayed workings of a very superior genius. She plays Portia very elegantly, and recites the celebrated apostrophe to mercy, exquisitely.

It is a glaring act of injustice to this lady, to fix her in such characters as Angelina, in 'Love makes a Man;' Pocatontas, or the Indian Princess; Miss Anagon, in the comedy of 'Wanted a Wife,' &c. &c., and to make her the heroine of such melo-dramas as the 'Jew of Lubek,' 'The Heroine, or a Daughter's Courage,' and fifty others of the same nature, which have been in themselves too contemptible to run more than two or three nights at the utmost. To our certain knowledge, she has been put into at least twenty characters which a second-rate actress would have disdained; into feeble paltry parts, utterly unworthy of her unquestionably great talents; we again repeat, that our first tragic actress should not appear too frequently, and yet scarcely a night elapses but we see her name in the play-bills, and too frequently in mediocre characters. Her Jane Shore is extremely affecting; nothing can exceed her excellence in the last scene. She is rather too vehement in some parts of Juliet; but, as a whole, it is a fine performance; the acknowledgment of her love, in the first garden scene, was not only fraught with fervent feeling, but with that delicacy of tone and manner, which forms one of its greatest charms. Her despair, when she learned that her husband is banished, and the cold vacant gaze with which she rose from her grave, were admirable; she exhibited a striking picture of her apprehended terror in the vault of her ancestors, and the highly poetical descriptive speech with which she drinks the friar's opiate, given with fine theatrical skill.

Cordelia is one of the most favourite of all Shakespeare's characters,—a suffering daughter, a daughter who sacrifices every thing for a father who had used her in the most cruel and unnatural manner, cannot fail of commanding our pity, admiration, and love. In the first scene with the old king, we thought her fully equal to Miss O'Neil; we cannot say that she carried this excellence throughout the whole character: still, there were some exquisite touches, particularly on meeting with Edgar on the heath; her kind solicitude, her affectionate attention to her father on his awakening from his trance, are entitled to the warmest commendation; we confess, on the whole, we were excessively delighted. In the tragedy of 'Bertram,' she performs the character of Imogen with her accustomed excellence: the part, however, as to effect, overdoes itself: the situation in which she is placed by her infidelity, is truly tragic, but the pomp of declamation, and the profusion of ornament, prevent it from producing its proper effect on the feelings; still, at intervals, when nature bursts the fetters of art, and the dialogue assumes an air of simplicity, Mrs. West availed herself of the favourable moments to disclose her powers. The picture which she drew of her despair was highly affecting, and her death admirably managed.—In several passages of Adelgitha, she was greeted not only with applause, but with enthusiasm; the pride, disdain, and remorse of the character, she expressed with much force, nor was she deficient in the tender scenes,—her first interview with Michael Ducas was excellent,—her relation to her husband of her own story, as that of another, was given with profound feeling,—upon the whole, it was certainly very far superior to the effect of Mrs. Bunn in the same character. We will not be so unjust as to forget her admirably pathetic representation of the sorrows of the tender virtuous Cora, or her inimitable performance of Julia, in the new tragedy of 'Montalto': her first interview with her husband was replete with affection and tenderness; the attitude in which she placed herself while deprecating Montalto's vague and unreasonable jealousy, and the whole of her concluding scene, were beyond praise.

Our best wishes attend Mrs. West, whom we consider a charming and most improving actress, and an extremely valuable ornament to Drury Lane Theatre. We have all, even the

youngest of us, seen a finer tragic actress, but we have no one now on the stage who possesses half her merit; her excellence in several characters has been such, as fully to justify us in availing ourselves of the exclamation used by old Quin, on Mrs. Bellamy's unexpected success—'Thou art a charming creature, and the true spirit is in thee.'

W. H. PARRY.

Original Poetry.

LOVE TOKENS COST MONEY.

I'll not regret the joys I knew,
(Dost thou thyself, I prithee ?)
Though some of them, and not a few,
Were lovely when shared with these.

I'll not regret hope's faded flower,
Nor think on vanished blisses,
Nor call to mind joy's fleeting hour
To glad one dark as this is.

What's past I will not praise nor blame,
Nor sigh for what it lost me;
I'll not regret my early flame,
Nor all the pangs it cost me.

I will not ask thy love's return,
And so, my girl, content thee;
The only things I really mourn
Are presents which I sent thee!

J. W. DALRY.

STANZAS.

CALM was my early morn of life,
As a fair summer sky;
Yet, ere that morn had pass'd away,
Full many a cloud was nigh.

The hopes I treasur'd, long ago,
Have all proved false and vain;
And forms, that once were very dear,
I think of now with pain.

This world of mingled bliss and woe
Has lost its charm for me;
My eye in all its scenes of mirth
No pleasure now can see.

Yet there is one for whose sweet sake
I want and woe would share;
And ever watch his infant hours
With all a mother's care.

My child! thou dost not know my love;
'Twill cost me much to part;
For there is naught can ever tear
Thy image from my heart.

Where'er, in after times, thou art,
Be it on land or sea;
Thy mother's first and warmest prayer
Will ever be for thee. ELIZA.

TO VIRTUOUS BEAUTY.

I WILL not say how young thy life,
Thy heart, how suited for a wife!
I will not praise thy head of hair,
And cry how fine thine eye-brows are!
How dimples play about thy chin!
How blushing and how fair thy skin!
What odours pass thy teeth of white,
And tender beaming leave thy night!
But trust th' unbiass'd choice to thee,
If thou wilt love and marry me.

I have not told thee how thy heart
Can sympathise and bear a part
With those who grieve, in woe's distress,
To be so far from happiness;
I have not said that orphans' cries
Can drown the pupils of thine eyes,
That angry words and harsh control
Like sinful thoughts disturb thy soul;
But leave it to thyself to be
A judge if I am worthy thee.

Were I to tell thee, thou art praised;
What strange emotions love has rais'd!
What suitors, letters, strife, and woe,
Hearts of my sex must undergo!
Thou would'st not but smile and think me such
As those who vainly say too much;—
Try me and prove my value,—then
Survey me in thy love again;
If, after this, deserving thee,
Sigh thy consent and married be. J. R. P.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Arne's serious opera of *Antizares* has been thrice repeated, since our last, to houses crowded to the very ceiling. Warmly as we spoke in praise of the talents of Miss Wilson, yet her subsequent exertions have given us a still higher opinion of her powers. Her first performance developed the compass of her voice, and the skill and taste which she possessed, but it remained for future efforts to display her astonishing powers, and the energetic and delightful variety of her resources. We never saw an audience so enraptured as those of Saturday and Tuesday nights. Her execution of 'Monster away' proved her to be almost as excellent an actress as a singer, a combination of talent so rare on the stage. In 'The Soldier tir'd,' her musical skill, tasteful decoration, and powerful notes had the amplest range of action, and the performance was perfect throughout. In its highest flight the voice was as clear and fine as if it were making but an ordinary effort; and, what was still more surprising, the lady rushed into this elevated excellence with the utmost rapidity. The song was encored; the pit and galleries standing up, huzzaing, and waving their hats for some minutes. It was called for a third time, but a portion of the audience feeling for the great exertion of the actress, resisted it. The fame of Miss Wilson is now fully established, and we look forward with pleasure to many a happy night in hearing her delightful strains. The next character in which she will appear will be Rosetta, in the opera of *Love in a Village*.

Miss Wilson, we understand, is not yet eighteen years of age. She has been instructed in elocution and acting by

Mr. Alvey. Her present engagement with Mr. Elliston is extremely liberal; it is 800 guineas for forty nights. We trust that she will long be retained at this theatre, where her first exertions have been crowned with such success.

COVENT GARDEN.—In speaking of vocal performers, we must not forget a great favourite, Miss Stephens, whose return to her engagement we had omitted to notice. She is in excellent health, and her voice possesses all that sweetness and native simplicity, combined with great powers, which first recommended her to so high a rank in the public favour. She has performed the characters of Zeliada, in *The Slave*, and Diana Vernon, in *Rob Roy*, with her accustomed excellence; she is, however, much in want of support at this theatre, where there is no eminent male singer.

We learn with much pleasure, that an attractive novelty is forthcoming at this theatre—a lady to sustain Miss O'Neil's line of acting. Her first appearance will be in the character of Isabella. The name of the young lady is Dance, and report says she is exquisitely beautiful, and possesses great talents.

SURRY THEATRE.—Several novelties have been produced here since our last; on Monday, was presented the lively burletta of *Figaro, or the Lady and the Page*, in which the part of Susan was sustained by a Mrs. Young, with much spirit, her first appearance in London; and that of Agnes, by Miss Wells, who had never appeared before on any stage—the character is of a very minor description, but enabled her to introduce a song, which she sang with considerable sweetness. On the same evening, a new comic piece, entitled, *The Blue Baron, or over the Bridge*, was played with great humour; in which Fitzwilliam, Wyatt, and Miss Copeland were the principal performers; their characters, of the broadest farcical description, enabled them to keep the house in perpetual laughter, and the whole performance met with the warmest approbation.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Two new dramatic pieces, entitled, *Tossed in a Blanket, or Law without Study*, and *Twelve Precisely*, have been brought out with considerable eclat. The former, attributed to the pen of Mr. Dibden, is a humorous farce, written with considerable spirit, but not one of the best class of that gentleman's productions. The latter appears to have been written expressly to suit the versatile talents of Mrs. W. S. Chatterly, who

assumes several disguises, and supports them with great spirit. The Christmas pantomime, *Tom the Piper's Son*, still maintains its ground, and affords room for a pugilistic exhibition, which, though possessing no interest to our taste, seems to afford very great satisfaction to the major part of the audience.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'THE FAMILY TRUNK,' No. 1, in our next.
The Author of the 'Lines on Miss O'Neil's retirement from the Stage,' possesses some practical talent; but it should be more cultivated before he ventures to appear in print. From the following couplet, we suspect he is of the sister kingdom:—
'Shall in remembrance spread around this tale;
She's great, but ne'er shall equal Miss O'Neil.'
E. G. B. and J. B. O'M. have been received.
Mr. Dalby, J. R. P., and J. D., are requested to send to our office for letters.

A contemporary, who is never remarkable for modesty when speaking of himself, says, he 'defies any thing like competition,' and refers to his last number as a fair specimen of his work. We take him at his word, and offering the corresponding number of the *Literary Chronicle* in competition, leave the decision to that public which can best appreciate their relative merits.

Errata: p. 42, col. 2, l. 13 from bottom, for 'language' read 'kingdom'; p. 44, col. 1, l. 4 from bottom, for 'kings' read 'king'; l. 5, for 'king' read 'kingdom.'

This day is published,

A LETTER TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, on the Subject of the Liturgy and the Allowance to the Queen, price 2s.

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No. 90.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746. By the Chevalier de Johnstone, Aid-de-Camp to Lord George Murray, General of the Rebel Army, Assistant Aid-de-Camp to Prince Charles Edward, &c. &c. Containing a Narrative of the Progress of the Rebellion, from its commencement to the Battle of Culloden: the Characters of the principal Persons engaged in it, and Anecdotes respecting them, and various important Particulars relating to that Contest, hitherto either unknown or imperfectly understood. Translated from a French MS. originally deposited in the Scots' College at Paris. 4to. pp. 348. London, 1820.

NOTWITHSTANDING the time that has elapsed since the rebellion of 1745, and the numerous historical accounts of it already existing, the narrative of an eye-witness holding a sufficient rank to enable him to become acquainted not only with the principal events, but the secret springs by which they were occasioned, could not even now fail to excite considerable interest, if related fairly and impartially. Such, however, is not the case with the Chevalier de Johnstone, who, perhaps, mortified at the disastrous result of an enterprise from which he hoped much, lays the whole blame on his prince, to whom he denies the possession of any talents or of a single virtue. The editor of these Memoirs goes still farther in his abuse of the unfortunate Charles, one of the last descendants of an illustrious race, whose misfortunes entitled him at least to pity, if not to respect.

Rejoicing, as we do, at the result of an expedition which lighted up the torch of civil war in our isle, and was intended to dethrone a family much endeared to the country by the mildness of their sway, we cannot attribute the failure to the illustrious adventurer alone; for, although his numerous followers were many of them faithful unto death, yet it is well known that considerable jealousies existed among

several of the most distinguished clans, which it was difficult to suppress; and hence that want of union and cordiality, without which no enterprise can succeed. But, admitting Charles did not possess those commanding talents, so essential to such an adventure, yet it is cruel and in defiance of the evidence of facts, to reproach him with a total want of personal courage. If the Pretender had been the coward he is described, he would not have quitted the luxurious ease in which he had lived, (for he was a sensualist,) to undertake so hazardous an enterprise with such slender means as he did; nor do we believe that any talents could, under all the difficulties he had to encounter, have ensured his success. The love of peace and the tranquillity of nearly half a century, had consolidated the power of the House of Hanover, and created a strong attachment to their cause, while the recollection of the oppressive policy of the Stuarts was too much cherished to permit their having many partisans in England. Quitting, however, all disquisitions as to what the Pretender could or could not have done, we come now to speak of what he and his followers did, as detailed in these Memoirs; but first, a word or two of the author.

The Cheralier de Johnstone was the only son of James Johnstone, a merchant in Edinburgh, who, by descent and alliance, was connected with some of the first houses in Scotland. In his youth, the Chevalier moved in the best society in the Scottish capital, and was very intimate with the well-known Lady Jane Douglas, mother of the present Lord Douglas. Educated in Episcopalian and Jacobite principles, on the first landing of Prince Charles Edward, he made his escape from Edinburgh to Duncrub, the seat of Lord Rollo, near Perth, where he waited the arrival of the prince in that town, and was one of the first low country gentlemen who flocked to his standard. He was introduced to the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, the leaders of the rebel army, and became aide-de-camp to the lat-

ter. He received a captain's commission, from the prince, immediately after the battle of Preston Pans, and afterwards raised a company, with which, when completed, he joined the Duke of Perth's regiment. He bore a part in all the movements of the rebel army; and, after the battle of Culloden, remained for some time in concealment in different parts of the north. He made his escape to England in the disguise of a Scots' pedlar, and, after remaining some time in London, he went to Holland, thence to Paris, where he obtained a share in the fund set apart by the government for Scots exiles. Tired of an inactive life, he entered the French service, and was sent to North America; but, on the conquest of their possessions by the English, he returned to France, where these Memoirs were written shortly after his return. Though in many respects they are inaccurate, and in all written with very strong prejudices, yet they contain much interesting information respecting the events and the individuals of that period. It is by no means our intention to give a history of the rebellion, or to trace its progress, but rather to select some of the passages in these Memoirs possessing the greatest novelty, or relating to events the most interesting. The character of one of the most distinguished of the rebel leaders, is thus drawn by the author:—

'Lord George Murray, who had the charge of all the details of our army, and who had the sole direction of it, possessed a natural genius for military operations, and was, indeed, a man of surprising talents, which, had they been cultivated by the study of military tactics, would unquestionably have rendered him one of the greatest generals of the age. He was tall and robust, and brave in the highest degree; conducting the Highlanders in the most heroic manner, and always the first to rush sword in hand into the midst of the enemy. He used to say, when we advanced to the charge, "I do not ask you, my lads, to go before, but merely to follow me,"—a very energetic harangue, admirably calculated to excite the ardour of the Highlanders, but which would sometimes have had a bet-

ter effect from the mouth of the prince. He slept little, was continually occupied with all manner of details, and was altogether most indefatigable, combining and directing alone all our operations; in a word, he was the only person capable of conducting our army.

In the account of the battle of Preston Pans, where the rebel army gained their first important success, we have the following anecdote:—

“Macgregor’s company did great execution with their scythes. They cut the legs of the horses in two; their riders through the middle of their bodies. Macgregor was brave and intrepid, but at the same time altogether whimsical and singular. When advancing to the charge with his company, he received five wounds, two of them from balls, that pierced his body through and through. Stretched on the ground, with his head resting on his hand, he called out to the Highlanders of his company, “My lads, I am not dead! by G— I shall see if any one of you does not do his duty.” The Highlanders instantly fell on the flanks of the infantry, which being uncovered and exposed from the flight of the cavalry, immediately gave way. Thus, in less than five minutes, we obtained a complete victory, with a terrible carnage on the part of the enemy.”

The affair of this day is, we suspect, strongly exaggerated, particularly so far as relates to the conduct of the British troops. We are told that the English lost thirteen hundred killed, and fifteen hundred prisoners, and that the rebel army had only forty killed and as many wounded. The following anecdotes partake largely of the marvellous:—

“I saw,” says the author, “a young Highlander, about fourteen years of age, scarcely formed, who was presented to the prince as a prodigy, having killed. It was said, fourteen of the enemy. The prince asked him if this was true? “I do not know,” replied he, “if I killed them; but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my sword.” Another Highlander brought ten soldiers to the prince, whom he had made prisoners, driving them before him like a flock of sheep. This Highlander, from a rashness without example, having pursued a party to some distance from the field of battle, along the road between the two inclosures, struck down the hindmost with a blow of his sword, calling, at the same time, “down with your arms.” The soldiers, terror struck, threw down their arms, without looking behind them, and the Highlander, with a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, made them do exactly as he pleased. The rage and despair of these men, on seeing themselves made prisoner by a single individual, may easily be imagined. These, however, were the same English soldiers

who had distinguished themselves at Dutton and Fontenoy, and who might justly be ranked amongst the bravest troops of Europe!”

Cæsar is accused of having multiplied the number of the Britons, to increase the glory of having conquered them. The Chevalier Johnstone does more,—he not only increases the number, but gives them superior powers. Ten men of the bravest troops in Europe, well armed, taken prisoners by a single Highlander, with a sword in one hand and a pistol in another, is rather too much for a willing credence. We have already stated, that the chevalier, tired of the laborious duties of an aide-camp, raised a company of his own; this, it would seem, was no difficult task, if we may judge from the following rapid success in recruiting, when the rebel army had advanced into England:—

“One of my sergeants, named Dickson, whom I had enlisted from among the prisoners of war at Gladsmuir, a young Scotsman, as brave and intrepid as a lion, and very much attached to my interest, informed me, on the 27th, at Preston, that he had been beating up for recruits all day, without getting one; and that he was the more chagrined at this, as the other sergeants had had better success. He, therefore, came to ask my permission to get a day’s march a-head of the army, by setting out immediately for Manchester, a very considerable town of England, containing forty thousand inhabitants, in order to make sure of some recruits before the arrival of the army. I reproved him sharply for entertaining so wild and extravagant a project, which exposed him to the danger of being taken and hanged, and I ordered him back to his company. Having much confidence in him, I had given him a horse, and entrusted him with my portmanteau, that I might always have it with me. On entering my quarters in the evening, my landlady informed me that my servant had called and taken away my portmanteau and blunderbuss. I immediately bethought myself of his extravagant project, and his situation gave me much uneasiness. But on our arrival at Manchester, on the evening of the following day, the 29th, Dickson brought me about one hundred and eighty recruits, whom he had enlisted for my company.”

He had quitted Preston in the evening, with his mistress and my drummer; and having marched all night, he arrived next morning at Manchester, which is about twenty miles distant from Preston, and immediately began to beat up for recruits “for the yellow haired laddie.” The populace, at first, did not interrupt him, conceiving our army to be near the town; but, as soon as they knew that it

would not arrive till the evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner, with the intention of taking him prisoner, alive or dead. Dickson presented his blunderbuss, which was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him; and by turning round continually, facing in all directions, and behaving like a lion, he soon enlarged the circle, which a crowd of people had formed round them. Having continued for some time to manoeuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the house of Stuart, took arms, and flew to the assistance of Dickson, to rescue him from the fury of the mob; so that he soon had five or six hundred men to aid him, who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn; and, putting himself at the head of his followers, he proudly paraded undisturbed the whole day, with his drummer, enlisting for my company all who offered themselves.

On presenting me with a list of one hundred and eighty recruits, I was agreeably surprised to find that the whole amount of his expenses did not exceed three guineas. This adventure of Dickson gave rise to many a joke, at the expense of the town of Manchester, from the singular circumstance of its having been taken by a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl. This circumstance may serve to show the enthusiastic courage of our army, and the alarm and terror with which the English were seized.

The chevalier did not derive any advantage from these recruits, as they were transferred to what was called the Manchester regiment, composed entirely of English recruits, but which never exceeded three hundred men. These were all the English who ever declared themselves openly in favour of the Pretender. This fact gives little ground for believing the chevalier right in his conjecture, that had they defeated the Duke of Cumberland at Derby, the army of Finckley would have dispersed of its own accord; and that the rebels would have taken possession of London without the least resistance from the inhabitants, and without exchanging a single shot with the soldiers.

That the success of the rebel army created great consternation in London is certain, but we never before heard that King George the Second “ordered all his yachts, in which he had embarked all his most precious effects, to remain at the Tower quays, in readiness to sail at a moment’s warning.” This assertion is not supported by any contemporary writer, and yet the fact, if true, must have been well known.

We cannot, however, believe the hero of Dettingen could have been guilty of such pusillanimity. We shall not pursue the subject further, for the present, than by extracting the author's account of the battle of Falkirk. The rebels having made a rapid movement from Bannockburn, took the English army by surprise:—

‘ They immediately flew to arms, and with great precipitation ascended to a part of the height, between us and the tower of Falkirk. There was a high wind, accompanied by a heavy rain, which the Highlanders, by their position, had in their back, whilst it was full in the face of the English, who were blinded by it. They were, besides, incommoded with the smoke of our discharge; and the rain, getting into their pans, rendered the half of their muskets useless. The English fruitlessly attempted to gain the advantage of the wind; but the prince, attending to the left, took care to preserve this advantage, by corresponding movements on his part.

‘ General Hawley drew up his army in order of battle, in two lines, having three regiments of infantry in a hollow at the foot of the hill. His cavalry was placed before his infantry, on the left wing of the first line. The English began the attack, with a body of about eleven hundred cavalry, who advanced very slowly against the right of our army, and did not halt till they were within twenty paces of our first line, to induce us to fire. The Highlanders, who had been particularly enjoined not to fire till the army was within musket-length of them, the moment the cavalry halted, discharged their muskets, and killed about eighty men, each of them having aimed at a rider. The commander of this body of cavalry, who had advanced some paces before his men, was of the number. The cavalry closing their ranks, which were opened by our discharge, put spurs to their horses and rushed upon the Highlanders at a hard trot, breaking their ranks, throwing down every thing before them, and trampling the Highlanders under the feet of their horses. The most singular and extraordinary combat immediately followed. The Highlanders, stretched on the ground, thrust their dirks into the bellies of the horses. Some seized the riders by their clothes, dragged them down, and stabbed them with their dirks; several again used their pistols; but few of them had sufficient space to handle their swords. Macdonald, of Clanranald, chief of one of the clans of the Macdonalds, assured me, that whilst he was lying upon the ground, under a dead horse, which had fallen upon him, without the power of extricating himself, he saw a dismounted horseman struggling with a Highlander; fortunately for him, the Highlander, being the stronger, threw his antagonist, and having killed him with his dirk, he came to

his assistance, and drew him with difficulty from under his horse.

‘ The resistance of the Highlanders was so incredibly obstinate, that the English, after having been for some time engaged pell-mell with them in their ranks, were at length repulsed, and forced to retire. The Highlanders did not neglect the advantage they had obtained, but pursued them keenly with their swords, running as fast as their horses, and not allowing them a moment's time to recover from their fright. So that the English cavalry, falling back on their own infantry, drawn up in order of battle behind them, threw them immediately into disorder, and carried the right wing of their army with them in their flight. The clan of Camerons, which was on the left of our army, having attacked at the same time the right of the English army, where there were only infantry, put it also to flight; but the Highlanders, when descending the hill in pursuit of the enemy, received, on their left flank, a discharge from the three regiments placed in the hollow at the foot of the hill, which they did not perceive till the moment they received their fire, which greatly incommoded them. Mr. John Roy Stuart, an officer in the service of France, afraid lest this might be an ambuscade laid for us by the English, called out to the Highlanders to stop their pursuit; and the cry of stop! flew immediately from rank to rank, and threw the whole army into disorder. However, the enemy continued their retreat, and the three regiments at the foot of the hill followed the rest; but with this difference, that they retreated always in order, and acting as a rear-guard of the English army, and they continued a fire of platoons on us till their entrance into the town of Falkirk.

‘ As night began to appear, the English army entered the town, and fires were immediately seen in every part of their camp, from which we all supposed that they had retreated to it, and that we had not obtained a complete and substantial victory. The honour of remaining masters of the field was of little avail to us. We had no reason for believing that we had lost the battle, as the English army had retreated; but as we supposed them still in their camp, we considered it, at most, as undecided, and expected a renewal of the combat next morning.

‘ Fortunately, the enemy did not perceive the disorder which had crept into our army, and of which Colonel John Roy Stuart was the innocent cause, by his excessive precaution and foresight. The Highlanders were in complete disorder, dispersed, and the different clans mingled pell-mell together; whilst the obscurity of the night aided greatly to the confusion. Many of them had even retired from the field of battle, either thinking it lost, or with the intention of seeking a shelter from the dreadful weather. It is often more dangerous to stop the fire and impetuosity of soldiers, of whom the

best are but machines, and still more of undisciplined men, who do not listen to any orders, than to let them run every risk in order to carry every thing before them.

‘ I met, by accident, Colonel Brown, an Irishman, to whom I proposed, that we should keep together, and share the same fate. He consented, but observed at the same time, that the prince having made him the bearer of an order, he wished to find him, with the view of communicating an answer. After having sought the prince for a long time to no purpose, and without finding any one who could give us the least information respecting him, we fell in with his life-guards, in order of battle, near a cottage on the edge of the hill, with their commander, Lord Elcho, who knew as little of what had become of Charles as we did ourselves. As the night was very dark, and the rain incessant, we resolved to withdraw to the mansion of Mr. Primrose, of Dunipace, about a quarter of a league from Falkirk, having a crowd of Highlanders as guides, who took the same road.

‘ On our arrival at the castle, we found Lord Lewis Gordon, brother to the Duke of Gordon, Mr. Fraser, son of Lord Lovat, and six or seven other chiefs of clans; but none of them knew what had become of their regiments. Other officers arrived every instant, all equally ignorant of the fate of the battle, and equally in doubt whether we had gained or lost it. About eight o'clock in the evening, Mr. Macdonald of Lochgarry joined us, and revived our spirits, by announcing for certain, that we had gained a most complete victory; and that the English, instead of remaining in their camp, had fled in disorder to Edinburgh. He added, in confirmation of this news, that he had left the prince in Falkirk, in the quarters which had been occupied by General Hawley; and that the prince had sent him to Dunipace, for the express purpose of ordering all of us to repair to Falkirk next morning by break of day.

‘ It is impossible, without having been in our situation, to form an idea of the extreme joy which we derived from this agreeable surprise. As the enemy, in their retreat, had abandoned all their tents and baggage, their camp was soon pillaged by the Highlanders, and the booty carried away, notwithstanding the obscurity of the night and the badness of the weather. The enemy lost six hundred in killed, and we took seven hundred prisoners. It was Lord Kilmarnock who first discovered the flight of the English. Being well acquainted with the nature of the ground, as a part of his estates lay in the neighbourhood, he was sent by the prince to reconnoitre the English; and having approached the great road to Edinburgh, beyond the town of Falkirk, passing by bye paths and across fields, he saw the English army panic-struck, and flying in the greatest disorder, as fast as their legs could carry

them. Lord Kilmarnock immediately returned to the prince, with an account of this fortunate discovery, who still remained on the field of battle, notwithstanding the dreadful wind and rain; but he then descended from the hill, about half-past seven o'clock in the evening, immediately entered the town of Falkirk, and detached as many troops as he could suddenly assemble, to harass the English in their flight, who were yet at a short distance from us.

'The enemy were unable to avail themselves of their artillery during the action, and to carry it with them in their flight; and we found, next day, ten field pieces, half way up the hill, which they had not time to draw up to the top. They lost a great many men in the hollow at the foot of the hill, where the corn-fields were thickly strewn with dead bodies. In their flight they took one prisoner, in a very singular manner. Mr. Macdonald, a major of one of the Macdonald regiments, having dismounted an English officer, took possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled, the horse ran off with the unfortunate Mr. Macdonald, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him; nor did it stop till it was at the head of the regiment, of which, apparently, its master was the commander. The melancholy, and at the same time ludicrous figure, which poor Macdonald would cut, when he thus saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived.'

(To be continued.)

Journal of the Visit of Her Majesty the Queen, to Tunis, Greece, and Palestine; written by Louise Demont. With other corresponding Papers, collected in Switzerland, and translated by Edgar Garston. 8vo. pp. 84. London, 1821.

WE presume that our readers are pretty well acquainted with the character of Miss Demont, the *soi-disant* Countess of Colombier, whose depositions on a late important investigation excited so much interest. In the course of the examination which this intriguing chambermaid underwent in the House of Lords, it transpired that she had kept a *Journal of Her Majesty's travels*, which, while circulated in MS. had attracted much notice in Switzerland, among those who were acquainted with the writer. Some copies of this *Journal* had been taken, and Mr. Garston, who officiated as interpreter at the Queen's trial, was, during a recent visit to Switzerland, enabled to procure a copy, from which this translation is made.

This *Journal* possesses no other interest than what it derives from the peculiar circumstances under which it has been written and produced. It is a very dry narrative, interspersed with common-place notices of the places visited, and the events connected with them. If, however, in addition to the exposure which Demont suffered in the House of Lords, any other proof were wanting of her ingratitude and treachery to her royal mistress, it would be found in the following almost impious passage, which appears in this *Journal*, in the account of the Queen's entry into Jerusalem:—

'At three o'clock in the afternoon, we broke up our tents, and the same evening, at nine o'clock, reached Jerusalem. At our entry, the people assembled in crowds to see the Princess of Wales, who rode upon an ass. This circumstance recalled to me strongly the Day of Palm, (Palm Sunday,) on which our Saviour made, in the same manner, his entry into Jerusalem. I imagined I beheld him, and inwardly made comparisons: for assuredly, if any one can in any way resemble our great Saviour, it is this excellent princess. She is, like him, charitable, mild, and beneficent to all; she has suffered much, and always supports her misfortunes with great patience and resignation; and, like him, she has not deserved them.'

The lady is quite devout when speaking of Jerusalem, and strongly recommends a new crusade, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels. One of the best passages is the account of her Majesty's reception at Tunis. She says,—

'On the 12th, her Royal Highness went to pay a visit to the Bey, at his country residence. All the Turkish officers accompanied her, and on the road went through a very pretty manœuvre to entertain her. They galloped forward with their horses, which seemed rather to fly than to run; when advanced to some distance, they wheeled round, and returned with the velocity of lightning, discharging their muskets, and exhibiting a sham fight together. It is difficult to conceive how a man, mounted on a fiery horse, swift as the wind, can load his piece and discharge it with so much facility; but such is their manner of carrying on war. In other respects, they are very cowardly, and a Christian need not fear an encounter with thirty Turks. Their uniform nearly made us expire with laughter; they looked like so many old women; some had white head-dresses (a papillions), others had grey handkerchiefs fastened on the head, and cloaks, made like mantillas, on their shoulders, with large wooden boots on their legs. During a journey of three miles, we were much diverted with this masquerade.

We then arrived at the palace of the Bey, who received her Royal Highness. Her Royal Highness had the kindness to present us to him; after a short conversation, (they conversed in Italian,) he took the Princess by the hand, and conducted her into his seraglio. She commanded us to follow her; the gentlemen remained in the hall, it being forbidden for any man to enter the seraglio, under pain of death. We were introduced into a magnificent room: the women were dressed with incredible splendour, being loaded with gold, diamonds, and precious stones; their legs were uncovered, and their ancles encircled with diamond chains; their fingers covered with rich rings, and the tips of their painted black. The Princess seated herself with the Bey and his first wife, upon rich cushions; five wives, of the rank of slaves, presented napkins, wrought with gold; and afterwards, the richest collation that can be pictured was served to them; there were full two hundred different dishes, all served upon gold. After the repast, the slaves brought their finest perfumes, and sprinkled us with them from head to foot; our dresses have not even yet lost the scent. The Bey ordered music to be brought. Six old women commenced playing a sort of charivari, which deafened our hearing, but it was the most excellent melody of the Turkish court; and the old women were the most perfect of its songstresses. Afterwards, the eldest son of the Bey, (he who is now reigning,) took her Royal Highness by the hand, and conducted her into his own seraglio, whither also we followed her. That of the son is more extensive than that of the father, and contains more women; but they were not so richly dressed, with the exception of his wife, who was very beautiful, as was also that of the second son. The ceremonies with which we were received in the first seraglio, were repeated in this; the women crowded round us, and appeared delighted to see us. Unfortunate creatures! we were undoubtedly the first strangers whom they had seen since they were first immured, like encaged birds, in these cloisters. When once the doors of the mansion are closed upon them, they step forth no more, and meet the eye of no one, save the princess, by whom they are treated like slaves. When the princess enters, they all hasten to kiss their hands; it is the only favour enjoyed by them. They are enormously fat, and those who are the most bulky are esteemed the most beautiful; and even scarcely looked at. They are constantly guarded and watched by eunuchs; thus I look upon them as buried alive. It is said that there are five hundred in the palace of Tunis.'

At Athens, her Royal Highness gave two balls to the Grecian ladies:—
'Their manner of dancing is insipid to the last degree, (*pour mourir d'ennui*). They are not permitted to dance with

the gentlemen, but merely among themselves; and their dance consists of nothing more than taking each other's hand, and turning. The first, or the one who dances best, holds a handkerchief in her hand, which she constantly waves; the accompanying music is simply, la, la, la, la, la, la, and la, la, la, without variety. Added to this, their want of grace makes one fancy them puppets, moved by wires. The lower rank of women wear a head-dress, composed of a silver coin, called *barras*, which is equivalent to a raps of Switzerland; they have also necklaces of the same materials; the coins are pierced in the centre, and placed on an iron wire. The women who are more wealthy, wear gold coins in the same style, and in great profusion. Both the poor and the wealthy unstring them, when they have no other money, or in preference to borrowing, and distribute to the many poor who offer themselves every where, and invariably limit their petition to a *barras*.

There is not a word about Mahomet's Moorish Dance, nor the slightest charge of impropriety against the Queen, in the whole of this narrative, which is in a style so stiff as to give a much less favourable opinion of Demout's talents, than her letters produced during the Queen's trial had created.

Endless Amusement; a Collection of nearly four hundred entertaining Experiments, in various Branches of Science. To which is added a complete System of Pyrotechny. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 216. London, 1821.

Philosophical Recreations, or Winter Amusements; a Collection of entertaining and surprising Experiments in Mechanics, Arithmetic, Optics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Electricity, Chemistry, and Pyrotechny. &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 200. London, 1821.

'*Endless Amusement!!!*—Was there ever a more fatiguing title to a book? We read, in Shakespeare, of 'a consummation devoutly to be wished'—The zealous divine tells us that 'the end of all things is at hand.' Philosophers advise us, 'in the exercise of the mean, to keep the end in view'; and yet, though we love to arrive at the end of the week, the end of our cares, of our follies, our years, and our journeys, a little 'collection' of practical and experimental philosophy professes to insure us endless amusement. But we are not to be so misled by outward attraction. This book, as a collection, contains many useful recipes, and it also contains many useless and imprac-

ticable, or, at least, dear experiments; and, with all our love of science, we are quite satisfied with the accompanying volume, which, with more rationality, is called 'Philosophical Recreations, or Winter Amusements.'

The choicest fruits of the labours of Boyle, Gregory, Joyce, Wilkins, Accum, and others, form the matter and value of both collections. It would be fair and sincere were their editors to give the respective authorities. Books, like acts of parliament, are enhanced by authority. But poachers and empirics carry on their calling without constituted authority: ergo, they avoid the light of truth, and too often escape the sword of justice. We will not, however, quarrel about the definite or indefinite period of enjoyment stated; but, as these works are precisely similar in their nature, appearance, and tendency, we shall endeavour to entertain our readers by offering them five or six of the least common things, as we imagine, which are likely to afford 'endless amusement' or 'philosophical recreation.'

'*Method of giving to Plaster of Paris Figures the Appearance of Marble.*—One ounce of Windsor soap being grated is to be put into four fluid pounds of clear water, and dissolved in a well glazed earthen vessel. Then add of white bees' wax one ounce, cut into thin slices, and, as soon as the whole is incorporated, the compost is fit for use. Having dried the figure well before the fire, suspend it by a wire of twine, and dip it once in the varnish; upon taking it out, the moisture will appear to have been absorbed: in two minutes time stir the compost, and dip it a second time, and this generally suffices. Put it aside from dust for a week; then, with a bit of soft muslin rag or cotton wool, rub the figure gently, when a most brilliant gloss will be produced. Great care, however, is necessary to avoid a brasion of the coat of varnish, which would render the labour useless, and the figure would require dipping again.'

'*Withered Fruit restored.*—Take a shrivelled apple, and placing it under the receiver, exhaust the air. The apple will immediately be plumped up, and look as fresh as when first gathered; for this reason, that the pressure of the external air being taken off, the air in the apple extends it; so much, indeed, that it will sometimes burst. If the air is let into the receiver, the apple will be restored to its pristine shrivelled state.'

'*Never-yielding Cement.*—Calcareous shells, pound them, sift them through a silk sieve, and grind them on porphyry till they are reduced to the finest powder. Then take the whites of several eggs, according to the quantity of the

powder; and, having mixed them with the powder, form them into a kind of paste. With this paste join the pieces of china, or glass, and press them together for seven or eight minutes. This cement will stand both heat and water, and will never give way, even if the article should, by accident, fall to the ground.'

'*To remove Stains and Blemishes from Prints.*—Paste a piece of paper to a very smooth clear table that the boiling water, used in the operation, may not acquire a colour which might lessen its success. Spread out the print you wish to clean upon the table, and sprinkle it with boiling water; taking care to moisten it throughout by very carefully applying a very fine sponge. After you have repeated this process five or six times you will observe the stains or spots extend themselves, but this is only a proof that the dirt begins to be dissolved.

'After this preparation, lay the print smoothly and carefully into a copper or wooden vessel, larger than the size of the print. Then cover it with a boiling ley of potash, taking care to keep it hot as long as possible. After the whole is cooled, strain off the liquor, take out the print with care, spread it on stretched cord, and, when half dry, press it between leaves of white paper to prevent wrinkles.

'By this process, spots and stains, of any kind, will be effectually removed.'

'*To take Impressions of Coins, Medals, &c.*—Cut fish glue, or isinglass, into small pieces, immerse it in clear water, and set it on a slow fire; when gradually dissolved, let it boil slowly, stirring it with a wooden spoon, and taking off the scum. The liquor being sufficiently adhesive, take it off the fire, let it cool a little, and then pour it on the medal or coin you wish to copy, having first rubbed the coin over with oil. Let the composition lay about the thickness of a crown piece on the medal. Then set it in a moderate air, neither too hot nor too cold; let it cool and dry; when it is dry, it will loosen itself: you will find the impression correct, and the finest strokes expressed with the greatest accuracy.

'You may give a more pleasing effect to the composition by mixing any colour with it, red, yellow, blue, green, &c.; and, if you add a little parchement size to it, it will make it harder and better. This size is made by gently simmering the cuttings of clear white parchement in a pipkin, with a little water, till it becomes adhesive.'

'*The Art of Bronzing.*—Bronzing is that process by which figures of plaster of paris, wood, &c. are made to have the appearance of copper or brass. The method is as follows:—

'Dissolve copper filings in aqua-fortis. When the copper has impregnated the acid, pour off the solution, and put into it some pieces of iron, or iron filings. The effect of this will be to sink the powder to the acid. Pour off the liquor and wash

the powder in successive quantities of fresh water: when the powder is dry, it is to be rubbed on the figure with a soft cloth, or piece of leather; but observe that, previously to the application of the bronze powder, a dark blackish sort of green is first to be laid on the figure; and, if you wish the powder to adhere stronger, mix it with gum water, lay it on like paint, with a camel's hair brush, or previously trace the parts to be bronzed with gold size; and, when nearly dry, rub the powder over it.

The Camelon Spirit.—Put into a decanter volatile spirit, in which you have dissolved copper filings, and it will produce a fine blue. If the bottle is stopped the colour will disappear; but, when unstopped, it will return. This experiment may be often repeated.

A Lamp that will burn twelve Months without replenishing.—Take a stick of phosphorus and put it into a large dry phial, not corked, and it will afford a light sufficient to discern any object in a room, when held near it. The phial should be kept in a cool place, where there is no great current of air, and it will continue its luminous appearance for more than twelve months.

Three Objects discernible only with both eyes.—If you fix three pieces of paper against the wall of a room, at equal distances, at the height of your eye, placing yourself directly before them, at a few distances, and close your right eye, and look at them with your left, you will see only two of them, suppose the first and second; alter the position of your eye, and you will see the second and third, but never the whole three together; by which it appears, that a person who has only one eye can never see three objects placed in this position, nor all the parts of one object, of the same extent, without altering the situation of his eye.

To form Figures in Relief on an Egg.—Design on the shell any figure or ornament, you please, with melted tallow, or any other fat oily substance; then immerse the egg in very strong vinegar, and let it remain till the acid has corroded that part of the shell which is not covered with the greasy matter; those parts will then appear in relief, exactly as you have drawn them.

We shall not make any further extracts, as those already quoted are sufficient to explain the nature and character of both these works, which, though intended for juvenile readers, may afford an agreeable recreation to children of a larger growth. We should add, that there are several figures in a sheet to illustrate the most curious experiments, in each of these volumes; but we think them, like Hodge's razors, not made for use, but to sell: the *sine qua non* of literary traders in pictures of castles &c. &c. &c.

The Tutor's Assistant; being a Compendium of Arithmetic, and a complete Question Book. By Francis Walkington. A new Edition. By the Rev. T. Smith. 12mo. pp. 208. London, 1821.

We do not know that we have any business to review this work, a copy of it having been sent, under an envelope, to the Literary Gazette and including a review by the author, addressed to the *Literary Chronicle*. Be this as it may, we cannot but feel pain in seeing industry, united with some talent, stoop to the tricks of charlatanry; such conduct, in our opinion, is highly to be condemned; and we recommend to the Rev. T. Smith to have more confidence in future in his own merits, and in the justice of the critical press.

Foreign Literature.

Les Trois Ages; ou, les Jeux Olympiques, L'Amphithéâtre, et la Chevalerie.

The three Ages, or the Olympic Games, the Amphitheatre, and Chivalry. 12mo. pp. 288. Paris.

POETRY is the language of inspiration, and the moment verse ceases to inspire it ceases to be poetry: this grand and simple truth seems to be an impenetrable secret to thousands who sip at Helicon; they fancy that a certain number of syllables, strung together like rows of beads in pairs, is poetry, merely because they assign that name to it; but they are woefully mistaken, as their still-born productions prove.

True poetry possesses a different character; it assumes a simple fact, clothes it in the richest drapery, places it, as it were, on the throne, and surrounds it with a brilliant court to which you are invited; you assist in person; and, while your imagination is churned with the ravishing scenes presented to you, your mind partakes of all the emotions the poet wishes to inspire, and your understanding is, invisibly enlightened. Such was the aim of poetry in ancient times; but ah! how has it degenerated; yet the sacred fire is not lost; were a proof of it wanting, we could proudly refer to the volume before us, and we cannot give a better idea of the noble aim of the poet than in quoting passages from his introduction.

The most durable institutions are those which enter into the education of the people, inspire them with strong emotions, and are supported by the pomp of solemnities. This character

is specially remarked in the Olympic games, in those of the Amphitheatre, and in chivalry; the grand and noble establishment of the middle ages.

The Olympic games, founded in the infancy of Greece, contributed to its aggrandizement, and flourished long after its glory was set; they survived it, and, in the state of abasement to which it was reduced, they impressed upon the conquerors that ascendancy which arts and learning give.

The first object of the Olympic games was to form warriors and to render the nation stronger; without taking any other direction, they acquired a greater development; they were applied to mental, as well as bodily, exercises; and there were crowned all the talents, all the arts, and all that bore a character of genius and grandeur. This reunion of all the states of Greece was no vain spectacle; forgetting their dissensions, in the midst of public dangers, and hastening to the banks of the Alpha to partake of the same sacrifices and the same fetes, and attaching sufficient importance to those solemnities to render their return periodical, in order, from it, to form the basis of their chronology, the source of patriotism, and the love of glory.

The four years which separated these celebrations, was a period of labour and trials, in which the parties endeavoured to acquire new titles to the admiration of Greece. The athlete, the scholar, and the artist, exerted themselves, in the interval, to merit new crowns: a rising generation prepared itself for succeeding, honorably, its predecessors; there was thus established, not only between contemporaries, but between parents and children, a happy emulation; and, with such great examples before them, they aspired to excel. The Olympic games were, thus, a source of great actions to Greece. Who could resist the seduction of such solemn triumphs? genius, virtue itself, are not insensible to praise, and what empire must they not have had over a people endowed with a lively and fertile imagination, accessible to all kinds of emotions, quick in discerning and selecting what was noble and grand! Their religion even, favoured these first impressions; all Greece was peopled with divinities. Man found himself every where surrounded with them, and he was retained in the line of duty by these numerous witnesses of his actions. The gods were not always invisible; ancient traditions recalled their appearances and

their metamorphoses: it was under the human form they loved to shew themselves; from hence, a more intimate connection between them and man; the poets had, even, lent them our passions and our weaknesses, and, if this error degraded their majesty, at least it elevated man in his own eyes. Some heroes had obtained the honour of apotheosis for their great actions, or services rendered to humanity; the career was still open, and, even at the time when new divinities ceased to be admitted, human respect and glory were considered a sufficient recompense.

This is sufficient to shew the plan of our author in his exquisite little poems; of his manner we will select a specimen, where Sophocles recites the episode of Leonidas: the beautiful poem of Glover has not a passage equal to it:—

‘Vaillant Léonidas! héroïque victime!
 Quel triomphe égalait ton dévouement sublime,
 Lorsque à Lacédémone, assis parmi les rois,
 Fit à mourir pour elle et pour ses saintes loix,
 Tu reçus, sans pâlir, ses adieux et ses larmes!
 Les trois cents immortels se couvrent de leurs armes;

Tu guides aux combats leur noble désespoir;
 Et, saluant ce jour qui n’aura point de soir,
 T’agrandissant comme eux à l’aspect de la tombe,

Tu meurs, accompagné de leur triple hécatombe.’

It is murdering poetry to put it into prose; but we wish to convey a faint idea of the beauties of the original, even under such a disadvantage:—

‘Valiant Leonidas! heroic victim!
 What triumph could equal thy sublime devotion,
 When at Lacedæmon, seated amongst kings, ready to die for her and her holy laws, thou receivest, without turning pale, her adieux and her tears!
 The three hundred immortals gird on their arms; thou guidest to combat their noble despair, and, saluting the morn which shall have no evening, aggrandizing thyself, like them, at the aspect of the tomb, thou diest accompanied by their triple hecatomb.’

We are sure that our readers will prefer other extracts to an analysis of the work; which no admirer of fine poetry would wish to be without. After painting the advantages of the Olympic games, their influence on manners, and even the character of the people, the author feelingly retraces the destruction of Greece and the transfer of her riches to Rome, the new wonder of the world. He paints the ferocity of Roman manners, which was more or less apparent, even to the destruction of the empire; as true it is, as old Paquiar says in his *Recherches*. Every na-

tion preserves, through the continuity of ages, traces of its first form and primitive manners; the Romans, in the origin, were a horde of banditti, they knew no law but power, and ‘woe to the vanquished’ was their motto; and, woe indeed it was to them, for they became slaves, and were obliged to fight until they died, to please their barbarous conquerors; and, if they refused, they were doomed to be devoured by wild beasts. The Roman dames have, joyfully, witnessed a thousand of these inhuman massacres in a day! One of the most remarkable of them is selected by our poet to illustrate them; it is the well known story of Androcles, but which possesses new charms from his muse:—

‘Quel est l’infortuné qu’on mène au supplice!
 Il porte encor des fers la double cicatrice:
 Un glaive, un bouclier sont remis dans ses mains;

Ses farouches regards évitent les humains;
 Seul, assis sur la pierre, il garde le silence.
 Mais déjà, dans le cirque, apparaît et s’élance
 Un lion irrité, que tourmente la faim,
 Et que la Gétulie a porté dans son sein.
 Malheureux Androcles! tu te soutiens à peine
 Déjà ton ennemi, bondissant dans l’arène,
 Semble te dévorer de ses regards angustians:
 Sa queue en longs replis entoure et bat ses flancs;

Il accoutit, il se dresse: ô prodige! il s’arrête:
 Ses longs crins hérissés retombent sur sa tête;
 D’une langue crainative il flatte tes genoux,
 Il se couche à tes pieds, et ses yeux sans courroux

Se lèvent sur les tiens en s’humectant de larmes.
 D’un spectacle nouveau l’on admire ses charmes;
 Les cours sont attentifs; et l’homme humilié
 Reçoit des animaux des leçons de pitié.

Rassurez-vous, parlez, étonnante victime!
 Long-temps évanoui, l’esclave se ranime;
 Il recueille ses sens et retrouve la voix:

“ Il est donc des amis, dit-il, et je revois
 Celui dont la caverne, accueillant un transfuge,
 Contre un maître cruel fut long-temps mon refuge.”

Un jour, chargé d’ennuis et ne pouvant mourir,
 Je demandais au ciel qu’il vint me secourir;
 Il brisa mes liens, il protégea ma fuite,
 Et de mes ennemis il trompa la poursuite.
 Longuement, épuisé de fatigue et de faim,
 Un autre bienfaiteur me reçut dans son sein:
 Me m’endormis. O dieux! quelles vives larmes

M’arçhent au sommeil qui suspendait mes larmes!

Un lion gémissant se traîne jusqu’à moi:
 Je veux fuir, je retombe, et pousse un cri d’e-

roi.
 Son pied est déchiré d’une épine sanglante;
 Il pose dans mes mains sa tête suppliante,
 A son hôte inconnu semble fier ses jours,
 Et ses rugissements implorent mes secours.
 Je frissonnais d’horreur: sa plainte me rassure;
 J’arrache avec effort le trait de sa blessure;
 Son sang coule; mes mains en étanchent les flots;

Et de mes vêtements déchirant les lambeaux,
 Chers et tristes débris qu’a sauvés ma misère,
 J’épouse en appareil ma richesse dernière.
 Dès ce jour commença notre longue amitié:
 De ses sanglants festins il m’offrait la moitié;

Je pris soin de son antre, et d’une herbe nouvelle

Je couvrais chaque jour la couche fraternelle.
 Abattu sous ces coups, le peuple des forêts
 De sa riche débauche ornait son antre paillard:
 Moi-même j’empruntai leur sauvage parure:
 Repoussé des humains, et seul dans la nature,
 Un lion m’accueillait; je descendis à lui.
 Souvent, pour l’arracher à son stupide ennui,
 J’escaçais, en jouant, une lutte innocente:
 Timide, il épargnait mon audace impuissante;
 Terreur des animaux, un lion me craignait;
 L’homme avait pris ses droits, et le faible régna.

Je rouissais pourtant de mon sauvage empire.
 O raison! noble instinct qui pourrais te détruire!

Le monde que j’ai fui, mes malheurs et mes fers
 Au fond de mon exil me redeviennent chers.
 Enfin, ne pouvant plus souffrir ma solitude,
 Sourdement dévoré d’ennui, d’inquiétude,
 Triste, n’écoutant plus qu’un sombre désespoir,
 Je men fis . . . En quels lieux ai-je dû le re-

voir!
 Il m’avait épargné. Barbares que nous sommes!
 Pour tomber sous leurs coups, je revins chez les hommes:

Esclave fugitif, vous m’avez condamné;
 Un lion à ma fuite a déjà pardonné.”

Il dit, et de ses maux la naïve peinture
 Dans le cœur des Romains réveille la nature;
 Les jours de ce proselit leur deviennent sacrés.
 L’homme et son bienfaiteur, du cirque délivrés,
 Cherchent un même asile; et comme un chien timide,

Le lion, moins farouche, accompagne son guide.
 Long-temps on les a vus, confondant leurs destins.

Paraître en suppliants aux portes des festins:
 La pitié les nourrit; la pitié même enfance;
 Du monarque des bois insulte la clémence;
 La sainte humanité le couronne de fleurs:
 On chante d’Androcles la fuite et les malheurs,
 On chante du lion la grotte hospitalière.
 L’esclave arrive enfin à son heure dernière:
 Et l’ôte des forêts, qui s’unît à son sort,
 Se couche sur la tombe, en attendant la mort.”

The episode of the faithful Blondel discovering his master, our Richard the First, in prison, shall conclude our extracts:—

‘Blondel a vu le jour dans la fertile plaine
 Que borde l’Océan, et qu’embellit la Seine.
 On y appelle encor le nom de ce vieillard,
 Ses vertus, son courage, et les maux de Richard,
 De ce roi qui, chargé des palmes de Syrie,
 Disparut tout-à-coup, en cherchant sa patrie.
 Sa pitié et ses malheurs occupent l’archevêque.
 Le bruit s’est répandu qu’il languit dans les fers;
 Et Blondel, épiant ses traces incertaines,
 Voudrait sauver Richard, ou partager ses chaînes.

Mais qui peut le conduire aux murs de sa prison!

Par-tout veille la crainte et plane le soupçon:
 Il faut, sans exprimer une doute téméraire,
 Interroger cent fois la rumeur populaire.
 Réténir son secret, dévorer ses angoisses.
 Il parcourt les cités, et, dans l’ombre des nuits,
 Aux portes des cachots il écoute la plainte;
 Assiéger des donjons l’impénétrable enceinte,
 Et, pauvre pèlerin ou tendre troubadour,
 Sollicite l’aumône, ou dit un chant d’amour.

Un jour, les yeux en pleurs, sur sa harpe il commence
 Les amours de Richard et sa triste romance,

Et des sanglots pressés étouffent ses accents.
O ciel ! en croira-t-il le trouble de ses sens ?
Ces mots interrompus, un autre les achève :
On répond à sa voix. Il écoute, il se lève ;
Il écoute . . . O bonheur ! la voûte de la tour
Des chants du ménestrel retentit à son tour
« C'est lui ! n'en doutons plus. O Dieu, qui
vois ma joie,

Qu'enfin à ses sujets ta bonté le renvoie !"
Dieu seul bat le tambour de ses pieux transports.
D'Albion en secret il regagne les ports ;
Et ce peuple, fidèle au roi qu'il a vu naître,
S'appauvrit sans regret pour racheter son maître.

Rappelle-nous encore, généreux troubadour,
Les touchants souvenirs qu'éveilla son retour,
Aiors que, consacré par ses longues misères,
Il revint de l'exil au trône de ses pères.

Blondel, l'héroïque Blondel accompagne son roi.
Du noble serviteur on admire la foi :

« J'approuvai, dit Richard, ta constance et ton
zèle :

Je garde à ta franchise une épreuve nouvelle :
A mes peuples en deuil tu parlas des maux fers ;
Tu diras leurrois les maux qu'ils ont soufferts. »

When we are pleased, we wish to know to whom we are indebted for it, and though the elegant poet under notice has not published his name, it shall not be concealed—it is M. Roux, as amiable a man as he is an elegant poet and scholar.

Original Communications.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

TO STEPHEN JONES, ESQ.

EDITOR OF THE PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY
CALLED 'SHERIDAN IMPROVED.'

SIR,—Having no other means of addressing you, I applied to the correspondent of the *Literary Chronicle*, at Paris, to facilitate the means of asking you a question on the English language, which I have studied, as we say in French, *par principe*. You have taken for your motto, a passage from Ben Johnson, which runs thus: 'Negligent speech doth not only discredit the person of the speaker, but it discrediteth the opinion of his reason and judgment.' I confess to you, sir, that I was greatly surprised to see a phrase selected for your motto, which appears to me not only to be incorrect, but downright nonsense; yet this opinion may, perhaps, arise from my imperfect knowledge of the language, in which you so greatly excel; I shall, therefore, be obliged to you, sir, to inform me, through the medium of the *Literary Chronicle*, how a man's negligent speech can discredit his opinion of his reason? Ought it not rather to be, that his negligent speech discredits (or lowers) his reason and judgment, in my opinion? The subject is, perhaps, scarcely worth the pains I have taken about it; but it is always a pleasure to

a student to catch his masters tripping, and to find a gentleman who professes to teach you to think and write correctly, making a grammatical blunder in the very title page of his book.

I am, sir, with much respect,
Your humble servant,

Paris, J. B. LECLERC.
Rue de Richieu, Jan. 24, 1821.

COBBETT ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—As politics form no part of the plan of the *Literary Chronicle*, I do not expect you to be very well acquainted with the writings of a man only known for his political talents and tergiversation. It is on this account that I transmit you an extract from the last number of Cobbett's Register, in which he draws a picture of female beauty, and modestly intimates at the conclusion, that the originals are to be found in the persons of her Majesty and—Mrs. Cobbett.

'As to what is beautiful and what is not,' says Mr. Cobbett, 'there is no standard. All depends upon taste; and our tastes vary with our characters, which are as various as are the wild plants of the field. But I know what my own taste in female beauty is, and I will describe it.' A woman, five feet two inches high (without her shoes) half an inch more or less. Plump, even when young, and prone to crum, rather than crust, as she increases in years. Small-boned, small hand, and small nimble feet, and giving evident proofs, that the fruit of her love are not, for want of an ample natural supply, to be banished to a hireling breast. Sprightly eyes of I care not what colour; features that speak; a voice at once feminine and firm; a laugh that banishes melancholy from my abode; a temper that sets disguise at defiance; a will, that, by its ripplings, prevents life from becoming a stagnant pool; a heart that shews its tenderness, not in sighs and whines, but in excessive fondness for children and in active boldness at the bed-side of the yellow-fever or the plague; and if I cannot preserve that heart, I am unworthy to enjoy its possessor.

'That this is my taste I have given the best possible proof; and, it is well known, that her Majesty might have sitted for the picture.'

Mr. Cobbett speaks from an accurate survey of her Majesty's features and person: he first saw her 'just twenty years ago last Thursday week,'

when he inquired who that 'pretty little gay lady was,' and he last saw her on Monday 'from a distance of about four yards, for a whole hour or more.' Who will dispute Mr. Cobbett's talents of judging of female beauty, when he studies it with such minuteness and accuracy.

I am your's, &c.
Jan. 28th, 1821. GIOVANNI.

QUACKERY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

MR. EDITOR,

'Bears' Grease has virtues many, great, and rare;
To Hair decay'd, life, health, and vigour giving;

'Tis sold by ———, famed for cutting Hair,
At ——— living.

Who then would lose a Head of Hair for want?
A thousand tongues are heard "I try!" replying.

T——— no doubt with Bear's Grease can supply
A thousand more, when they're disposed to buy.

'No deception!—Seven bears publicly exhibited in seven months, and not an agent on the globe's surface. Sold upon oath, from 1s. to 10s. 6d. The smallest child will direct to ———, near the church,—a real bear over the door, where a good peruke is charged 1l. 10s. equal to those produced by Mr. T., at R——s, for 2l. 12s. 6d. Scalp 10s. 6d. and 6d. only for hair cutting—never refusing one shilling. N.B. Bear's grease effects wonders for the knees, &c. of horses.'

Having carefully perused this most wonderful production, I have no doubt whatever, you are fully persuaded in your own mind of the infallible specific, *bears' grease*. I certainly apologise to you, sir, and your enlightened readers, for bringing so greasy a subject before you, but the antiquity or sacred influence which true poetry is known to possess, gives me an excuse. I have withheld the author's name and address, because I would not subject you to an advertisement duty. But this rare discovery cannot remain in obscurity, especially on 'Change, where bears and even bulls are so frequently seen. A member of Parliament, not long since, ventured to say that 'the house would soon be turned into a bear-garden,' so that we may hope this virtuous grease will be generally used. But, should this gentleman be out in his prediction, the above extraordinary composition informs you where it can be obtained, 'seven bears having been publicly exhibited in seven months, and that there is a real bear over the door.' Not 'the Bear and Ragged Staff, sir, oh no!' there is not an agent on the globe's surface! this epithet, *surface*, is peculiarly happy, as it is so

close to the skin. And 'the *smallest* child will direct near the church.' Those who have overgrown hair, 'may have it cut for sixpence,—never refusing a *shilling*!' I dare say not, sir. But the *knees*, ye lame, and halt, and bruised!—the knees are restored to vigour; particularly (beautiful comparison) *horses*'.

This, sir, is, indeed, the age for miracles;—this is enough to arouse the more sedate and time-shaving faculty to more exalted deeds of wonder. *Operators* are to be found at the *pole and block* as well as at Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals! Prescribers at the *real Bear*, as well as at the College of Physicians, Warwick Lane! How degraded, then, are the disciples of Galen and Hippocrates become! How shameful, that for paying the government a duty, such disgusting puffing should be tolerated to mislead the unwary, and sink the virtues of medical science into contempt rather than promote their general utility! The above, sir, is not so exceptional as hundreds which tinge the pages of respectable newspapers, by their violating the rules of decency and insulting the most common understanding; but sent you as a specimen of its promise and eccentricity.

P. PIGTAIL.

The Family Trunk,

No. I.

BY MOSES VON MUCKLEWIT, GENT.

THE embarrassment of a first appearance hath ever been felt and acknowledged through all ranks and gradations, from the drawing-room at St. James's down to the boards at Covent Garden or the dock of the Old Bailey. There are few creatures of a more nervous temperament than your genuine *débutant*; and in no situation hath this nervousness operated more sensibly than upon the honourable fraternity of periodical essayists, from the golden days of our illustrious precursor, Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, even to these degenerate times. Scarcely one, but hath felt himself overpowered, at his first starting, by the overwhelming sense of his own unworthiness, somewhat after the fashion of young Hobnail, who pays his first visit to his landlord, the 'squire, to solicit his continuance in the farm, just vacated by his lamented sire; old Hobnail defunct. Who, that hath ever studied human nature in her rustic garb, cannot picture to himself the clumsy gait, sheepish countenance, awkward strides; and non-descript at-

titudes of the aforesaid bumpkin, as,—after scraping the floor most majestically with both feet, smoothing down his lank polished locks, and finally twirling before him his old beaver, according to the most approved modes in such cases,—he approaches the august presence of the 'squire, and, with a profusion of hems, yawns, grins, and such other rhetorical flourishes, stammers out the important purpose of his visitation?

—But as I have a mortal antipathy to digressions in travelling,—whether it be through the fens of Lincolnshire or the fuggers of the compositor,—I come at once to the point, at which it was my intention to commence this my first lucubration. And, however contrary it may be to the true Horatian precept, in all sublime productions of this nature, to begin *ad ovo*, or from the shell, (an illustration, by the way, extremely apposite to an unfiled author,) I cannot resist the temptation, which the example of my celebrated predecessors hath thrown out, to ingratiate myself with my loving readers by some account of my birth, parentage, and education. It hath, moreover, I am well aware, been ever regarded as a matter of *etiquette*, that this account should be accompanied by a certificate of one's age, height, colour, make, figure, good or bad qualities, and other important particulars, with as much minuteness, as if the poor devil of an author were about to be put up to sale at the far-famed repositories of Aldridge or Tattersall. For my own part, however, I have, from my youth upwards, always looked with abhorrence on this last-mentioned practice, as highly derogatory from the dignity of a free-born subject of these realms, and have resolved, in conformity with the glorious spirit of the times, if ever it should please my stars to afford me the opportunity, to be the first to make some reform in this weighty matter. For this reason, the following sketch of my history will be confined to such general matters, as I may deem essential to that proper understanding between my readers and myself, which it must ever be my chief ambition to cultivate.

According to the most authentic records, our family hath been settled in the North Riding of Yorkshire for the last two hundred and fifty years. The first of my progenitors, who bore the name of Von Mucklewit, was my great grandfather Solomon, of pious memory, who took it with a considerable estate, which was left him by an

old college friend, who, luckily for our family, had contracted a wonderful liking for the aforesaid Solomon; and, happening to die without any near kin, he made him his heir, upon the sole condition, that my great grandfather and his family should ever after bear the name and arms of Von Mucklewit. Before that time, the family appellation was Numscold, or, as it was written in some old deeds, Numskull; but my father, who was a great etymologist, preferred the former reading, and derived the name from the Latin words, *Nummos Colligere*, which, he was wont to affirm, betokened the founder of the family to have been some great money-getting, or mercantile personage. But this by the way:—our name, wherever originating, was certainly of great antiquity, and connected with persons of the first rank,—the Numscolls or Numskulls having, from the most remote period, figured in the highest stations in church and state, where many of their descendants are still to be found. As to the name of Von Mucklewit, there was nothing about which my father was more puzzled: and the only satisfactory conclusion he could come to, after all his wanderings and bewilderings in the mazes of etymology, was that the name was a cross-breed between a Scotch non-conformist and a high Dutch commentator, the latter part of which hypothesis, as agreeing so well with my father's black-letter predilections, used to tickle his fancy not a little. However, as this is a point in which the honour of our family is not immediately interested, I shall dwell no longer upon it than to state, that my great grandfather's college friend, from whom we derive this important *cognomen*, left behind him no memorials, whereby the matter might be cleared; and whatever knowledge the venerable Solomon Von Mucklewit may have possessed, he has certainly took with him, when he descended to the vault of his ancestors.

I now come to my grandfather Jehoshaphat, of whom the most memorable record I find is that he married a lady from Wales of good fortune, and who claimed her descent from the aboriginal stock of the renowned Cadwalader. In consequence of this alliance, my grandmother's armorial bearings,—three goat's heads *argent*,—were quartered on our family shield:—a circumstance, which my father, drawing his conclusions, no doubt, from the mounting of the said heads, would often, with a significant shrug of his shoul-

ders, lament, as more ominous than he could wish to the connubial honour of the Von Mucklewitz, though, in every other respect: he was not a little proud of his Cambrian descent, and made it the source of much pleasant genealogical speculation. As for my grandfather, he was so much taken with my grandmother and her native mountains, that he became a decided convert to her national customs, lived half his time upon Welsh mutton and leeks, and was found dead in his bed, after feeding too luxuriously one night upon a Welsh rabbit, (or, according to my father's emendation, *rare bit*;) which my grandmother was accustomed to cook for him.

It is now time to do honour to my immediate progenitor, Cadwalader Von Mucklewitz;—for such were my grandfather's Welsh partialities, as already hinted, that he was determined his eldest son should bear the name of the great Cambrian prince. And it must not be disguised, that my father was, to his latest hour, more vain than was, perhaps, consistent with true Christian humility, of this important distinction. My father, indeed, to say the truth, was not less a stickler for names than the renowned Mr. Shandy himself, and was, therefore, not only particularly proud of his own, as harmonizing so happily with his genealogical attachments, but was also remarkably solicitous about the choice of those, which he bestowed on his children. Many and keen, he hath often told me, were, at first, the contests, on this head, between himself and my mother, who, being of a puritanical lineage, was for preserving the old patriarchal appellations, which had been, from the days of the Reformation until my father's time, a part of the family inheritance. After a long series of conflicts on this important topic, they compromised the matter by agreeing to name their children alternately, my father to take the first chance. And, as it pleased heaven to bless them with a numerous progeny, they had each a full opportunity of gratifying their various whims in this particular. Accordingly, while my mother stocked our family nomenclature with Isaac, Job, Joshua, Rebecca, and Rachel; my father, on his part, brought in his Alexanders, Arthurs, Ossians, Erasmuses, and Lucretius, who were so named, according to the particular train of my father's studies at the time of their birth, or the capricious opinions he chose to form of their future destinies. For myself,

it was my fortune, but whether good or ill I will not pretend to determine, to fall to my father's nomination: and, predicting, as he was pleased to say, that I would be of a very meek disposition, and bring, moreover, at the time, disposed to flatter my mother's scriptural predilections, he bestowed upon me the dignified appellation of Moses.

From the earliest period within my recollection I became a great favourite with my father, who even carried his partiality so far as to undertake the special charge of my education, while the rest of the family were sent to a public school. He, accordingly, after I had mastered the common rudiments of learning, initiated me in the varied and abstruse mysteries of his own studies; and, thus, before I was thirteen, I was deeply read in the respective sciences of heraldry, etymology, physics, astrology, and occult philosophy, with sundry other similar pursuits, antiquarian, philological, and metaphysical. In short, I had made such proficiency, that my father considered his superintendence no longer necessary, and left me to the guidance of my own discretion, until the time should arrive for fixing me in the world.

Matters had continued in this state for some time, when the gout, with which my father had been long struggling, at length gained a powerful ascendancy; and, in spite of all his skill, physical or necromantic, he was obliged to give up the combat. In a word, before I had well attained my fifteenth year, my lamented father, Cadwalader Von Mucklewitz, was obliged to bow to the common lot of humanity. However, he had not so far lost himself in the labyrinth of his studies, as to forget to provide previously for his children, to each of whom, although many in number, he contrived to leave a decent competency, besides an ample provision for my mother; and he was further pleased to mark his partiality for me by an additional bequest, which I cannot better describe than in the following words of his will:—

'And whereas, I have taken my dear son, Moses, from his infancy, under my own especial tuition, and he hath, through his diligence and ability, profited greatly thereby, in the attainment of a variety of useful and profound knowledge, so that he promiseth fairly to prove one of the brightest luminaries of his time; therefore, and in order the more effectually to enable him so to distinguish himself, I do hereby give

and bequeath unto my said dear son, Moses, all that my large black-leather FAMILY TRUNK, which now is and stands in my private closet, together with all the contents thereof, and all the rights, members, and appurtenances thereunto belonging, with full power and authority for my said son, Moses, to make such use of the same, as he, in his discretion, shall deem fit.'

Now, this antique piece of furniture, which had been a sort of heir-loom in our family from time immemorial, and had, uncouthly, contained the family title-deeds, and other similar records, was converted, by my father, into a depository for his literary lucubrations. Here it was that he concealed, from all eyes but his own, those erudite labours which he, no doubt, flattered himself might one day astonish the world; and, as even I had never been permitted to penetrate into the mysteries of this *sanctum sanctorum*, it was with no small degree of curiosity that I first proceeded to take possession of my legacy. Upon opening this venerable trunk, I found the long hidden treasure to consist, principally, of small bundles of paper, many of them superscribed 'for the press,' together with a variety of copy books of all sorts and sizes. Some of the contents proved, upon a farther examination, to be my father's original productions, while the rest were merely transcripts, which he had made in the course of his reading. And, amongst such a mass, it will readily be imagined, that there must have been a good deal of matter, that did not greatly redound to the literary fame of Cadwalader Von Mucklewitz. Upon the whole, however, they served to give me a high idea of the profundity of my father's knowledge, and of the diversity of his talents; for, amongst the multifarious heap of original pieces, were skeletons of epic poems,—half-connected tragedies,—unfinished romances,—scraps of biography, chiefly relating to our own family,—and an infinite collection of miscellaneous compositions, under the various heads of commentaries, criticisms, dissertations, essays, anecdotes, bon mots, and a thousand other titles too tedious to mention. The transcripts, also, were equally diversified, and, perhaps, I ought to admit, by far the most valuable part of these literary remains. In short, so numerous were they, that some years elapsed before I was able to make a proper selection of such as were most worthy of being preserved; and, after deliberating for twenty years longer on

their merits, I have, at length, resolved to lay them occasionally before the public, not doubting the gratitude with which they will be received. But I hereby give notice, that I reserve to myself the fullest use of the discretionary power, vested in me by the aforesaid will, whether by abbreviation, amplification, suppression, addition, or interpolation; and, should any one doubt my legal right and authority so to do, I hereby refer him to the proper office, at Doctors' Commons, where he will find the last will and testament of Cadwalader Von Mucklewit, Esq., which was duly proved on the first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. MOSES VON MUCKLEWIT.

Original Criticisms

ON
*The Principal Performers of the Theatres
Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.*

No. X.—MRS. BUNN.

‘Use all gently,
You must acquire, and beget a Temperance,’
SHAKESPEARE.

THE character of Imogen, in Mr. Matrin's tragedy of *Beltrame*, first introduced Mrs. Bunn (at that time Miss Somerville) to a London audience. Her task was arduous, but then she had not to contend with the comparative claims of any predecessor. Nothing could exceed the glorious welcome of the public; still, notwithstanding the torrents of applause that were showered on the performance, her conception of the character, on the whole, did not please us. Her figure is well adapted to the lofty rage of tragedy, but her countenance is extremely unimpressive. Again, she feels passionately, but fails in elevated expression. Her articulation is by no means distinct: her words roll into each other like intermingling waves that crowd into a confused mass; her voice, in short, wants that modulation, that variety of tone, which is exacted by declamation; nor is her study formed on a pure model, unless it be correct to surprise the ear by sudden starts, from the highest capable pitch of the voice to its lowest audible key. Her delivery of the speech ‘Of one who lov'd,—she was of humble birth,’ &c., was admirable; but the remainder of the character was badly conceived, and still worse executed; she was, at one time, vehement to the highest degree,—at another, she sunk into an almost inaudible whine. This lady was certainly

of no advantage to Drury Lane; Imogen, Alicia, and Imoinda in *Oronoko* (an extremely mawkish and insipid personation of a weak and powerlessly drawn character), being the only parts she enacted, and these with little credit to herself, and still less to the house. About two years since, however, she appeared at Covent Garden in the character of Bianca in ‘*Fazio*,’ and, although her representation was far, very far inferior to that of Miss O'Neil, she was evidently much improved. We think, however, on the whole, the haughty beauty, Aldabella, would have suited her better. Her next appearance was in *Adelgitha*: her performance was again remarkable for frequent and powerful displays of talent, and great inequality. She was much applauded when she stabled Michael Ducas (Mr. Macready), and, though the character lost a main, if not essential source of its interest after the death of that personage, she availed herself of several opportunities to obtain applause in the fifth act. Her intonation was greatly improved, and she had, in a great measure, discarded that hollowness of tone which is by no means natural, and still less necessary to her. Roxana and Elvira, fierce, haughty, and vindictive, find in her very efficient representatives; but of her Lady Macbeth we are unwilling to speak; as we can offer her neither compliment or panegyric without a complete violation of truth, we shall pass it by in silence. We are persuaded that this lady is permitted to enact the heroine in tragedy, merely because the managers of Covent Garden have not a single first-rate performer in this line, with the exceptions, perhaps, of Miss Foote and Mrs. Faucit; the former of whom, though exquisitely beautiful, is but a mediocre performer in tragedy, and the latter, though an extremely clever woman, generally speaking, belongs rather to elegant comedy or a superior class of melo-drame. This is the only reason we can assign for Mrs. Bunn's constant appearance before the public in characters for which she possesses but slender requisites. Her Margaret of Anjou, in the ‘*Earl of Warwick*,’ as a whole, is entitled to commendation. Wherever rage or indignation were to be expressed, she fulfilled her task with much ability; she was, however, less happy in the scenes where feeling, pathos, and tenderness were required. Her last scene was very impressive, and was honoured with great applause. Some months

ago, she performed *Meg Merrilies*, and, in our humble opinion, this is the very lie of character for which she is best adapted. She has never, in our estimation, merited the appellation of a first-rate actress. That she possesses talent is unquestionable, but that she has mis-apprehended its extent and peculiarity seems equally undeniable. She is too young for *Volumnia*, nor does she possess the dignity of the Roman matron; why is not Mrs. Faucit continued in the part, instead of assigning her that of *Virgilia*? *Volumnia* has more of what we may imagine Roman, than any of the other characters in the piece; her very love is pride,—she does not upon her son, but on the hero, the conqueror of Corioli; it is, therefore, impossible for it to have due effect on the stage, unless its representative be endowed with an innate dignity, and a majestic figure, action, and demeanour. Alicia, though a very natural, is by no means an agreeable character, and would scarcely be endured in the virulence of her actions and the extravagance of her behaviour, but that she meets with an admirable foil in her more amiable, but not more fortunate friend. The character loses none of its effect in the hands of Mrs. Bunn; many of her speeches are exquisitely given; her wild exclamation of horror ‘Stand off, and let me pass,’ &c., on meeting Hastings on the way to execution, had its proper effect, and the whole of her mad scene, in which she reviles the unhappy *Jaane Shore* as the author of her miseries, and spurs her from her door, were fine specimens of the histrionic art. Considerable force and effect is given by Mrs. Bunn to the bolder and more vehement attributes of Helen, in the tragedy of ‘*Wallace*,’ but, owing to the harsh and unpleasant tones in her voice, she is unable to give proper pathos to the softer and more tender scenes. Her voice is a terrible drawback to her general merits, and she has yet to learn to moderate her declamation, as well as to chasten her action, which is sometimes dignified and graceful, at others inappropriate and inelegant; these errors, however, we notice the more freely, as it is in her own power to get rid of, or, at least, to correct them. ‘She has still much to learn as well as to unlearn; let her study closely and without intermission; let her unlearn her acquired bad habits; native management, classically directed, will do wonders.’

W. H. PARRY.

LITERARY SQUABBLE.

The rival magazines of Baldwin and Blackwood have, for some months past, carried on a species of literary warfare against each other, equally disgraceful to the conductors of both. The pen, however powerful, has been found too feeble a weapon, and an appeal of another description has been made by one of the parties, and evaded by the other. It appears, from a narrative published by Mr. Lockhart, who avows himself an occasional, but an unpeevish, contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, that feeling himself 'insulted by name, in various articles of a publication called the *London Magazine*,' he authorized his friend, Mr. Christie, to call on the editor, Mr. John Scott; and 'ask of him, on the part of Mr. Lockhart, whether he really had any concern in these offensive articles, or was inclined to hold himself responsible for them.' Mr. Scott at first refused to give an answer, because Mr. Lockhart was not on the spot. This difficulty was soon removed, by Mr. L. immediately hastening to London and renewing his demand. Mr. Scott still evaded an explanation, requiring from Mr. Lockhart to disavow his having been concerned, under fabricated names or anonymously, with 'that very infamous publication, *Blackwood's Magazine*.' This was the *sine qua non* of Mr. Scott's giving any explanation. On receiving this letter, Mr. Lockhart wrote a reply, which, with the remainder of the narrative we give entire:—

"London, January, 19.

"Mr. Lockhart, without admitting that Mr. Scott has, according to the usual practice of gentlemen in similar situations, any right to a preliminary explanation, does, nevertheless, not hesitate to offer Mr. Scott any explanation upon any subject in which Mr. Scott's personal feelings and honour can be concerned; in the hopes, and on the understanding, that Mr. Scott will then no longer delay giving Mr. Lockhart the explanation and satisfaction alluded to in Mr. Scott's communications."

"If Mr. Scott's previous conduct had not prepared Mr. Lockhart to expect any degree of meanness and inconsis-

"So anxious was Mr. Lockhart to bring this discussion to a conclusion, that his friend went on this occasion, charged by him with authority to deny on the part of Mr. L. (in case Mr. Scott should offer any opportunity for doing so,) 'the smallest knowledge of or concern in any article in any publication whatsoever, by which Mr. Scott could possibly have imagined himself to be injured or insulted.' It will be seen, that Mr. Christie had no opportunity of acting upon these instructions."

ency, he would have been surprised at receiving in answer to so plain, so distinct, and so decisive a proposition, the following letter, in which it will be seen that Mr. Scott maintains all the spirit of his former communications, but variegates the discussion with certain new conditions, which nothing but the ingenuity of personal apprehension could have brought into this stage of the business:—

"Mr. Scott does not think it necessary to discuss Mr. Lockhart's denial of his right to a preliminary explanation; it is sufficient for Mr. Scott to have made up his mind on that point; to have his opinion supported by that of his friend—a man of unblemished honour; and to be prepared to stand the test of the feelings of society upon it.

"It is, however, his wish to limit the explanation he demands within the narrowest bounds the case will possibly admit of. He will not, therefore, require from Mr. Lockhart any avowal or disavowal, directed towards particular articles that may have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*: all he requires is, that Mr. Lockhart should declare upon his honour, in explicit terms, that he has never derived money from any connexion, direct or indirect, with the management of that work; and that he has never stood in a situation giving him, directly or indirectly, a pecuniary interest in its sale.

"Mr. Lockhart will see that the terms of this disavowal have no reference whatever to occasional, or even frequent contributions, which Mr. Scott waives his right to inquire into. They are simply intended to draw the line of distinction between the dealer in scandal and the man of honour.

"The system of concealment and evasion, adopted in regard to the editorship of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and obstinately maintained under calls as direct as that which Mr. Lockhart has now made on Mr. Scott, but which Mr. Scott could not bring himself to imitate; also Mr. Lockhart's silence under the general public report attributing to him a principal share in the getting-up of the work in question, are sufficient to justify Mr. Scott in demanding this preliminary explanation. The disavowal required by Mr. Scott being made, he holds himself prepared to give Mr. Lockhart satisfaction without delay."

"Contemptible as Mr. Scott's assertions had now become to Mr. Lockhart, he nevertheless condescended to make one effort more to remove his tremulous delicacy and ever-springing difficulties, by authorising Mr. Christie to read to Mr. Scott a formal denial of that bare-faced falsehood, that Mr. Lockhart had ever, on any pretence whatever, declined giving an immediate and open answer to any application

connected with any point of honour in which he (Mr. L.) could conceive himself to be in any sort concerned; but Mr. Scott now found it convenient not even to listen to the answer to his own despicable insinuation, and he, therefore, would not permit Mr. Christie to read this paper, and for that reason Mr. Lockhart does not think it necessary to insert it here.

"Mr. Lockhart had now been engaged in this very disagreeable correspondence for the greater part of a week. Seeing no likelihood of bringing the affair to a termination by such means as he had hitherto resorted to, he now found himself compelled to address the following final note to Mr. John Scott:—

"Mr. Lockhart, in consequence of Mr. Scott's having refused to act towards him according to the rules by which gentlemen are accustomed to regulate their conduct, thinks it necessary to inform Mr. Scott, that he, Mr. Lockhart, considers him as a liar and a scoundrel.

"Mr. Lockhart also thinks proper to inform Mr. Scott, that it is his intention to set off for Scotland on Tuesday morning—bearing with him no other feeling in regard to Mr. Scott, except that supreme contempt with which every gentleman must contemplate the almost united baseness of falsehood and poltrovery."

"In about two hours, Mr. S. replied in these terms:—

"Mr. Scott has just received, and opened (not knowing the seal) the last note addressed to him by Mr. Lockhart; and thinks it only necessary to say, that he considers it as coming from the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

"Saturday evening, half-past seven."

"This last new miserable subterfuge is as false in assertion (Mr. Lockhart not being the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*), as its motive is despicable. And Mr. Lockhart has now only to regret that his ignorance of the manners and character of Mr. John Scott, should have involved him in any discussion with a person alike incapable of giving or of receiving the explanation of a gentleman.

"N. B. The first copy of this statement was sent to Mr. Scott with a notification that Mr. Lockhart intended leaving London within twenty-four hours after the time of his receiving it."

Here the affair rests at present, and what further steps may be taken is of little consequence to the public. Both the magazines in question have been remarkable for their gross personalities, which have placed them out of the pale of honourable literature. What a pity it

is that these gentlemen do not read Addison, who has so justly condemned the line of conduct they pursue. He says, 'there is nothing so detestable in the eyes of all good men as defamation, or satire aimed at particular persons. It deserves the utmost detestation and discouragement of all who have either the love of their country, or the honour of their religion at heart. I have not scrupled to rank those who deal in those pernicious arts of writing, with the murderer and assassin. Every honest man sets as high a value on his good name as upon life itself: and I cannot but think that those who privily assault the one could destroy the other, might they do it with the same security and impunity.'

SINGULAR POEM.

THERE exists in the French language, a poem on the passion of our Saviour, in verses of only one syllable, or rather of only one word: the following is a specimen:—

De	from
ce	this
Lieu,	place,
Dieu	God
mort	dead
sort;	went;
sort	fate
fort	very
dur,	hard,
mais	but
tres	very
sur	sore.

In Scarron's time, burlesque verse was so much in vogue, that a priest advertised a poem 'on the passion of our Lord, in burlesque verse.'

Original Poetry.

THE OLD YEW TREE.

A TALE.

My chaise the high brow of the hill had just gain'd,

When a cottage arose on my view;
An appearance of weakness it still had retain'd,
For the ruins of roses and woodbines remain'd,
But broken and wand'ring they grew.

An old yew tree, whose branches had once been a shade

To the green turf that stretch'd at the door,
Was lopp'd of its boughs, as if its kind aid
No longer were wanted, or Sorrow had said,
'Thou shalt shadow the cottage no more.'

'Whose cottage is that?' to the post-boy I cried,
For the scene shew'd a recent decay;
'Old Christopher's cottage,' the driver replied,
'I well can remember that tree in its pride,
'And Christopher happy and gay.

And tho' 'tis a broken and wither'd trunk now,
'Continued the boy with a sigh,
'That tree had ten branches your honour must

1000 to 1000.

And he had ten children, and cut off a bough
When one of his children did die.

'Tis a sorrowful story, your honour, to tell;
But of nine he was shortly bereft;
By a fever that rag'd in the hamlet, they fell,
And down came the boughs of the yew-tree as well—

And none but a daughter was left.
The pride of the village Eliza was known,—
The prettiest lass on the green—
To all the same smile of good humour was shewn,

And each lad in the dance wish'd Eliza his own,
And envied the rival between.

Each ev'ning in summer, beneath the old tree,
Would Christopher always repair;
And while all around him was frolic and glee,
No one was more happy, more joyous than he,
For Eliza, his treasure, was there.

What pity, your honour, that pleasure should fade!
But sorrow was Christopher's lot,—
And Eliza, the blooming and good-humour'd maid,

Before winter came, in the cold grave was laid;
And he lost the last comfort he'd got.

I shan't see such a burying again! he exclaim'd,
As his eye trembled fast with a tear;
For throughout all the village Eliza was fam'd,
And each one who knew her, had thought themselves sham'd,

If by chance they had fail'd to be there.

The maidens her coffin with flowers did strew,
And sobb'd as if she were their own;
The old father follow'd, his grief to renew,—
He bore in his hand the last bough of the yew,
And since has no happiness known.'

'But of what fell disease did Eliza expire?'
I quickly inquir'd with a sigh;

'Perhaps the same fever, whose mould'ring fire
On her cheek the false blossom of health might inspire,

When she thought not her death was so nigh.'

'Indeed some did think so,' the driver replied,
'But nobody ever could prove;

And soon she grew dull, lost her spirits, and cried,

Which made others say, 'twas of sorrow she died,
But I think, your honour, 'twas love.

The dashing young squire, at yon house in the vale,

To the cottage would often repair;
He made love to Eliza, and told her a tale,
In hopes that a flattering tongue would prevail,
But Eliza was virtuous as fair.

Yet she lov'd him, your honour, and so she believ'd.

Whatever he promis'd or said;
But alas! poor Eliza was sadly deceiv'd;
And what was her grief when the news she receiv'd—

That the squire to another was wed!

From that day she pin'd, and no longer was found

The same sprightly girl as before;
By moonlight she'd wander the cottage around,
When the dead leaves of autumn lay thick on the ground,

And before winter came—was no more.'

'But Christopher lives, then?'—'He lives,' he replied.

'And, like the old yew on the green,
Is blighted and wither'd—'twere better he'd died,
For he keeps the last bough that he lopp'd, by his side,

And calls it Lizzy!—his Queen'

'Alas!' I exclaimed, 'and does no one allay
The bitter repinings of grief?'—

'I call away, your honour, when driving this way,

And give him what little I save in the day,
Yet 'tis but a trifling relief.'

His tale being ended, 'My lad,' I replied,
'Old Christopher's woes be my care;

I'll see that all his wants shall be quickly supplied:
Leave this purse at the cottage, as homeward you ride,

Nor let the old mourner be taken.'

My chaise I dismiss'd, and a broken bestow'd
On a heart that such feeling display'd;

Tho' humble his station, compassion still flow'd

For the sorrows of others, and forcibly shew'd
A breast for philanthropy made. E. G. B.

Fine Arts.

ESSAY II.

'Manca il parlar: di vivo altro non chiedi;
Ne manca questo ancor, s'agil occhio credi.'

Tasso.
'Di natura arte par, che per diletto
L'imitatrice sua scherzando imiti.'—Idem.

NOTHING has contributed so much to the discouragement of the imitative arts, strictly so called, in this country, as that unfortunate rage for innovation, which, at the time of the reformation, enlisted itself under the banners of religious enthusiasm, and under the cloak of that good cause did not scruple to indulge in excesses the most discreditable to human nature, and to civilized society.—At that period of our history, intolerance and bigotry, clad in the uniform, and fighting in the cause of that pure Christianity, which now blesses our nation, gave the rein to every species of licentiousness, and overturned in their mad career all that was kind in manner and awakening in principle, while the noblest efforts of genius and of art fell scorched and blasted beneath the hand of universal destruction. Painting, which, under the old religion, had been accustomed to adorn the temple as well as the palace, which put forth all its strength in the support of piety and devotion, under the new system, fled excommunicated from the altar and the shrine; and, when outlawed from the beneficial patronage, from the fostering shelter of the law of religion, where could it fly, to what pursuits was it to be expected she would turn? Beneath the rank luxuriant shade of vice, involved in the covert of obscurity, she employed her skill to entrap the youthful, and rob the soul of all that is ennobling, of all that is enriching, and to tear from the corrupted heart the last remnants 'of that sweet peace which goodness bosoms ever.'—Music was wout

to take her part in her earliest, her noblest, employment, the service of the god of harmony and truth! Now, religion was denied all intercourse with her; and she, who, in the dying fall of sacred melody, was accustomed to sink into the inmost recesses of the softened heart, and again soaring, in the grand swell of the full-toned organ, to snatch the entranced soul beyond the bounds of time and space to the presence of its creator,—she who was wont to realize almost all that imagination can conceive of the angelic choirs,—she who was wont to excite the piety of the refined and to arrest the attention of the ignorant, was denounced as sinful, and inveighed against, as an unworthy confidant of rational devotion. From this false spirit of religion, the arts may date that state of decline under which they so long have pined, and the greater part of that ill success which they had to struggle against in this country. Music has already, in a slight degree, recovered her station in the religion of the land, but we have yet to look forward to the time, when our churches shall again glow with the graces of painting, and when the dwelling of him who is the sovereign of all earthly powers, shall not be thought unworthy of equal magnificence with the palaces of mundane nobility. England, we may presume to hope, will not long disdain to allow the fire of genius to contribute to the kindling of true devotion, or to employ the arm of skill in the encouragement of that religious feeling which is so lamentably deficient among our lower classes.—Let us hear what the generous poet of liberty would teach us in that poem so beautifully finished and so undeservedly neglected:—

‘Ofullen genius he!

Cursed by the Muses; y by the Graces loath’d!
Who deems beneath the public’s high regard
These last enlivening touches of my reign—
However puff’d with power, or gorged with
wealth

A nation be; let trade enormous rise,
Let out and west their mingled treasures pour,
‘Till swell’d impetuous the corrupting flood
Burnt o’er the city and devour the land;
Yet these neglected, these recording arts,
Which rots a nuisance! and oblivious sunk
Thrust nation must another Carthage lie.

• • • • •
The awarden they of Fame’s immortal wreath;
They route ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
Delight the general eye; and, dress’d by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.

TWOMSON—Liberty—Part 6.

Such have been the sentiments of the greatest legislators, the most enlightened patriots, through all ages; and

shall England alone witness the barbarous, the unmanly sight of Genius and Art ‘lying in cold obstruction,’ beneath the tumulus that prejudice has heaped above them; while the despotic dynasties of Asia bear witness by their deficiency in the arts to the degraded state which they must ever hold in the scale of existence? While the monuments of Greece and Rome live in the memory of never dying fame, shall England alone blush to wear the name of the protectress of the arts? While our churches are graced with ornaments of little or inferior importance, shall those decorations which conduce to piety and devotion; shall those arts which may find their truest and noblest employment in the service of religion, be alone debarred an entrance to our temples? We trust that the mists of prejudice are now clearing away, and we hope to see the time when the religion of the country will not be debarred from those adornments which its law does not forbid, and which our piety ought to command.

W. H. PARRY.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday night, the tragedy of *Richard the Third* was performed, when Mr. Wallack appeared for the first time as the Duke of Gloucester. This play is so familiar to the public, that every person thinks himself able to criticize it, and judges of a new performer according to some pre-conceived opinions which he has formed of the character. This is injurious to the debutant, who, if he ventures to strike out any novelty, is charged with innovation, and if he hold on the beaten track of his predecessors, is accused of imitation. Mr. Wallack seemed aware of this, and endeavoured to avoid the two extremes. In the scene with Lady Anne, and in the tent scene, he was most successful, and in the latter, gave a fine representation of the terrors which awe the soul of Richard; but in the least prominent parts he failed to delineate the character of the tyrant. His soliloquies were not well delivered. On the whole, the performance was highly creditable to Mr. Wallack, and is the best effort he has yet made in tragedy. Mr. Cooper played Richmond with great spirit; his address to his soldiers was extremely well delivered. The other characters were the same as usual.

Miss Wilson’s transcendent talents suffer no diminution by their frequent

exertion. The house is crowded to excess every night she appears. On Saturday night the fine bravura of the ‘Soldier bird,’ was twice encored, and executed with increased effect each time. On Wednesday night she was prevented from performing on account of a severe cold. The opera of the *Lord of the Manor* was in consequence substituted.

Oratorio.—An oratorio, under the direction of Sir George Smart, was performed at this theatre on Tuesday night. It consisted of selections from Handel and Beethoven, with a miscellaneous act. Mrs. Salmon, Braham, Pyne, with Madame Camporese, from the Italian stage, were the principal performers. At the close of the first act this accomplished singer made her first appearance, and was welcomed with much applause. Madame Camporese was always remarkable for the delicacy and taste of her performance; but, to those qualifications she has, during a three years’ absence from this country, added power and richness of tone. She sang the recitative and air, ‘*Alfin ritorno*,’ by Meyer, with admirable effect, and was encored. Lindley followed, with a delightful concerto on the violoncello, executed with that delicacy and skill which he alone possesses. A Mr. Cutler made his debut as a bass-singer in ‘Why do the people,’ but it was by no means a successful effort. Braham and Mrs. Salmon displayed all their accustomed excellence. The house was well attended.

COBURG THEATRE.—A new melodrama, founded upon recent political events at St. Domingo, and entitled *The Death of King Christophe*, has been produced. The subject is well chosen, and the piece is replete with popular sentiment, but the humorous part is sufficiently absurd to destroy the effect of the better. It is got up with considerable splendour, and was played very well throughout.

MR. KEAN IN AMERICA.

KING LEAR.—On Wednesday evening last, this play was exhibited in our theatre, (the principal part by Mr. Kean,) to a full and fashionable house, and certainly with an effect that we never before witnessed. Strong emotions, even to tears, were excited in all parts of the house; nor were they confined to the female part of the audience. It could not be otherwise. Who could remain callous to the appearance of a feeble old monarch, upwards of four

score years, staggering under decrepitude and overwhelmed with misfortunes, attended with an aberration of mind, which ends in downright madness, who could behold such a sight unmoved? Such a representation was given with perfect fidelity by Mr. Keau. His plaintive tones were heard from the bottom of a broken heart, and completed the picture of human woe. Nature, writhing under the poignancy of feeling, and finding no utterance in words or tears, found a vent at length for her indescribable sensations, in a spontaneous hysteric idiotic laugh. The impressions made upon all who were present, will never be forgotten. His dreadful imprecations upon his daughters, his solemn appeals to heaven, struck the soul with awe.—But no adequate conception can be conveyed, by words, of Mr. Keau's representation of this high-drawn and arduous character, to any one who did not see it. When we lately united with an English critic, and said, upon seeing the second representation of Richard, that 'acting could go no further,' it was because we had not witnessed Mr. Keau in *Lea*.—*New York Evening Post*, Dec. 11, 1820.

Public Dinner to Mr. Keau at New York.—A public entertainment has been given to Mr. Keau, at New York, in testimony of the sense entertained of his great merits. Mr. Keau's health having been drunk in a most distinguished and flattering manner, he addressed the company (according to the report of the American Papers), in nearly these words:—

'GENTLEMEN,—To pass over in silence such unequivocal testimonials of your approbation would, I fear, savour more of insensibility than diffidence; and, while I apologise for my want of eloquence, I must add, that I am proud of this flattering opportunity to offer, in the simple language of my heart, my grateful acknowledgments to the citizens of New York. When the professional man is fortunate enough to blend private esteem with public approbation, he must have achieved the very extent of his ambition. The union of those feelings have been so manifestly conspicuous during my short stay in this city, that it has placed the records of your kindness *memoria in eterna*. I have too high an opinion of the sound judgment and liberality of feeling of those gentlemen whom I have now the honour of addressing, not to suppose they would not encourage me in those sentiments of attachment I must ever entertain for that country which gave me birth—for that country in which I have left every thing dear to me—for that country which, by its plaudits, flattered the humble

spark of talent, till it lighted up a reputation which is the passport to your protection—the introduction to your hospitality; nor does the influence of your favour extend only to the stranger whom you have so generously welcomed: There are hearts dear to me, conjoined with mine by ties of affection and alliance, who are, perhaps, at this moment anticipating, with joy, my professional success in this country, and will blend your names with their thanks to the grand Dissemmer of Events. It is there, gentlemen, in my domestic circle, I shall dwell on the retrospection of these hours; it is there that I shall instruct the being entrusted to my care to respect and love the patrons of his father; and while the pages of your history record achievements that give lustre to the political and warlike character of your country, be assured that the English actor will, to the last hour, extol the merits of your private worth, and gratefully transmit his Columbian laurels to the charge of his posterity.'

Literature and Science.

The Niger.—It is at length ascertained that the Niger empties itself into the Atlantic Ocean, a few degrees to the northward of the equator. This important fact is confirmed by the arrival of Mr. Dupuis, from Africa. This gentleman was appointed consul from this country at Ashantee, where Mr. Bowdich resided for some time. He is acquainted with the Arabic and Moorish languages, and got his intelligence by conversing with different traders he met with at Ashantee. He thought it so important as to warrant his voyage home to communicate to government what he had learnt. It happens that Mr. Dupuis has been anticipated in this discovery, by the geographical acumen of a gentleman of Glasgow, who arrived at the same conclusion by a most persevering and diligent investigation of the works of travellers and geographers, ancient and modern, and examining African captives; and had actually constructed, and submitted to the inspection of government, two or three months ago, a map of Africa, in which he lays down the Niger as emptying itself into the Atlantic, in about four degrees north latitude, after tracing out its entire course from the interior.

Freemasonry.—A chief of the society of Freemasons in Germany, who died about two years ago, left, among his papers, a most remarkable MS. containing a complete history of all the secret ceremonies, views, and plans of the association. This manuscript has been printed, and its publication, we

are told, has excited an extraordinary sensation throughout the continent. It has already passed through many editions, and occasioned the publication of numberless controversial tracts.

Longevity in Russia.—The tables of longevity published for the year 1817, in the Russian empire, give the following results:—Amongst 828,561 persons who have died, all belonging to the Greek church, there appears to have been as follows: one above 140 years of age; one of 135; seven of 130; 21 of 123; 51 of 120; 83 of 115; and 783 above 100 years of age.

Mr. J. Williams is preparing for the press, a new edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, with notes and annotations, and corrections of the errors and misstatements of the learned and eloquent judge, as also of those of his less gifted editors. This edition will contain the author's last corrections, together with the celebrated passages on the liberty of the subject, which have been expanded from all the editions published of this valuable work, except the first.

An investigation of the numerous records of the city of Exeter, has lately taken place. These valuable articles of antiquity have long remained deposited in old chests, in a private apartment of the Guildhall, almost neglected. Upwards of one hundred manuscripts have already been discovered and examined by the Rev. George Oliver, Pitman Jones, Esq. &c. Many of them are beautifully written on fine vellum, and present some curious and interesting historical occurrences. The earliest yet found is of the time of King William Rufus, 1090, being about the period that Osbertus, the Norman, was Bishop of Exeter; and it is thought that some earlier manuscripts may still be discovered.

Oil Gas.—At a recent meeting at Hull, to consider of the propriety of lighting the town with gas, considerable discussion occurred as to the comparative merits of gas from oil and gas from coal. It was stated, that the oil gas threw a better light than that from coal, that it required 'smaller apparatus, that it was free from the offensive smell, so injurious to breath and destructive of comfort, by which coal gas was accompanied; that it did not corrode the pipes, nor tarnish nor discolour polished metals, silks, &c., as coal gas did; and that it was used in Covent Garden Theatre, in the Argyle Rooms, in Whitbread's brewery, and some other places.' One of the speakers

ers alleged, on the contrary, that he procured 417 gallons of gas from 11lbs. of coal, which cost a penny. The coke produced was worth a penny, and the tar one penny more, so that he had a profit of 200 per cent. and the gas for nothing. Besides, his gas had produced no offensive smell, and he had not perceived that his pipes, which were of lead, had been corroded.—A letter was read, which observed, that 1000 feet of oil gas would produce a light equal to 3393 feet of coal gas. It appears that the Emperor Alexander is lighting up his palace at St. Petersburg with oil gas. The meeting unanimously agreed to resolutions in favour of gas from oil.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in salubris aenea linant,
Omnia nos itidem decipiar acria dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

Chinese Statistics.—China contains 1,297,999 square miles, or 830,719,300 acres. The population is estimated at 330,000,000, and the revenue amounts to 12,140,625l. There are 256 persons to a square mile; and the tax upon each inhabitant is not more than *eightpence halfpenny* annually; and yet the people are wretched, and infanticide is allowed, to prevent the expense of bringing up a family.

When Frederick of Prussia proclaimed his new code of laws, it rendered lawyers unnecessary, and a very large body of them signed a petition to his Majesty, praying his relief, and ending with a request to know what they were to do? Under these circumstances, the King wrote this laconic answer: 'Such as are tall enough, may enlist for grenadiers, and the shortest will do for drummers or fifers.'

James II.—When it was discovered that the Earl of Somerset and his lady were concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, Lord Chief Justice Coke granted his warrant for apprehending them, which was served upon the earl when he was at supper with the King. Somerset claimed his Majesty's protection, but the King answered, 'Gude faith, man, I cannot help it; if Coke send to me, I must gang to him as well as you.' This is a fair specimen of that canting pedant's hypocrisy.

Alliteration.—The late Mr. Pitt, the translator of Virgil, exhibited a striking instance of the facility of alliterative composition. I believe that it was in a mixed company, that the apt alliterations of Mr. Pope, in the translations of

Homer, were spoken of as happy specimens of poetic skill, and Mr. Pitt was, in some degree, abused for having paid little attention, in his works, to the use of this figure. But Mr. Pitt, it seems, held alliteration in contempt; and said that it was not for want of opportunity that he had not used it, and that he thought it the easiest thing in the world to jingle alliterations together without end. 'Propose a subject,' said he, 'and I will give it you in alliterative array directly.' Some one present mentioned Cardinal Wolsey, whereupon, in a minute or two, Mr. Pitt exclaimed,—

'Begot by butchers, and by bishops bred,
How high his honour holds his haughty head.'

Early English Poetry. (Author unknown.)

I do confess thou't young and fair,
And I might have been brought to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That breath could move, had power to move thee;

But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou't sweet, but find
Thou such an untruth of thy sweets;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisseth every thing it meets.
And since thou can't with more than one,
Thou't worthy to be lov'd by none.
The morning rose that natouch'd stands,
Arm'd with its briars, how sweet it smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd by ruder hands,
Its sweet no longer with it dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from it, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast banded been awhile,
Like faded flowers—be thrown aside,
And I shall sing, when some will smile,
To see thy love for every one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

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TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank R. E. for his good wishes and his kind suggestion; but to insert the price of books and the names of the publishers, would subject us to the advertisement duty for each review.

The 'Elegy' is not of sufficient general interest, and the 'Nosegay' does not boast many sweets; on these grounds we are compelled to decline their insertion.

The 'Birth Day' in our next; but we are lovers of truth, and, therefore, cannot, knowingly, insert a 'Falseness'; the article will, therefore, be left at our office for the writer.

Mr. PARRY is requested to send to our publisher.

London:—Published by J. Lambard, 36, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid), are to be addressed. Sold also by Andrew, 74, St. Paul's Church Ward; Chapman, Pall Mall; Grapel, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Jackson, Old Bowell Court, Carey Street.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 91.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

An Historical and Picturesque Tour of the Seine, from Paris to the Sea. Illustrated and embellished by twenty-four highly finished and colored Engravings, from Drawings made by Messrs. Prugin and Gendall. Parts I. and II. Elephant 4to. London, 1821.

This work, in plan and arrangement, is similar to the *Tour of the Rhine*, noticed in No. 83 of the *Literary Chronicle*, and to which it is intended as a companion. Only two of the six parts, in which it is intended to be comprised, are published, and these are so favourable specimens of the work, as to induce us to recommend it at once, without waiting for its completion. The engravings, of which there are four in each number, present interesting views, well executed; and the work is got up in that elegant style which usually distinguishes the productions of its tasteful publisher, Mr. Ackerman.

As the *Tour* commences at Paris, the first portion of the letter press is devoted to a notice of that capital, and occupies the two parts already published. Without entering into an account of the public edifices, which we here minutely described, we shall quote the general notice of the French metropolis:—

‘The origin of Paris is lost in the obscurity of ages; for, if we may believe *Æneïd* and some other historians, its foundation was anterior even to the building of Rome. The opinions of the learned differ also in regard to its extent in the early periods of its history; some asserting, that till the reign of Philip Augustus it was but a small town confined to the island in the Seine, now known by the appellation of *la Cité*. Others, on the contrary, declare that, immediately after the conquest of Gaul, Paris became, under the emperors, a large and flourishing city; and, in support of this opinion, they adduce the inscription of the *Nauta Parisiorum* of the time of Tiberius, the monuments dug up in the cathedral, the aqueduct found at a distance from the ancient town, the beautiful head of Cybele discovered in researches made near the church

of St. Eustache, and, lastly, the ruins of the palace of the emperors, which are still to be seen in the *rue de la Harpe*, and which are, consequently, far from the spot to which Paris is said to have been limited. Add to these evidences, that all historians concur in stating, that on the death of St. Genevieve, in 509, her body was interred out of the city to the south; over her tomb was built a small chapel, instead of which Clovis erected a spacious church, which, though dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, was never known, from the earliest period after its foundation, by any other name than the church of St. Genevieve. This structure, and the palace of the emperors, could scarcely be the only buildings situated out of the town; so that, long before the reign of Philip Augustus, there must have been houses beyond the limits of the present *Cité*.

‘These contending opinions may, I think, be reconciled, if we recollect that, in the ninth century, Paris was besieged by the Normans, who could not make themselves masters of the city, properly so called, but who destroyed all the exterior buildings, and reduced the capital to the above-mentioned island, which resisted all their attacks.

‘From the time of Clovis, that is to say, ever since the year 482, Paris has been, invariably, the principal seat of the monarchy. Notwithstanding the successive partitions of the kingdom among the children of the sovereigns of the first dynasty, it was frequently agreed that this city should be possessed by them in common. The Kings of Burgundy, Austrasia, and Soissons, set the example of this species of contract. When the possessions of Caribert, King of Paris, had devolved to them, they agreed that none of the three should enter the place without the consent of the other two, lest, on that ground, he should claim to be considered as the only king of the Franks. Such was, at all times, the importance of Paris, that on the accession of Hugh Capet to the throne, the possession of the metropolis contributed not a little to the success of his projects. Recent events also, in 1814 and 1815, prove that the crown of France is inseparable from Paris.

‘If the most laborious researches furnish but vague notions respecting the period at which Paris was founded, we are left in equal uncertainty respecting the origin of the names of *Lutetia* and *Paris*. Some etymologists derive the former from *Lucius*, King of the Gauls, who is said to have given the name of *Lutetia*, or *Luco-*

tecia, to this little city, encompassed by the two branches of the Seine.

‘Others deduce the appellation of *Lutetia* from *lutum*, which signifies mud, dirt, because the site was very marshy, especially near the bridge of *Noire Dame*. *Ptolemy* tells us, that it was called *Luco-tecia*, that is, white—probably from its situation, being surrounded by quarries of stone and gypsum. These verses of *John Lascaris* may allude to the same circumstance:—

‘*Nativo Luco-teciam candore consuecam
Dixere, ex etymo Gallicæ terra tuo.*’

John Baptist Mantuanus writes, that the *Parthians*, whom *Hercules* led from a corner of *Arcadia*, came to France, where they settled, and gave to the nation the name of *Parisians*, instead of *Parthians*. Lastly, some are of opinion, that Paris is compounded of *Pura* and *Isis*, that is, near the temple of *Isis*, which is supposed to have stood on the spot now occupied by *St. Germain des Prés*.

‘Nature herself marked out the place where this capital is built for the site of a mighty city. Paris is situated in 48° 34' 10" north latitude, and 2° 20' east longitude from Greenwich. On the north, it is sheltered from severe cold by an uninterrupted chain of hills, extending from the *Faubourg St. Antoine* to the *Faubourg du Roule*. The climate is healthy and temperate: the heat rises but rarely to twenty-four degrees, and the mean term of cold is about seven degrees. Twenty-eight roads conduct to the city, which is entered by sixty barriers, and is seven leagues in circumference. Its population exceeds seven hundred thousand souls; it contains thirty thousand houses, and eleven hundred streets. Its revenues are computed at about twenty-five millions of francs.

‘On calculating the quantity of commodities consumed in Paris in the course of a year, and setting them down at their medium price, we shall obtain an amount which, divided by the number of the inhabitants, shews that the average expenditure of each exceeds six hundred francs per annum. This sum will appear very small to those who have not studied political economy: it proves, nevertheless, that there is scarcely a capital in Europe, where the lower classes of the inhabitants can command more comforts than those of Paris.*

• This may be the fact, but the circumstance of each individual, on an average, expending 25l. per annum, does not prove it.—REV.

'Were it consistent with the plan of this work to give a complete history of the French capital, I should here introduce an epitome of the opinions of different historians respecting the antiquity of this celebrated city; I should describe its successive embellishments, and the revolutions which it has undergone; but I must not forget that I am restricted to an account of the edifices which border the banks of the Seine, at Paris, and of the scenery which embellishes that river in its course to the sea. Having, therefore, exhibited in this concise introduction a general view of the present state of the capital, I proceed to my subject, and beg the reader's pardon for entering on it so abruptly.

La Seine et l'Aurore descendant.
Vers la Reine de nos Cités
Leur ondes, leur rayons s'étendent
Entre des palais enchantés;
Un double fleuve la partage;
Le Louvre y baigne son image
Peinte dans ce vaste miroir;
Plus loin le Pavillon de Flore
Verra le soleil qui le dore
Rougir les nuages du soir.

'The Seine intersects Paris longitudinally from east to west. This river, which abounds in fish, and rises in the forest of St. Seine, in Burgundy, affords a ready and not expensive medium for the conveyance of supplies of all kinds to this immense city. That advantage, together with the fertility of the surrounding country, tends to keep the necessities of life at a low price. The Seine is navigable at almost every period of the year: its breadth in front of the King's Garden is four hundred French feet, nine hundred at the Pont Neuf, and four hundred and twenty at Chailloit, below Paris.

'The principal cities of Europe are all distinguished by peculiar edifices or beauties, between which it is frequently difficult to institute a comparison, so that we are at a loss which to prefer. In this respect, Paris is so richly endowed as to fear no competition. There is one species of embellishment which is not to be found except in the capital of France. I mean those magnificent quays, which, extending nearly two leagues in length, hold the Seine captive for its own ornament from the *Pont du Jardin du Roi* to the *Pont de l'Ecole Militaire*. Broad pavements allow pedestrians to walk there without fear, and to enjoy the enchanting spectacle of the beautiful river, and the palaces reflected in its current. This magnificent decoration alone would confer high distinction on Paris.'

Every one who has visited Paris, and attended to the political economy by which its affairs are regulated, has admired the arrangements by which the price of provisions is kept within proper limits. This is effected by various means; such as the strict attention to the markets, and the allowance made to the city by the government, but

principally by the public granaries, which, by treasuring up in plentiful seasons, affords an abundance for time of want, and prevents those miseries which too often occur in countries where a similar plan is not adopted. With a description of the *Greniers de Reserve*, in Paris, we conclude our notice of this elegant work:—

'The denomination of *Greniers de Reserve* sufficiently denotes the object of this public granary. The administration, providing with laudable attention for the wants of this immense metropolis, was deeply impressed with the utility of a magazine for the reception of corn collected in plentiful years, as a store against those of scarcity. This plan is the more beneficial, inasmuch as it tends to keep corn at a reasonable price, in case a too productive year should, by reducing its natural value, deprive the husbandman of the just reward of his labour: when, on the contrary, the soil or unfavourable seasons deny to the farmer a suitable return for his toil, and, owing to a scanty crop, the price of the first necessary of life rises too high, then it is that the wisdom of such an establishment is more particularly demonstrated.

'The real treasures amassed in the public granary will always enable the administration to keep bread at a moderate price, and the people will wait with patience till the bounty of heaven grants a more abundant harvest. It is by such institutions, founded for the general advantage, that a government ensures the happiness and tranquillity of a kingdom.

'The first stone of this granary was laid in 1807, but the work was not prosecuted with activity till the following year. The edifice is one thousand and fifty-eight feet in length, and sixty-three feet in breadth. It consists of five projecting and four receding parts. According to the original plan, it was to have consisted of a vaulted basement and five stories, exclusively of the lofts. Under the whole of the building there are cellars for the reception of fine wines. Below these, were constructed four aqueducts, because it was at first designed that this vast edifice should contain flour-mills, with wheels for raising the sacks to the different floors; and it was intended that the water of the canal of Ourcq, after working them, should be discharged into the basin of la Garre.

'The works were interrupted in 1814; when they were resumed in 1816, it was decided that the edifice should be no more than one story high besides the lofts, and that the wood-work and roof should resemble those of the markets of Paris. It is just finished after the plan of M. de Lannoy, one of the first architects of Paris, at an expense of five millions of francs, and is capable of holding thirty thousand metrical quintals of corn.

The Mystery, or Forty Years Ago.
Three Vols. 12mo. London, 1820.

Calthorpe, or Fallen Fortunes. By the Author of the 'Mystery.' Three Vols. 12mo. London, 1820.

We have placed these works together as being the productions of the same author, within a very short period of each other. They, however, differ much in their character and merits.

The novel of 'The Mystery' was principally founded on facts; that of 'Calthorpe' is almost entirely fictitious. The former contained a well-written historical notice of the riots of 1780, and of the state of London at that period. An account of Major Houghton's journey to explore the interior of Africa, with some interesting particulars respecting Governor Wall, not very generally known, were also given in the course of the work. In 'Calthorpe,' the chief interest of the novel arises out of the murder of one of the principal characters, under such circumstances as induce the belief that the deceased has committed suicide; and he is, in consequence, consigned to the earth in that barbarous manner, which, to the disgrace of the age, is still exercised on a *felo de se*. The novel contains some well-sketched scenes, both of a serious and a comic nature; and, as we shall not attempt a detail of the plot, we shall select one scene which partakes, in some degree, of both. It is an account of the inquest held, at an inn, by Mr. Catastrophe, the coroner, on the body of the supposed suicide. The coroner and jury are at breakfast:—

'The animation of Mr. Coroner soon began to operate on his colleagues. The death-like gloom which had fallen on them began to vanish before the bright sun of his vivacity, and the comforts fast accumulating around them. Each began to reflect and "inwardly to digest," with other matter, that though life is brief and precarious, it contains some delights which rational men should not fail to seize while they may; as, whether they do so or not, they must be exposed to the same perils, and must finally sink beneath the inevitable stroke of death. The beneficial progress of these considerations was soon perceptible in the tranquil air with which the party, by the time the orders of the coroner had been duly attended to, were prepared to go through the ceremonies of breakfast, though these had been solemnized, in the usual way, by at least half the company, before the arrival of Mr. Catastrophe.

"A very melancholy business this that has called us together," he remarked, with a grave air, at the same time dismiss-

ing his egg-cup, with the incumbent shell, and reaching a second egg. "A very melancholy business, upon my honour. I do not know that any thing has occurred to affect me so much for a long time. I have really not been myself since I first heard of it.—Shall I trouble you to send me a slice of that ham, while your hand's in."

"It is, indeed, very melancholy."—"Very melancholy, indeed," ran round the room, in a sort of irregular chorus.

"I was shocked beyond measure."—"Not quite so much fat, if you please," Mr. Catastrophe proceeded, addressing himself to the gentleman who was then in the act of complying with his requisition for a new supply of ham. "There, that's just the thing. I am sorry to give you so much trouble, but really my appetite is so much impaired that I am obliged to study it more than formerly.—Mr. Burleigh was a man very much respected I believe, and this event—Another cup, if you please—What was I going to say?—O! Mrs. Muddle.—I quite forgot to ask after her, I hope she is well."

"Very poorly, indeed."—"Bless me, I'm extremely sorry to hear it. I hope nothing dangerous. In the old way, I suppose. She'll be better in eight or nine months.—Hey! You can't leave off your old tricks."

"Here Mr. Catastrophe treated the company with a laugh, in which his eye, glancing archly round the table, invited all present to join. Most of the gentlemen, by distending their nostrils and giving them, with the upper lip, a slight elevation, so as to imitate that arrangement of the features which, rising above a smile, gets half way to a laugh, had the complacency to indicate that they understood the drift of Mr. Catastrophe's wit. After being refreshed with a few more sallies, nearly or altogether as brilliant, the real business of the day was commenced under very favourable circumstances, as the jury were so far recovered by the good things they had seen, heard, and tasted, that the morbid sensibility which had, at first, threatened to impede the fair exercise of their reasoning faculties, was, thanks to the meritorious exertions and wise arrangements of Mr. Catastrophe, completely dissipated.

"The servants of the deceased proved, that Mr. Burleigh had been alive, and, apparently, in good health, on the night preceding the morning on which he was found dead in his bed. Several of them remembered that his air and manner had been strange of late. One had seen him reading in the garden, when his mind appeared so unusually abstracted, that he neither saw the deponent, nor a flower-pot which stood in his way, till he had nearly fallen over it. About the same period he had called another John, whose name was Thomas; and, one day, when news was taken to him, in his study, that dinner was on table, he started up,

with an air of surprise, exclaiming, "Bless me!—I forgot that I had not dined."

"The medical gentleman who had been called in when the first alarm was given, described, with much technical parade, the situation in which the deceased had been found, and the wounds which he had received. He had sought, but in vain, to discover any pulsation in the wrist, or in the region of the heart. Witness was of opinion that the deceased's death was occasioned by loss of blood, from the wound in his breast; and by the obstruction of breathing caused by the stab in his wind-pipe. Both wounds were evidently inflicted by the point of a sword on the bed.

"John Jackson, a gentleman's servant, deposed that he had seen a man jump over Mr. Burleigh's garden wall, between one and two in the morning, and run away immediately on perceiving him on the outside; but, supposing it to be Frank Tibbins, Betty Notable's sweetheart, he did not give any alarm.

"Betty Notable, the housemaid, was next examined. She admitted that Frank Tibbins had been with her in the garden after the rest of the family had retired for the night; and also, that he had made good his retreat by leaping from the wall. She, however, denied that it was so late as one o'clock. In all her statements she was corroborated by the evidence of Frank Tibbins.

"A paper was now produced, which had been found on the table of the deceased, and was supposed to have been written immediately before the rash act was committed. It was signed with his name, and ran as follows:—

"To those I leave behind me.

"Life has become an intolerable burden to me, which I think, after bearing it so long, I have a right to lay down. I leave this, that it may be known the deed I am about to commit is my own act, that no other mortal may be suspected of that crime (if it be one) which is mine, and mine alone. "George Burleigh."

"The note was viewed with the most intense interest by the whole of the jurors, and listened to with the most thrilling sensations of awe.

"It escaped not the eye of Mr. Catastrophe that they were much affected; and he forthwith remarked, that, after the fatigue they had already undergone, a glass of Madeira and a sandwich would be no bad things to introduce in this stage of the proceedings, before they called witnesses to prove the hand-writing of the deceased. He accordingly rung the bell, and the landlord attending on the instant, the order was given.

"When the wine made its appearance, the coroner, after tasting it, pronounced a verdict in its favour. The gentlemen of the jury, one after another, took a glass on his recommendation, and, presently, felt themselves very considerably relieved. In the breathing time, thus afforded,

Mr. Muddle inquired of Mr. Catastrophe, when he had seen their friend 'Squire Freakish.

"Methim," replied the coroner, "by mere chance, this day week, at our old house, the King's Arms. We had a quest there, on a lady who was burnt to death. I arrived too soon, and luckily stumbled on Jack Freakish; so we played a game at billiards till the jurors arrived. He waited for me till it was over. I soon knocked off the business, and then we dined together at the King's Arms; had some of Swig's best—number thirty-five. You remember the number. The binn is not out yet, but it gets low. We had a very merry day together, I assure you."

"The sandwiches were now brought in, and the landlord made his appearance to express regret that there was no cold fowl in the house. This was kindly excused by Mr. Catastrophe, who, however, remarked that some of the gentlemen might prefer a glass of Port, and it might, therefore, be as well to bring in a bottle. He added:

"Of course the family have given orders to have every thing provided for the accommodation of the gentlemen of the jury, that may be required."

"Sir?"

"The note of interrogation that accompanied the monosyllable, which last escaped the landlord, was not exactly to the taste of the coroner. To him there appeared something suspicious in it. He therefore went on:

"I say, the family have, as a matter of course, directed you to provide whatever may be requisite for the accommodation of the gentlemen on the inquest."

"No, sir; I have received no orders from any one but yourself; but I shall be very happy to supply whatever Mr. Catastrophe may think proper to call for.—Did you say a bottle of Port?"

"Hey!—yes—stay—gentlemen, shall we have any Port this morning?"

"It's rather early to begin drinking Port." "All the jurors, who had been perfectly willing that a bottle of Port should crown the festivity of the morning, while they supposed somebody else was to pay for it, now declared, *and voce*, that they could not drink Port before dinner; so the question was carried in the negative, and the landlord left the room.

"Mr. Catastrophe looked unusually grave. He had ordered refreshments, and the jurors might suppose, unless he gave them to understand the contrary, that if no one else came forward, he intended to pay for them out of his own pocket. This apprehension gave his feelings a very severe shock.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this is really quite unprecedented. On an inquest like this, it was, of course, to be supposed that the friends of the deceased, whom we all know to be rolling in wealth, would have taken especial care that the jurors should be properly accommodated."—Lord Bur-

leigh, for the sake of a brother. I should have expected, would have looked to this, even though confined to his chamber by the gout. However, gentlemen, you see how it is: we are left to make a Yorkshire club of it."

"The juror, were, unanimously, of opinion that some accommodation ought to have been provided by the relations of the deceased; the sandwiches and Madeira were not relished half so well as the breakfast had been, and the suspended inquiry was resumed with much sullen dignity.

"Several witnesses who knew the hand writing of Mr. Burleigh were examined, all of whom believed,—were confident,—had no doubt,—that the paper produced to them had been written by the deceased. Two or three persons came forward to prove acts of insanity; but what they disposed served only to show that much occasional abstraction of mind had been remarked in Mr. Burleigh, and the former evidence on this subject was not at all strengthened by what these witnesses advanced.

"The coroner, when he came to sum up, addressing the jury, said,—In the earlier stages of this business, he had inclined to the opinion that the deceased was insane when he committed the fatal act; but he confessed that he was much staggered by the paper which had been produced, and which had been proved to be in Mr. Burleigh's hand-writing. That which had been advanced to prove insanity, he could not help thinking, went rather to indicate that mental absence which was not uncommon in men of studious habits, than any positive derangement of intellect. They had, however, first to consider, whether the wounds had been inflicted by the deceased himself, or by some other hand. On this head he thought the evidence quite conclusive; and, having briefly stated to them the law applicable to self-murder, he left it to them to decide on the merits of the case.

"After deliberating for about an hour, the jury decided that the deceased died by his own hand, and returned a verdict of *Pelo de se*."

This scene, though not 'described with all the spirit of a Smollet,' as a cotemporary has declared, is calculated to give a favorable opinion of 'Calthorpe,' of which, as to the style, it is a fair specimen.

Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746. By the Chevalier de Johnstone. (Continued from p. 68.)

WE concluded our last week's notice of this work with an account of the battle of Falkirk, so fatal to the English army. This battle is said to have given great satisfaction to General Cope; he had made bets to the amount of ten thousand guineas,

in the different coffee-houses in London, that the first general sent to command an army against the rebels in Scotland, would be beaten. The account of Lord Loudon's dashing attempt to seize the prince at Moy, affords us an interesting extract:—

"On the 10th [February], the prince slept at Moy, a castle belonging to the chief of the clan of Mackintosh, about two leagues from Inverness. Lord Loudon, lieutenant-general in the service of King George, and colonel of a regiment of Highlanders, being at Inverness, with about two thousand regular troops, the prince intended to wait the arrival of the other column, before approaching nearer to that town. In the mean time, Lord Loudon formed the project of seizing by surprise the person of the prince, who could have no suspicion of any attempt of the kind, conceiving himself in perfect security at Moy; and his lordship would have succeeded in this design, but for the intervention of that invisible Being who frequently chuses to manifest his power in overturning the best contrived schemes of feeble mortals. His lordship, at three o'clock in the afternoon, posted guards, and a chain of centinels, all round Inverness, both within and without the town, with positive orders not to suffer any person to leave it, on any pretext whatever, or whatever the rank of the person might be. He ordered, at the same time, fifteen hundred men to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; and having assembled this body of troops without noise, and without alarming the inhabitants, he put himself at their head, and instantly set off, planning his march so as to arrive at the castle of Moy about eleven o'clock at night.

"Whilst some English officers were drinking in the house of Mrs. Bailly, an innkeeper in Inverness, and passing the time till the hour of their departure, her daughter, a girl of about thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation, and, from certain expressions dropped from them, she discovered their designs. As soon as this generous girl was certain as to their intentions, she immediately left the house, escaped from the town, notwithstanding the vigilance of the centinels, and immediately took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings, which, to accelerate her progress, she had taken off, in order to inform the prince of the danger that menaced him. She reached Moy, quite out of breath, before Lord Loudon; and the prince, with difficulty, escaped in his robe de chambre, night-cap, and slippers, to the neighbouring mountains, where he passed the night in concealment. This daring girl, to whom the prince owed his life, was in great danger of losing her own, from her excessive fa-

tigue on this occasion; but the care and attentions she experienced restored her to life, and her health was at length re-established. The prince, having no suspicion of such a daring attempt, had very few people with him in the castle of Moy.

"As soon as the girl had spread the alarm, the blacksmith of the village of Moy presented himself to the prince, and assured his royal highness that he had no occasion to leave the castle, as he would answer for it, with his head, that Lord Loudon and his troops would be obliged to return faster than they came. The prince had not sufficient confidence in his assurances to neglect seeking his safety by flight to the neighbouring mountains. However, the blacksmith, for his own satisfaction, put his project in execution. He instantly assembled a dozen of his companions, and advanced with them about a quarter of a league from the castle, on the road to Inverness. There he laid an ambuscade, placing six of his companions on each side of the highway, to wait the arrival of the detachment of Lord Loudon, enjoining them not to fire till he should tell them, and then not to fire together, but one after another. When the head of the detachment of Lord Loudon was opposite the twelve men, about eleven o'clock in the evening, the blacksmith called out with a loud voice, "Here come the villains, who intend carrying off our prince; fire, my lads, do not spare them,—give no quarter!" In an instant, muskets were discharged from each side of the road, and the detachment, seeing their project had taken wind, began to fly in the greatest disorder, imagining that our whole army was lying in wait for them. Such was their terror and consternation, that they did not stop till they reached Inverness. In this manner did a common blacksmith, with twelve of his companions, put Lord Loudon and fifteen hundred of his regular troops to flight. The sifer of his lordship, who happened to be at the head of the detachment, was killed by the first discharge; and the detachment did not wait for a second."

The author gives a very exaggerated account of the excesses committed by the King's troops quartered in Athol, whom he accuses of committing 'the most unheard of cruelties,—burning the houses of the gentlemen who were with the prince,—turning out their wives and children in the midst of winter, to perish in the mountains with cold and hunger, after subjecting them to every species of brutal treatment.' This statement the editor has very properly contradicted in a note. A daring exploit was successfully undertaken by Mr. Glasgow, an Irish officer in the service of France, at Keith, with a detachment of only two hundred men:—

'He arrived at Keith at one o'clock in

the morning, without being discovered, and exactly at the time he calculated the march would occupy. On the sentinel before the guard-house calling out, "Who goes there?" Mr. Glasgow replied, "a friend," and advanced himself to the sentinel, whom he killed with his dirk. The Highlanders immediately rushed on the guard, who at first made some resistance, but were soon disarmed. Then, without losing a moment, they flew through the town, making prisoners of the soldiers who were quartered in the houses of the inhab'tants; and Mr. Glasgow managed matters so well, that in less than an hour he accomplished his object, and retired with a hundred and eighty prisoners, whom he presented next day to the prince.'

The great number of prisoners taken by the rebels gave them much inconvenience, as their army being always in motion, they escaped, and joined their different regiments. A Mr. Peter Smith suggested to the prince to cut off the thumb of the right hand of every prisoner, which would render them incapable of holding their muskets. The *Chevalier de Johnstone* says, it was "consonant to justice to make no prisoners, but put all the enemy to the sword; yet the excessive attachment of the prince for the English nation, the executions of his family, prevented him from adopting any expedient which could give them the smallest umbrage." A very small umbrage, truly, cutting off the thumbs or taking the lives of every man found in arms for his King and country! The prince, however, was more humane, and he generally released them on their parole, not to serve against him for a limited time. Some officers, made prisoners at Falkirk, were required to add their oath to their parole, but the Duke of Cumberland issued circulars, absolving them from their parole and oath, when they all, excepting four, joined the army. Mr. Ross, one of the officers who refused, nobly replied to the duke, 'that he was master of their commissions, but not of their probity and honour'; and George II. afterwards expressed his approval of those who adhered punctually to their parole. We pass over the account of the battle of Culloden, so fatal to the cause of the Pretender, which has been detailed more at length by preceding historians. Much as we have heard of the cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland on this occasion, the following is new to us. The author says,—

'The Duke of Cumberland had the cruelty to allow our wounded to remain amongst the dead on the field of battle,

strip of their clothes, from Wednesday, the day of our unfortunate engagement, till three o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, when he sent detachments to kill all those who were still in life; and a great many, who had resisted the effects of the continual rains which fell all that time, were then despatched. He ordered a barn, which contained many of the wounded Highlanders, to be set on fire; and having stationed soldiers round it, they, with fixed bayonets, drove back the unfortunate men who attempted to save themselves, into the flames, burning them alive in this horrible manner, as if they had not been fellow creatures.'

For the honour of human nature, we trust there is no truth in this charge against the royal duke, who possessed an amiable disposition, and is known to have acted generously towards the descendants of the unfortunate House of Stuart. The author blames Prince Charles for not placing himself at the head of the army in the battle of Culloden, and observes, justly, that 'there are occasions when a general ought to expose his person, and not remain beyond the reach of musketry.' What effect this would have had on the battle we know not; at all events, it was not only worth trying, but it was the duty of the prince to share the dangers of the day with his faithful followers; on the contrary,—

'As soon as the prince saw his army begin to give way, he made his escape, with a few horsemen of Fitzjames's piquet. Some hours after the battle, Lord

• We extract the following passage on this subject from the *Percy Anecdotes*:—'His royal highness incurred much odium for what has been styled his inhuman conduct to the Scotch rebels after the battle of Culloden; and a historian of no mean repute, Lord Lyttleton, coincides in this particular with the voice of the public. From some facts, however, subsequently communicated to the public, by a gentleman who was not only sincerely devoted to the House of Stuart, but actually fought under Prince Charles's standard, it would seem that the odium was not very well founded. We are told, for instance, that after the battle of Culloden, some of the officers in the duke's army were talking severely against Prince Charles, whom they termed the *Pretender*, and that the duke, on over-hearing the discourse, instantly rebuked the officers most sharply, observing to them, they were reviling one who, though his enemy, was a gentleman and a relation. And we are further assured, that every man of Prince Charles's army who happened to fall into the duke's own hands, during the rebellion, and after the battle at Culloden, was treated not only with humanity, but with tenderness.'

'These statements, though much at variance with the popular belief, especially in the northern part of the island, are perfectly in accordance with the conduct of the duke on other occasions, of which many highly honourable traits are extant.—*Anecdotes of George the Third and His Family*.

Elcho found him in a cabin, beside the River Nairn, surrounded by Irish, and without a single Scotsman near him, in a state of complete dejection, without the least hope of being able to re-establish his affairs, having given himself altogether up to the pernicious councils of Sheridan, and the other Irish, who governed him as they pleased, and abandoned every other project, but that of escaping to France as soon as possible. Lord Elcho represented to him, that this check was nothing, as was really the case; and exerted himself to the utmost to persuade him to think only of rallying his army, putting himself at its head, and trying once more the fortune of war, as the disaster might be easily repaired; but he was insensible to all that his lordship could suggest, and utterly disregarded his advice.

'I arrived,' continues the author, 'on the 18th, at Ruthven, which happened, by chance, to become the rallying point of our army, without having been previously fixed on. There I found the Duke of Athol, Lord George Murray, the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lord Ogilvie, and many other chiefs of clans, with about four or five thousand Highlanders, all in the best possible disposition for renewing hostilities and taking their revenge. The little town of Ruthven is about eight leagues from Inverness, by a road through the mountains, very narrow, full of tremendously high precipices, where there are several passes which a hundred men could defend against ten thousand, by merely rolling down rocks from the summit of the mountains.'

'Lord George [Murray] immediately dispatched people to guard the passes, and, at the same time, sent off an aid-de-camp to inform the prince, that a great part of his army was assembled at Ruthven; that the Highlanders were full of animation and ardour, and eager to be led against the enemy; that the Grants, and other Highland clans, who had, till then, remained neuter, were disposed to declare themselves in his favour, seeing the inevitable destruction of their country from the proximity of the victorious army of the Duke of Cumberland; that all the clans who had received leave of absence, would assemble there in the course of a few days; and that, instead of five or six thousand men, the whole of the number present at the battle of Culloden, from the absence of those who had returned to their homes, and of those who had left the army on reaching Culloden, on the morning of the 16th, to go to sleep, he might count upon eight or nine thousand men at least, a greater number than he had at any time in his army. Every body earnestly intreated the Prince to come immediately, and put himself at the head of this force.'

'We passed the 19th at Ruthven, without any news from the prince. All the Highlanders were cheerful, and full of of spirits, to a degree, perhaps, never be-

fore witnessed in an army so recently beaten, expecting, with impatience, every moment, the arrival of the prince; but, on the 20th, Mr. Macleod, Lord George's aid-de-camp, who had been sent to him, returned with the following laconic answer: "Let every man seek his safety in the best way he can;" an inconsiderate answer, heart-breaking to the brave men who had sacrificed themselves for him. However critical our situation, the prince ought not to have despaired. On occasions when every thing is to be feared, we ought to lay aside fear; when we are surrounded with dangers, no danger ought to alarm us. With the best plans we may fail in our enterprises; but the firmness we display in misfortune is the noblest ornament of virtue. This is the manner in which a prince ought to conduct himself, who, with an unexampled rashness, landed in Scotland with only seven men.

'We were masters of the passes between Ruthven and Inverness, which gave us sufficient time to assemble our adherents. The clan of Macpherson of Clunie, consisting of five hundred very brave men, besides many other Highlanders, who had not been able to reach Inverness before the battle, joined us at Ruthven; so that our numbers increased every moment, and I am thoroughly convinced that, in the course of eight days, we should have had a more powerful army than ever, capable of re-establishing, without delay, the state of our affairs, and of avenging the barbarous cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland. But the prince was inexorable and immovable in his resolution of abandoning his enterprise, and terminating in this inglorious manner, an expedition, the rapid progress of which had fixed the attention of all Europe. Unfortunately, he had nobody to advise with but Sir Thomas Sheridan, and other Irishmen, who were altogether ignorant of the nature and resources of the country, and the character of the Highlanders; and who had nothing to lose, but, on the contrary, a great deal to gain on arriving in France, where several of them have since laid the foundations of their fortunes.

'Our separation at Ruthven was truly affecting. We bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be his fate. The Highlanders gave vent to their grief in wild howlings and lamentations; the tears flowed down their cheeks when they thought that their country was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and on the point of being plundered; whilst they and their children would be reduced to slavery, and plunged, without resource, into a state of remediless distress.

'An accident which took place at Inverness, some days after the battle, might have proved very advantageous to us, if the prince had joined us at Ruthven. A young gentleman of the name of Forbes,

related to Lord Forbes, and a cadet in an English regiment, having abandoned his colours to join the prince, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, and was hanged at Inverness, without any distinction, amongst the other deserters. Whilst the body of Forbes was still suspended from the gibbet, a brutal and vulgar English officer plunged his sword into his body, and swore that "all his countrymen were traitors and rebels like himself." A Scots officer, who heard the impertinence of this Englishman, immediately drew his sword, and demanded satisfaction for the insult done to his country; and, whilst they fought, all the officers took part in the quarrel, and swords were drawn in every direction. The soldiers, at the same time, of their own accord, beat to arms, drew up along the streets, the Scots on one side and the English on the other, beginning a very warm combat with fixed bayonets. The Duke of Cumberland happening to be out of town, information was immediately conveyed to him, and he hastened to the scene of action before this warfare had made much progress. He addressed himself immediately to the Scots, whom he endeavoured to mollify by the high compliments he paid them. He told them that, whenever he had had the honour of commanding them, he had always experienced their fidelity and attachment to his family, as well as their courage and exemplary conduct; and he at length succeeded in appeasing them.

'Thus did Prince Charles begin his enterprise with seven men, and abandon it at a moment he might have been at the head of as many thousands,—preferring to wander up and down the mountains alone, exposed every instant to be taken and put to death by detachments of the English troops, sent by the Duke of Cumberland in pursuit of him, and who followed him closely, often passed quite near him, and from whom he escaped as if by miracle,—to putting himself at the head of a body of brave and determined men, of whose fidelity and attachment he was secure, and all of whom would have shed the last drop of their blood in his defence. Indeed, this was now the only means of saving themselves from the scaffold, and their families from being slaughtered by a furious, enraged, and barbarous soldiery. The Highlands are full of precipices and passes through mountains, where only one person can proceed at a time, and where a thousand men can defend themselves against a hundred thousand, for years; and, as it abounds with horned cattle, of which they sell above one hundred thousand yearly to the English, provisions would not have been wanting. But this partisan warfare it would only have been necessary to adopt as a last resource; for I am morally certain that, in the course of ten or twelve days, we should have been in a condition to return to Inverness, and fight the Duke of Cumberland

on equal terms. Whenever I reflect on this subject, I am always astonished that Lord George Murray, and the other chiefs of clans, did not resolve to carry on this mountain warfare themselves, for their own defence; as nothing can be more certain than what was said by a celebrated author, that, in a revolt, "when we draw the sword we ought to throw away the scabbard." There is no medium; we must conquer or die. This would have spared much of the blood which was afterwards shed on the scaffold in England, and would have prevented the almost total extermination of the race of Highlanders which has since taken place, either from the policy of the English government, the emigration of their families to the colonies, or from the numerous Highland regiments which have been often cut to pieces, and renewed during the last war.

'Prince Charles, for several months, was hotly pursued by detachments of English troops; and so very near were they frequently to him, that he had scarcely quitted a place before they arrived at it. Sometimes he was wholly surrounded by them. The Duke of Cumberland never failed to say to the commanders of these detachments, at the moment of their departure, "make no prisoners; you understand me." They had particular instructions to stab the prince, if he fell into their hands; but Divine wisdom frustrated the atrocious and barbarous designs and pursuits of the sanguinary Duke, whose officers and their detachments, his executors, inflicted more cruelties on the brave but unfortunate Highlanders, than would have been committed by the most ferocious savages of Canada. The generous and heroic action of Mr. Roderic Mackenzie, contributed greatly to save the prince from those blood-thirsty assassins.

'Mr. Mackenzie, a gentleman of good family in Scotland, had served, during the whole expedition, in the life-guards of Prince Charles. He was of the prince's size, and, to those who were not accustomed to see them together, might seem to resemble him a little. Mackenzie happened to be in a cabin with the prince, and two or three other persons, when, all of a sudden, they received information that they were surrounded by detachments of English troops, advancing from every point, as if they had received positive information that the prince was in the cabin. The prince was asleep at this moment, and was awakened for the purpose of being informed of his melancholy fate; namely, that it was morally impossible for him to save his life. He answered, "then we must die like brave men, with swords in our hands."—"No, my prince," replied Mackenzie; "resources still remain; I will take your name, and face one of these detachments. I know what my fate will be; but whilst I occupy it, your royal highness will have time to escape." Mackenzie darted forward with fury, sword in

hand, against a detachment of fifty men, and on falling, covered with wounds, he exclaimed aloud, "You know not what you have done! I am your prince whom you have killed!" after which he instantly expired. They cut off his head, and carried it, without delay, to the Duke of Cumberland, nobody doubting that it was the head of Prince Charles. And the barbarous duke, having now, as he thought, obtained the head of the prince, the great object of his wishes, set off next day for London, with this head packed up, in his post-chaise.

This is another of those assertions, to which, unsupported as it is by other evidence, we must deny credence, as we must to the assertion, that the Duke of Cumberland gave instructions to his commanders, that they should not take the prince prisoner, but put him to instant death. The author closes the account of the prince, with briefly stating that he escaped to France. The remainder of the volume relates to the chevalier personally, which we must defer noticing at present. (To be concluded in our next.)

The Scrap Book; containing a Collection of Amusing and Striking Pieces, in Prose and Verse. With an Introduction, and occasional Remarks and Contributions. By John M'Diarmid, Author of the 'Life of William Cowper.' 12mo. pp. 396. Edinburgh and London, 1821.

MR. M'DIARMID'S modest title, 'The Scrap Book,' and his motto, that it is 'a thing of shreds and patches,' limits criticism to a remark on his taste or industry in the selection. 'The plan of the work is similar to that of those well-known school-books, the English Speaker—the English Reader—the Hive, &c.; but in the execution, the editor has trodden new ground, and has abandoned Addison and Johnson, Shakespeare and Milton, Pope and Dryden, for more modern authors. The descriptive, narrative, and didactic pieces, are principally from the Scotch novels,—the Edinburgh Review,—Jeffrey, Beattie, Hogg,—Modern Voyages and Travels, &c. The poetry is chiefly from Byron, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Crabbe, &c. with some few pieces from Swift, Cowper, and Prior. Of the humorous and miscellaneous pieces,—indeed of the whole collection, the author may say, *varius locis dispersa in unum fasciculum relegi*. From such an agreeable and amusing melange, we make a few extracts. The first may form a good sequel or companion to

Johnstone's Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745, at present under review:—

'Anecdotes, illustrative of the State of the Highlands after the Rebellion of Forty-five.—The field of Culloden and the scenes of cruelty which followed it, though fatal to the hopes of the Highlanders, who enthusiastically espoused the cause of Charles, yet did not utterly crush their hardy and predatory disposition. The clansmen retired, it is true, to the rocky fastnesses of their highest glens; they chewed the cud of bitter reflection, and they mourned their cottages burned, and their wives and children massacred at dead of night, or arrested in melancholy flight by death, amidst the snows of winter. But savage heroism was not altogether subdued within them by calamities such as these, calamities calculated to bend less lofty souls to the very dust of subjection. With them the effect was like that produced by attempting to curb the mountain cataraet,—they were divided into smaller and less important bodies, and their power was no longer forcible in its native stream; but each individual portion seemed to gain a particular character and consequence of its own, by separation from the main body, where it had been undistinguished and unobserved. It was thus that, lurking in little parties, among pine-clad precipices, in caverns known only to themselves, they now waged a minor warfare,—that which had the plundering of cattle for its object. But let us not look upon those men, driven as it were to desperation, as we do upon the wretched cow-stealers of the present day. That which is now considered as one of the basest of crimes, was then, in the eyes of the mountaineer, rather an honourable and chivalrous profession. Nothing was then more creditable than to be the leader of a daring band, to harry the low country of its live stock, and, above all, it was conceived to be perfectly fair to drive "Moray-land, where every gentleman had a right to take his prey."

'It was about this period, and (though it may surprise many) it was not much more than fifty years ago, that Mr. R—, a gentleman of the low country of Moray, was awakened early in a morning by the unpleasing intelligence of the Highlanders having carried off the whole of his cattle from a distant hill, grazing in Brae Moray, a few miles above the junction of the rapid rivers Findhorn and Livie, and between both. He was an active man, so that, after a few questions put to the breathless messenger, he lost not a moment in summoning and arming several servants; and, instead of taking the way to his farm, he struck at once across the country, in order to get as speedily as possible to a point, where the rocks and woods, hanging over the deep bed of the Findhorn, first begin to be crowned by steep and lofty mountains, receding in long and misty perspective. This was

the grand pass into the boundless wastes frequented by the robbers; and here Mr. R—, I forded the river to its southern bank, and took his stand with his little party, well aware, that if he could not intercept his cattle here, he might abandon all further search after them.

'The spot chosen for the ambuscade was a beautiful range of scenery, known by the name of the Streens.—So deep is the hollow in many places, that some of the little cottages, with which its bottom is here and there sprinkled, have Gaelic appellations, implying, *that they never see the sun*. There were no houses near them; but the party lay concealed amongst some huge fragments of rock, shivered by the wedging ice of the previous winter, from the summit of a lofty crag, that hung half across the narrow holm where they stood. A little way further down the river, the passage was contracted to a rude and scrambling footpath, and behind them the glen was equally confined. Both extremities of the small amphitheatre were shaded by almost impenetrable thickets of birch, hazel, alder, and holly, whilst a few wild pines found a scanty subsistence for their roots, in mid-way air, on the face of the crags, and were twisted and writhed for lack of nourishment, into a thousand fantastic and picturesque forms. The serene sun of a beautiful summer's day was declining, and half the narrow haugh was, in broad and deep shadow, beautifully contrasted by the brilliant golden light that fell on the wooded bank on the other side of the river.

'Such was the scene where Mr. R—, I posted his party; and they had not waited long, listening in the silence of the evening, when they heard the distant lowing of the cattle, and the wild shouts of the reavers, re-echoed as they approached by the surrounding rocks. The sound came nearer and nearer; and, at last, the crashing of the boughs announced the appearance of the more advanced part of the drove, and the animals began to issue slowly from the tangled wood, or to rush violently forth, as the blows or slouts of the drivers were more or less impetuous. As they came out, they collected themselves into a group, and stood below, as if unwilling to proceed farther. In the rear of the last of the herd, Mr. R— saw, bursting singly from different parts of the brake, a party of fourteen Highlanders, all in the full costume of the mountains, and armed with dirk, pistols, and claymore, and two or three of them carrying antique fowling pieces. Mr. R—'s party consisted of not more than ten or eleven; but, telling them to be firm, he drew them forth from their ambuscade, and ranged them on the green turf. With some exclamations of surprise, the robbers, at the shrill whistle of their leader, rushed forwards and ranged themselves in front of their spoil. Mr. R— and his party stood their ground with determination, whilst the robbers ap-

peared to hold a council of war. At last their chief, a little athletic man, with long red hair curling over his shoulders, and with a pale and thin, but acute visage, advanced a little way beyond the rest. "Mr. R—!" said he, in a loud voice, and speaking good English, though in a Highland accent, "are you for peace or war? if for war, look to yourself; if for peace and treaty, order your men to stand fast, and advance to meet me!" "I will treat," replied Mr. R—, "but can I trust to your keeping faith?"—"Trust to the honour of a gentleman!" rejoined the other, with an imperious air. The respective parties were ordered to stand their ground, and the two leaders advanced about seventy or eighty paces each, towards the middle of the space, with their loaded guns cocked, and presented at each other. A certain sum was demanded for the restitution of the cattle; Mr. R— had not so much about him, but he offered to give what money he had in his pocket, being a few pounds short of what the robber had asked. The bargain was concluded—the money paid—the guns uncocked and shouldered—and the two parties advanced to meet each other in perfect harmony. "And now, Mr. R—!" said the leader of the band, "you must look at your beasts to see that none of them be wanting." Mr. R— did so. "They are all here," said he, "but one small dun quoy."—"Make yourself easy about her," replied the other, "she shall be in your pasture before daylight to-morrow morning." The treaty being thus concluded, the robbers proceeded up the glen, and were soon hid beneath its thick foliage; whilst Mr. R—'s people took charge of the cattle and began to drive them homewards. The reaver was as good as his word; the next morning the dun quoy was seen grazing with the herd. Nobody knew how she came there; but her jaded and dragged appearance bespoke the length and the nature of the night journey she had performed.

The following are taken from the miscellaneous pieces, many of which we recognize as old friends:—

'Curious Rencontre.—A curious affair occurred, about two years ago, at a small church in Wales. The parson having a tame goat, which followed him to the church, and sat under the pulpit, the animal was so struck with the nodding of a drowsy Cambrian, who sat opposite to him, that taking the frequent inclinations of his head for a challenge to combat, he made a butt at his supposed antagonist, who, not perceiving from whence the blow proceeded, struck the person next him. The parson, who was also of the quorum, would have committed the drowsy Cambrian, when brought before him next day, especially as the latter had been convicted of reading and commenting on the newspapers; but as it was proved by several witnesses that his goat

was the first aggressor, he observed, that if the people "tespided tivine service, it would be no wonder if peasts of the field was to rise upon all the clakopins in the country."

'Royal Society.—When King Charles II. dined with the members on the occasion of constituting them a Royal Society, towards the close of the evening, he expressed his satisfaction at being the first English monarch who had laid a foundation for a society, who proposed that their whole studies should be directed to the investigation of the arcana of nature, and added, with that peculiar gravity of countenance he usually wore on such occasions, that among such learned men he now hoped for a solution to a question which had long puzzled him. The case he thus stated:—"Suppose two pails of water were fixed in two different scales that were equally poised, and which weighed equally alike, and two live bream, or small fish, were put into either of these pails; he wanted to know the reason, why that pail, with such addition, should not weigh more than the other pail which was against it." Every one was ready to set at quiet the royal curiosity; but it appeared that every one was giving a different opinion. One, at length, offered so ridiculous a solution, that another of the members could not refrain from a loud laugh; when the King turning to him, insisted that he should give his sentiments as well as the rest. This he did without hesitation; and told his majesty, in plain terms, that he denied the fact; on which the King, in high mirth, exclaimed, "Oddis fish, brother, you are in the right." The jest was not ill designed. The story was often useful, to cool the enthusiasm of the scientific visionary who is apt to account for what never existed.

'Medical Anecdote.—Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying their physicians so well in England for the time they were sick, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I nianage my physicians: I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you my illnesses are very short."

'Remarkable instance of Fidelity in a Servant.—In the winter of the year 1770, the Count and Countess Podotsky being on their way from Vienna to Cracow, the wolves, which are very numerous in the Carpathian mountains, and when the cold is very severe are more bold and savage than usual, came down in hordes, and pursued the carriage between the towns of Oswiek and Zator, the latter of which is only a few leagues from Cracow. Of two servants, one was sent before to bespeak

post-horses; the other, whom the Count particularly esteemed for his fidelity, seeing the wolves come nearer and nearer, begged his master to permit him to leave them his horse, by which their rage would, in some measure, be satisfied, and they should gain time to reach Zator. The Count consented; the servant mounted behind the carriage, and let the horse go, which was seized by the wolves, and torn into a thousand pieces. Meantime, the travellers proceeded with all the speed they could, in hopes to reach the town, from which they were not very distant. But the horses were tired, and the wolves, becoming more savage now that they had tasted blood, had almost overtaken the carriage. In this extreme necessity, the servant cried out, "There is only one means of deliverance: I will go and meet the wolves, if you will swear to provide as a father for my wife and children. I must perish; but while they fall upon me, you will escape." Podotsky hesitated to comply; but as there was no prospect of escape, he consented, and solemnly vowed, that if he would sacrifice himself for their safety, he would constantly provide for his family. The servant immediately got down, went to meet the wolves, and was devoured! The Count reached the gates of Zator, and was saved.—The servant was a Protestant; his master a Catholic, and conscientiously kept his word.

'Interesting Anecdote.—Serjeant Weir, of the Scots Greys, was pay-serjeant of his troop, and, as such, might have excused serving in action, and, perhaps, he should not have been forward; but on such a day as the battle of Waterloo, he requested to be allowed to charge with the regiment. In one of the charges he fell, mortally wounded, and was left on the field. Corporal Scot, of the same regiment (who lost a leg), asserts, that when the field was searched for the wounded and slain, the body of Serjeant Weir was found with his name written on his forehead, by his own hand, dipped in his own blood! This, his comrade said, he was supposed to have done, that his body might be found and known, and that it might not be imagined he had disappeared with the money of the troop.

'Irish Humour.—An American citizen, for the purpose of arresting attention, caused his sign to be set up side down. One day, while the rain was pouring down with great violence, a son of Hibernia was discovered directly opposite, standing with some gravity upon his head, and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the sign. On an inquiry being made of this inverted gentleman, why he stood in so singular an attitude, he answered, "I am trying to read that sign."

'Engineer.—An engineer, named Brindley, a man of considerable talent, had so completely identified himself with his enterprises, that he thought of nothing but plans, piers, levellings, perforating mountains, digging canals, &c. Being

once called before the House of Commons on the subject of a certain affair, he was asked for what end he imagined rivers had been formed. "I suppose," replied he, "they were invented to supply navigable canals."

We may here remark, that the love of desultory reading appears to be increasing, if we may judge from the numerous volumes of Anecdotes, Collections, and Selections, which are now ushered forth: among which, the *Scrap Book* is entitled to a respectable rank.

Observations on Mr. Brougham's Bill 'for better providing the Means of Education for his Majesty's Subjects': shewing its Inadequacy to the end proposed, and the Danger which will arise from it to the Cause of Religious Liberty. 12mo. pp. 30. London, 1821.

It is generally understood to be Mr. Brougham's intention immediately to proceed with his 'bill for the education of the poor.' A numerous body in this country—the Protestant dissenters—feel very warmly interested in favour of the professed object of this measure, yet view the means by which it is to be accomplished, with considerable alarm; they are persuaded, on calm and deliberate reflection, that the proposed plan is essentially defective, and if adopted will retard rather than accelerate the progress of education; that it will be highly injurious to the interests of religious freedom; and, in its practical operation, prove to thousands of our fellow countrymen a source of bitter persecution. Hence the birth of this pamphlet, which is written in a truly Christian spirit, and deserves the consideration of every churchman and dissenter, because it is no party question, nor one which affects the separate interests of any religious denomination.

Foreign Literature.

Account of the Voyage of Discovery and Circumnavigation performed in 1818, 1819, and 1820, by Captain Freycinet, Commander of the French Corvette Urania.

M. LOUIS DE FREYCINET, captain of a frigate, to whom the King had intrusted the command of the corvette *Urania*, in order to make a voyage of discovery in the South Seas, arrived at Havre, on the 18th of November, 1820.

The principal object of this expedition was to make the necessary observations for determining the configura-

tion of the earth, and the strength of the magnetic power in the southern hemisphere; but having to traverse, during more than two years, a great extent of sea, M. de Freycinet was also to take advantage of all occasions which might offer to him, to augment our collections of natural history, to add new documents in hydrography, to those which are already deposited in the Royal Marine Depot.

The corvette *Urania*, fitted out at Toulon, in the early part of 1817, was furnished with every article necessary for a long voyage; she received a picked crew, and her quarter-deck was composed of officers equally distinguished for their zeal and the extent of their knowledge.

A numerous collection of the best instruments for physical and nautical astronomy, were put on board, to be used in the experiments and observations which were the essential objects of the voyage.

The Royal Academy of Sciences anxiously drew up, for M. de Freycinet, notes, necessary to guide him in his researches into general physics, natural history, geology, mineralogy, &c.

After long delays, occasioned by the difficulty of getting on board different objects necessary for the undertaking, the *Urania* set sail on the 17th of September, 1817.

Contrary winds obliged them to put into Gibraltar on the 11th of October, and she did not arrive at Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, before the 22d of the same month.

This port would have been a commodious place for making observations of various kinds; but the necessity of first submitting to a long quarantine, determined M. de Freycinet to stop only for six days; and, on the 28th of October, he sailed for the Brazils.

On the 6th day of December, Cape Frio was observed, and its geographical position verified. The *Urania* entered Rio de Janeiro the same night, where she remained until the 29th of January.

The stay of nearly two months was not so usefully employed as M. de Freycinet wished: Some difficulties at first opposed themselves to the establishment of an observatory on shore. The bad weather, too, obstructed the astronomical observations; but those in magnetism, and the oscillations of the pendulum, were made with the greatest care; and, at the same time, the numerous specimens of natural history, and drawings of all kinds, commenced

the valuable collections which were to be the fruits of the expedition.

The passage from Rio Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope, was marked by a melancholy event, which deprived M. de Freycinet of one of his ablest colleagues. M. Laborde, an officer of distinguished merit, an accurate observer, a good draughtsman, and who joined to these excellent qualities a character the most sociable, died in the flower of his age. His loss, at first, caused an universal sorrow.

The *Urania* remained in Table Bay from the 7th of March till the 5th of April; and from thence they sailed to Port Louis, in the Isle of France, where they arrived on the 5th of May.

M. de Freycinet praises particularly the reception which he met with during these two stoppages, from Lord C. Somerset, the governor of the Cape; and from Mr. G. Smith, chief judge and commissioner of justice at Port Louis, from whom he received the greatest facilities, as well for the establishment of his observatory a-shore, as for the advancement of every thing which could contribute to the success of his mission.

Port Louis, placed nearly in the same latitude as Rio de Janeiro, and at a distance of more than one hundred degrees in longitude, was favourably situated for observations respecting the pendulum. Those were made in detail, as well as experiments, the objects of which were to enlarge the study of magnetism and of meteorology.

A very considerable damage, which had torn off the copper sheeting of the *Urania*, did not allow them to put to sea until the 16th of July. The corvette stopped only some days at the Isle of Bourbon, to take in provisions, and then directed her course towards the coasts of New Holland, the northern extremity of which was seen on the 11th of September, 1818. (This part of the coast is called Edle's Land.)

The *Urania* coasted along at a moderate distance, and, having fallen in with Endracht's Land, she followed it until she arrived at the entrance of Sea Dog's Bay, from whence, after a short stay, she sailed on the 13th of September, to the anchorage before the peninsula of Peron.

An observatory was at first established on shore, and then they were employed in procuring, by means of distillation, water fit to be drunk. Two stills had been shipped at Toulon for this purpose. Numerous defects, which it may probably be easy to remedy in other vessels, rendered almost

null the products of the apparatus placed on board the corvette; but that which was put up on shore gave, in sufficient abundance, water pleasant to drink, and in which they could discover no noxious quality.

The *Urania* sailed on the 26th September; the intention of M. de Freycinet being to sail for Timor, in order to ascertain some points respecting its geographical position, of which he had doubts. He consequently sailed near the isles of Dorre and Bernier, which he coasted along at a good distance to the eastward, and in shallow water; when the corvette having struck on a sand bank, he was obliged to abandon the labour begun, and to bear off from the shore.

This event had no disagreeable consequence; the time passed at the anchorage on the bank was employed in exploring its figure and soundings, and M. de Freycinet gave it the name of the Bank of *Urania*.

On the 29th of October, 1827, the corvette cast anchor in the Bay of Coupang, in the Island of Timor, after having coasted on the west side of the isles of Linas and Reti, which belong to that archipelago.

The inhabitants of Coupang were then wholly busied in preparations for the war which the Dutch government was going to make on the rajah, Louis d'Amanoebang.

This circumstance rendered it difficult to purchase the provisions necessary to victual the corvette; but it did not hinder the scientific operations, which were carried on with the greatest zeal, in spite of the excessive height of the temperature; at the observatory, it stood, at times, at forty-five degrees of the thermometer (R-aumur's); whilst, in the shade, it kept at thirty-three or thirty-five degrees.

The *Urania* sailed from Coupang on the 23d of October, 1818, very badly provisioned, and with several men attacked with dysentery.

Calms and contrary currents detained them a long time between Timor and Ombay. This was taken advantage of to visit the village of Bitoca; it is situated on the south coast of the latter of these islands, has been, till now, little frequented by Europeans, and is peopled by a war-like and ferocious race, some of whom are anthropophagites.

Meanwhile, the number of dysenteric patients increased on board the corvette, and all the skill of M. Quoy, the surgeon-major, was not sufficient to

overcome the influence of a devouring climate. The harbour of Coupang had furnished them with but few refreshments; it became, therefore, necessary to take a new station at Timor, and, accordingly, the *Urania* anchored at Dicy, the chief place among the Portuguese establishments on the north coast of that island.

A most obliging reception was given to the expedition by Don Jose Pinto Alcoforado d'Azevedo e Souza; and the corvette was abundantly provisioned, through his care, with every thing that she wanted.

Their stay here was only for five days, after which the *Urania* bent her course still along the coast of Timor, in order to get through the straits to the eastward of Vitters, by the channel that separates that isle from those of Kiffer and Roma.

On the 29th of November, they were in sight of Ceram and Amboyna, and, stretching into the strait between the latter island and Bournon, they bent their course towards the Isle Gase, which they doubled to the eastward at a small distance, during a violent storm. A great number of isles were observed, among which the most remarkable are those of Damoner, Gilolo, and Guébé.

In this passage, the *Urania* fell in with several armed canoes, belonging to the Kimalaha of Guébé. This prince came on board, and passed an entire day with them, during which his flotilla towed astern of the corvette. He furnished M. de Freycinet with various information respecting his country and his maritime expeditions, and made the strongest endeavours to induce him to stop at his island, where he assured him there was an excellent harbour, a commodious watering-place, and good refreshments. This proposition not being accepted, he assured him he would come with his brothers to Waigion, and pay him a new visit.

It was to the Isle Guébé that M. de Pavre was sent formerly, by M. de Coëtiva, to take drawings of the nutmeg trees, which have since multiplied so much in the Indian and American colonies. The Guébéans recollected that circumstance very well, of which they were themselves the first to speak; and M. de Freycinet attributes to their former relations with the French, the very particular amity which they testified towards him.

A pretty fresh breeze put an end to these amicable communications. The *Urania*, continuing her track, passed,

on the 12th of December, the strait which separates the Isle of Monho from Guébé, and stretched to the eastward; she ran some risk in the strait formed by the isles of Rouij and of Balabalack, and by the Wyng Islands, where, during a calm, violent currents set upon shallows; but she was, fortunately, able to keep her anchorage, and to wait for such winds as permitted her to keep her way, until she got clear of that perilous situation.

She cast anchor on the 16th of December, at the Isle of Rawak, after having, at a short distance, coasted along the northern side of Waigion.

An observatory was established on shore, and its position, in latitude only one and a-half minute south, was the most favourable for experiments with the pendulum, which they could get under the equator. The period of this stay was employed in researches respecting geography and natural history.

Two or three days before they sailed, they heard, on a sudden, the martial music of tontons, kettle-drums, &c. Some moments after, there appeared, at the large point of the island, the fleet of the Kimalaha of Guébé, who, faithful to his promise, had come to pay the visit he had before announced. This little squadron presented a spectacle at once imposing and whimsical. The Guébéan prince was accompanied by his brothers and sons, to the number of eight; all, like himself, of good mien, and remarkable for their intelligence. They remained on board until the moment of the corvette's departure; they gave, as presents to M. de Freycinet, various curiosities of their country, and, among others, hats made of straw and minglass (talc), worked with admirable art.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Original Communications.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

EAVES DROPPING.

'What impudence!—not so, since, every day, His Lordship asks,—and who are you sir, pray?'

It is an old and common saying, 'that list-ners hear no good of themselves,' but this is founded in error; since we are told that Shakespeare and Ben Jonson used to listen, and smile at the good things which escaped through the key-hole of the green-room, and which spread, with much poetical fancy, round the smoky tavern. Who are you? is a very polite question at the theatre in the present day; and, while the card of address is bustled out

of its case, the natural and home-striking reply is, 'Sir, I am a gentleman.' As such then I presume to be, and I flatter myself (and self flattery is sweet surely) I am out of the reach of that vulgar trinity,—'without wit, money, or manners;' for I cannot be void of wit when I laugh at my own jokes; I cannot be poor, since I invite myself to every friend's well-garnished table; nor can I want the customary catalogue of manners, while I am an automaton of flattery and an expert chess player in the abstract game of 'Pleasing made Easy.' Galen, Hippocrates, and other ancient sages, used the personal pronoun, now and then, in their venerable tomes, but modern orators and writers scorn the erudite ornaments of egotism; hence, it would be unbecoming in me to talk of myself. But, having over-heard some ladies at a tea-party, the other evening, to whom, it must appear, I am no stranger, I will give a sketch of myself.

'Yes,' continued Mrs. Retail, in affirmation of Miss Detail, 'I do verily believe Hog's-flesh is the ugliest man in the world; for my part, I like a well-looking young man.' 'That's generally the case with short ladies,' replied Mrs. Mimpit, 'no personal allusions, I beg, M^{rs}.m.' 'Hog's-flesh, I think, has an odd foot?' 'Oh yes!'—'is pockfretten';—has lost his front teeth?' 'So they say; but, as I never saw him laugh, I cannot be positive.' 'He is as bald as a tea-cup, and resembles it too, for he has neither shape nor height, and his temper is as crooked as his person.' 'Exactly so, but you know a tea-cup contains many good things.' 'I know it, I know it, Miss Catchup; I suppose Jessamy Hog's-flesh is a favorite of your's.' 'Not he, indeed, Mem; but I should like a husband with two eyes in his head; a lord of the creation, satanised as he is,—poor creature! it is his misfortune to be sure, and it is a pity some one does not receive his address; for he has a little understanding.' 'Like a grain of mustard-seed, scarcely perceptible.' 'He is a strange compound, as we sometimes say of tea: now a book-worm; now a jockey; now an amateur spouter; now a street-lounger and now the loquacious opinionist of the circulating library.' 'But you must allow him to be very engaging in his manners!—I fancy he has a snug little property!' 'Oh ay, to be sure he has.' 'Well, I always thought him a very sensible man; and he has so much small talk, and he has been to

Paris, and seen the Louvre and what not?' 'None the better for that Miss.' 'Dear me, Madam! I like travellers, they tell one so many astonishing things.' 'You know a great deal about him, Miss, I hear;—'tis as I suspected: well, every one to her liking; and you will have a comfortable settlement, no doubt; for, if you are to his taste, he'll spare no expense.'

Here the bell rang, and Betty entering with the tea—and an additional complement of muffins, I was disturbed from my post, and abruptly necessitated to leave the moral for personal application.

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The Family Trunk,

No. II.

BY MOSES VON MUCKLEWIT, GENT.

TRUNKS—THE GOUT—WIGS AND BEARDS.

It was my intention, in this my second lucubration, to present my readers, for their amusement and edification, with a full and erudite history of trunks, from the earliest records relating to that very useful piece of family furniture, down to the last new-invented patent trunks, to be had in such abundance in St. Paul's Church Yard and other parts of this metropolis. For this laudable purpose, I had, with infinite labour and much deep and patient research, investigated the whole subject, both in its general and specific varieties, beginning with the famous trunk of Pandora, commonly called Pandora's box,—and which, I doubt not, must have been a trunk of considerable size to be the depository, as it was, of all our sublimary evils and maladies. From this remote instance I had waded through an incredible mass, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane, until I arrived at what I consider the age of *Truncomania* in the history of English literature, when Chatterton and Ireland brought forth, from their celebrated trunks, the pretended relics of Rowley and Shakespeare; though I ought, by the way, to admit, that the last-mentioned trunk-finder fell infinitely below his Bristol rival in the merit of his discovery. All this I had done, examining, moreover, with due diligence, the various properties and functions of trunks, of all denominations, from the most minute pill-box imaginable, up to the most ponderous baggage chest that had ever been manufactured, when it suddenly occurred to me, that it might be more agreeable to

my readers to see some of the contents of our FAMILY TRUNK than any of my own speculations, however ingenious or sublime they might be, on all the trunks in the universe. I shall, accordingly, devote this paper to one or two specimens of my father's most curious and out-of-the-way reading, of which he left several bundles, under the title of *Collectanea*, affixing thereto the various epithets of *curiosa*, *erudita*, *rara*, *notabilia*, &c., according to his judgment of their respective contents. But the reader must ever hold it in remembrance, that he is by no means bound to follow my father's opinion in these matters, which was often more whimsical and capricious than perhaps became a person of his profound and varied erudition.

I have observed in my former paper, that my father had been long and dolefully afflicted with that most doleful of distempers, the gout; and, in the course of his tedious struggle, and during the intervals that his paroxysms allowed him, he had travelled through an immense body of lore on this painful subject. He had consulted almost all the German and Dutch doctors who had treated of this malady, without being a whit the better for it, notwithstanding he had used all the remedies, both external and internal, and however opposite their nature, which those sages had prescribed,—living, at one time, on water, at another on wine, feasting to-day, with Fabricius, on radishes and leeks, and to-morrow feasting, like another Heliogabalus, on soups and ragouts. And, with respect to physical remedies, there were none to which he did not occasionally resort:—emetics, aperients, astringents, diuretics with sedatives and alteratives of all sorts, and phlebotomizing, in all its varieties, were, in their turn, tried and condemned. In a word, there was no diversity of diet or regimen with which my father did not afflict himself, till finding, as might naturally have been anticipated, that this experimental mode of living ended in no practical good, he came, at length, to the resolution of being his own doctor. With this view, he formed certain rules and regulations for his conduct in this particular, and to which he adhered with the most rigorous punctuality for the rest of his life. These rules he afterwards resolved to enlarge into a regular disquisition, under the following title:—*A treatise on the gout, containing an easy and infallible mode of curing that afflictive disorder, as exemplified in the experience*

of the author himself: and he was actually on the point of committing his work to the press, when, in spite of his 'easy and infallible mode of cure,' he was compelled to give up the field to his old adversary, who set at naught all the cataplasms, blisters, and clysters, which my father could bring against him, and which were latterly become the weapons he most commonly used in this unequal contest.

I have thought it proper to notice, somewhat circumstantially, this work of my father's, not only because it was the last of any importance, in which he was occupied, but since it was in the course of his laborious researches on this occasion, that he collected several anecdotes of the gout, which are treasured up among the *Collectanea*, already alluded to, and of which the two following are here transcribed in my father's own words.

'M. Riedlin, a learned doctor of Ulm, narrates, in his laborious collection of cases, relating to the *Praxis Medica*, that a certain *valet de chambre* having received many clothes from his master, who was of a very gouty habit, wore some of them, whereupon he was instantly seized with the gout; and, though he immediately pulled them off, the gout remained, and he was more violently tormented: therewith than his master. This anecdote,' adds my father, 'ought to be publicly read by the common crier, once every week at least, in the purlieus of Moumouth Street and Saffron Hill.'

'The same author relates, that a Turkish physician, having been formerly taken prisoner by the imperial troops, was brought to the Emperor, who asked him if the gout was known in Turkey as well as in Germany? To this the physician answered, that many were afflicted with it, but were wont to cure it in the following manner. They make scarifications on the part affected, and then they take the blood that comes out, and put it in an egg-shell, which they stop very close, and set it under a hen. It is afterwards thrown to a hungry dog, who, after swallowing it, contracts the disease; and the patient, from that moment, experiences the desired relief. This M. Riedlin calls a cure by sympathy.'

Among the numerous topics, to which my father was attached in his studies, there was none on which he dwelt with more satisfaction than the different customs of the world concerning beards and wigs, and the various revolutions that have taken place, from

time to time, in the cut, shape, and other particulars of these grave appendages. And nothing puzzled him more in his ruminations on this important point than the question, whether wigs were worn or not by the ancients. Of the venerable antiquity of beards he could have no doubt; but his scepticism with respect to wigs was, for a long time, evident, until good fortune threw in his way the celebrated work of M. Dutens, entitled '*Origine des Decourts, &c.*' in which the learned writer proves, most satisfactorily, from Suetonius, Polybius, Horace, Ovid, Xenophon, and Herodias, that wigs were, in fact and *bond fide*, worn by the ancients. But of all the works my father had stumbled upon in this inquiry, the elaborate treatise of M. Thiers, entitled '*Histoire des Periwigs*,' gave him the highest gratification, notwithstanding that the author differs in opinion from M. Dutens as to the antiquity of wigs. Often have I seen my father chuckle over this work with as much transport as a Spaniard is known to do in his first perusal of Don Quixote. The following summary of the opinions of M. Thiers, both with respect to wigs and beards, as preserved by my father in his *Collectanea*, shall, for the present, conclude my selections from our FAMILY TRUNK.

'The History of Periwigs is one of the most curious books published by M. Thiers. He designed it against those ecclesiastics, who are not content to wear their own hair. The year 1639, he says, is the epoch of periwigs in France: no clergyman wore a perwig before 1660, and there are no instances in antiquity. The Cardinal de Richelieu was the first who wore a *calor*: and the bishop of Evreux, having prefixed to the life of St. Francis de Sales, which he presented to Pope Alexander VIII., a portrait, wherein the saint appeared with a leather cap on, the Pope made considerable difficulty in accepting the book, attended with such an irregularity. M. Thiers exclaims against those ecclesiastics who powder their periwigs, and wear them of a different colour from their own hair. As for what concerns their beard and their band, he says no ecclesiastic wore a band before the middle of the last century. There have been many variations about their beards: sometimes shaving was looked upon as a great effeminacy, and a long beard as particularly suitable with sacerdotal gravity, while, at other times, a venerable beard was accounted a piece of

pride and stateliness. When Cardinal D'Angennes went to take possession of his bishopric of Mans, in 1556, he was obliged to have an express order from the king to be admitted with his long beard, which he could not resolve to cut. M. Thiers acknowledges these variations about the beard; but he maintains that the discipline, as to periwigs, has always been constant and uniform, wherefore he concludes by praying the Pope and the King to suppress the innovation, that had then* taken place in this respect.'

THE WISDOM OF CATWG †.

A MAN'S CHOICE THINGS.

This was addressed by Catwg the Wise to his father Gwyallw Tegid, the son of Glywis, the son of Veler, the son of Cadell Deyrnllwg.

His house free from wet.—His farm compact.—His land pleasant.—His bed soft.—His wife chaste.—His food wholesome.—His drink small and brisk.—His fire bright.—His clothes comfortable.—His neighbourhood peaceful.—His servant diligent.—His maid handy.—His son sincere.—His daughter accomplished.—His friend faithful.—His companion without deceit.—His horse gentle.—His hound swift.—His hawk full of avidity.—His oxen strong.—His cows of one colour.—His sheep of kindly breed.—His swine long.—His household moral.—His home orderly.—His bard learned.—His harper fine of feeling.—His mill near.—His church far.—His lord powerful.—His king just.—His spiritual father discreet.—And his God merciful.

THE EXCELLENCIES OF A MANLY CHARACTER.

Truims delivered by Catwg to Tolisien.

1. To be wise in his dispute:
2. To be a lamb in his chamber:
3. To be brave in battle and conflict:
4. To be a peacock in the street:
5. To be a bard in his chair:
6. To be a teacher in his household:
7. To be a council in his nation:
8. To be an arbitrator in his vicinity:
9. To be a hermit in his church:
10. To be a legislator in his country:
11. To be conscientious in his action:
12. To be happy in his life:

* About the year 1600.

† From No. XVI of the *Cambro-Briton*, a periodical work devoted to the History, Antiquities, and Literature of Wales.

13. To be diligent in his farm :
 14. To be just in his dealing :
 15. That whatever he doeth be to the will of God.

ANSWER OF CATWG TO TALIESIN.

I should be glad to know more than I do concerning thee: tell me what sort of a man thou art, said Taliesin to Catwg. In reply to him Catwg said—Thou oughtest to know better concerning me than I myself; for thou hearest as to me behind my back what never came to my ear, and to the country it belongs to judge; and it is not I, nor is it any one else, that knows the whole truth about himself.

Original Poetry.

PHILOSOPHICAL MILKMEN.

THAT milkmen are philosophers' true tie;
 They keep celestial elements in view;
 And, howsoever their fellow-men complain
 Of dismal prospects and incessant rain,
 Their scene's transform'd to sky-blue twice a day—

They get their living by the milky-way.

J. R. P.

THE BIRTH DAY.

(FEBRUARY 4TH, 1821.)

AGAIN the sun rises

With bliss and delight;
 And the day-cloud surprises
 The shadows of night.

The feeling of sadness,
 Which pained yesterday,
 Has melted in gladness
 And vanished away;

And my soul has arisen its sorrow above,
 To greet the bright day that gave birth to my love.

Again my eye sparkles

With pleasure and peace;
 And the sorrow that darkles
 Is hidden to cease.

For that day shall never
 Be viewed with a tear,
 But, for ever and ever,
 Be sacred and dear;

And my prayer shall be offered to heaven above
 To hallow the day that gave birth to my love.

For why should I sorrow,
 Or my spirit sleep?

There is time on the morrow
 To languish and weep;
 Without striving to wail,
 With anguish, a day
 Whose admirers are wholly
 The generous and gay;

Then, no sigh of sorrow shall seem to reprove
 With its sadness, the day that gave birth to my love.

Oh, no! may its brightness

Be ever divine,
 And its heavenly lightness,
 My Emma, be thine;

May thy sunshine, when beaming,
 Be emblem of thee,
 When thy bonom is teeming
 With fondness for me!

And those visions, where fancy delighted to rove;
 Be fulfilled on the day that gave birth to my love.

And may every blessing,
 Lov'd Emma, be thine,
 When (caress'd and caressing,
 By heaven made mine;)
 Fled afar then the sorrow
 Which hover'd o'er me,
 And my fond soul can borrow
 Its pleasures of thee;

When the bright beam of heaven, dispensed
 from above,
 Shall make sacred the day that gave birth to my love!
 J. D. NEWMAN.

THE BUTTERFLY AND VENUS FLOWER.

(A FABLE.)

THE Venus-Flower's so very curious,
 That when her attributes you mention,
 Some people deem the statement spurious,
 And all you utter wild invention.

Sceptics, I heartily dislike,
 Who never deign to look about me,
 To see those things which others strike,
 And yet, when represented, doubt me.

Let such doubt on:—the Venus-flower's
 Possesses this peculiar skill,
 To shield her style from sun or show'r,
 She opens and shuts her valves at will.
 Hence, when within her honey'd cup
 The future bee prepares to dive,
 Her velvet portals closing up,
 Buries the little thief alive.

One softly silent afternoon,—

The month I cannot quite remember:

'Twas March or April—May or June—

July or August—or September;

The swelling buds began to sever,
 Exhibiting such various tinges

As few can paint—tho' I endeavour,—

'Each vallance'd round with argent fringes.

'What elegance, the flow'r exclaim'd,

'Sits on these frost-besprinkl'd petals;

'And instantly the lady nam'd,

'With much contempt, the best of metals.

'The purple that pervades my flow'r

Rivals the dove's emblazon'd neck;

These stamens, how rich their gloss!

And this coronal—a *la grecque*!

A butterfly, that near her hover'd,

Hearing this boast of crowns and glosses,

At once her finest blossom cover'd,

And darted in his thin proboscis:

'My dearest friend!—and then he sip'd,—

'How is your health?—Inauscuate hawing.

And once again his trunk he slipp'd

Beneath the rich, embroider'd awning:

'The sun, methinks,' (another draught)

'Is growing (charming liquid) paler.

But now the flower perceiv'd his craft,

And thus assail'd the rude assailer:—

'Begone—I say, this instant hence,

Ere disposess'd of power to go;

Thy death ensues the next offence,

Thou summer friend and flatt'ring foe;

Thyself, and thy deceitful tribe,

I hold in hatred, mix'd with scorn,

Who kindness for the rich imbibe,

But shun the naked and forlorn.

When August shakes his orient tresses,

About my bloom you sport and bask;

But when that bloom the frost depresses,

Where lurks your lordship, then, I ask!

Thy love is but the love of self,—

Once more I say the poor you shun:

Begone! incorrigible elf,

Away! before you are undone.

This is a never failing rule,

Wherever we perceive a knave;

There, too, we recognize a fool,—

A fool that counsel cannot save.

The butterfly his former course

Pursuing still, with plastic trunk,

The valves disjoin'd, with sudden force,

And in the struggl'ing victim sunk.

APPLICATION.

I cannot say I much commend

Marilla's manners, or her heart:

She never will prove a faithful friend,

Who only likes the gay and smart.

As a dull atmosphere depresses

Quicksilver, and a fire elates;

Exactly so, as peoples' dresses

Are rich or plain, she loves or hates.

At home they style her Miss Cameleon:

She plays with folks or picks a quarrel,

Just as they shine in white cornelian

Or simply glow in modest coral.

Two topazes her ears bedeck,

Flamingly yellow and dependent;

Large beads of amber grace her neck,

With something ruddy and replendent—

Something!—a heart—and most suspect

The only heart the nymph possesses;

But poets ne'er ascribe defect

On idle jokes and wanton guesses.

Come, any one to see her mother,—

Before the maid the name announces,

She runs to one door, then another,

To get a peep and count her frownces.

The other day—(her parent out)

An old man to the dwelling came;

Sixty he seem'd, or there about,

And of his right leg rather lame:

Marilla looked disdain—and danc'd

Attward him, with a haughty air;

Her younger sister, Suke, advanc'd,

And gently offer'd him a chair.

Susan her name—they call'd her Suke,

Because, at home, no mighty favourite;

But still she bore with the rebuke,

And kindness felt for those who gave her it.

The stranger told a simple story:

He had been wounded in the wars,

And brushing back his ringlets hoary,

Show'd on his brow a brace of scars;

He pointed to his useless legs,

And own'd such woes were accidental—

They griev'd him not; but thus to beg

Was both an outward ill and mental,

Marilla tender'd him a shilling,

But made him from the bounty shrink,

Exclaiming, with an aspect killing,

'Begone! and spend it all in drink.'

Poor Susan grog'd about her pocket,

With fingers charitably nimble,

Produc'd a lussif—then a locket,—

Some sealing-wax,—and next a thimble.

Benevolent pursuit, but vain!

She could not find a single groat,

So, after feeling thrice, was fain

To stand absorb'd in mournful thought;

Graver her features grew, and graver,—

At last the locket—precious trinket—

Occurr'd, from further grief to save her,—

And that she offer'd—who would think it!

And yet to spare what we despise,

Is not donation, but denial;

To give, is granting things we prize,—

True charity infers a trial.

The old man, snatching, kiss'd the boon,

And then—as seiz'd with sudden dotage,

Begg'd them to come that afternoon,

To see, if not to himself, his cottage:

'It rises in the valley yonder,
And is, tho' unembellish'd, seemly.
Come, my sweet ladies, do not ponder,
Methinks you'll like the spot extremely.'—
'I visit you,' Marilla said,

'The crazy wreck begins to rave.'
Good temper'd Susan bent her head,
And her consent by silence gave.
The morning went—the evening came,
And Susan, tho' her sister rallied,
Wrapp'd in her cloak her taper frame,
Tied on her hat, and forward sallied.
The clouds were grey, the air was chill,
But there were signs of infant spring:
The primrose peep'd, and daffodil,—
The building chaffinch paus'd to sing,—
The gale came scented from the glen;
She knew the violet's respiration,
But tho' she look'd around her then,
Nature conceal'd its private station.
Proud man for little things cares nothing,
But nature cares so very much,
She clads them in her chastest clothing,
And tinges with her nicest touch.
Unlike your common place adorners,
The goddess chooses to embellish
Those unfrequented holes and corners
Which tasteful tempers only cherish.
Susan, aware of nature's arts,
Abandoning the open way
To those less known sequester'd parts,
Would often unattended stray.
She lov'd to watch the browsing deer,
Their sides with spots of velvet sprinkl'd;
To view the simple sheep, and hear
The bells that on the withers tinkled;
Along the Bowme's untrodden banks,
Her thoughtful course pursued the maid,—
Where Flora plays her earliest pranks,
With herbs that bloom and shrubs that fade.
She knew each flow'r's bud and leaf,
Whilst various notes of various birds
Enhanc'd her bliss or sooth'd her grief—
A poetess in all but words.
But lo! she reach'd the valley's centre,
And her amazement, who can tell,
On finding that she had to enter
A house in which a duke might dwell;
She turn'd to flee, but when the porter
Said that his lord her coming waited,
Shorter she drew her breath, and shorter,
Nor could have fled as meditated:
With humble bows and courteous airs,
He led her thro' a wide saloon,—
Whilst she, pursuing, said her prayers,
And mourn'd that that luckless afternoon.
She smil'd indeed, but smil'd in pain,
Quick follow'd by distressful tears,—
Just as the day concludes in rain,
When morning over bright appears:
At once the parlour doors unfold,
When, wonder-struck, her blue eyes greet
The beggar—now no longer old,
But young and gay, and at her feet;
Around his neck a golden chain
Hung loose, his splendid dress adorning,
And on his breast she saw again,
The granted locket of the morning.
'Forgive my stratagem,' he cried,
With kisses she forgot to parry,—
'Susan shall be Lorenzo's bride,
Or never will Lorenzo marry.'
When poor Marilla heard the tale,
No poet can describe her feelings;
At length she own'd that folks might fall
Who judg'd of apples by their peelings.

J. B.

Fine Arts.

BRITISH GALLERY.—No. I.

'Quid vetat et nosmet.'—HORACE.

AMID the homage which is so universally and so deservedly lavished upon the old masters, those colossi of the arts; amid the admiration which, as it were, encrusts the sculptured remains of ancient and even of modern times, as far as they do not approximate to our own days; amid the eulogiums which have been passed upon the excellencies of foreign artists in the present age;—though in all these we ourselves participate, we are not sorry to witness the increasing encouragement which now begins to be given to native merits,—a spirit that the institution which is the subject of the present remarks has had no small share in promoting, in hurling the bolts of reason, not for the purpose of withering those bays, which shed their never-fading green around the temples of antiquity, but of blasting that icy hand of prejudice, which would thrust the wreath from the brows of those among our own countrymen, who would boldly climb the rugged steep of Fame to hail the immortal star which beams above its summit. That these labours have not been in vain, that this encouragement has not been without a cheering influence, the splendid exhibition which now graces the gallery of this institution will abundantly testify; the loftiness of genius, the strength of talent, and the finish of execution, have here contributed to raise and to embellish an honourable monument to the judgment, taste, and liberality which has still continued to mark the proceedings of this body, under whose auspices the present institution has attained such wide and beneficial influence. Of the liberality which prompted these endeavours, the undertaking itself bears ample testimony; of the two former qualities, the rich and splendid assemblage of talent, now submitted to the public, will not warrant any denial. All those whose works form this year's exhibition at the British Gallery, are native artists of the present time: very many are geniuses, who have risen into notice within these few years; and who, by their abilities, have arrested the attention, and kindled the expectations of the public. Having already extended our remarks on the general nature of the exhibition to so great a length, we shall terminate the present paper with

a few observations on the specimens of sculpture, of which a very small number have been admitted into the gallery.—'Mercy,' No. 306, by H. W. Peck, though pleasing in the details, is, nevertheless, devoid of that impassioned energy which is demanded by the lines of Collins, which it is intended to illustrate; the figure of Mercy particularly wants that winning grace and easy passion which ought to invest the poet's lovely personification. Instead of the light and airy beauty which ought to adorn the embodied form of an abstract quality, the artist has presented us with a figure which might, with more propriety, be mistaken, by the stiffness of its attitude, and the ungracefulness of its form, for that of a Dutch woman hardened into stone, by the sudden application of the Gorgonian *Ægis*.—We were pleased to recognize, in No. 308, an old friend, 'Jacob wrestling with the Angel,' by Joseph Gott, which our readers may remember, obtained the gold medal of the Academy, in 1819. We cannot say we found our admiration decrease from a second view of this charming piece; and we much doubt if we do not feel a growing affection, the more we contemplate the delightful simplicity, the exquisite anatomical knowledge, and the almost breathing attitudes which characterize this pleasing performance.—To the 'Young Bacchante,' of the same artist, No. 309, we are sorry we cannot award the same unqualified approbation; it is spiritless and ungraceful, and does not at all approximate to that beau ideal, which, after all, must form the basis of all excellence in sculpture; indeed, Mr. Gott, in the present instance, seems to have chosen a model, which is as far removed as possible from that unalloyed loveliness which pervades the remnants of ancient art. 'Theseus rescuing Hippolyta from Eurytus,' by J. E. Hinchcliffe, No. 318, is a performance which unites great power of genius with much of that elegance of taste and freedom of execution which must always characterize the perfect sculptor. W. Scouler's 'Satan contemplating the Fall of Man,' No. 310, and the 'Death of Virginia,' No. 315, are two performances, both highly creditable to the genius which conceived, and to the talent which has embodied those conceptions. The former particularly breathes the soul of Milton's soul-stirring poetry; we trace, in the clenched hand and the up-cast look of agony, the strife of conflicting pas-

sions, we see, in the agitated lines of the countenance, those surging waves of bitter recollection, soon about to sink only into the ferocious calm of desperation. 'The Combat between Michael and Satan,' No. 313, executed in alto relievo, by C. Moore, is a work of considerable merit. The grin of the baffled archangel, expressive at once of malignity as well as agony, and the hand clenching the edge of its shield cast to the earth, are finely imagined; indeed, the whole piece is replete with energy and animation, as well in the execution as in the design; we must, however, object to the too forcible expression of fury with which the features of the Archangel Michael have been distorted; the artist should have recollected the words of the poet on another occasion,—

'Thou, while he spoke, and passion dimm'd his face,
Thine changed with pale ire, envy, and despair,
Which mard his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
His counterfeits, if any eye beheld—
For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear.'

W. H. PARRY.

The Drama.

It is with much pleasure we announce to our readers, that since our last, the two winter theatres have been honoured with visits from the King. On Tuesday night, his Majesty, accompanied by the Dukes of York and Clarence, went to Drury Lane Theatre, to witness the opera of *Arlaxerxes* and the farce of *Who's who*, with both of which he appeared highly delighted. On Wednesday night, his Majesty visited Covent Garden Theatre, when *Twelfth Night* and the new pantomime were performed. On both occasions, the theatres were crowded to excess long before the commencement of the performance, and thousands, unable to get in, filled all the minor theatres in the neighbourhood. Such was the anxiety to get admittance, that the avenues leading to the entrance doors of the theatres were crowded by three o'clock in the afternoon. The boxes were filled up in the same manner as when his late Majesty used to visit the theatres. His Majesty was received at both houses with the most ardent and enthusiastic cheers. God save the King and Rule Britannia were loudly called for, and readily sung by the vocal strength of the respective companies; and his Majesty had a good opportunity of witnessing that unshaken loyalty and attachment which the people of England feel for their sovereign;

and the respect which they show even at a time when the rancour of party is most violent.

DRURY LANE.—On Saturday night, a new melo-drama in three acts was produced at this theatre, entitled '*Therese, the Orphan of Geneva*.' It is avowedly from the French, and is now performing on the continent with the most extraordinary success. It has not suffered in being transplanted to the British soil, 'since the play-bills (those oracles of truth and modesty), assure us that no piece, however successful, was ever received with such extraordinary applause,' and that 'it is the most successful piece ever produced.' Whether this may be the case or not, we know not, but if a tale of the most powerful interest, with all the advantages which good acting can give to it is calculated to ensure success, then must the drama of *Therese* be successful. We give a sketch of the story, which, however, affords but a feeble idea of the merits of the piece:—

Therese (Miss Kelly) is of a noble family of Geneva, but her mother having allied herself to one of inferior rank, conceals her marriage, and *Therese*, her daughter, is brought up in the family as an orphan, whom they had taken under their protection. The mother leaves her the whole of her fortune after her death; but other relations accuse her of having forged the will, and she is tried for crime and condemned. Carwin, an advocate, (Mr. Wallack,) who had been employed to conduct the prosecution, gets possession of the papers, and releases *Therese* from prison, in the hopes that she would marry him, and he thus gets possession of the estates. Her refusal excites his revenge,—*Therese* flies, and gains the protection of the Countess de Morville, (Mrs. Egerton,) whose son, the count, (Mr. Barnard,) falls in love with her, and offers his hand. While preparations are making for the nuptial ceremony, Carwin appears, and failing in persuading *Therese* to go with him, he denounces her to the count and countess as a criminal. The match is broken off, and the poor orphan turned out. She finds a friend in the pastor Fontaine, (Mr. Cooper,) who offers her an asylum in his house. When on her way thither, she is driven by a storm to seek shelter with a farmer Lavigne (Knight). When she has retired to rest, Carwin, who had watched her steps, again appears, and assuming the voice of Fontaine, induces her to quit her room. He attempts to stab her, but her shrieks bring the assistance of Lavigne, and he escapes. In the mean time, the countess and her son come to the farm, and the apartment of *Therese* is assigned to the former. Carwin returns, gets into the apartment, and kills the countess, under the supposition that it was *Therese*.

The building is set on fire. *Therese* hastens to the apartment,—discovers the murdered countess,—takes the bloody knife from her side, and in agony exclaims, 'It is I that have done it!' Circumstances appear strong against her, and she is accused of the murder; but Fontaine, who is still her friend, learns from her artless story the clue to detect the murderer. Carwin is taken in the forest; he audaciously denies his guilt, but still supposes that it is *Therese* who has fallen. He is dared to that ordeal of a superstitious age—touching the dead body. He hesitates, but at length agrees to it—folding doors open and discover *Therese* holding in her hand the knife with which he had committed the murder. Struck with horror and remorse, Carwin confesses his crime,—gives up the papers, which restore the orphan of Geneva to rank and fortune, and then dies.

Much as we have admired Miss Kelly on many occasions, we never saw her to such advantage. The tears that suffused many a cheek in more scenes than one, testified the power her acting had on the feelings of the audience. It was not acting—no one thought he saw Miss Kelly, but the wretched persecuted orphan of Geneva. Wallack gave great effect to the character of the villain Carwin, particularly in his interviews with *Therese*, and in the last scene, where he is accused of the murder. The good pastor, Fontaine, was very well sustained by Mr. Cooper, who deservedly received much applause. Knight had a comic part, with a touch of sentiment in it;—we need not say more, as every one who has seen this excellent actor, knows how much he can make of such a character. The other characters were well cast, and the drama was completely successful.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The *Soirées Amusantes* still continue attractive. A new imitative piece, entitled the *Green Room*, has been produced, in which Mr. J. Knight gives (off the stage) some whimsical imitations of gentlemen very well known on it, particularly the managers of the winter theatres. The piece is amusing.

SURREY THEATRE.—A new historical melodrama, entitled *Elizabeth and Essex, or the days of Queen Bess*, was produced at this theatre on Monday last. It is adapted from Henry Jones's*

* This author was a bricklayer whom Lord Chesterfield patronised, long after his profligacy had made him unworthy of all assistance. At last he borrowed eight guineas of his lordship's servant, and never ventured to revisit the house. His tragedy of the Earl of Essex procured him a footing in the theatre, which enabled him to levy contributions upon the players by writing prologues and praising them in verse. His poetry was also of use to him in the sponge.

tragedy of the Earl of Essex, and details the eventful history of that distinguished favourite. The character of the maiden Queen was admirably performed by Miss Taylor, who gave a powerful delineation of the love, jealousy, and revenge, which alternately wrung the soul of Elizabeth. Huntley gave great effect to the part of Essex, but was rather too haughty in his interviews with his royal mistress. Miss Poole played the treacherous Countess of Nottingham very well, but Mrs. Young made sad work of the Countess of Rutland: she must not attempt any thing serious. The laughable barletta of *Peggy Larkins* followed, in which Wyatt revels to such ludicrous advantage, and Miss Copeland and Fitzwilliam keep the audience in continued good-humour. *George Barnwell* concluded the evening: the characters of the love-stricken youth and the wily and abandoned Milwood, could scarcely have been in better hands than those of Huntley and Miss Taylor. The house was crowded in every part.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depacemur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

In the year 1784, upon the death of Innocent XIII. the following satirical distinction was made between the candidates for the papal throne:—

Il cielo vuol	Orsini,
Il popolo	Corini,
Le donne	Ottoboni,
Il diavolo	Alberoni.
Heaven is for	Omini,
The people for	Comini,
The ladies for	Ottoboni,
The devil for	Alberoni.

J. R. P.

ing-house, where he was a frequent guest; and he generally contrived to make the wife or daughter of the bullfinch his friend, by praising her in rhyme. He used to boast that he had thus prevailed upon a bullfinch's daughter to let him escape, and that, another time, he had actually borrowed two guineas of the bullfinch who had him in custody for a debt of ten pounds. His talents, if they could not preserve him from distress, assisted him in it. He wrote petitions for his fellow prisoners, assisted at the tap, and was sometimes trusted to keep the inner door.

After having been drunk for two days, he was found on the night of the third crushed by a waggon, in St. Martin's Lane, without his hat or coat; he was carried to the parish workhouse, and there terminated a disgraceful life, in the year 1770.

The Earl of Essex is his best known performance; he left a tragedy upon the story of Harold, which is lost, and a fragment of another, called *The Cave Ida*, which was finished and brought forth by Paul Hifferman. His papers fell into the hands of Reddish, who volunteered as executor, but Reddish was at first negligent, and afterwards deranged, and they never were produced.

When General Pichegru entered Maestricht, during the early period of the French revolution, he experienced some difficulty in obtaining quarters for his troops. A merchant, who considered himself very patriotic, called on him, and gave him a list of *Orangists* who had soldiers quartered on them, though not in sufficient numbers, in the opinion of this demagogue, who wished that the Aristocrats should have their houses filled with troops from the cellar to the garret. 'I am obliged to you for this information,' said Pichegru; 'and have they sent you any soldiers, citizen?' 'Yes, General.' 'How many?' 'Four.' 'That will do.' The merchant had no sooner returned home than forty more soldiers arrived, and took possession of his house. He hastened back to the general, to inform him that some mistake had taken place. 'Oh no,' said Pichegru, 'I only removed my men from those vile *Orangists*, who, I knew, would ill-treat them, to place them in the house of a patriot like you, where I am sure they will be received hospitably.'

Cherry Feast.—There is a feast celebrated at Hamburg, called the 'Feast of Cherries,' in which troops of children parade the streets with green boughs, ornamented with cherries, to commemorate the following event:—In 1432, the Hussites threatened the city of Hamburg with immediate destruction, when one of the citizens, named Wolf, proposed that all the children of the city, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as supplicants to the enemy. Procopius Nasus, chief of the Hussites, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruits, and promised them to spare the city. The children returned, crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying, 'victory.'

Singular Marriage.—In the year 1799, there was married, at Wells, Mary Evans, a lady born without arms, (but who enjoys the use of her toes so as to be able to cut out watch-papers, and work at her needle, with singular facility; and who for many years has attended the principal provincial fairs as a show, and thereby acquired a fortune of nearly 800*l*.) to the driver of her caravan, a young man named Simpson, whom time had made familiar to her deformity. Some difficulty arose as to the manner of disposing of the ring, which part of the ceremony was at length omitted.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

L. on 'Epitaphs,' 'Fashionable Misses,' and the Letter on a new Translation of the Bible, in our next.

The communications of D. E. G. B., and Fitzhenry, have been received.

J. F. A.'s Acrostical Valentine would no doubt be acceptable to the fair lady, if transmitted by the post, instead of meeting her eye in the pages of the *Literary Chronicle*.

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Review of New Books.

ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

A General History of the House of Guelf, or Royal Family of Great Britain, from the earliest Period in which the Name appears upon Record, to the Accession of His Majesty King George the First to the Throne. With an Appendix of Authentic and Original Documents. By Andrew Halliday, M. D. Domestic Physician to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. 4to. pp. 472. London, 1821.

NOTWITHSTANDING the republican spirit of our political institutions, and the blossoms of British loyalty, we much doubt that there is any nation in which the attachment to the monarch and the monarchy is so strong or so sincere as in England. Such being the case, whatever relates to the reigning family cannot fail of exciting a deep interest in every Briton.

Gibbon, who wrote a *Dissertation on the Antiquities of the House of Brunswick*, published in his posthumous works, says, 'An English subject may be prompted by a just and liberal curiosity, to investigate the origin and story of the House of Brunswick, which, after an alliance with the daughters of our kings, has been called by the voice of a free people to the legal inheritance of the crown.' Gibbon unapparently did not live to finish his researches, but the House of Brunswick possesses such well-founded claims to antiquity and importance, that it has engaged a more than ordinary share of the attention of genealogists and historians. The celebrated Leibnitz, who passed the last forty years of his life at the court of the Duke of Hanover, became the architect of a monument which this family were ambitious of raising to the glory of their name. His labours were published in several volumes, and laid the foundation of *'Ecard's Origines Guelficæ'*, which form five folio volumes. The Italian branch has been illustrated by Muratori in his

Antichità Estense. But, with the exception of the dissertation of Gibbon, which he unhappily did not live to finish, and some trifling histories of the family published on the accession of George the First, which were merely translations of the ancient Brunswick Chronicles, full of fiction and falsehood, we have had no general history of a family which, on account of its rank and antiquity, is so well entitled to notice, until the publication before us, which traces the direct descent of his present Majesty through a series of thirty-three generations, and the long period of a thousand years:—

'Thirty-three generations and a thousand years,' says the author, 'occupy most certainly a small space even in the historical period of the world; but all greatness is relative; and it may be added, that there is not one family in Europe which can establish, by clear and contemporary proof, a similar antiquity. The House of Guelf appears as sovereign princes from the earliest period of their history. If, therefore, antiquity and illustrious birth are entitled in any degree to respect, Great Britain may be proud of her present sovereign; and although George the First owed the crown more immediately to his female parent, the reader will find, by consulting the genealogical tables, that he was the only lineal descendant of the Plantagenet stem. The blood which warmed the heart of Bruce flowed also in the veins of the Elector of Hanover. It cannot fail to be remarkable, in the history of this family, that while its sons acquired wealth and honour by their union with the daughters of emperors and kings, the daughters adorned the thrones of the greatest potentates in Europe and Asia.

'Could the conjectural evidence of the German antiquaries be admitted, not less than five centuries might be added to the period of our history, and fifteen generations more, of probable ancestors; but the highest ambition of human pride may be satisfied with what is certain in the pedigree of the House of Guelf. There is no sovereign house in Europe, ancient or modern, that has not been connected with, or sprung from, some branch of this family.'

In the present work, the author has not only drawn largely on the authorities we have stated, but he has pos-

sessed advantages unknown to the previous historians of this illustrious family. It appears, that during the twelve months which the Duke of Clarence lately passed in Hanover and other parts of Germany, the history and antiquities of his family occupied a considerable share of his attention; and that a number of valuable documents were collected relating chiefly to objects which had in some measure escaped the notice of preceding inquirers. These documents are of considerable importance in illustrating many doubtful points in the family history, and they are now given in an Appendix to this work, as records of the House of Guelf.

Without inquiring for the present, whether a more judicious use might not have been made of the materials which Dr. Halliday possessed, we shall proceed to analyze his work, and give a brief but succinct history of the royal family of England.

There is much of fact connected with the early history of the Guelfs, yet the diligent inquirer will discover that, at a period when the present reigning families of Europe were unheard of, or merely rising into notice, the ancestors of our sovereign were reigning princes. About the middle of the fifth century, the name Wlph, or, as it is now spelt, Guelf, first occurs as a leader or prince of the tribe of the Sycryr, a body of warriors who formerly occupied the southern shores of the Baltic, and some of the Danish islands, but at this period were in possession of what was called Noricum, the ancient Rhetia, and present country of the Tyrol. In 1590, we find a Guelf commanding the Boinvarii, or Bavarians, under Childebert, King of the Franks, and acting as an auxiliary of the Romans against Antharius, the King of the Lombards. But for a century afterwards, the name chiefly occurs among the princes of the Bavarian nation, and the nobles of Lombardy, or as one of the great officers of the court of France. From 613 to 635, a Guelf was the chamberlain of Dagobert, King of France, and employed by him in correcting and

arranging the laws of the Gothic nations. This prince is said to have married a German, and to have settled in Bavaria, and from him were descended Guelph, who was Count of Bavaria in 670; Otkarius, Duke of Burgundy; Adelburtus, Count of Bavaria, and ancestor of the Marquesses of Tuscany; and Ruthardus, ancestor of the Counts of Altdorf and kings of Burgundy or Arles. Wolfhardus was the son of Adelburtus. His name, in German, signifying the 'doer of good works,' was literally translated into the Latin records of the age, and Bonifacius, Governor or Count of Lucca, and of the whole province of Tuscany, makes no contemptible figure in the days of Charlemagne:—

'After the death of Charlemagne, Louis the Pious, who succeeded him, being then a widower, determined on a second marriage. The fairest and noblest dames of the empire were invited to his court; and the beauty and accomplishments of Judith, daughter of Guelph, Count of Altdorf, and the grand-daughter of Ruthardus, was rewarded with what Gibbon calls, "a fond and feeble husband," in the person of Louis. During ten years, from 819 to 830, this daughter of Guelph enjoyed and embellished the feasts of an itinerant court; and, after passing through many vicissitudes, she died in peace and honour, in 845, leaving a posterity which reigned in France for a century and a half.'

Ethico, or Edico, the elder brother of the Empress Judith, was succeeded in 830 by his son, Guelph, who was succeeded by his son Ethiro, of whose son, Henry, it is recorded,—

'That being much at the court of the Emperor Arnolph, and having consented to receive and to hold, as a fief of the empire, as much land as he could surround in one day with a chariot, he had a little vehicle made of gold, with which he mounted his fleetest horses, stationed at proper distances, and so acquired about four thousand mansi or measures of land, within the twenty-four hours. As these estates lay in Upper Bavaria, he was created duke thereof, and engaged to perform the homage of a faithful client. From this circumstance, he is styled, in the words of that period, Henry of the Golden Chariot. This degradation, for so it was considered, so disgusted his free and independent father, that in the height of despair, he retired with only twelve of his lords to the forest of Ambargau, where he erected thirteen single cells, and where he lived and ended his days, without ever seeing or forgiving his degenerate son.'

From the 'Records of the House of Guelph,' we learn, that, after the death of his injured father, Henry ventured

to visit this place of mournful solitude. Moved by the sight of its miserable condition, he determined to honour the memory of his father by providing a more comfortable abode for the remaining partakers of his solitude. There was no time for building a new monastery; he therefore removed them to Altmunster, and began the building of a new abbey at Altdorf, between the years 920 and 935, in order to have the faithful friends of his late father near him.

A lineal descendant of Henry of the Golden Chariot, was Guelph, the fourth Count of Altdorf, and second Duke of Bavaria of that name. He died in 1030, after having bestowed his daughter Cuniga, or Cunigunda, upon his kinsman Azo, the second Marquess of Este, with a dowry of eleven thousand mansi of land, in the valley of Elisina, in Lombardy. Thus were the two branches of the House of Guelph re-united.

This Azo the Second holds a conspicuous place in history. He was the common father of the German and Italian princes of the Brunswicks and Este lines of the House of Guelph. As the representative of the emperor, he was officially recognized in Italy, and from his immense possessions, he was designated, among the princes of his time, by the epithet of the *Rich*. At the age of seventeen, he was proscribed as a rebel, with his grandfather, his father, and three uncles; but in his fiftieth year, we find him governing the cities of Milan and Genoa, as the minister of the Emperor, and styled by Pope Gregory VII. the most faithful and best beloved of the Italian princes. Up to his hundredth year, he continued active amidst the vicissitudes of peace and war.

Henry the Black, one of his descendants, united to the lines of Guelph and Este, that of Billung, by marrying Wilfilda, the daughter and heiress of Magnus, the last duke of the Billung race. His son, Henry the Proud, in right of his mother, was now the representative of this noble family, who had been hereditary dukes of Saxony; and, by his marriage with Gertrude, the only daughter and heiress of the last Count of Nordheim, he acquired not only a right to the remaining Saxon states, but also to the title of Duke of Saxony, and Sovereign of Supplingenburg, Nordheim, and Brunswick. The marriage of Henry the Proud was celebrated with great splendour:—

'The nuptial feast was held, on

the banks of a pleasant river in the plain of Lechirain, and that extensive plain was covered with tents and wooden edifices. A general invitation, had collected twenty, or thirty thousand guests, consisting of princes, barons, and knights; who, with their numerous retinues, continued to keep up a festival which, by the profuse hospitality of the bridegroom, was prolonged for several weeks. In all the tournaments of chivalry Henry bore off the prize.'

By this marriage with the only lineal descendant of Wittikend, the last Saxon king, Henry also acquired a right to and assumed the armorial bearings of that sovereign; and the white horse was adopted as the crest of the Guelphic princes. In the feuds which took place in the empire, Henry distinguished himself by his bravery and his talents, but he was not successful in gaining the imperial throne to which he was entitled. He died in 1139, leaving an only son, also named Henry, Duke of Saxony, in the tenth year of his age. This child was a prince of great promise, and by his fortitude and courage very early obtained the surname of the *Lion*. His education was that of a Saxon and a soldier, and at the age of eighteen he was admitted into the diet of Frankfort, composed of men and princes, and received the order of knighthood, which had been newly instituted. Europe was then agitated with the preparations for the second crusade; but as the northern states of Germany, with their allies of Denmark and Poland, preferred a holy warfare less remote, a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers of the cross were speedily enrolled, to convert or exterminate the idolatrous Slavi of the Baltic:—

'The young Duke of Saxony, with a numerous body of vassals and followers, formed a part of this army; and though the first campaign was neither successful nor glorious, he showed himself on a splendid theatre to the Christians and Pagans of the north. On the return of the Emperor from the Holy Land, Henry endeavoured, but without success, to wrest Bavaria from his Austrian competitor; and while he was detained on the Danube, it was announced to him that Conrad had entered Saxony with a numerous army, to deprive him also of that dukedom. "Command my vassals," replied the dauntless Henry, "to assemble at Brunswick on Christmas Day; they will find me at their head." Though the time was short, the distance long, and all the passes guarded, yet this young duke, disguising his person, with only three attendants, darted swiftly and secretly through the hostile country; and appearing on the fifth day in the camp at Brunswick,

forced his imperial adversary to sound a precipitate retreat.

From the Emperor Barbarossa Henry obtained restitution of Bavaria. His power now extended from the shores of the Baltic to the Mediterranean Sea, and he was the most opulent sovereign of his age; but he was destined to experience a sad reverse of fortune, principally owing to his ambition. He laid himself open to the censure of the empire; its law was put in force against him,—he was declared a rebel and an outlaw,—all his states were disposed of, and the country occupied by a powerful army. Henry had married the Princess Royal of England, the daughter of Henry the Second. This monarch sent an ambassador to the Emperor, but could obtain for his son-in-law no relaxation of the edict against him, except that he might leave Germany with as many of his vassals as chose to accompany him, and that Matilda should have the government of the whole of the patrimonial states restored to her and her children, to be freely and peaceably enjoyed for ever. Henry left Germany for some time, but afterwards returned and settled at Brunswick, and, assisted by Richard the First of England with a fleet and some forces, he recovered the fortress of Stade, and conquered the duchy of Holstein, but was unable to retain possession of it. Henry was afterwards enabled to make some return to Richard Cœur de Lion for this assistance. When this king, in his return from the Holy Land, was seized at Vienna by the Duke of Austria, it was decided that the king should not be liberated until security was given for a ransom of 150,000 marks of silver. Among the illustrious princes who came forward in behalf of the King of England, Otho and William of Brunswick stand conspicuous: they voluntarily offered themselves as hostages for the payment of his ransom; but Henry the Lion having negotiated the treaty for his liberation, his promise was accepted. Henry does not appear to have engaged in any further hostilities; the sovereignty of all the provinces beyond the Elbe was restored to him, and he passed the remainder of his life at Brunswick in acts of piety and benevolence.

As it is our intention to extend our notice of this work to two numbers more, we shall conclude, for the present, with a genealogical table, which traces the descent of his present Majesty in a direct line from Egbert, King of England, and Alpin, King of Scotland.

LINEAL Descent of His Majesty King George the Fourth, from Egbert, the First of the Saxon Kings of England, and from Alpin, King of Scotland.

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| 1. EGERT, King of England, died in 837. | 1. ALPIN, King of Scotland, d. 833. |
| 2. Ethelwolf, King, d. 838. | 2. Kenneth the First, d. 853. |
| 3. Alfred the Great, d. 900. | 3. Donald the Second, d. 903. |
| 4. Edward the First, d. 924. | 4. Malcolm the First, d. 958. |
| 5. Edmund the First, d. 948. | 5. Kenneth the Second, d. 994. |
| 6. Edgar, King of England, d. 975. | 6. Malcolm the Second, d. 1035. |
| 7. Ethelred the Second, d. 1016. | 7. Beatrice, Princess of Scotland. |
| 8. Edmund the Second, d. 1017. | 8. Duncan, d. 1040. |
| 9. Edward, Crown Prince of England. | 9. Malcolm the Third, d. 1093. |
| 10. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, sister of Edgar Atheling, d. 1093. | 10. David the First, d. 1153. |
| 11. Matilda, Queen of Henry the First, of England, d. 1118. | 11. Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, d. 1152. |
| 12. Matilda, Dowager Empress of Germany and Duchess of Anjou, d. 1167. | 12. David, Earl of Huntingdon, d. 1219. |
| 13. Henry II. King of England, d. 1189. | 13. Isabella, Countess of Annandale, d. 1267. |
| 14. Matilda, Duchess of Saxony and Bavaria, d. 1180. | 14. Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, d. 1290. |
| 15. William of Winchester, Duke of Saxony, d. 1213. | 15. Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, d. 1329. |
| 16. Otho the Infant, Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, d. 1252. | 16. Marjory, Princess of Scotland, married to Walter Stuart. |
| 17. Albert I. D. of Brunswick, d. 1279. | 17. Robert Stuart the Second, King of Scotland, d. 1390. |
| 18. Albert II. D. of Brunswick, d. 1313. | 18. Robert the Third, d. 1406. |
| 19. Magnus I. D. of Brunswick, d. 1368. | 19. James the First, murdered 1437. |
| 20. Magnus II. Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, killed 1373. | 20. James the Second, d. 1460. |
| 21. Bernhard, Duke of Luneburg, d. 1400. | 21. James the Third, d. 1488. |
| 22. Frederick, D. of Brunswick, d. 1478. | 22. James the Fourth, killed 1513. |
| 23. Otho, Duke of Brunswick, d. 1471. | 23. James the 5th, d. 1542. |
| 24. Henry, Duke of Brunswick, d. 1532. | 24. Mary, Queen of Scotland, beheaded 1587. |
| 25. Ernest the Conf. D. of Celle, d. 1546. | 25. James the Sixth, [and First of England,] d. 1625. |
| 26. William, Duke of Luneburg, d. 1592. | 26. Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, d. 1662. |
| 27. George, D. of Luneburg, d. 1641. | 27. Sophia, Electress and Duchess of Hanover, d. 1714. |
| 28. Ernest Aug. Elector of Hanover, d. 1698. | |

George the First, King of England, d. 1721-2.

George the Second, d. 1760.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, d. 1751.

George the Third, d. 1820.

George the Fourth, whom God long preserve.

From Matilda, the eldest daughter of Henry the Second, the Dukes of Brunswick and Luneburg are lineally descended as stated in the first column of the table; and George the First and James the Second stood exactly in the same degree of relationship (the sixteenth in descent) to their common ancestor, Henry the Second. It further appears that Robert Bruce, and Otho the Infant, first Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, were related in the same degree to Malcolm the Third of Scotland; and had Otho been a Scotsman, his claim to the crown was as good as that of either Bruce or Baliol. The young Duke of Brunswick might claim a nearer alliance to the crown of England, as the descendant of an elder brother of the Plantagenet blood; and the King of Sardinia, as the representative of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles the First, is, perhaps, the most direct representative of the Stuart race; but the union of both bloods in the present Royal Family renders their claim superior to every other, although the Act of Succession had never existed.

(To be continued.)

Picturesque Illustrations of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video; consisting of Twenty-four Views, accompanied by Descriptions of the Scenery, and of the Costumes, Manners, &c. of the Inhabitants of those Cities and their Environs. By E. E. Vidal, Esq. 4to. London, 1830.

THE events which have occurred in the Spanish provinces in South America, during the last ten or fifteen years, have imparted to them considerable interest. The capture of Buenos Ayres, by Sir Home Popham, in 1806, may be said to have laid the groundwork of that revolution which has since extended so widely over this vast continent. The inactivity and incapacity of the viceroy, the Marquis de Sobre Monte, who abandoned the city to a small British force, was compensated by the bravery of Don Santiago Liniers, a Frenchman, who, two months after, attacked the city on different points, with success, and took the British general and his little army prisoners. This fortunate result occasioned the first step to that revolution which has since separated these provinces from the mother country; for the people of Buenos Ayres, indignant at the conduct of their viceroy, insisted on investing their deliverer with the supreme civil and military authority, with the

title of captain-general. In the following year, Monte Video was taken by a British force, under Sir Samuel Auchmuty, and afterwards ingloriously lost by General Whitelock, who, by an ignominious capitulation, agreed to evacuate the whole of the Rio de la Plata, including Monte Video.

The rank and popularity of Liniers excited the envy of Elio, the governor of Monte Video, who found means to persuade the people of the east bank to renounce their dependence on the captain-general, and to form a distinct junta, in imitation of those of Spain. Liniers was superseded by Don Baltazar Hidalgo de Cisneros, who made known to the inhabitants the declaration of the regency in Spain, which absolved the Americans from any further dependence on the Spanish government. A congress was assembled and a junta formed; but the Spanish chiefs in Paraguay opposed it, and Liniers, abandoned by the troops he had raised, was taken prisoner and executed.

In the beginning of the year 1811. Don Jose Artigas, a native of Monte Video, offered his services to the junta of Buenos Ayres, and obtained assistance, in arms, ammunition, and troops, for the purpose of exciting insurrection on the east bank of the Plata. He has been very successful, and has contributed largely towards establishing the independence of this province:—

‘With the exception of Monte Video, Artigas has possession of the whole of La Banda Oriental, which he governs independently; and a good understanding subsists between him and the congress, whose authority, after a long struggle, carried on with various vicissitudes against the royalists on the frontiers of Peru and Chili, is now acknowledged by the whole of the provinces of Rio de la Plata.

‘These provinces, twenty in number, are divided, according to their situation, into high and low. The former are, Moxos and Chiquitos, Apalobamba, Santa Cruz de la Sierra, La Paz, Cochabamba, Carangas, Misque, Paria, Charcas, Potosi, and Atacama; the latter, Tarija, Caltia, Paraguay, Tucuman, Cordoba, Cuyo, Entrerios, Monte Video, or Banda Oriental, and Buenos Ayres. The total population of this immense tract does not exceed one million three hundred thousand souls.’

Such is a brief sketch of the modern history of these provinces; we shall now notice some of their local peculiarities, as detailed in the work before us. Buenos Ayres is situated on the west bank of the Rio de la Plata, above two hundred miles from its mouth. Before it became the seat of a viceroy,

it was considered the fourth city in rank in South America, but it has since increased so rapidly in opulence and population, as to be held inferior to none but Lima:—

‘It is regularly built, the streets being perfectly straight and broad, unpaved in the middle but having footpaths on each side. The houses are supposed to amount to six thousand; and the number of inhabitants, which used to be estimated at forty thousand, is now reckoned not fewer than seventy thousand. Most of the buildings, both public and private, formerly had mud walls; but a Jesuit, who was employed to erect the church of his college, between seventy and eighty years ago, instructed the inhabitants in the art of making bricks and lime, and the city has since assumed a very different appearance. The architecture of the cathedral, and of most of the churches, is likewise ascribed to the lay-brothers of that community, who employed the Indians under their care in the execution of these and many other public works. Thus, it is recorded, that in 1688 and the following years, five hundred of these people were engaged upon the fortifications, the port, and the cathedral of Buenos Ayres. The latter is a spacious and handsome structure, having an elegant cupola and a portico, the design and execution of which are highly extolled. The interior is profusely decorated with carving and gilding. The dome contains paintings in compartments, representing the Acts of the Apostles. The church of the Franciscans, and that belonging to the order of Mercy, are next in rank; both have steeples and cupolas, nearly in the same style as those of the cathedral.

‘The climate of Buenos Ayres is proverbial for its salubrity, as is indicated by its name. Situated between the 33rd and 35th degrees of south latitude, it enjoys a temperature nearly resembling that of the southern regions of Europe. It is considered as an ordinary winter when there are but three or four days on which water is slightly frozen; it is reckoned severe when this effect is more frequent. The winds here are three times as violent as at Assumption, the capital of Paraguay; the west wind, which is scarcely known at the latter city, being probably intercepted by the Andes, though more than two hundred leagues distant, is more common at Buenos Ayres. Here the winds are least boisterous in autumn, but stronger and more steady in spring and summer, when they raise clouds of dust; which sometimes darken the sun, and greatly incommode the inhabitants, soiling their clothes, and covering their apartments and furniture.

‘In this country the atmosphere is moist, and spoils the furniture, especially at Buenos Ayres, where the floors of rooms exposed to the south, are always damp; the walls which have the same aspect are covered with moss, and the

side of the roof is overgrown with thick grass, nearly three feet high, so that it is necessary to clear them every two or three years, to prevent the water from lodging and soaking through. This humidity, however, is by no means prejudicial to health.

Near the centre of the city, a little to the north of the citadel, is constructed a mole of rough stone, intended for a landing place. It is about two hundred yards long, twelve wide, and six high. Notwithstanding this projection, the river is so shoal, that boats are very seldom able to approach it, and five or six carts are constantly plying for the purpose of landing passengers. The fare is two rials, or about fifteen-pence each trip, be the distance small or great; sometimes it is but a few yards, while at others the cart must go a quarter of a mile before it reaches the boats; for with northerly and north-west winds, particularly if strong, the water is driven out of the river to such a degree, that its bed is frequently dry for that distance. It has even occurred within the last ten years, that men have gone out on horseback, on the bed of the river, to the distance of five miles from the shore, during a strong north-west wind; nay, it is related, on the most respectable authority, that, about twenty-five years ago, during a strong northerly wind, the water disappeared, and left an horizon of mud to the people of Buenos Ayres. Such a circumstance might happen, since the river is here thirty miles across, and has no more than three fathoms water in the deepest part, excepting close to the opposite shore of Colonia, where is a narrow channel of four, five, and six fathoms. A contrary effect is produced by an easterly wind, which, if violent, always raises the water at Buenos Ayres; so that in a strong gale from that quarter, the mole is sometimes covered, with the exception of the extreme point, which is higher than the rest, and has a battery of three guns. Thus these winds, according to their direction, cause the river to rise or fall, perhaps not less than seven feet. Mention is made of a phenomenon still more extraordinary, inasmuch as no satisfactory reason could be assigned for it. On one occasion, when none of those winds prevailed, the water fell to such a degree, as to recede three leagues from the shore at Buenos Ayres; in this state it remained for a whole day, and then gradually rose again to its usual height.

The city of Buenos Ayres is regularly supplied with milk from the surrounding *estancias*, or farms, from one to three miles distant. It is brought on horseback, in earthen or tin bottles, four and sometimes six of which are carried by each horse, in hide pockets, attached to the saddle, and laced up with a piece of thong.

Butter, or, at least any thing that deserves the name, is never made by the natives of Buenos Ayres. What they prin-

cipally use for the purposes to which we apply it, is the fat of beef melted into dripping, and packed in bladders, like lard; this they universally denominate *mantecca*—butter.

All vegetables are dear at Buenos Ayres, as is likewise fruit, with the exception of peaches, which, in the season, are sold from ten to sixteen for a *medio*, about three-pence. The water-melons are excellent, and the most reasonable in price of all the other kinds of fruit, which, however, are not very numerous; strawberries, grapes of many sorts, figs, apples, pears, and melons, compose the list. The oranges and other similar fruit are abundant, and very good. All our common vegetables thrive at Buenos Ayres, except potatoes, which never exceed marble-size, the soil being too stiff for them.

Monte Video is situated on a small promontory, on the east bank of the Rio de la Plata, with a spacious bay on its northern side, forming a tolerable harbour for small vessels:—

The town makes a handsome appearance from the harbour, being built upon an ascent, and the houses interspersed with trees and gardens. Few of the houses exceed one story; they are of stone and brick, and have flat roofs, without chimneys; the fire being generally kindled in the yard, or in a detached kitchen, and brought into the rooms in fire-pans, when the weather is wet or cold. The streets are broad, and intersect each other at right angles, but they are unpaved. Near the top of the town is the market-place, about three hundred yards square, and on the west a large church. There is also a convent of Cordeliers.

Monte Video is acknowledged to be an admirable station for trade, having a tolerably good harbour, a central position for collecting produce, and the navigation of the river so far being attended with little danger. It rose, in consequence of these advantages, to be a very flourishing place; but the political revolutions which have convulsed almost the whole of Spanish America, have involved Monte Video in ruin.

The city itself is gone to decay, and though the Portuguese, who have lately taken possession of it, are making some improvements, still, as the distracted state of the country has put an end to all commerce, the means for carrying into effect any plans for that purpose, are extremely limited. There was formerly a very extensive suburb, with many elegant villas belonging to the Spanish merchants of the city; but it has been so completely desolated during the contest for independence, that some broken walls and a part of a chapel are all that now remains of what once contained a population of six thousand souls. Previously to this struggle, there were fourteen thousand inhabitants within the walls; this number is now reduced to five thousand.

This country is never likely to become very populous, on account of the bad state of the roads rendering intercourse so difficult; and as no gravel or stone of any kind, not even a pebble, is to be found on the west bank of the river for a hundred miles, in any direction, from Buenos Ayres, it is impossible to make good roads. The soil is a very stiff black earth, extremely retentive of water, and the country one vast flat. Wood is nearly as scarce as stone. The ordinary mode of travelling is on horseback. Some few coaches are used in Buenos Ayres, and let out to perform a journey, but the vehicles and their equipments are a caricature on posting. There are no waggons, but all carriages of burden have only two high wheels. These carts travel in convoys of from five to twenty, for owing to the nature of the country, it would be impossible for them to perform the journey singly. When the convoy arrives at a *paniano*, or bog, the difficulty of passing it is surmounted by the united strength of the cattle:—

Six bullocks are always used; two are attached to the pole of the cart, and the other four close to each other, with a great interval between them and the two first mentioned. In this manner the four foremost oxen have passed through the *paniano*, and are on firm ground, by the time the other two have brought the cart into the bog. They all draw by a beam, lashed to the horns of each pair with hide ropes, leading from the centre of it to the pole of the cart, and to each other's beam. No reins are used, the animals being guided entirely by the enormous goad slung in front of the cart, which being balanced by a weight at its inner end, is managed by the driver with uncommon dexterity. It is a bamboo, thirty-two feet long, with a small stick eight feet more, attached to it, having a gad fastened to its extremity. At the place where they are united, there is a piece of iron in the shape of a long spear, terminating in a sharp point, which serves as a goad for the second pair of the team, and is made to act on them by the bamboo being rapidly lowered with the pulley by which it is slung. The beasts next to the cart are guided by a short hand-goad.

No care being taken to keep the hide ropes by which the cart is drawn from trailing on the ground, the smallest mismanagement in a *paniano* may be attended with serious danger; for the ropes, if suffered to be slack, are liable to get between the bullock's legs, and throw them down; hence it is not uncommon for some of the team to be smothered in the mud, and it is then fortunate if the cart and the goods escape. The *panianos* are often three or four feet deep, so that

the men could not venture into them, if they were inclined. When, therefore, an accident of this kind happens, the driver's only resource is the goad, which he plies most unmercifully, until by some plunge the animal either clears himself, or falls down to rise no more; in which case the rope is cut, and he is left to his fate.

Of the costume of the females, we have the following notice:—

Within these few years, the ladies of Buenos Ayres have adopted a style of dress between the English and French, retaining, indeed, the mantilla, which still gives it a peculiar character. No hat or bonnet is ever seen on a native lady, unless she be on horseback, when she wears a beaver hat and feather, with a riding habit.

The mantilla is usually a piece of silk, about half a yard wide in the middle, and a yard and a half long, sloping to a point at each end, which is terminated by a tassel. It is worn over the head and back of the neck, and being brought over the shoulders, the ends hang down in front. No brooch or pin is used to secure it; but it is artfully and gracefully confined under the chin by one hand, or by the end of the fan, without which no woman ever stirs, and made to conceal all but the eyes, or to discover the whole face, at the pleasure of the wearer.

In cold weather, or when they pay visits at night, they use the *rebozo*, which is a piece of cloth a yard wide, as long as the mantilla, and worn in the same manner. The mantilla belongs exclusively to the mistresses; and the *rebozo* is always worn by servants, whose little vanity is displayed in this part of their dress, which they are solicitous to have, if possible, of the finest cloth and most delicate colour, sometimes embroidered, or bordered with velvet or satin ribbons.

The church dress has not undergone any change, but retains its Spanish character, and is always made of black silk, worn with white stockings and white satin shoes. It is considered indecorous to attend mass in coloured attire. Sometimes a white veil is used, and a little white is introduced into the dress of the young girls, whose clothes, being made in all respects like those of grown persons, give them an air of extreme formality.

The children of both sexes are generally beautiful, but after the age of fourteen years, the girls cease to improve in appearance; they marry from that age upwards, and at twenty-five few retain any appearance of youth.

An interesting account of the herdsmen shall form our last extract:—

Azara has drawn a curious and entertaining picture of the manners of the inhabitants of the *estancias*, and the herdsmen in general of these parts, who are the least civilized of all the inhabitants; nay, indeed, their mode of life has almost reduced the Spaniards, who have embraced it, to the state of savage Indians. These

herdsmen, in the government of Buenos Ayres alone, are employed in tending ten millions of horned cattle, and about two millions and a half of horses. An *estancia*, no more than four or five square leagues in extent, is looked upon as considerable at Buenos Ayres. In the centre of these *estancias*, are placed the habitations of the herdsmen, almost all without doors or windows, for which at night they use ox-bleds as substitutes.

These people never accompany their flocks and herds to the field, as in Europe. All they do is, to go out once a week, followed by a number of dogs, and to gallop round their respective *estancias*, shouting all the while. The cattle, grazing around at liberty, begin to run and assemble at a particular spot, called *rodeo*, where they are kept some time, and then allowed to return to their pasturage. The object of this operation is to prevent the animals from straying away from the lands of their owner; and they pursue the same method with the horses, which they collect not in the *rodeo*, but in the farmyard. The rest of the week they are employed in cutting the young steers and foals, or in breaking their horses; but the greatest part of the time they spend in idleness.

As these herdsmen are four, ten, and thirty leagues distant from one another, chapels are rare; consequently, they very seldom or never go to mass, frequently baptizing their children themselves, or even deferring the ceremony till their marriage, because it is then absolutely required. When they go to mass, they hear it on horseback, on the outside of the church or chapel, the doors of which are kept open on purpose.

These herdsmen have in general no other furniture in their huts than a barrel to hold water, a drinking-horn, some wooden spits for roasting meat, and a small copper-pot to boil water for making *maté*. Some have no pot; and, in this case, if they want to make broth for a sick person, they cut into small pieces, and put it into a bull's horn full of water, which they boil by setting it in a heap of hot ashes. A few possess a kettle and a bowl, one or two chairs, or a bench, and sometimes a bed, formed of four poles fastened to four stakes, which serve for legs, and a cow's hide thrown over them; but, in general, they sleep upon a hide spread on the bare ground. Instead of using chairs, they squat upon their heels, or sit upon the skull of a cow or horse. They never eat vegetables or salad, which they say are fit only for cattle, and will not touch any food prepared with oil, for which also they have the strongest aversion. They live entirely upon beef, roasted in the manner described in a succeeding article, (Goucho of Tucuman,) and without salt. They have no fixed hour for their meals; instead of wiping the mouth, they scrape it with the back of the knife, and rub their hands upon their legs or their boots.

They never touch real, and never drink till they have finished eating. The ground about their cottages is always covered with bones and with the carcasses of cattle, which, being there left to rot, produce an intolerable stench; the ribs, belly, and breast, being all that they eat, the rest of the animal is thrown away. These carcasses attract a prodigious number of birds, the incessant cries of which are a great annoyance; and the consequent corruption engenders an immense multitude of flies and insects.

The bailiffs, master-herdsmen, or proprietors, and in general those who can afford it, wear a doublet, waistcoat, and breeches, white drawers, a hat, shoes, and a poncho. Their men, on the other hand, wear nothing but the *chiripa*, which is a piece of coarse woollen cloth fastened with a cord round the waist. Many of them are without shirt; but have a hat, white drawers, a poncho, and short boots, made of the skin of the legs of a foal or calf; others use wild cats' skin for this purpose. As they have no barbers, and shave themselves but seldom, and then only with a knife, they generally have very long beards. The women go barefoot, and are very dirty. Their dress commonly consists of nothing but a shift without sleeves, fastened by a girdle round the waist; very often they have not a second for change. In this case they repair occasionally to the brink of some stream, strip it off, wash it, and spread it out in the sun; when dry, they put it on again, and return home. In general, they are not engaged either in needle-work or spinning; their employment is confined to sweeping the house, and making a fire for roasting meat, and boiling water for *maté*. The wives of the master-herdsmen, or those who possess any property, are of course somewhat better clad.

Born and bred in a desert, and having but little communication with their kind, these herdsmen are strangers to friendship, and inclined to suspicion and fraud; hence, when they play at cards, for which they have a violent passion, they usually squat upon their heels, holding their horse's bridle under their feet, lest he should run away; and they often have a dagger or knife stuck in the ground beside them, ready to dispatch the person with whom they are playing, if they perceive any disposition to cheating, in which they are great adepts. They gamble away all they possess, and with the utmost coolness. When one of them has lost his money, he will stake his shirt, if it be worth playing for; and the winner generally gives him, if good for nothing, to the loser, because none of them thinks of keeping two. When a couple are about to marry, they borrow linen, which they take off as soon as they leave the church, and return to the lenders. They have frequently neither house nor furniture, and their bed consists of a cow-hide spread upon the ground.

'Uninterrupted practice, almost from their birth, renders them incomparable horsemen, either for keeping firm in their seat or for galloping continually without tiring. In Europe, they would probably be thought to want grace, because their stirrups are long, and because they do not keep their knees close, but stick out their legs, without turning their toes towards the horse's ears; but then there is not the least danger of their losing their equilibrium for a moment, or of being thrown out of their seat either in trotting or galloping, or even by the kicking, capering, or any other movement of the animal, nay, you would almost swear, that the horse and the rider formed but one body, though their stirrups are mere triangles of wood, so small as to admit only the tip of the toe. In general, they mount indiscriminately the first foal they lay hold of, even though a wild one, and sometimes they will ride bulls themselves. With the lazo fastened to the girth of their horse, they stop at the distance of eighty or ninety feet, and secure any animal whatever, not excepting a bull, by throwing the lazo at his neck and legs, and they never miss catching the leg at which they aim. If their horse should fall while going at full gallop, most of them would not receive the least injury, but pith upon their legs by his side, with the bridle in their hands, ready to prevent his escape. By way of exercise, they desire any other person to throw the lazo at the legs of their horse while at a gallop, and they are sure to light upon theirs, though the animal should have fallen after a thousand curvets. In the use of the balls, they are not less expert than the Pamirs.'

The embellishments of this volume consist of a series of interesting and well-executed views of the romantic scenery of La Plata; and the whole work furnishes a clever, and we believe accurate, description of the provinces of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video.

Specimens of the Russian Poets. with Preliminary Remarks and Biographical Notices. Translated by John Bowring, F. L. S. 12mo. pp. 240. London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH we were aware that Russia was making rapid progress in the arts and sciences, as well as in civilization and political importance, yet we were by no means prepared to expect she had advanced so far in elegant literature, and particularly in poetry, as this really curious and interesting volume proves she has done. This is the more singular, if we consider the almost universal ignorance which pervaded this immense empire a century ago, when Peter the Great gave it the

first impulse towards civilization; and that Lomonosov, the father of Russian poetry, was at that time unborn.

The elegant translator and editor of the present work had it in contemplation to write a general history of Russian literature; but deemed it desirable, as a prior step, to publish a few translations. We trust that these will excite sufficient interest and patronage to induce Mr. Bowring to prosecute the task for which he has given evidence of being so well qualified. The poems here translated are the productions of thirteen different authors; namely, Lomonosov, Derzhavin, Zhukovsky, Karamins, Khemnitz, Bogdanovich, Kostrov, Batiushkov, Dmitriev, Krilov, Bobrov, Davidov, and Neledinsky Meletzky. Of the seven first, critical and biographical notices are added. From the pen of the illustrious Von Adelung; and an introduction is prefixed, which gives a brief notice of the progress of Russian poetry. As the subject is highly novel and interesting, we shall quote an extract from the Introduction, and then select what we deem some of the best specimens of Russian poetry:—

'Lomonosov' is the father of Russian poetry. It did not advance from step to step through various gradations of improvement, but received from his extraordinary genius an elevation and a purity which are singularly opposed to the barbarous compositions which preceded him. His works have been collected into six volumes; and his name, as well as that of his rival Somorokov, has already found its way, with some particulars of his life and writings, into our biographical dictionaries.

'Somorokov, whose productions are very voluminous, and were once considered models of grace, beauty, and harmony, has been much neglected of late years. His dramatic compositions are, for the most part, gross and indecent; his contemptuous jealousy of Lomonosov, though so greatly his superior, is often most ridiculously intruding itself; but in one point of view, at least, he is entitled to respect and gratitude. He is the eldest of the Russian fabulists; the introducer of a species of composition, in which Russian poetry possesses treasures more varied and more valuable than that of any other nation. It is no mean praise to say,

• Or Broken Nose.

† Under the engravings of Lomonosov, an eulogium is generally found, of which the following is a translation:

Where Winter sits upon his throne of snow,

Thus spoke the bright Pantheonian Deity:

"Another Pindar is created now,

The king of bards, the lord of music, he."

And Russia's bosom heaved with holy glow—

"My Lomonosov! Pindar lives in thee!"

and it may be said truly, that Russia can produce more than one rival of the delightful La Fontaine. Of the dramatic writings of Somorokov, the best is the tragedy *Demitriy Samosvetskiy*, or the False Demetrius.

'Von Visin, who seems to have made Moliere his model, improved greatly upon Somorokov. His two most celebrated comedies are *Nedoroski*, the Spoilt Youth, and *Brigadir*, the Brigadier.

'Kheraskov holds a high rank among the lyric poets of Russia. He died a few years ago. He was curator of the Moscow University. He published a collection of his poems, which he entitled *Bathariana, ili Neisvestniy*; *Bachariana*, or the Unknown; but his great work is *Rossida, ili Russkushenie Kasanji*; the Russian, or the Destruction of Kasan.

'But of all the poets of Russia, Derzhavin is, in my conception, entitled to the very first place. His compositions breathe a high and sublime spirit; they are full of inspiration. His versification is sonorous, original, characteristic; his subjects generally such as allowed him to give full scope to his ardent imagination and lofty conceptions. Of modern poets, he most resembles Klopstock; his *Oda Bog*, Ode on God, with the exception of some of the wonderful passages of the Old Testament, "written with a pen of fire," and glowing with the brightness of heaven, passages of which Derzhavin has frequently availed himself, is one of the most impressive and sublime addresses I am acquainted with, on a subject so pre-eminently impressive and sublime. The first poem which excited the public attention to him was his *Felizia*.

'Bogdanovich has obtained the title of the Russian Anacreon. His *Dushenka* (Psyche) is a graceful and lovely poem. He has also written several dramatic pieces.

'Bobrov was well acquainted with the literature of the South of Europe, and has transfused many of its beauties into his native tongue. Our English writers especially have given great assistance to his honest plagiarism. His *Kherosnida*, an oriental epic poem, is not so good as *Lalla Rookh*, but it is very good notwithstanding.

'The name of Kostrov closes the list of the most eminent among the deceased poets of Russia. He died, not long ago, in the meridian of his days. He had made an admirable translation of Homer, and was engaged in a version of Ossian, which he left unfinished: the conclusion has since been added by Gniedich.

'Of all the living writers of Russia, or rather of all the writers Russia ever produced, the most successful and the most popular is Karamins. Derzhavin called him, long ago, "the nightingale of poetry," but it is not to his poetry alone that he owes his fame. Standing on the summit of modern literature in Russia, he has been loaded with honours and distinctions, which, however, have not served

to check his wonted urbanity, or to chill his natural goodness of heart. When a young writer, he was fond of imitating Sterne*; a very bad model, it may be added, since the peculiarities which characterize him are only tolerable because they are original. Karamsin's style was then usually abrupt and unnatural, and his sentimentality wearisome and affected. But he has outlived his errors, and established his reputation on their subjection. His great undertaking, the *Rossiiskaja Istoriya* (History of Russia) is, without comparison, the first and best literary work which has been produced in the country it celebrates. It was received with loud eulogiums throughout the Russian empire; it has been translated into several European languages, and will probably long maintain a pre-eminent rank among Russian classics, and become one of the standard authorities of history.

* The peculiar excellence of the Russian fabulists has been mentioned. Somorokov and Khemnitzer, Dmitriev and Krilov, are the most distinguished among them. Dmitriev, who is still living at Moscow, has published a great number of fables and ballads. His style is easy, harmonious, and energetic; some of his compositions have a sublimer character; his religious poetry is dignified and solemn; his elegies are tender and affecting.

* Critlor holds an office in the imperial library at Petersburg. He is well known to the *bona vivans* of the English club. His heavy and unwieldy appearance is singularly contrasted with the shrewdness and the grace of his writings. He has published one volume of fables remarkable for their spirit and originality. He now employs himself in translating Herodotus, having, at an advanced period of life, first entered on the study of the languages of ancient Greece and Rome.

* Zhukovskij has printed some poetical translations of peculiar excellence. His *Lindmilla* (an imitation of Leonora) is deemed more beautiful and forcible than the original itself. Bürger appears to have captivated him. He has written on a variety of subjects, and is now engaged as a companion to the Grand Dukes.

The Russian language may be adapted to almost every species of versification. It is flexible, harmonious, full of rhymes, rich in compounds, and possesses all the elements of poetry. One merit the present translation possesses, which it would be well if translators in general adhered to,—that the measure of the original has been generally preserved.—But we are detaining our readers from the poems themselves, for which, we doubt not, they already feel anxious.

The first poems in this selection are by Derzhavin, who was born in 1763.

* Especially in his *Priglasenie* (or Tra-
veller.)

After serving some time in the army, he was made successively a counsellor of state, ambassador of the senate, president of the college of commerce, public cashier, and, in 1809, minister of justice. He has since retired on his full allowance to pass the evening of his days in the enjoyment of the fruits of his long and active labours. The productions of this poet, 'the Parnassian Giant,' as a brother bard calls him, have been so justly characterised by the translator, in the introduction we have quoted, that we need do nothing more than refer to it. The poem on God, by this author, has been translated into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddó. A similar honour has been done to it at China. It has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin. When our readers have read this poem, which we insert entire, they will have no contemptible opinion of Russian poetry, nor of the good taste of the Japanese, Chinese, and Tartars:—

GOD.

'O thou eternal one! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanging through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!

Whom none can comprehend and none explore!

Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone!
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for thee

There is no weight nor measure—none can mount

Up to thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try

To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high.

Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation—all

Sprung forth from thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all life, all beauty thine.

Thy word created all, and doth create:
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.

Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious:
great!

Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!
Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:

Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath:
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,

And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze;

So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee;

And! as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pagentry
Of heaven's brighter silver glitters in Thy
praise*.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal
light—

A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous
beams?

But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to
Thee?

And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd
host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd

Against Thy greatness, is a cypher brought
Against infinity! What am I, then?—Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,

As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence: for in Thee

I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.

I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:

Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their
birth,

Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!

I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A mounch, and a slave; a worm, a God!

Whence came I here, and how? so marvel-
lously

Constructed and conceiv'd? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!

Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear

The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,

* The force of this simile can hardly be im-
agined by those who have never witnessed the
sun shining with unclouded splendour, in a cold
of twenty or thirty degrees of Reaumur.

A thousand and ten thousand sparkling stars
Of ice, brighter than the brightest diamonds, play
on the surface of the frozen snow; and the
slightest breeze sets myriads of icy atoms in
motion, whose glancing light and beautiful
rainbow-hues dazzle and weary the eye.

Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!

'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.'

There is much beauty and simplicity in the following song, with which we must conclude our extracts from the poems of Derzhavin:—

“SONG.

Golden bee! forever sighing,
Round and round my Delia flying,
Ever in attendance near her:
Dost thou really love her, fear her,
Dost thou love her,
Golden bee!

Bring insect! he supposes,
That her lips are morning roses;
Breathing sweets from Delia's tresses,
He would probe their fair recesses.

Purest sugar
Is her breast!

Golden bee! for ever sighing,
Ever round my Delia flying;
Is it thou so softly speaking?
Thine the gentle accents breaking,
“Drink I dare not,
Lest I die!”

Batinshkov's address to his Penates, introduces, in a very agreeable manner, the most eminent of the Russian poets, and contains some allusion to Russian manners. Our limits will not, however, permit us more than the concluding passage:—

“Soon shall we end our pilgrimage;
And at the close of life's short stage
Sink smiling on our dusty bed!
The careless wind shall o'er us sweep;
Where sleep our sire, their sons shall sleep
With evening's darkness round our head.
There let no hired mourners weep;
No costly incense fan the sod;
No bell pretend to mourn; no hymn
Be heard 'midst midnight's shadows dim—
Can they delight a clay-cold clod?
No! if love's tribute ye will pay,
Assemble in the moonlight ray,
And throw fresh flow'ers o'er my clay:
Let my Penates sleep with me;
Here bring the cup I loved—the flute
I played—and twine its form, though mute,
With branches from the ivy tree!
No grave-stone need the wanderer tell,
That he who lived and loved so well,
Is sleeping in serenity.”

Lomonosov, ‘the father of Russian poetry,’ was the son of a sailor, and born in 1711. He studied Latin and Greek, rhetoric and poetry: his productions, which have been published in sixteen volumes, exhibit a rare diversity of subjects, including history, poetry, philosophy, philology, &c. &c. Only two of his poems are printed in the present volume. They both exhibit a strong religious feeling, which, indeed, pervades most of the effusions of the Russian bards. There are poems in this collection which we prefer, but it would be an ill compliment to

the first Russian poet not to give one of them a place in our present notice; we, therefore, select the shortest:—

‘THE LORD AND THE JUDGE.

‘The God of gods stood up—stood up to try
The assembled gods of earth. “How long,”
he said,

“How long will ye protect impiety,
And let the vile one raise his daring head?”

Tis yours my laws to justify—redress
All wrong, however high the wronger be;
Nor leave the widow and the fatherless
To the cold world's uncertain sympathy.

Tis yours to guard the steps of innocence,
To shield the naked head of misery;
Be 'gainst the strong, the helpless one's defence,
And the poor prisoner from his chains to free.”

They hear not—see not—know not—for their
eyes
Are covered with thick mists,—they will not
see:

The sick earth groans with man's iniquities,
And heaven is tired with man's perversity.
Gods of the earth! ye kings: who answer not
To man for your misdeeds, and vainly think
There's none to judge you!—know, like our's,
your lot
Is pain and death:—ye stand on judgment's
brink.

And ye, like fading autumn-leaves, will fall;
Your throne but dust—your empire but a
grave—

Your martial pomp a black funeral pall—
Your palace trampled by your meanest slave.

God of the righteous! O our God! arise,
O hear the prayer thy lowly servants bring:
Judge, punish, scatter, Lord! thy enemies,
And be alone earth's universal king.”

From the poems of Karamsin, the historian of Russia, we select one beautiful specimen:—

‘LILEA.

‘What a lovely flower I see:
Bloom in snowy beauty there—
O how fragrant and how fair!
Can that lily bloom for me?
There to pluck, be mine the bliss,
Place upon my breast and kiss!
Why, then, is that bliss denied?
Why does heaven our fates divide?

Sorrow now my bosom fills;
Tears run down my cheeks like rills;

Far away that flower must bloom,
And in vain I sigh, “O come!”

Softly zephyr glides between,
Waving boughs of emerald green;

Purest flow'ers bend their head,
Shake their little cups of dew:—

Fate unpropitious and untrue,
Fate so desolate and dread,

Says, “She blossoms not for thee:—
In vain thou sheddest the bitterest tear,

Another hand shall gather her—
And thou—go mourn thy misery.”

O flower so lovely! Lilea fair!
With thee I fain my fate would share,
But heaven hath said, “It cannot be.”

As it is our intention to make our readers pretty well acquainted with Russian poetry, we shall extend our notice of this volume to another number.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746. By the Chevalier de Johnstone.

(Concluded from p. 87.)

At the battle of Culloden, the Chevalier de Johnstone charged on foot, leaving his horse in the care of a servant, and when the day was lost he could neither find horse nor man. He was so much fatigued that he was scarcely able to keep on his legs, when, fortunately, he got a horse, mounted it, and escaped. He wandered about some time in the disguise of a beggar, generally, eating very freely when victuals were set before him, and often without appetite, thinking that, though he was not hungry then, he would be so, and that perhaps when he had no means of satisfying it. In consequence of a dream, he determined, contrary to the advice of his friends, to go to Edinburgh. At Broughty, he was rowed over the Frith by two young girls, the daughters of the landlady of the ale-house there, when the boatmen had refused. When he reached St. Andrews, he called on a Mrs. Spence, who was too much suspected to afford him an asylum; and, therefore, she gave him a letter to her farmer to lend him a horse, but he refused. ‘Mrs. Spence,’ said he, ‘may take her farm from me and give it to whom she pleases; but she cannot make me profane the Lord's Day, by giving my horse to one who means to travel upon the sabbath.’ This refusal draws from our author a severe tirade against the Presbyterians, whom he designates as a ‘holy rabble.’ Near Wemyss, he was secreted in a cavern which, on account of the following circumstance, has been called the *court cave*:—

‘This cavern is one of the most remarkable of the antiquities of Scotland, and, according to tradition, was, in former times, a heathen temple. It is dug under a hill. Its entrance is about five feet high, and three wide; and the foot of the hill is about thirty paces from the seashore. It is very high and spacious within, and appears to be of an immense depth. An adventure, which happened in this cavern to King James the Fourth of Scotland, has given celebrity to it. The king, who used to amuse himself in wandering about the country, in different disguises, was overtaken by a violent storm, in a dark night, and obliged to take shelter in the cavern. Having advanced some way in it, he discovered a number of men and women ready to begin to roast a sheep, by way of supper. From their appearance he began to suspect that he had not fallen into the best company; but, as it was too late to retreat, he asked

hospitality from them till the tempest was over. They granted it, and invited the king, whom they did not know, to sit down, and take part with them. They were a band of robbers and cut-throats. As soon as they had finished their supper, one of them presented a plate, upon which two daggers were laid in form of a St. Andrew's cross, telling the king, at the same time, that this was the dessert, which they always served to strangers; that he must choose one of the daggers, and fight him whom the company should appoint to attack him. The king did not lose his presence of mind, but instantly seized the two daggers, one in each hand, and plunged them into the hearts of the two robbers who were next him; and running full speed to the mouth of the cavern, he escaped from their pursuit through the obscurity of the night. The king ordered the whole of this band of cut-throats to be seized next morning, and they were all hanged.

On reaching Edinburgh, the Chevalier found an asylum in the house of Lady Jane Douglas, where he remained two months, and then travelled to London, on horseback, as a Scotch pedlar. Nothing of any interest occurred in the journey, or during his residence in town; this part of his narrative being nothing but a very silly account of his attachment to a young lady, his 'charming Peggy.' He afterwards embarked at Harwich with Lady Jane Douglas, as her servant, and reached Helvoetsluis in safety. He repaired to Paris, towards the end of the year 1746, where he received a pension of two thousand two hundred livres, out of the fund of forty thousand livres, ordered to be distributed, annually, among the Scots who had escaped to France. He afterwards received a commission as ensign, in the troops detached from the marine to the island of Cape Breton. He embarked at Rochelle in a vessel which was not seaworthy, and encountered more imminent dangers than he had done when a fugitive in Scotland. After remaining at Louisbourg until 1751, the Chevalier returned to France, but again went to Louisbourg, where he remained until it was captured by the English in 1758, when he escaped to Nova Scotia and thence to Canada; until the subjection of these provinces again obliged him to return to France.

These memoirs, it will be seen, differ very much from the accounts that hitherto have been published of the Rebellion, particularly from the history of Home.* If Home was led to exte-

* The editor of the Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs states, that Home regularly sent the proof-sheets of his work to London, to be cor-

rected, the Chevalier has set down much in malice; and his account of the rencontres between the English and the Highlanders are often most preposterous and extravagant. Be this as it may, we suspect the Highlanders owed little to the personal courage or exertions of the Chevalier, who seems to have had an instinctive horror of wanting a dinner, or of making his final exit from this life by the assistance of the hangman. In one place, he says,—

'I bitterly regretted that I did not meet my fate in the battle of Culloden, where I escaped so narrowly; and envied the fate of my comrades who remained dead on the field of battle. The horrible idea of the hangman, with a knife in his hand, ready to open my body whilst yet alive; to tear out my heart and throw it into the fire, still palpitating,—the punishment inflicted on all those who had the misfortune to be taken and condemned,—always haunted my imagination. I could not get rid of the impression that I should also be taken; and the prospect of perishing in this manner, on a scaffold, in presence of a cruel and brutal populace, almost tempted me to abridge my days upon the banks of the stream.'

We have nothing further to add respecting this work, than that it contains many curious and interesting details, which, although they must be received with due caution, form an important addition to the history of a very extraordinary enterprise.

REVIEW EXTRAORDINARY.

The Rev. T. Smith and his Book.

We learn that the Rev. T. Smith has called at our office and threatened our publisher with a prosecution for the notice of his work contained in the *Literary Chronicle* of the 3d inst. We understand that the Reverend gentleman was in a violent passion, which is certainly not a Christian virtue,—*tu te faches Jupin, tu as donc tort*; this we should have noticed, but that he has since sent his son or agent on a similar errand. We do not know whether Messrs. Williams, Hilliard, rected by a member of the royal family. We have reason to believe it was the case; and in a conversation with that amiable and elegant writer, the late Theophilus Swift, Esq. on this subject, he related the following anecdote:—

When Mr. Home was writing his history, Dr. White presented him with several MSS. respecting the family of the Stuarts; which, after some little hesitation, Mr. H. promised to make use of; but, on the publication of the work, Dr. White finding that they were wholly omitted, called on Mr. H. to know the reason; and was answered, that it was at his Majesty's request.—REV.

and Hastings, Mr. Smith's solicitors, view the case as he does, but, to justify ourselves in the eyes of the public, our best patrons, we print the review sent to us with the book, and the letter of our cotemporary accompanying them; it will then be seen whether we had not some reason for saying what we have done in trying to put down direct personal puffing in a vain man; and sure we are that the Rev. T. Smith would applaud our conduct, did the case relate to any other person than himself.

'*Lit. Gazette Office, 29th Jan.*

'The envelope of the accompanying book was addressed to the *Literary Gazette*; as it seems likely, however, from the title to the MS. that it was meant for the *Literary Chronicle*, the Editor loses no time in transmitting it, with his compliments.

'*Editor Literary Chronicle.*

REVIEW. FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

'*A New and Improved Edition of Walkington's Tutor's Assistant: with considerable Additions, and an Appendix on Circulating Decimals.*

By the Rev. T. Smith, of St. John's College, Cambridge. pp. 208, 12mo.

'Among the various treatises of arithmetic that have been published within the last hundred years, some of them by men of the first eminence, none has met with a more favourable reception than Walkington's Compendium. As a proof of the general estimation in which it is held, it is in the hands of almost every arithmetician, young and old, having passed through numerous impressions edited by different persons highly skilled in the science of numbers. Mr. Smith, the master of a large and respectable boarding school in the vicinity of London, has just favoured the public with a new stereotype edition of this author, but containing, together with Walkington's text, a vast quantity of new matter, consisting of valuable observations, tables, and notes by the EDITOR, and an excellent collection of upwards of 1000 very ingenious questions not to be found in any other work. Some of the questions require a thorough knowledge of fractions, and an acquaintance with the higher rules of arithmetic for their solution; and cannot fail of proving extremely serviceable, as they must impart to students not studying the mathematics, a portion of the spirit of that recondite branch of analysis. Our limits will not allow us to enter into all the merits of Smith's edi-

tion of *Walkingame*, and we shall, therefore, conclude this article, with two of the new questions as a specimen:—

“Water runs into a cistern by three different pipes, and is drawn out again by two pumps. By the first pipe the cistern is filled in eight hours; by the first and second pipes together, in five hours; and when all the pipes are open it is filled in three hours. Now the first pump empties the cistern in an hour, and the second in seventy-three minutes. The question is, if both pumps begin to work when the cistern is full, in what time will they empty it, providing the second and third pipes keep running?”

“There are two meadows of equal extent, the one in the form of a square 1390 links of Gunter's chain on a side, and the other in the form of a parallelogram 800 links in breadth. Required, the length of the parallelogram, and the aggregate content of both meadows in acres and roods?”

Let Mr. Smith now state, and our columns are open to him, what we were authorised to conclude under such circumstances.—Ed.

Foreign Literature.

Account of the Voyage of Discovery and Circumnavigation performed in 1818, 1819, and 1820.

(Concluded from p. 60.)

Having sailed from Rakaw on the 5th of January, 1819, the *Urania* stretched towards the Ayon isles, which they saw on the 6th and 8th of the same month.

The dysentery continued still to torment the crew; it was not long before it was joined to fevers; one of the first victims of which was M. Labiche, the second lieutenant, an officer full of merit, and of the most amiable character. This was the second loss of the kind during the voyage, and it was keenly felt.

After having visited several of the Caroline isles, which are not pointed out on the maps, and having received throughout the most flattering reception from the islanders, M. de Freycinet arrived, on the 17th of May, in sight of the Isle of Guam, and cast anchor on the night of the same day in the roadstead of Humata. This delay, and that which the corvette made at Port San Louis in the same island, restored health to the crew; thanks to the generous eagerness with which the governor, Don Jose de Medinilla y Pineda, anticipated all the wants of the expedition, by procuring them refreshments and comforts of all kinds.

M. de Freycinet appears to have collected, respecting the people of the Marianne Islands, information more extensive than that with which preceding voyagers have enriched their accounts. He gives various details respecting their manners, language, and laws, as well as that singular government of which much has been said, and in which the women act an important part. He communicates to us interesting notions respecting the arts which they practise, respecting their money, which is established on principles absolutely different from ours, and respecting their architecture, of which he still saw numerous ruins at Tinian.

Two months were employed in making these researches; and at the same time they were occupied with those observations and experiments which formed the principal object of the expedition. M. de Medinilla had, during all this time, the kindness to provide the corvette abundantly with fresh provisions, to which he added provisions for the voyage, and for which he afterwards refused to accept any reimbursement.

The course of the *Urania*, from Guam to the Sandwich Islands, presents nothing remarkable. On the 5th of August, 1819, she made the island of Owhyhee, and anchored in the bay of Harahona in three days after.

Tamabaha, king of the Sandwich Isles, was dead; his palace had been reduced to ashes, and almost all the hogs on the island had been slaughtered on account of his obsequies, according to the custom of the country; which was a real disappointment in the re-victualling of the corvette.

Uno Rio, the eldest son and successor of Tamabaha, enjoyed at that time but a badly-established authority. The chiefs compelled to submit to the arras of his father, raising extraordinary pretensions, caused him to dread an approaching war. He came with his wives and a numerous suite on board the *Urania*, on the occasion of the baptism of one of the principal chiefs of the island. That ceremony was performed with much pomp by the Abbé Quelin, chaplain of the vessel.

The Sandwich Islands were, like the Marianne, the object of the assiduous researches of M. de Freycinet and of the officers under his command. Numerous observations were made in search of the magnetic equator, and its inflexions, in the Great Ocean.

On the 30th of August the *Urania* sailed for Port Jackson, passing through the islands of the Austral Polynesia.

By taking this track, the position of the dangerous isles of Byron was rectified, as well as that of the island of Pyletant, the most southerly of the Friendly Islands; and also that of Howe Island.

A new island, surrounded by dangerous reefs, was discovered to the east of Tonga, which M. de Freycinet named Rose Island.

The *Urania* anchored in Port Jackson on the 18th of November, 1819; she remained there till the 25th of December, and this interval was employed, as at all the preceding stoppages, in scientific inquiries. M. de Freycinet speaks, in this respect, with gratitude for the assistance afforded to him by Mr. Macquarie, the governor of the colony.

On quitting Port Jackson, the course of the corvette was shaped to pass between Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand. On the 7th of January, 1820, the southern extremity of the latter island was doubled in sight of Campbell's Island.

From that moment until nearing the coast of Terra del Fuego, the winds were constantly favourable. The *Urania* reached 59 degrees of south latitude; and she found floating ice in the 54th degree.

On the 5th of February the coast of Terra del Fuego was seen in the neighbourhood of Cape Desolation; the season was as frightful as the adjoining shores. In the impossibility of reaching Christmas Harbour, it became necessary to make for the Bay of Good Success, in the Straits of Lemaire; but hardly had the anchor dropped, when a furious storm began to cause the corvette to drive: there was not a moment to be lost in cutting the cable, and setting sail with all speed, in order to get out of the Bay, by skirting at a very short distance the rocks and breakers which lie upon its north point.

This dreadful tempest lasted for two days, and made the corvette drift considerably to the northward; which determined M. de Freycinet to bear up for the Falkland Islands, in sight of which they arrived on the 14th of February, according to their reckoning, but the 13th according to European time, they having gained a day in circumnavigating the globe.*

* Our readers are already acquainted with the loss of the *Urania*, in consequence of striking on a sunken rock, at the entrance of French Bay, in the Falkland Islands, and of their being taken off by an American whaler, and brought first to Rio Janeiro, and afterwards to Harve de Grace, where they arrived in safety.

In expectation that more detailed accounts (proceeds the narrative) will make known all the importance of their labours, it will suffice to give a rapid glance at them.

1st. The observations on the pendulum, which formed one of the principal objects of the voyage, have been made with the greatest care at every place where they stopped, and in every situation throughout the voyage which would permit. The stations where these experiments were made are nine in number, viz. Rio Janeiro (first stay); the Cape of Good Hope; Port Louis, in the Isle of France; the Island of Rawak; the Island Guam; the Island of Mowia, in the Sandwich Isles; Port Jackson; the Falkland Islands; and at Rio Janeiro (second stay).

2d. Each day during the voyage, two officers, at least, took by rotation the necessary astronomical observations to ascertain the situation of the vessel at sea, and, on shore, the positions of the different observatories; to regulate the chronometers, &c. All these observations have been transcribed into journals destined for that purpose.

3d. The magnetic phenomena were at the same time the object of constant and multiplied studies, as well at sea as in all the places which they touched at. They comprise observations on the magnetic declination and inclination; on the intensity of both when tried by the horizontal needle, or the needle of inclination; and also on the hourly and periodical variations in the declination.

4th. Comparative observations on the temperature of the air, with that of the sea at its surface, were made every two hours during the whole course of the voyage. This considerable mass of results may be useful to determine the isothermic lines on the terrestrial globe.

5th. More than sixty specimens of sea-water, taken in the seas which they traversed, were put into as many flasks, perfectly sealed up, in order to be analysed on their return. Each flask was labelled with the latitude and longitude of the spot where the water was drawn.

6th. A meteorological journal kept every hour during the whole voyage, will show in methodical order all the observations on the thermometer, the barometer, and the hydrometer, which they made both by sea and land. They will also show the indications of the prevailing winds, and their degrees of force, the electrical and aërial phenomena, &c.

with most of the collections made during the voyage.—See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 64.

7th. The barometrical variations could not be observed with precision, except in the places which they touched at. The results of them have been consigned to a particular register.

8th. It was not possible to observe the tides and currents, except at a small number of points; but the data acquired at Rio Janeiro, at the Isle of France, at Rawak, and at Guam, are not without interest.

9th. The number of charts formed during the voyage is about thirty. A part of them have already been completed; but the whole of the materials collected on this subject, and classed with great care, will give every facility desirable for carrying on this work.

10th. Notwithstanding the shipwreck at the Malouin or Falkland Islands, which caused the loss of eighteen cases of specimens of natural history, there remain still about forty. These contain a great number of specimens out of the three kingdoms of nature; and especially almost the whole of those which were collected at the Marianne Islands, yet little known in that respect to naturalists.

11th. The number of drawings made during the voyage amounts to several hundreds; the greater part admirable for the beauty of the situations which they represent, or for the correctness of the portraits, and the graces of their composition.

12th. In short, the observations on the manners and customs of the people whom they visited, have been collected in very great number by all the officers employed in the expedition. All of them have been drawn up in the same spirit, and after the same plan, in order that they may connect themselves easily with the general account of the voyage.

It is above all to be remarked, that this is the first expedition of the kind, in which all the scientific operations have been performed entirely by officers attached to the service of the Royal Marine of France.—*Phil. Mag.*

Original Communications.

ON PAINTINGS IN CHURCHES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Sorry am I to enter my protest against the sentiments of a person of so great and noble mental endowments as your able and elegant essayist, W. H. Parry, when I find him deploring the banishment of the ornaments of paint-

ing from our places of public worship, in his second essay on the *Fine Arts*.

You may be assured, Mr. Editor, that Tyro as I am, I have not the arrogance to advance my opinions as perfectly just; but am induced rather to state my sentiments, to the end of having my scruples removed, together with the clouds of ignorance and prejudice that may overshadow my intellectual faculties.

Now, I confess I am not only an admirer of the *Fine Arts*, but would consider it an honour to be in any way instrumental in supporting and encouraging them. However, I deem it a mystery how painting could ever afford support to piety or devotion, and I much doubt if the sensations or sentiments produced from contemplating the best executed or happiest conceived painting, are either those of piety or devotion, such as are inculcated in the holy Scriptures.

Long may the arts flourish, and long may painting be our national boast,—numerous may the shrines be that are devoted to it, and numerous its devotees; but may the pure spirit of devotion and piety be ever instilled and firmly fixed in the heart of every Briton, from the contemplation of the inspired word of God, and the boundless productions of nature; and may music ever lend her aid to raise the soul in ecstasy to anticipate the joys of heaven!

It is much to be feared, that having in our view objects so capable of arresting our attention and exciting our admiration as the finely executed paintings of our great professors, would rather interfere with the proper discharge of our devotional duties, if not greatly endanger us, by inducing us imperceptibly to pay greater adoration to the works of the creature, than worshipping the creator.

'*Principius obsta*' is a motto we should do well to bear in mind at all times. Who knows but that, at last, the mists of our natural prejudices may be so far cleared away, and we become so refined in our sentiments of devotion, that Mr. W. H. Parry may deem it expedient to suggest the propriety of introducing scenic apostolic representations, and scriptural enactments, at the shrine and altar of our temples, by some of the theatrical characters, whom he has criticised with such keen discrimination, as most congenial with the taste of refined religion; while our priesthood shall fly ex-

communicated from the desk and the pulpit.

It would afford me great satisfaction to see the subject discussed and elucidated by some of your enlightened readers, who may be more competent than,

Sir,

Your constant reader

Narbeth, Feb. 5, 1821. E. PRICE.*

HAPPINESS DEPENDENT ON OURSELVES.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR.—The writer who desires to be popular will avoid touching upon any subject which 'the many' seldom take into consideration, but he who writes from principle will find pleasure in obtaining the attention of an intelligent circle, whether they approve or condemn his theory. The admirable spirit in which your paper is conducted, induces me to offer my humble assistance to diversify its columns, and, believe me, should this effort prove worthy of acceptance, I shall feel peculiar pleasure in its being placed on record in the *Literary Chronicle*.

A theologian of some celebrity† describes man to be made up of three essences: the substantial or physical; the internal, or moral or metaphysical; and the immortal; and adds, in illustration, that you may destroy the body in lingering tortures, yet, while life remains, the moral or internal man may continue not only uninjured but rise to its highest point of excellence; and that, although the internal properties naturally die with the body which they have directed, the immortal spirit remains, and will for ever remain, indestructible. These outlines I consider sufficiently clear to be generally admitted, but to the inquiring mind not sufficiently minute; they give no idea of man's means of action, they develop none of the causes which prompt him to pursue a particular course, nor do they define any thing but that which the practice and habits of mankind seem to admit. In attempting to go farther, I am not without hope that the subject may excite more able pens to lay open the construction of the human frame, so that man may at length know himself. Our wonderful con-

* We confess that we differ much in opinion from our respected correspondent; and have always regretted that the plan suggested by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. West, for adorning the interior of our temples with appropriate pictures, was not carried into effect.—Ed.

† I avoid giving his name—in all argumentative pieces, argument should have weight, not name.

struction must strike every one capable of reflection with admiration, but to the philanthropist or to the intelligent and benevolent practical anatomist, I leave it to be deservedly eulogized, and pass to the position,—that with the general use and physical properties of the body all are sufficiently acquainted to acknowledge, that it is capable of a state of composure, happiness, sorrow, and wretchedness. My opinion being that these sensations, though resulting from the mind, a metaphysical essence, are still generally subject to our own control, and I shall attempt to show that the assumption is not totally without foundation.

Sensation is the proof of existence, and the complicated phenomena of sensation, or feeling, I have never seen familiarly or sufficiently explained. Of the external senses, we are told, there are five; their existence is admitted, and little more, in general, is thought upon the subject. Are not these senses the immediate effect of our state of existence? Some possess them all in a very acute degree: see better, hear quicker, feel sooner, taste more exquisitely, and scent more immediately than persons in general; and, that these are all, more or less, under the control of the judgment, must be allowed, though still subject to the general laws of nature. The senses thus spoken of are admitted to be the outward senses, but still they form only one branch of sensation. By the light of the mind, which is the essence of life, and the cause of which life is not to be understood by the light which is obtained from it, the internal senses may be discovered: a sense of feeling, a will, memory, imagination, and judgment.

When man is perfect in his kind, he has all these inward and outward senses in perfection—a circumstance of rare occurrence. This being the constitution of man, every event may be referred to these qualities. By means of the judgment, aided by the experience of memory, a man has reason; by the exercise of this reason, he discovers his own worth or worthlessness, his consistency or inconsistency; and this forms conscience; and the light of the mind being ever operative when the body is awake, man is of necessity compelled to see his own actions. The imagination or inventive quality may be considered as the cause of his happiness or misery, for if it prompt his will to decree in opposition to his memory and judgment, i. e. his reason, to which he is often induced by external sensation,

upon reflection he will condemn himself, and his suffering will be in proportion to his internal sensibility.

That the laws of nature compel a man to action cannot be denied, and so far as he is compelled, he cannot severely condemn himself; but the principal actions of life, which result from the imagination, are not acts of necessity, consequently matters of choice, and these chiefly affect his state of being whether comfortable or otherwise; hence I conclude that a man's happiness or misery depends principally upon himself. I am, &c.

Feb. 10, 1820.

D. G.

Original Criticisms

ON

The Principal Performers of the Theatres
Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.

No. XI.—MRS. EGERTON.

'Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions like chaos in confusion lie;
Her voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits.'

CHURCHILL.

AMONG the many various changes which are constantly taking place in our great city, those in theatrical life are not the least wonderful. For instance, who would imagine that Mrs. Egerton, the inimitable representative of Meg Merrilies, &c. was in the habit of enacting, eight or ten years since, the tender love-sick Juliet, and other characters of a similar nature. This lady particularly excels in depicting the fierce, the majestic, and the malignant. Her voice, which was once soft and melodious, has now acquired considerable force and power; indeed, her whole appearance is well adapted for those vigorous and commanding characters which she has of late years assumed. Her Helen Magregor, calling forth almost masculine powers, and affording so much scope for the contemptuous disdain of a haughty spirit, is an admirable performance, though, we think, she finds a powerful rival in Mrs. Faucit, whose representation is entitled to the warmest possible eulogy.—Her Madge Wildfire possesses considerable merits; her dying scene is particularly excellent, but in this character she is certainly far surpassed by Miss Copeland. Mrs. Egerton is much too old, nor does her voice possess that sweetness which the wild yet plaintive airs of the heart-broken Madge require. But whatever admiration her performance of these characters may elicit, she certainly far surpasses those exertions in

her exquisite delineation of Meg Merri-
lies. Here she possesses no equal; in-
deed, her judicious action, her com-
manding figure and powerful voice,
place her far above all her competitors.
We can conceive nothing of its kind
finer than her attitude, when, standing
on an eminence, she beholds Hatteraick
and his party about to attack Henry
Bertram; when she waves her hand to
the gipsies, they really appear to shrink
from her as something super-human;
her sudden exclamation,—‘and what
d’ye fear from her,’ on finding Glossin
and Hatteraick conversing about her,
has its due effect; but her masterpiece
is the mingled look of rage, exultation,
and convulsive agony, which she casts
on the smuggler in her dying moments;
it is indeed the acmé of melodramatic
perfection. But if Mrs. Egerton is
once put out of this peculiar line, like
some other of our principal performers,
her conception has no boldness of fancy,
no prominence, no variety; she cannot
express more than simple passions; her
grief is a monotonous incessant whine,
and her dignity is comprised in a lofty
toss of the head, and a sudden elevation
of the voice. We know but of one
character in tragedy which she plays
finely; we allude to Elvira; she por-
trays this part in all the fierce carica-
ture of the original. Regan is a char-
acter which can never be rendered ef-
fective on the stage, but through the
excellence of its representative; Mrs.
Egerton, however, contrives to look,
dress, and act the character more like
a waiting woman, than the proud, vin-
dictive, unnatural daughter of old Lear.
Her performance of Laura, in the tra-
gedy of Montalto, did not please us;
there was much scope for good acting,
particularly in the concluding scenes;
her despair, on finding her ambitious
designs blighted, as well as her subse-
quent remorse, might have afforded an
ample field for a display of genius,
but Mrs. Egerton was seized with a fit
of indolent languor, and gave us no-
thing but a caricature of Meg Mer-
ri-
lies in its worst form. In the Com-
tess de Morville, in the new melodrame
of ‘Thérèse,’ she has a trifling char-
acter, and plays it as badly as possible.
This lady is certainly a very limited ac-
tress; in comedy she completely fails:
indeed, we are astonished why she so
often appears before us in such parts as
Miss Vortex, Mrs. Changeable, Clarin-
da, &c. We delight to see her in her
wild and fanciful characters, but as
these performances can necessarily oc-
cur but seldom, we have too frequent-

ly the pain of witnessing representa-
tions which neither reflect credit on
herself or the theatre.

NO. XII.—MRS. GLOVER.

‘Her faults in her seem what she cannot change,
Than what she chooses.’—SHAKESPEARE.

Malgré her unyielding person, we con-
fess we cannot but experience a great
degree of pleasure in witnessing Mrs.
Glover’s performances. In exhibiting
cool contemptuous defiance, as in Es-
tinfia, for instance, or downright vi-
olence or anger, affecting coolness, as
in Mrs. Oakley, her features can as-
sume a vixen-like expression that ac-
cords admirably with the character she
is representing. Indeed, we have no
actress any way equal to her in either
of these parts. We think her Estinfia
will never be surpassed; her easy and
unrivalled assurance chills even the
impudence of the Copper Captain.—
She makes the character the most
amusing Jezebel that ever trod the
stage; she positively leads her husband
up and down by the nose, cheats, and
fairly laughs at him to his face, and
actually convinces him that he has been
fooled for his own good. Were Cooke
himself to rise from the grave, he could
not abuse his enemy with more bitter
contemptuous sarcasm, than Mrs. Glover
rails at my ‘Mahound cousin.’—
Never were the advantages of impu-
dence so happily portrayed. Second
only to her excellence in this character,
is her inimitable representation of the
jealousy and hysteric violence of Mrs.
Oakley; our attention is kept intensely
alive by the airs she gives herself, and
her fantastic behaviour in the situations
in which she is placed. She makes an
admirable Mrs. Candour; so excel-
lently does she manage her voice and
countenance, that her scandal carries
complete conviction to all around her.
Her humour is admirably adapted for
this affectation of truth, and is of that
dry nature, which a casual observer
would naturally mistake for seriousness.
Although she is rather too embonpoint,
she contrives to give every fascination
and blandishment to the execrable
Millwood; perhaps its only fault is a
too strict resemblance to nature. We
have, in a former number, observed,
that all our actresses completely fail in
Lady Macbeth; we shall, therefore,
without expatiating more fully on Mrs.
Glover’s performance of the character,
content ourselves with observing, that,
however short she may fall of Siddonia
excellence or grandeur, she is decidedly

the best representative of the day. She
imparts wonderful effect to the few
passages of Emelia, nor will we forget
the force she gives to the repulsive dis-
gusting character of Goneril, or her
excellence in the haughty Tullia. On
her performance of Queen Margaret,
in Richard III. we can bestow almost
unqualified praises. There are, per-
haps, few things finer or more affecting
than the scene in which she takes leave
of her children, when they are torn
from her by the mandate of the tyrant;
it is only to be excelled by her lamen-
tation after their murder, or the keen
and cutting irony with which she an-
swers Glover’s interrogatories. Mrs.
Glover’s figure is now much too large
and matronly to represent youthful
characters or passions. We trust that,
for the future, she will relinquish such
characters, as Donna Violante, Flora,
in the ‘Midnight Hour,’ Mrs. Racket,
&c. &c. which are neither suited to her
age or abilities. W. H. PARRY.

Original Poetry.

EPICRAM

On hearing that Miss Dance is expected to ap-
pear in Tragedy at Covent Garden.

THERE’S nothing novel in this age

To see a dance upon the stage;

But ‘twill, indeed, be novelly

To see a Dance in tragedy! TONT.

THE FASHIONABLE MISSES.

‘I make the cap but not the head to wear it!’
Q. IN THE CORNER.

AN EPISTLE TO —.

You say I’ve not written—you know not how
long—

Thou’st once was so partial to proing;

Either sonnet, epistle, or little love song—

That my muse and myself have been doing.

But were I to tell you what aights I have seen,

How much in gay circles I lately have been—

Among charming ladies, who deem themselves

If the world can but see them fantastic!—dret!

In feathers and furbelows, bouques and lace—

Neglecting the mind to embellish the face—

You’d forgive me, and say, that I’d plenty to do,

And excuse me for not having written to you.

You know Mr. G——? he’s as honest a man

As e’er got a fortune by prosperous trade—

Well, his daughters—sweet creatures!—would

die if a man

(Unless in fine clothes he an overture made.)

Were to give them a glance,—and a kiss—lack

shy me!

(From a tradesman’s eternal perdition would be!

Miss Susan is tall, and considered genteel

By those who have not in her company been;

And some say her sister has got the best head—

(Of her foot they say nothing)—that over

was seen!

Thus pair’d, they together with staidness

walk—

With—yes, mum,—and—‘he, he,’—the chief

of their talk,

If they meet with a neighbour that's willing to chat—
As they glance first on this side and then upon that;
But if—as they once were—the person they meet,
Who hails them with—'how-d'-ye-do'—in the street—
Be bumble in life—what a stigma 't would be,
To be seen by the world in such low company.
When a party they give, not a tradesman is there—
No whisper of sugar—no dresser of hair—
No ladies who throw the steel bar to and fro—
No gentlemen married—for full well you know
That both these sweet misses are dying to wed,
Asid care not how soon they by Hymen are led.
If vulgar mechanics were ever allow'd
To mingle with fashion's immaculate crowd,
And they were, by chance, their professions to name—
Oh! how would some people recover their shame?
Dear creatures—to fancy esteem can be caught,
Like light on a mirror, by beauty alone;
That blaze of attraction, where delicate thought
On a brow of divinity raises her throne!
The world might a lesson these pretty ones' teach—
(And acquirements are surely not out of their reach.)
That the mind should be staped to perfection before,
The mask of a moment they're bade to adore!
A butterfly's wing in its gay colours drest,
How beautiful, ere by the finger 'tis prest—
But strip of its fine painted feathers—how few
Would admire the gay thing as in sunshine it flew!
And she, who imagines that beauty—frail thing—
Will always attract, and never take wing—
That exquisite features affection will bind
Without the sweet charm of a well tutor'd mind,
Will find, at the last, to her sorrow, that she,
Like the butterfly's wing, disregarded will be!
You need not a lesson, dear girl of my heart,
To teach thee to play a divinity's part.
To charm and be loved thou wert given to me—
For knowledge are blended in these!

WILFORD.

The Drama.

SURREY THEATRE.—The popularity of the novels attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and the success of Mr. Dibdin in adapting them to the stage, attracted a very crowded and elegant audience to this theatre on Wednesday night, to witness the first representation of a new grand melodramatic historical romance, under the title of '*Kenilworth, or the Countess of Leicester*,' founded on the so recently published romance of that name. When Mr. Dibdin produced his '*Heart of Mid Lothian*,' he modestly disclaimed every other merit save that of an amanuensis; but we think that a faithful condensation of the story of the incidents of three volumes into an acting drama of three hours, is entitled to a much high-

er praise, and exhibits great skill and judgment. This is the case with *Kenilworth*, and as the story must be well known to all our readers, we shall not detail it. We need only observe that the tale is closely followed during the whole drama up to the catastrophe, in which Mr. Dibdin has ventured an alteration, which is certainly an improvement. The piece opens with a scene at the Black Bear Inn, is thence transferred to Tony Foster's house, and the whole of the interesting incidents relating to the Countess of Leicester,—her interviews with her lord, with his follower Varney, and Tressilian,—her escape from Cumnor, and her meeting with the Queen in the gardens of Kenilworth, are given in the very language of the romance. The adventures of Tressilian at the inn—with Wayland Smith at Cumnor—at court, and at Kenilworth, are introduced with the same fidelity. The reconciliation of Leicester and Sussex, by the Queen,—her visit to Kenilworth, and her protection of the unfortunate Amy, are all retained in the drama. We now come to the last scene, in which our readers will recollect, that the countess is, by the novelist, made to fall down a trap-door designedly left open from her apartment, into a dreadful abyss below. This scene in the drama is managed with great skill; there is a curiously constructed mechanical staircase, which ascends to the apartments of the countess; Varney, before he lowers the trap-door, goes up to see if the countess is in her room. In the mean time, Janet Foster gets the key, and winds down the trap-door, in order to aid the countess in her escape. Varney, unconscious of it, falls into the spare he had prepared for the countess, and the Earl of Leicester, arriving at the moment, rescues his wife.

The piece, which is got up with great splendour, combines the whole strength of the Surrey company, and is extremely well acted. England's '*Maiden Queen*' was admirably personified by Mrs. Dibdin, who looked and acted the character to the life. In her rebukes of the haughty Leicester, her jealousy, and the assertion of her power as Queen of England, she gave great effect. The villain Varney afforded Huntley an excellent opportunity of displaying his talents and judgment. Miss Taylor appeared to much advantage in the Countess of Leicester; the struggle between her affection for her husband and her duty to her father, displayed all that tenderness and

sincerity of heart which she can so well express: her treatment of the miscreant Varney was very spirited, and her interview with the Queen in the garden at Kenilworth, in which the dread of exposing her husband so chastened her indignation at Varney, was admirably performed. Bengough supported the dignity of 'England's proudest earl;' and Fitzwilliam was quite at home in the double character of Lawrence Goldthred, 'the cutting mercer of Abingdon,' and the coxcomb, Nicholas Blount. Wyatt elicited much applause in the braggadocio, Michael Lambourne; and Miss Copeland played Janet Foster very prettily. The other characters were well sustained. The dresses are quite appropriate, and carry us back at once to the 'glorious days of good Queen Bess;' and the scenery is very excellent. The piece was received with immense applause, and will, no doubt, long continue a favourite.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—This house has also produced its *Kenilworth*, which is well got up and well played; and, what to the proprietors is of still more importance—is well attended every night.

EAST LONDON THEATRE.—The company of this house has lately received a great acquisition in the person of a Mr. Serle, who is acting the prominent characters in the most popular of our standard tragedies. We saw him on Monday evening in the character of Romeo, and were really very much pleased with him. His performance of the character was respectable throughout, and, in some scenes, highly effective. Mrs. Payne's Juliet, also, deserves a very favourable notice; in the last scene, where she recovers from her sleep, she surpassed any thing we could expect to witness in a minor theatre.

Literature and Science.

Deafness cured.—The *Narrateur de la Meuse* states that M. Delun, a doctor of medicine, established at Mibiell, perforated with dexterity and success the *meatus auditorius* on Mademoiselle Bivier, aged sixteen, and the Sieur Toussaint, aged twenty-eight, both till then deaf and dumb. The girl takes notice of the least sounds, and begins to articulate words. She incessantly humming various airs. The young man hears as well as his comrades, and makes constant efforts to pronounce all

sorts of words. M. Delau is constructing an instrument, which will afford the facility of finishing the operation in three minutes, by which its success will be rendered more certain. By means of this instrument, he will raise on the tympanic membrane substance, enough to prevent the necessity of introducing probes into the perforation during from thirty to forty days. He is of opinion that he can restore the hearing of all those who have been deprived of it by the obstruction of the Eustachian organ, and by the obesity of the membrane of the tympanum.

The editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, who has just completed the fiftieth volume of that excellent periodical, announces a general index to the whole, and a selection of the curious, valuable, and original papers, in five volumes. The index and selections will be published separately.

Pompeii.—In prosecuting the excavations of Pompeii, a late traveller, Mr. Williams, informs us, that the streets of the city are getting daily disencumbered. He entered by the Appian Way through a narrow street of small tombs beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible. At the gate was a centry-box, in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a lamp in his hand; after passing into several streets he entered a coffee-house, marks of the cups being visible on the stone. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage wheels. A surgeon's house, with surgical instruments; an ironmonger's shop, where was an anvil and hammer; a sculptor's, and a baker's shop; an oilman's; a wine shop, with money in the till; a school, with a pulpit with steps up to it, in the middle of the apartment; a great theatre, a temple of justice, an amphitheatre, two hundred and twenty feet long; various temples; a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests; wells, cisterns, seats, trigluniums, beautiful mosaic altars, inscriptions, and fragments of statues; pipes of terra cotta, to convey the water to the different streets, and stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found; are among the many striking vestiges of the arts of ancient Italy. The houses are in general low, not more than ten feet high. The principal streets are about sixteen feet in

width, with side pavements of about three feet; some of the subordinate streets are from six to ten feet wide, with side pavements in proportion; these are occasionally high, and are reached by steps.

We see a new edition of the *Rejected Addresses* is announced. This is one of the most popular works that has been published for many years, more than twenty thousand copies having been sold.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LOCUSTRUS.

The Oak.—The use of the oak has been lately revived for the purpose of furniture; and among the fashionable and expensive luxuries of the present day, has become not only the rival of some of the beautiful woods of distant countries, but, in point of expense at least, has acquired a high character. To establish this fact, it is only necessary to mention, that a set of dining-tables, made of English oak, by a London cabinet-maker, brought the enormous sum of 600*l.* sterling.

One of the Corent Garden actors, who has lately been on a *strolling expedition* in the country, cautioned the ladies, in one of his bills, not to fall in love with him, as it always hurt his *benefit*, by making the gentlemen *jealous* of him.

Episcopal Benevolence.—Richard de Berry, Bishop of Durham, in the reign of Edward III., had every week eight quarters of wheat made into bread for the poor, besides his alms-dishes, fragments of his house, and large sums of money which he bestowed in his journeys.

West, Bishop of Ely, in 1532, set two hundred poor people daily at his gates: and the Lord Cromwell usually the same number.

Robert of Winchelsea gave, every Friday and Saturday, a loaf of bread of a farthing price to every beggar that came to his door. Stowe says the loaf was sufficient for the day. In time of dearth, there were usually five thousand applicants, and in a plentiful time not less than four thousand loaves were distributed on a day.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'THE FAMILY TRUNK,' No. III., Poetical Portraits, and Auld Dominie, in our next. The favours of J. R. P., Alphons, and J. W., as early as possible.

We forgot to state that the 'Address to the Sun,' in No. 88 of the *Literary Chronicle*, was

from Ossian's Carthoon. We thank Ullin for reminding us of it.

In answer to D. D., who so grossly designates the conductors of a well-known magazine as 'infamous set of liars and blaguard,' we refer him to the articles which occasioned the 'Literary Squabble,' and entreat him to make himself acquainted with the nature of a dispute before he ventures to decide upon it.

* * The full price will be given by our Publishers, for saleable copies of No. 87 of the *Literary Chronicle*. Both Editions of *The Literary Chronicle* becoming very scarce, regular Subscribers are advised to complete their sets without delay.

NEW NOVEL.

Just published, price 2*s.*

SUCH IS THE WORLD. A Novel,
in Three Vols. 12mo.

'I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play his part.'

Merchant of Venice.

The characters in this novel, which embrace "all ranks and degrees of men," from a duke down to the hostler of an inn, are drawn with a fidelity and correctness, which none but a person who has mixed much in the world could have sketched. Another merit this novel possesses, in which we should be happy to see every work of the kind resemble it; we mean, that of having a good moral tendency. There are no coarse ribaldries—no indecent allusions—no double entendres, to raise a blush on the cheek of youthful innocence. Virtue and vice are so faithfully portrayed, that we do not fear our juvenile friends, adopting the forms in the model of their future conduct in life—*Literary Chronicle*, Jan. 27.

Printed for G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, 13, Ave-Maria Lane.

In the press, and will be published in a few days.

1. **THE LEGEND OF AROVRE.** A Novel. In three vols. 12mo.

2. **THE LIFE OF A BOY.** A Tale. In two vols. 12mo.

3. **FAVOURITE OF NATURE.** A Novel. Dedicated (by permission) to Miss Joanna Baillie. In three vols. 12mo.

TO THE LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS.—THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND, WALES, AND SCOTLAND, large paper, illustrated with nearly 6000 Portraits, Views, Maps, and Plans, many of which are proofs, to be a matchless copy, comprised in 114 volumes, half bound morocco, united with guards for further illustration. And STUART'S DICTIONARY of Engravers, illustrated with nearly 5000 Portraits and fine Specimens of every branch of Engraving; many of which are exceedingly scarce and valuable, and made up regardless of expense, forming, in the whole, 32 quarto volumes.

These matchless works, with many others, will be sold by auction, by J. JONES, at the Auction Mart, on Thursday, Feb. 23, 1821, without reserve.

Catalogues at the Mart, and 4, St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, 6*d.* each.

London.—Published by J. Limbird, 265, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; where advertisements are received, and communications sent to the Editor (most paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Booksellers, to St. Paul's Church-Yard; Obolp; Pall Mall; Gravel, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and Newsellers.—Printed by Jackson, Old Bailey Court, Carey Street.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 93. LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1821. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Journal of an Officer in the Commissariat Department of the Army: comprising a Narrative of the Campaigns under his Grace the Duke of Wellington, in Portugal, Spain, France, and the Netherlands, in the Years 1811-15; and a short Account of the Army of Occupation in France, during the Years 1816, 1817, and 1818. 8vo. pp. 501. London, 1820.

This work is anonymous to us and to the public. As we are never influenced either by the name of an author or of a bookseller attached to any works, but view them solely on their own merits, we do not like the present volume the worse for the author being unknown to us, especially as from the numerous list of subscribers, it would appear that he has an extensive and a very respectable acquaintance in other quarters.

We are such lovers of peace, that we would gladly convert 'swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks,' did not the restless spirit of the rulers of nations admonish us now and then to polish up our armour in case of being suddenly called on to use it, and not to suffer that military spirit which Englishmen so gloriously obtained, to degenerate, while it is watchfully kept alive by our neighbours. Such being the case, we may be allowed to travel a short way with a new friend, over the laurel-strewed fields of Spain and Portugal, and to take a glance at the olive rear'd on that—

place of skulls
The grave of France—the deadly Waterloo.

We shall not, however, fight these battles over again, nor attempt to follow our author in a regular narrative of the campaigns in which he shared, but select what appears to us the most novel and interesting in the volume before us.

As the author has very modestly said nothing for himself, either by way of dedication or preface, we must say something for him, and this we do with

the greater pleasure, as it will be favourable. His journal is a 'plain unvarnished tale,' strongly characterized by the fidelity and the connection of its details, and furnishing an interesting narrative of a most eventful period in the military history of Great Britain. The traveller's privilege has, we believe, not been exercised, and the author has been satisfied with exhibiting truth in her nakedness, rather than putting her into borrowed clothing, which the delicacy, we suppose, of too many travellers induces them to do.

The work embraces the events of upwards of eight years, in all of which the author was an eye witness or a participator, from his joining the British army soon after the battle of Busaco, in 1810, to its quitting France, in 1818. The details are generally very minute in a military point of view, as to the order of attack in the several battles,—the divisions engaged, and the names of the officers who commanded them; the number of killed, wounded, &c. The details of the various battles of the peninsula have been so often told, and are so well remembered, that we shall pass them over, and quote the author's account of the Duke of Wellington's triumphal entry into Madrid, on the 13th of August, 1813:—

'Madrid, the celebrated metropolis of Spain, and seat of the Spanish government, is seated in an open country, upon the banks of the little river Manzanares. The palaces and other public buildings are superb beyond any thing I remember having seen, and the parks and beautiful avenues of trees which encircle the court end of the town, conspire to make it a very agreeable residence.

The King's palace is built of white stone, upon a little eminence near the river, along the banks of which spread the royal gardens, bounded by meadows, and the view terminates in the lofty mountains of Guadarama, at a distance. The arrival of Lord Wellington and his victorious army at the gates of Madrid, was marked with all those demonstrations of public joy which such an event was calculated to produce; and, although it would be difficult, if not impossible, to describe the enthusiastic animation which prevailed, it is with pleasure one recalls to mind the he-

nours and caresses which were so lavishly heaped upon us. All business was suspended, the shops closed, and people of all ranks quitting their occupations, assembled in the public streets or the parks, and even in the fields for some miles distant from the town, bearing branches of laurels and oak-boughs to meet the army, exhibiting a scene at once so flattering and pleasing, that it was difficult to suppress the feelings of honest pride and exultation which it created. Having marched from Torres les Donas as soon as it was light, we reached the gates of Madrid about seven o'clock. Upwards of fourteen thousand troops, encamped in the meadows under the palace, were just then falling under arms, an order having come down to throw open the royal gardens, where many thousands of people now assembled, with laurel boughs and banners bearing the words "Wellington," "Victory," "Salamanca," and "England and Portugal for ever," and other mottoes of a similar description. The children's hats and caps were decorated with the words, "Wellington and Salamanca;" and where a general officer was recognized, or the shattered colours appeared, the air rang with acclamations. Wherever an English woman passed she had her full share of notice; and, on one occasion, I was greatly amused at the embarrassment of an officer's lady, who, on alighting from her horse at one of the gates of the garden, was for several minutes exposed to the most immoderate caresses and unreserved embraces of at least twenty Spanish girls. Leaving the 5th division marching through cheering crowds, accompanied by my friend T—, I forded the river not far from the palace, and entering the town by the gate near the Inquisition, went in search of a coffee-house to breakfast, by which we avoided much of the bustle; but we were every where saluted with the cry of "Viva España, viva Inglaterra." The bells were ringing, and the "Calle Mayor," or high street, exhibited throughout the day a scene of public rejoicing impossible to describe. Lord Wellington was conducted to the King's Palace, where he and his personal staff were lodged. Colonel Gordon, quarter-master general of the army, occupied the palace of the Prince of Peace. At night there was general and brilliant illumination, and the weather being remarkably fine, the "Calle Mayor" and the other principal streets were thronged with people. There were few transparencies; but illu-

nations in Spain are rendered peculiarly striking by an immense display of rich tapestry suspended from the balconies and windows, in such a manner as to hide the whole front of the buildings, and which, with the reflection of the variegated lamps, produces a very pretty effect. These illuminations were repeated for three nights successively.

In the winter, between the campaigns, the British officers frequently got up plays, particularly the light division officers, who often performed before the Duke of Wellington. The author gives a copy of a play-bill, in which the comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and the farce of the 'Apprentice,' were played by British officers; the female characters, as in the early history of the stage, being supported by men. Lord C. Spencer, of the 95th regiment, played the maid in the comedy, and Charlotte in the farce. The British troops had, however, generally more serious employment, and often played in tragedy than in comedy, while in the peninsula.

The field of Vittoria, where the British gained so important a victory, had already claimed a notice in history, from a memorable engagement fought there by Edward the Black Prince; and there is still a mound called *Allura de los Ingleses*, the English Hill. An interesting anecdote is related of Sir John Doyle, at the battle of Irun:—

'A division of Spanish troops attacked and carried a redoubt at the foot of the high and rocky mountain of Le Rhon, not far from the village of Zarra. The Spanish General, Sir John D****, had a horse shot under him, and was himself wounded in the affair. This officer, who is a native of Scotland, has in the course of a few years experienced a series of extraordinary adventures. When the Spanish revolution broke out, he raised a regiment, called the Legion of Estremadura, of which he was made colonel by the Spanish Junta, and thus attached himself to the Spanish service. His bravery and apparent devotedness to the cause, together with the attachment and partiality which he manifested towards every thing Spanish, recommended him to the notice of the Spanish government, so that he was soon advanced to a command with the rank of brigadier-general, and became so distinguished, that the town of Seville presented him with the sword of the famous Pizarro, which he wears to this day. In one of his attacks against the enemy at Seville, he had been wounded and taken prisoner, on which occasion the French general in command suffered him to be most shamefully insulted and severely beaten, a treatment which he could never forget; and it was singular enough that upon his joining Lord Wellington

he happened to be posted in that part of our line where the same French general was opposed to him, upon learning which he sent a challenge to the Frenchman, offering to fight him in single combat in face of the two respective forces, but received no answer.'

Although the battle of Waterloo is an often-told tale, yet we cannot resist quoting a few passages from the interesting account of it related by this author. Speaking of Hogoumont, he says,—

'Every tree in the orchards and gardens had been sharply contested for, and the troops in the house having loop-holed the walls, poured forth such an incessant shower of musketry, while those at the gates charged with the bayonet, that the most terrible carnage spread itself on every side, and all the approaches to the chateau were heaped with slain. In the mean time, the right and right centre of the French having crossed the ravine between the two armies, had attacked our left and left centre, and there the conflict was throughout the day of the most murderous and terrific nature. The enemy's attacks were made by such immense columns both of infantry and cavalry, sometimes together and sometimes separate, that it required all the skill and exertions of the generals and commanding officers, and all the characteristic devotedness of both officers and soldiers, to bear up against them. No sooner had one body of troops been repulsed than another advanced. The French cavalry charged our squares of infantry time after time with the most frantic valour, shouting, "Vive l'Empereur!" and notwithstanding the terrible defeats they sustained, still returned to the attack, and being met by our cavalry, a most terrific scene of havoc and confusion prevailed on all sides, and thousands of men and horses fell. The armour of the enemy's cuirassiers received no impression either from our volley of musketry or cavalry swords, and thus defended, they were dealing destruction in every quarter, and galloping round our hollow squares, sometimes charged all four faces of them at once. Our men were ordered to fire low: this, together with the bayonets of the front line, brought down many horses, and hurled their riders to the earth. At length our heavy cavalry appearing through the clouds of fire and smoke, suddenly charged them with all the weight they could carry, which brought several squadrons of them at once to the ground, with a tremendous crash, and for the moment cleared that part of the field; still, however, the battle continued with the same terrific violence. Two, three, and four o'clock came, and found things in the same undecided state, notwithstanding that the enemy had again and again attacked the ridge occupied by the 3d and 5th divisions, and after a most dreadful contest had taken the farm of La Haye

Sainte. This post, from the commencement of the conflict, had been gallantly defended by a part of the King's German Legion and some Hanoverian troops sent from the 3rd division. The French had for two hours been directing their chief attacks against it, by which the ammunition of the garrison being exhausted at a time when it was impossible to send them a fresh supply, they were compelled to surrender or sell their lives as dearly as they could, and they chose the latter; for when the gates of the farm were carried by the enemy, a sanguinary contest with the bayonet was maintained in the yard and house, as long as there was a German left upon his feet. By the loss of this place, the position occupied by the 3d and 5th divisions, had become seriously exposed, and the enemy, under a heavy cannonade, was now preparing to attack the heights near the highway, above Mont St. Jean, where the veteran warrior, Sir Thomas Picton, with his invincible division, was posted. Regardless, though not altogether unconscious, that this would prove his dying hour, with calm composure he viewed the storm approach, and resolved to meet it like a man ready to die for his country. The French were crossing the ravine in solid squares, their cavalry and artillery moving by the highway; for awhile their march was considerably impeded by a destructive fire from our artillery, posted behind a hedge on the left of our position, and some Belgian troops on the slope of the hill; but these being at length compelled to give way, the shock of steel now awaited the 5th division, which at first fell into squares to receive the French cavalry, and then into line to meet their infantry. The French troops advanced with their drums beating, colours flying, and eagles soaring over their heads, the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" resounding from every mouth as they approached the British columns:—

"But on the British heart were lost

The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the scene that view'd,
Chang'd its proud glance of fortitude."

WALTER SCOTT.

'At length, after a terrible carnage, the enemy gained the ridge, where Sir Thomas Picton had formed the whole of his division into one grand line for a charge with bayonets. A shock then took place too dreadful to contemplate, in the midst of which General Picton fell; a musket-ball which passed through his head closed his warlike career. For a quarter of an hour it was not known that the general had fallen, so close and terrific was the fight. Hundreds were falling around him; and his aid-de-camp, poor Captain Chambers, who was also with the old 3d division in the peninsula, fell by his side. For some time the work of destruction was such on all sides, that it was impossible to say which way the scale of success would turn, and the oldest officers could not but look forward to the issue of this

struggle with terror and alarm. While these dreadful events were passing with the divisions of Picton and Allen, a scene no less appalling presented itself at Hougoumont, the towers of which edifice, (from the shower of shells and cannon-balls poured down upon it,) were now on fire, and the whole mansion soon after became one mass of smoking ruins; at the same time the enemy surrounded the courtyard and gardens, and attempted to carry them at the point of the bayonet. The field-marshal himself being on the spot, rallied the troops around the burning edifice, and in person led on the guards to a charge in which they drove back the enemy with dreadful carnage.

We conclude with an interesting adventure, which occurred to an officer of the medical staff in the British army:—

'In the retrograde movements made by the British army in Spain after the battle of Talavera, this gentleman, who then belonged to the 23d light dragoons, and some other officers, were surprised and made prisoners at Placentia, and conducted to Madrid, where, by the exercise of his professional skill, he rendered such service to the French wounded, that Bonaparte, upon his subsequent arrival in France, not only gave him his liberty without exchange, but presented him with a gratuity of "twelve hundred francs," (fifty pounds sterling,) from the public purse. The prisoners, both Spanish and English, after remaining at Madrid two months, early in October, 1809, marched for France, under a strong escort appointed to convey them to the frontiers. In passing over the Sierras de Guardarama, by St. Ildelfonso to Segovia, the attention of this officer was attracted by the interesting appearance of a little boy, about six or seven years old, riding in a waggon, apparently under the care of a Spanish woman, who appeared to act the part of a mother to him. Observing, however, that there was something in the child's countenance and complexion which indicated that he was a native of a more northern climate than Spain,—he asked it a few questions in Spanish, and to his surprise was answered in the same language; but, upon further inquiry, it appeared that he was under the protection of the French officer commanding the escort—that he was the orphan child of a Sergeant McCullen, of the 42d regiment, (Highlanders,) who fell in the battle of Corunna, and that the mother, in the retreat from Salamanca upon Lago, had died upon the road, through excessive privations and fatigue, when the poor child fell into the hands of the enemy's advanced guard, fortunately commanded by this humane officer. Upon learning this story, which was fully corroborated on every hand, the British prisoners unanimously petitioned the French officer to give up the child to them, as its more natural protectors, that they might forward it to England, where its former case would claim for it an asy-

lum from some humane institution. The French officer, however, refused to part with the boy, but promised to take care of him and use him well, and the English, in their own destitute situation, as prisoners of war, had of course for the present no alternative but to submit. On their arriving at Tolosa, in the Pyrenees, an order met them, which directed that the English prisoners should be marched into France, but the Spanish conducted to the fortress of Pampeluna, and the French officer herein alluded to being ordered upon the latter duty, the British officers with much regret parted from the little orphan. The author of the narrative having, (as before mentioned,) been recommended to the special notice of the Emperor Napoleon, for the service he had rendered the French wounded, was ordered to Paris to receive his discharge; while he was there waiting for his dismissal, a Captain H***, of the 23d light dragoons, arrived in Paris, a prisoner also from Madrid, having under his care the little orphan boy, whom, on his passing Tolosa, he had there found in the most forlorn condition, forsaken by both his foster-father and mother. The former, it appears, had found a difficulty in conveying his prisoners to Pampeluna as ordered, from the enterprising spirit of the Spanish Guerillas under Espoz y Mina, who were resolved to liberate their countrymen; and the Spanish woman dreaming their resentment for attaching herself to a Frenchman, had fled. Under such circumstances, Captain H*** had, without hesitation, brought the child with him to Paris, where he now very providentially met the very officer who had been the first to identify and interest himself for it, just obtaining his passport for London: it was agreed, therefore, that the poor little boy should go to his native land with him, and Captain H*** wrote letters to the War Office, to the Duke of York, and also to the Marquis of Huntly, (the colonel of the regiment,) on the subject. Arriving in London with his little orphan, Mr. *** immediately left the letters at the Horse Guards and Richmond House, and that same evening received a note, intimating that the Duke of York would be happy to see him and his little protégé on the following morning at ten o'clock; accordingly they went to York House at that hour, and were very graciously received. The Duke of York condescendingly conversed with the child in German and French, both of which languages, as well as Spanish, he had learnt; the first he had acquired from his foster-father, the second from a Saxon servant, and the last from the Spanish woman. His Royal Highness was altogether so much pleased with the child, and so affected with his interesting story, that he resolved to put him into the Military Asylum, under his own patronage. He had about this time resigned the office of commander-in-chief, but with that humanity and condescen-

sion for which his Royal Highness is distinguished, he wrote to Sir David Dundas, drawing his notice to the circumstance, with a view that the parties might, with the least possible delay, be furnished with the necessary certificates, and pursue their respective interests. At length nothing was wanting for the admission of the child into the school for soldiers' orphans, but a certificate from the Marquis of Huntly, when Mr. *** and the poor little fellow, in proceeding one morning to Richmond House for this document, overtook, near the Horse Guards, a sergeant of the 42d regiment, with a letter in his hand, addressed to the Marquis of Huntly. Under an impression that the man might give him some information which would assist him in his interview with Lord **, Mr. *** inquired whether he had served in the late campaign in Spain, and being answered in the affirmative, then asked if he knew his comrade, Sergeant McCullen, who was killed at Corunna. The man, evidently much agitated, replied that he knew no comrade of that name killed at Corunna, but begged to know why the gentleman asked this question. Because, said Mr. **, this is his orphan child, whom I found in Spain. He was soon interrupted with the simple but emphatic exclamation of, "Bless your honour, Sir, I am the man! it's my child!" Then turning to the child, who had still a faint recollection of his father, he was deeply affected; indeed, we can well conceive that the feelings of each party may be better imagined than described. It afterwards proved that the unseen letter which the soldier was carrying to the Marquis of Huntly, was from Colonel Stirling, commanding the regiment then lying at Canterbury, informing him that Sergeant McCullen was not (as supposed) killed at Corunna, but wounded, and got safe off, and that he had sent the man to London, that he might answer personally for himself any questions which might be put to him. Thus ends this affecting narrative, which I conclude with the hope that this poor fellow has not since fallen in some one of the several bloody fields in which his regiment has subsequently been engaged in the Peninsula or at Waterloo. The child, I understood, was placed in the Military Asylum.

Specimens of the Russian Poets, &c.

(Concluded from p. 105.)

HAVING introduced our readers to Russian poetry and Russian poets, in our last number, and given some specimens of the productions of the most favourite bards, we shall proceed to make them acquainted with the remaining poets of Russia. Dmitriev, who is still living, and has published several small poems, combines energy with tenderness. The following lines, on the grave of Bogdanovich, the au-

thor of Psyche, of whom we shall speak by and by, are elegant and affecting :—

* Here love, unweary, when sinks the evening sun,
Wets the cold urn with tears, and mournful
thinks,

While his sad spirit, sorrow-broken, sinks—
None now can sing my angel Psyche—none ?

The next poem, which is the only one we shall quote from Dinitriev, is powerfully descriptive :—

'DURING A THUNDER-STORM.

It thunders! sons of dust, in reverence bow!
Ancient of days! Thou speakest from above:
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now;
That hand which scatters peace and joy and
love.

Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice—alarmed—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

Lord! what is man? Up to the sun he flies—
Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of
dust:

There he is lost 'midst heaven's high mysteries,
And here in error and in darkness lost:
Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's raging sea,
Like a poor sailor—by the tempest toss'd
In a frail bark—the sport of destiny,
He sleeps—and dashes on the rocky coast.

Thou breakest :—and th' obedient storm is still:
Thou speakest :—silent the submissive wave:
Man's shatter'd ship the rushing waters fill,
And the husht billows roll across his grave.
Sourceless and endless God! compared with
Thee,

Life is a shadowy momentary dream;
And time, when view'd through thy eternity,
Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

Krilov, the Russian fabulist, affords us but one extract, which we insert, as a favourable specimen of that species of composition in which the Russian poets are so excellent :—

'THE ASS AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

An ass a nightingale espied,
And shouted out, "Holla! holla! good
friend!"

Thou art a first-rate singer they pretend :—
Now let me hear thee, that I may decide,—
I really wish to know—the world is partial
ever—

If thou hast this great gift, and art indeed so
clever—

The nightingale began her heavenly lays;
Through all the regions of sweet music rang-
ing,

Varying her song a thousand different ways;
Rising and falling, lingering, ever changing:
Full of wild rapture now—then sinking off
To almost silence—melancholy, soft.

As distant shepherd's pipe at evening's close,
Strewing the wood with lovelier music :—
there

All nature seems to listen and repose;
No zephyr dares to disturb the tranquil air,—
All other voices of the grove are still,
And the charmed flocks lay down beside the rill.

The shepherd like a statue stands—afraid
His breathing may disturb the melody,
His finger pointing to the harmonious tree,
Seems to say, "Listen!" to his favourite maid.

The singer ended—and our critic how'd
His reverend head to earth, and said aloud,—

"Now that's so so;—thou really hast some
merit;

Curtail thy song, and critics then might hear it.
Thy voice wants sharpness; but if Chauntecler

Would give thee a few lessons, doubtless he
Might raise thy voice and modulate thy ear;

And thou, in spite of all faults, may'st be
A very decent singer."—

The poor bird

In silent modesty the critic heard,
And wing'd his peaceful flight into the air,
O'er many and many a field and forest fair.

Many such critics you and I have seen :—
Heaven be our screen!—

Of Khemnitz, another distinguished fabulist, we shall only relate an anecdote or two. He is remarkable for his carelessness, unoffensiveness, and absence of mind :—

* When in Paris, he once went to see the representation of *Tancrède*. On Le Kain's appearance, he was so struck with the noble and majestic presence of that renowned actor, that he rose from his seat and bowed with lowly reverence. An universal roar of laughter brought him back to himself. One morning, a friend for whom he had the highest regard, related to him an interesting piece of news. Khemnitz dined with him afterwards, and as a piece of remarkable intelligence narrated to his host that which his host had before communicated to him. His friend reminded him of his forgetfulness. Khemnitz was greatly distressed, and in his perplexity, instead of his handkerchief, he put his host's napkin into his pocket. On rising from table, Khemnitz endeavoured to slip away unnoticed; his friend saw him, followed him, and tried to detain him. Khemnitz reproached him for unveiling his weaknesses, and would not listen to any entreaties.

"Leave my napkin then, at least, which you pocketed at table," said the other. Khemnitz drew it forth, and stood like a statue. The loud laugh of the company recovered him from his trance, and with the utmost good nature he joined in the general mirth.

Bobrov is the author of an oriental epic poem, the *Khersonida*, which is said to bear a strong resemblance to Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, though inferior. The address to the Deity, from the poem we have mentioned, would not, however, disgrace the bard of Erin. We quote it,—

O thou unutterable Potentate!
Through nature's vast extent sublimely great!
Thy lovely form the flower-decked field dis-
closes,

Thy smiles are seen in nature's sunny face :
Milk-coloured lilies and wild blushing roses
Are bright with Thee;—Thy voice of gentleness
Speaks in the light-winged whispering zephyrs
playing

'Midst the young boughs, or o'er the meadows
straying:

Thy breath gives life to all; below, above,
And all things revel in Thy light and love.

* Literally—"three times nine."

But here, on these gigantic mountains, here
Thy greatness, glory, wisdom, strength, and
spirit,

In terrible sublimity appear!

Thy awe-inspiring voice is heard,—we hear it!
Th' Almighty's fearful voice; attend, it breaks
The silence, and in solemn warnings speaks :
His light tones that whisper 'midst the trees;
His, the whistling of the busy breeze;
His, the storm-thunder roaring, rattling round,
When element with element unites war,
Amidst the echoing mountains; on whose bound
Whose highest bound he drives his fiery car
Glowing like molten-iron; or enshrin'd
In robes of darkness, riding on the wind
Across the clouded vault of heav'n: What eye
Has not been dazzl'd by Thy majesty?

Where is the ear that has not heard Thee speak!
Thou breakest!—forest-oaks of centuries
Turn their uprooted trunks towards the skies.
Thou thunderest!—adamantine mountains
break,

Tremble, and totter, and apart are riven!
Thou lightenest! and the rocks inflame; Thy
power

Off fire to their metallic bosom driven,
Melts and devours them!—Lo! they are no
more—

They pass away like wax in the fierce flame,
Or the thick mist that frown upon the sun,
Which he but glances at and they are gone;
Or like the sparkling snow upon the hill,
When noon-day darts its penetrating beam.
What do I say? At God's almighty will,
The affrighted world falls headlong from its
sphere—

Planets and suns and systems disappear!
But Thy eternal throne—Thy palace bright,
Zion—stands steadfast in unchanging night;
Zion—Thy own peculiar seat—Thy home!
But here, O God! here is Thy temple, too:
Heaven's sapphire arch is its resplendent dome;
Its columns—trees that have for ages stood;
Its incense is the flower-perfumed dew;
Its symphony—the music of the wood;
Its ornaments—the fairest gems of spring;
Its altar is the stony mountain proud!
Lord! from this shrine to Thy abode I bring
Trembling devotion's tribute—though not loud,
Nor pomp-devoiated: Thy praise I sing,
And Thou wilt deign to hear the lowly offering.

English poetry scarcely boasts a pretier gem than Bobrov's—

'CHILDREN'S OFFERING ON A PARENT'S BIRTH-DAY.

* Not the first tribute of our love,
Not the first fruits of infant spring,
But flames from love's long kindled fire,
And oft-repeated prayers we bring
To crown thy natal day.

Tis not to-day that first we tell
(When was affection's spirit mute?)
How long our hearts have loved—how well—
Nor tune our soft and votive flute,
Nor light the altar's ray.

That altar is our household shrine—
Its flame—the boom's kindly heat:
Its offering, sympathy divine;
Its incense, is the may-day sweet!

Accept thy children's lay.
* I have endeavoured to imitate the singular adaptation of words to sound, of which the Russian language affords so many striking examples.—Original—

* Твои дари, вайнаве, вайнаше
В сик—сик вайнаше, вайнаше
В сик—сик вайнаше, вайнаше
В сик—сик вайнаше, вайнаше

Of Bogdanovich, the Anacreon of Russia, the translator has given an interesting biographical notice, from Karamsin's *Vestnik*, a periodical journal. Bogdanovich was born 'under the beautiful heaven of Little Russia,' in the year 1743. He was the son of a respectable physician; and was, from his childhood, passionately fond of music and poetry:—

'He was brought to Moscow in 1754, and placed in the college of justice. The President Shrejbashsky noticed the active and inquiring spirit of the boy, and allowed him to attend the mathematical school, which was, at that time, in the neighbourhood of the senate. But mathematics were nothing to him;—the sweet poetry of Lomonosov, who now began to captivate his countrymen, was dearer to his mind than all the transpositions of lines or figures. Nothing, perhaps, is so likely to produce a strong and permanent impression on the heart of a young enthusiast, as the pomp, parade, and poetry of the drama. What wonder then that a fiery boy, introduced for the first time to its witcheries, should be led to some act of giddy imprudence! A youth of fifteen once presented himself to the director of the Moscow theatre, modestly, and almost unwillingly, owning—he was a nobleman—he would be an actor. The director had some conversation with him, and soon ascertained his love of knowledge and his poetical ardour. He painted in strong colours the incompatibility of an actor's character with that of nobility,—he urged him to inscribe himself in the university, and to visit him at his house. This young man was no other than our Bogdanovich,—that director was neither than Michael Matveevich Kheraskov, the poet of the Russian. Thus did a lucky accident bring this scholar of the muses to their favourite bard; one who, possessed of extraordinary talent himself, was not slow to discover and to honour it in others. From him did Bogdanovich learn the rules and the ornaments of poetry; he studied foreign languages, and acquired whatever else might give strength and encouragement to his natural powers. Study, it is true, is no creator of genius, but it serves to exhibit it in all its most beautiful and mighty influence. Kheraskov gave him examples, precepts, encouragements; and in the university-journal of this period, *Polemos Uchebnye*, we find many specimens of the powers of the young bard. These, though yet far removed from perfection, are striking proofs of his ability to reach it.

'Besides Kheraskov, our young poet possessed, while he remained at the university, another invaluable protector in Count Michael Ivanovich Dashkov. The favours conferred by rank and influence on talents just developing themselves, create a grateful and well-rewarding return; while, on the other hand, the fair and de-

licate flowers of youthful genius are but too often and too early blasted by the cold winds of neglect. But let it be said in Russia's honour, that talent has never wanted patronage there, especially if accompanied by moral worth. This was eminently the case with Bogdanovich. Like La Fontaine, in whose poetical steps he seems to have trodden, he was distinguished by the most attractive ingenuousness. Ere he was eighteen he held his station in the great and busy world, but held it with the simplicity of a child. Whatever he felt he uttered, whatever pleased him he did; he listened willingly to the wisdom of others, and fell asleep during the tiresome lessons of folly. It was our young bard's good fortune to live with a poet who exacted the productions of his muse as the price of his protection and his counsels, leaving every thing else to his own waywardness. His open heartedness often led him into perplexities, but no sooner did he perceive that his conversation had inflicted on any a feeling or thought of sorrow than he lamented his inconsiderateness with tears. He determined again and again to talk more warily; the resolution was, however, soon forgotten, and succeeded by regret and repentance and renewed vows.

'He was not rich; he often had nothing to give the poor but sympathy. Is not this often more grateful to the receiver, and always more honourable to the giver than the pieces of gold extorted by misery from the coldness of pride and of affluence? Towards his friends and acquaintance he was kindness and urbanity itself. On one occasion, a fire broke out in the neighbourhood of one of his connexions. Bogdanovich sprang from his bed, and, in spite of the bad weather and the distance, hurried to the assistance of his friend, clad only in his night garment.

'His dwelling was with an inestimable family, who treated him as a near and dear relative, and he returned their kindness with ever-active affection.

'We must here linger a little on one mark of character, common indeed to all genuine poets;—a lively sensibility to female charms, a sensibility which has been the creator of some of the sweetest songs of the choir of bards. In one who, like Bogdanovich, was born to be the poet of the graces, this mighty sympathy could not but be early developed among the sensibilities of his character. In its origin it is timid and unpretending—in him it was peculiarly so. He saw, he felt, he supplicated, he blushed—and uttered his emotions in his harmonious songs. Stern, indeed, must have been the beauty that could not be moved by that melodious lyre!

Bogdanovich was, when only eighteen years of age, appointed inspector of the Moscow University. He commenced a journal, entitled 'Innocent Recreation,' and translated several of

Voltaire's poems. In 1766, he went with Count Beloselsky, as secretary of legation, to Dresden; and it was here that he commenced his chief poem, the *Dushenka* (*Psyche*), which was published in 1775, of which his biographer Karamsin speaks with rapture, and inquires, 'where exists the Russian who has not read *Dushenka*?' Bogdanovich always spoke with enthusiastic delight of that part of his life which had been employed in this work. Karamsin says,

'His abode was then at Petersburg, on the *Fassilostrov*, in a silent solitary dwelling, wholly wrapt in poetry and music, enjoying an enviable and care-divested liberty. He had agreeable acquaintances;—he sometimes went out, but always to return with keener pleasure to a home where the muses welcomed him with renewed fondness, with hope and fancy's fairest flowers. The tranquil, unuttered, unutterable joy of the poet is perhaps the sweetest and brightest that this world can witness. How triumphantly do the favoured sons of song scatter the misty shades of vanity and the more palpable array of earth-born passion! Who that ever tasted the charm of such enviable moments, does not turn away from the sparkling follies of the substantial world to the memory of those holy hours of rapture? One energetic and harmonious line—one well-conveyed emotion—a gentle graceful transit from one thought to another—can fill the soul of the poet with innocent and natural delight, leaving behind it a soft and placid gladness which will be doubly grateful if it can be participated by some sympathising and sensible friend, who can enter into its enthusiasm and forgive its excess. It is indeed a guiltless and a spiritual joy, created by an effort, which effort is in itself enjoyment: and then it brings the prospect of the approbation, the encouragement of the wise and good!—But envy! envy!—the pitiful efforts of every itself only make its triumphs the more splendid—they dash and murmur like the little waves against the firm foot of the mountain, on which true merit raises itself in its own majesty, for the glory of its country and of mankind.'

Karamsin compares the *Dushenka* of the Russian poet with the *Psyche* of La Fontaine. He says 'La Fontaine had more of art, Bogdanovich of nature; and the current of the latter flows, in consequence, more refreshingly. This production,' he continues, 'must not be weighed in the scales of Aristotle. It is a display of the powers of a gay and joyous imagination, directed by good taste. It is sportive, excursive, ingenuous, faithful:—

"Why must rules of art be intruded here?"

Karamsin's eulogium, great as it is,

appears to have been confirmed by public opinion; for, still speaking of the Dushenka, he says,

'Is it surprising that such a poem produced so great an impression? Six or seven sheets thrown uncalled for into the world, wholly changed the fate of the author. Catherine was then reigning in Russia. She saw, she admired the Dushenka—sent for the poet, and inquired of him how she could gratify him.—It was enough—who doubts the taste of a sovereign? Nobles and courtiers learnt Dushenka by heart, each rivaling the rest in the attentions showered upon the author. Epistles, odes, and madrigals in his honour were scattered profusely. He was mounted above the clouds.—Alas! that the destructive influence of such distinctions should have overshadowed him in the brightest epoch of his poetic talents. He was thirty years old—he abandoned the muse—and the garland woven for him by his Dushenka was the only one that encircled his brow in his listless lethargy. It is an imperishable wreath, no doubt, but the friends of poetry mourn that it should have satisfied him. Even the thirst for fame may be quenched. Our poet afterwards wrote much, but against his own will and against the will of his inspiring genius. Perhaps he would set up no rival to his beloved Dushenka.'

Bogdanovich died in January, 1803, 'mourned by his acquaintance and friends, and by every friend of the literature of his country.' From his last production, which the translator says is 'a graceful and lovely poem,' we have only two short extracts, which we eagerly transfer to our pages.

'Twere vainly daring through dark time to range,
Seeking those sounds, which in eternal change
Were consecrate to beauty: its short day
Of fashion once possessed and passed away:
But let the poet be allowed to say,
That the fair royal maiden, youngest child
Of th' eastern monarch, whom with passion
wid

So many sighed for day and night,
Was by the Greeks called Psyche—meaning
(According to our learned ones' explaining)
A soul, or spirit—our philosophers

Thinking that all that's tender, fair, and
bright,

Must needs be her's,
Named her Dushenka";—thus
A word so sweet, so musical to us,
With all the charm of novelty,
O, loveliest Psyche! was conferred on thee.
Conveyed from tongue to tongue, its throne it
found.

In memory's archives—its melodious sound
Now breathes the angel-harmony of love,
A music and a radiance from above.'

'Dushenka: Dushenka! the robes that thou
wearer

Seem ever most lovely and fitting;

'Dusha—Dushenka its diminutive, a word
expressing great tenderness and fondness.

Whether clad like a queen of the east thou appear'st,
Or plain as a shepherdess sitting
By the door of her cottage at evening's calm
tide,
Thou still art the charm of the world and its
pride.

Thou fairest of saints that devotion has sainted,
Divinest of all the divine:—
All the pictures of beauty that art ever painted
Can give no idea of thine!'

We insert another extract from the
the same poet, which, though of a very
different description, yet possesses great
beauty and simplicity:—

'THE INEXPERIENCED SHEPHERDESS.

(A POPULAR SONG.)

I'm fourteen summers old I trow,
'Tis time to look about me now:
'Twas only yesterday they said,
'Is a silly, silly maid!—
'Tis time to look about me now.

The shepherd swains so rudely stare,
I must reprove them I declare:

'Thy talk of beauty—'that of love—
'I'm such a fool I can't reprove—
I must reprove them I declare.

'Thy strange—but yet I hope no sin;
Something unwonted speaks within:
Love's language is a mystery,
And yet I feel, and yet I see,—
O what is this that speaks within?

The shepherd cries, "I love thee, sweet!"
"And I love thee," my lips repeat:

Kind words, they sound as sweet to me
As music's fairest melody;
'I love thee," oft my lips repeat.

His pledge he brings,—I'll not reprove;
O no! I'll take that pledge of love;
To thee my guardian dog I'd give,
Could I without that guardian live:
But still I'll take thy pledge of love.

My shepherd's crook I'll give to thee;—
O no! my father gave it me—
And treasures by a parent given,
From a fond child should ne'er be riven—
O no! my father gave it me.

But thou shalt have yon lambkin fair—
Nay! 'tis my mother's fondest care;

For every day she joys to count
Each snowy lambkin on the mount;—
I'll give thee, then, no lambkin fair.
But stay, my shepherd! wilt thou be
For ever faithful—fond to me?

A sweeter gift I'll then impart,
And thou shalt have—a maiden's heart,
If thou wilt give thy heart to me.'

We have been so much delighted
with this volume, that we have dwelt
on it at greater length than is usual
with us; we shall, therefore, only ne-
cessitate one poet more, Kostrov, the trans-
lator of Homer's Iliad. It is said that
he offered the last six books of his Ho-
mer to a bookseller, and the liberal
tradesman offering him only one hun-
dred and fifty roubles (about 7. 10s.
sterling) for his labours, the offended
poet threw the translation into the fire.
The first six books are the only ones
which have been collected. With the
following we close our extracts:—

'THE VOW.

'The rose is my favourite flower:
On its tablets of crimson I swore,
That up to my last living hour
I never would think of thee more.

I scarcely the record had made,
Ere Zephyr, in frolicsome play,
On his light airy pinions convey'd
Both tablet and promise away.'

In closing our notice of this work,
we should be ungrateful if we did not
thank Mr. Bowring for the gratification
he has afforded us by making us
acquainted with the treasures of the
Russian muse, and we are much mis-
taken if the success of the present vo-
lume is not such as to call on him, very
speedily, to furnish complete transla-
tions of the poems, of which he has
only given extracts; and to prosecute
his extensive plan of writing a general
history of Russian literature.

A General History of the House of Guelph, &c. By Andrew Halliday.

(Continued from p. 100.)

In our last, we brought down the history
of the Guelphs to the death of
Henry the Lion. His son Henry, who,
in his youth, was a boy of what the
French call *très grande espérance*, de-
fended Brunswick, in the life time of
his father, with such spirit and judg-
ment, that the Imperialists were ob-
liged to withdraw from the contest.
This prince enlisted under the banner
of the cross, in the third crusade, and
greatly distinguished himself at the
capture of Joppa, and in many other
places in Asia. On his return from
the Holy Land, he visited Venice and
other cities in Italy, claiming the so-
vereignty of the states that belonged to
his family, and renewing the charters
which had been granted by his an-
cestors to the descendants of the younger
branches of his house. In 1200, he
accompanied his brother William to
England, to demand from King John
the legacies which had been left him
by their uncle, Richard the First. In
1215, in consequence of a quarrel with
Frederick the Second, he was publicly
proscribed, and the palatinate given to
Louis, Duke of Bavaria, but it was, in
a few years, restored to him. Henry
died in 1227, leaving only two daugh-
ters: one married to Herman, Mar-
grave of Baden, and the other to Otto,
Duke of Bavaria.

On the death of Henry the Sixth,
Otto, of Guelph, the second sur-
viving son of Henry the Lion, was
elected King of the Romans; he af-
terwards seized on Aix-la-Chapelle, where
the Archbishop of Cologne crowned

him Emperor. The partisans of the late emperor were not inactive, and Frederick, the only son of Henry the Sixth, a child of three years of age, was declared the head of the empire, and Philip, his uncle and guardian, was, at a diet, elected King of the Romans. War was carried on some years with great vigour, when, through the mediation of the Pope, a reconciliation was effected. Philip agreed to bestow his daughter Beatrix upon Otho, and to secure him the succession, and he consented to waive all pretensions to the crown during the lifetime of Philip. The untimely end of this emperor, who was murdered by the Count Otho, of Wittelsbach, left the son of Henry the Lion in the undisputed possession of the imperial crown, within the year after the family compact was made. Beatrix gave her hand to Otho four years after her father's murder, but only survived the ceremony four days. The claims of the young Frederick were afterwards supported by France, and Otho withdrew from the contest and died in retirement, at Brunswick, in 1218. William of Winchester, the youngest son of Henry the Lion, was born while his father was an exile in England; he married Helen, daughter of Waldemar, King of Denmark, and dying in 1212, left issue, Otho, then in his eighth year, under the guardianship of his widow.

We are now arrived at a period when the descendants of the Guelphic race, robbed of their hereditary states, and deprived of the titles of their ancestors, appear in the ordinary rank of German princes. After some severe struggles, in which Otho was taken prisoner, he resigned the whole of his possessions into the hands of the emperor, and was reduced to the rank of a feudal duke, whose territories scarcely exceeded one fiftieth part of the states governed by his grandfather. He, whose ancestors had created princes and ordained bishops, was made Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, by charter, instead of allodial right. Otho died in 1252, leaving his son, Albert I. his successor, who was styled 'the Great,' but whether from his stature or his noble deeds, is not altogether certain. After being continually at war with his neighbours, in which he was generally successful, he added greatly to his dominions, and dying in 1279, left them divided among his three sons, who, as usual, contended with each other, when the duchy of Brunswick ultimately fell to the second son, Albert II. who, marry-

ing Richenza, a daughter of Henry, Prince of Merle, in Mecklenburg, had a family of nine children. His states were divided at his death, in 1318, between his sons Otho, Magnus, and Ernest. Magnus the First, surnamed the Pious, inherited Brunswick, who, dying in 1369, was succeeded by his son Louis, and afterwards by his second son, Magnus II. who was called Torquatus, or the chain-bearer, from the following circumstance:—

'This prince, in his younger days, being very insolent and troublesome to his subjects and neighbours, it was made known to his father, who sent many letters and divers messages to reclaim him, but in vain; so that, at last, he was obliged to use threats, and let him know, that if ever he took the field again in a hostile manner, he would hang him at the next tree. The son, who was of a very active spirit, and daring, only laughed at his father's menaces, and, in derision, always wore a silver chain about his neck, that there might, as he said, be no lack of a thing to hang him with.'

The Duchy of Luneburg, which had been separated from that of Brunswick since the death of Albert the Great, in consequence of the failure of issue, reverted to Magnus II., who got possession of it, but, in the contest, meeting his rival, Albert, in the field of battle, they engaged in single combat; and, during this encounter, Magnus was basely murdered by one of the attendants of the Count of Schaumburg, who stabbed him in the back.

The death of Magnus, in 1373, did not put an end to the contest respecting the succession of the states of Luneburg. His sons, Frederick, Bernard, and Henry, had agreed to reign conjointly, and were determined to maintain their right to the inheritance of their ancestors. Frederick, the eldest, was esteemed one of the ablest princes of his day, and when Wenzelau, by his bad conduct, forfeited the crown of the Caesars, and was removed from the throne, he, by the unanimous voice of the empire, was elected King of the Romans; but was murdered on his way to Frankfort to receive the crown.

Bernhard and Henry agreed upon a division of their states. The latter took Luneburg and Calenberg for his share; while the former had Brunswick, including Hanover, Everstein, and other provinces. Before we notice the issue of Bernhard, we shall make an extract relating to a collateral descendant of his, William, Duke of Brunswick, Wolfenbüttele, who was summoned to a diet at Spire. Among

other charges against him was the following, which is quoted from a History of the House of Brunswick, printed in London, in 1716:—

"The Duke had married the Lady Mary, sister to Ulrich, Duke of Wittenberg, who, among other ladies that waited on her, had one Eve Trotting, a young lady of extraordinary beauty and noble family. The Duke began to be desperately smitten with her, and, at length prevailing, had some children by her; but that the intrigue might not be discovered, and that he might still enjoy her company, he put a stragem into her head, that she should pretend to return home to her parents; and he furnished her with a wagon and horses and all things necessary for her journey; but, when the people thought she was really returned home, she was conducted another way to a castle of his, whereof the governor was beforehand instructed by him what to do, and had a woman or two, in whom he most confided to assist him in the plot. Some days after Eve came there, she took to her bed, pretending to be very sick. Now the Duke had before prepared an image to be made of wood, representing the head, neck, and breast of a dead body; the other parts of the body were done and shaped in linen, which the women stuffed with dust or earth, that so it might seem to be solid, and then fitted the wooden head and bust to it, which was likewise covered over with the linen cloth. Being thus ordered and wrapt in a shroud, it was laid on the floor, and presently one of the women ran to the governor's parlour door, crying out that Eve was dead; upon which he presently ordered a coffin to be made to put the body in; and, to scare people from approaching the corpse, it was given out that she died of the plague, and juniper berries and other oculatorous things were burnt to perfume the room. Afterwards, the corpse was carried in funeral pomp to the Grey Friar's Church, where it was honourably buried; the Franciscans performing all the usual ceremonies, and praying for the soul of the deceased, as they did for a whole year after, and, in their sermons, exhorted the people to do the like. There was also, by the Duke's orders, a funeral office performed for her in the chapel of the castle, where it was said she died, priests being invited thither from the neighbourhood; the same was done in the castle of Wolfenbüttele. His wife, the Duchess, was present at this office with her women and maids all in mourning. Many priests were invited to it, who had, afterwards, a dinner, and every one of them a piece of money in gratuity; according to the ancient custom observed among the papists.

"In the meantime, Eve, whose death was lamented by so many, was in the castle of Stauffenburg, where she was still visited by the Duke, who, since that time, had seven children by her; he also per-

sued his Duchess to write to Eve's parents and relations to acquaint them with her death.

"But when afterwards a rumour was raised that she was still alive, and kept in Stauffenburg, the Duchess's jealousy put her upon making a strict inquiry of the servants about the truth thereof; but the Duke gave orders, that none of those should come near her that could give any information. However, her suspicion stuck to her as long as she lived, which put her upon writing many letters to him to lament her misfortune."

Reverting to the elder branch of this family, we find that Bernhard left two sons, Otho and Frederick. The first succeeded his father in 1434, and reigning twelve years, died without issue. He was succeeded by his brother Frederick, surnamed the Just, who delivered up the government of the Duchy to his two sons, Bernhard and Otho, and retired to a convent. Otho was engaged in a contest with his nobles, and died during the lifetime of his father, leaving a son, Henry, three years of age. Bernhard, now emerged from the cloister and assumed the reins of government, as the guardian of his grandson. His second reign was as peaceable as his first had been, and he died in 1478, leaving the young Henry, then ten years of age, sovereign of the country.

This Henry was an active and enterprising prince. He succeeded from the church, and greatly promoted the reformation; a circumstance which involved him in war with his cousins Erick and Henry of Brunswick Wolfenbüttele, whom he took prisoners. He was put under the law of the empire, and, to avoid the effects of this prescription, he resigned the duchy to his three sons, and fled to France, where he remained an exile for several years. On making proper submission, he was allowed to return, and became active in suppressing the insurrection occasioned by the extravagancies of Mun of Stollberg, the Apostle of the Anabaptists.

Ernest the Second, son of Henry, who, on the resignation of his brother, succeeded to the Duchy, was called the Confessor, on account of the active and zealous part he took in the reformation. In the diet at Augsburg, his voice had a powerful influence in persuading the princes to support the cause they had adopted, and to reject the flattering and tempting promises of the emperor. He ably supported the exhortations of Luther, and was amongst the first to propose the league for their

mutual defence against all aggressors, and by which the Protestant states of the empire were formed into one regular body. Ernest was an able negotiator and a sound politician: and his commanding eloquence could at all times confirm the wavering spirit of the Elector of Saxony, or calm the violence of the Landgrave of Hesse, the acknowledged heads of the Protestant league. Henry resided in the Castle of Celle, and took the title of Duke of that city, in preference to that of Duke of Luneburg. He died in 1546. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Francis Otho, in the dukedom of Celle. Henry, his second son, received the principality of Danneberg; and William, the youngest, had the duchy of Luneburg.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Characteristic Portraits of the various Tribes of Cossacks attached to the Allied Armies in the Campaign of 1815. Taken from the life at Paris, and accompanied by Historical Particulars, and Authentic Descriptions of their Manners, Costume, &c. 4to. pp. 52. London, 1820.

In another part of the present Number, we exhibit striking proofs of the progress of civilization, and of the cultivation of the polite arts in Russia, and we are now called upon to shew the dark side of the picture, in an account of the rude and unrefined Cossacks, whose personal appearance is as various as their tribes or the countries they inhabit. The Don, Ural, Zaporogian, Buschkir, Grebenski, Kirguis, and Tcherkasses, or Circassian, Cossacks, with the Nogays and Mongols, all form distinct tribes and differ from each other. But, generally speaking, all the Cossacks have something Asiatic in their habits and physiognomy. They are of the middle stature, but of a robust constitution, inured to fatigue and every vicissitude of climate; hence the formidable resistance they made to the French, not only in their own 'frightful country' but in the south of Europe. Almost all the Cossacks have blue eyes, brown hair, cut short in the neck, and the beard more commonly red than black. Though the Cossacks are really subjects, yet they are not amenable to the general laws of the state; and it seems doubtful whether they can ever be brought into a state of civilization. They are, in general, registered for the military service at the age of eighteen, and not discharged till they are fifty. The Russian govern-

ment alone possesses the power of appointing or removing the Hetman and the principal officers, but the others are still elected by their equals; and, when once they have taken rank in the Russian army, they cannot be cashiered, except by the Emperor.

When they are in active service, they receive a ration of flour, millet, or oatmeal, and are paid from twelve to fifteen rubles a year; and as they are obliged to find their own arms, horses, equipments, and subsistence, it is pretty clear that they must live almost entirely at the expense either of their enemies or of their allies. Their dress, which is left to their own choice, is a motley mixture of every colour. They are armed with a carbine, sabre, and pistols; but their principal weapon is a pike, from fifteen to eighteen feet long, which they manage with great dexterity, and which alone is sufficient to make them formidable. But besides these, some of the Cossack corps carry a singular and not less dangerous weapon. This is a rope, from fifteen to eighteen feet in length, with a noose at one end, which they fling with such expertness and rapidity over a flying enemy, that, provided he be within reach, they entrap him in the noose as securely as the lazomen on the River La Plata catch the wild bullocks in precisely a similar mode. In this manner, at the time of the invasion of Russia, the French General Segur was caught, and dragged from his horse, by a Cossack, after he had cut his enemy's lance in two with his sword.

The author of the present work, after giving a general description of the Cossacks, proceeds to describe the different tribes, which are illustrated by some good lithographic engravings, and by characteristic anecdotes. Our extracts will rather be of a general description; we cannot, however, omit noticing the excessive voracity of the Buschskirs, of whom we are told that—

'One man will eat at a meal fifteen pounds of meat, and drink eight quarts of kumiss. One of their favourite dishes is the bishbarmak, or five-finger dish, so called because it is swallowed by handfuls. It consists of hashed horseflesh. Buschkirian politeness requires each person to cram a handful of this hash into his neighbour's mouth; and when they have public entertainments, every one strives to introduce a handful into the mouth of the chief, who has nothing to do but digest what he is so liberally supplied with. If the mistress of a house is going to treat her guests with sheep's feet, she throws some dozens of them on the fire; takes them off when they are half broiled, and brings them by armfuls to the table. With this ravenous disposition, the Buschskirs find themselves rather straightened in winter; it is said that their condition during that season is truly piteable; that

they look like spectres, and do not begin to recover their flesh till spring.

We shall now give a few of the most characteristic anecdotes which this pleasing little work furnishes. It is necessary to premise that they relate to the Cossacks when at Dresden, in 1813:

Love of Music.—It appears that these rude people are by no means insensible to the charms of music, for which they manifest a strong predilection. A party of them, attracted by the solemn peal of the organ, entered a church, and while it was playing, continued fixed in silent attention. Its tones ceased, and the officiating clergyman commenced his sermon. This address, in an unknown language, soon began to excite symptoms of impatience in the strangers; one of whom, stealing softly up the steps of the pulpit unobserved by the minister, startled him not a little by tapping him on the shoulder in the midst of his harangue, and inviting him, as well as he could by signs, accompanied with all sorts of grotesque gestures, to descend, and no longer interrupt the gratification which the organist afforded to himself and his companions. Notwithstanding the solemnity of the place, the gravity of the minister and his congregation were not proof against this attack, and it was some time before the former could so far recover from its ludicrous effect, as to resume his discourse.

A young lady, of a respectable family, was seated at her piano-forte, playing and singing. She was heard by a Cossack who was passing under her window. As if enchanted, he followed the melodious sounds, pursued his way up stairs, from room to room, and, after traversing several apartments, discovered the right one. He entered, and stood listening behind the lonely musician, who, half dead with fear on perceiving the figure of her martial visitor in a mirror, would naturally have run away. He detained her, and, in unintelligible language, but with friendly gestures, begged for *la da capo*; and without ceremony, fetched his comrades out of the street. The music soon relaxed the joints of the bearded warriors, and in a few moments they struck up a charming Cossack dance, in the best room in the house. The trembling girl was obliged to summon up all her courage and strength, that her fingers might not refuse to perform their office in this critical juncture. She returned sincere thanks to heaven when the dance was over, and was not a little surprised when one of the delighted performers, with the most cordial gestures, laid a piece of gold on the piano forte. It was to no purpose that the young lady refused it; the donors retired, leaving behind them the piece of money, which the fair owner will doubtless preserve with care, as a memorial of the lovers of dancing and music from the deserts of Asia.

Politeness.—A Cossack, surrounded by a legion of boys, whom he sometimes

took by the hand, and sometimes set a running, by throwing his cap for them to bring back again, met a lad selling cakes. He immediately laid an embargo on the whole stock of the itinerant trader, which he divided among his merry companions, reserving for himself about a dozen cakes, which he put into the pockets of his wide breeches. Whilst occupied in housing them, he spied an elegant lady coming towards him, but who was about to turn off to avoid the crowd of boys. The Cossack ran up to her, pulled the cakes three at a time out of his magazine, and offered them to the lady, half dead with fright. "*Mamsell, good!—Dobie, mamsell!*" said he, with a friendly smile. When, however, neither kind words nor gestures could prevail on *mamsell* to accept the cakes, he thrust them into her ridiculous, and respectfully kissed her fair hands, in spite of all her endeavours to disengage them from his grasp. The lady made a precipitate retreat, and the Cossack watched her, as long as she was in sight, with a look of concern.

A Cossack's Word.—The Cossack colonel, Prince G***n, was quartered with a lady of rank. The footman of the latter, going out of the house one evening about nine o'clock, observed a Cossack before the door, holding two horses. To his utter astonishment, he soon discovered that it was no other than Prince G., his mistress's guest.—"Good God!" said he, "is your highness holding horses?"—"Yes; a Cossack, who did not know me, just as I was coming out of the house, asked me to hold them for a moment. I did not like to refuse him; but the fellow stays rather too long. I have been standing here almost an hour."—"Let me take the bridle; I will hold the horses."—"No; I must keep the promise which I have given to the Cossack. A Cossack never breaks his word." Whilst the servant was expressing his surprise at this kind of observance of the word of a prince, the Cossack came up, recognized the illustrious horse-holder, and threw himself at the feet of his colonel, who, mildly said, as he went away, "Another time, don't stay so long."

The Ural tribes in Siberia have four fisheries every year, when tickets are given to the Cossacks registered for the military service. The Attamans receive four, the Starchines three, the other civil and military officers two, and the private Cossacks one; but these tickets may be transferred or sold for the year. The first of these fisheries is the most important, the most productive, and the most curious; and we therefore close our extracts with an account of it:—

About the 3d or 4th of January, the registered Cossacks are assembled: inquiry is made if those who have been absent on business are returned, and where the most fish have been observed; for the

sturgeons and belugas begin to ascend the river so early as the middle of autumn. The experienced fishermen, who watch them at the time the ice begins to form, assert, that these fish sport and play about the spot which they fix upon for their winter abode, where they lie torpid on the sand. A day is then fixed for opening the fishery. The wished-for day is ushered in by the discharge of artillery. The Cossacks, provided with tickets, mounted on sledges, and furnished with iron hooks of all dimensions, set out before sunrise, and range themselves in a line as they reach the appointed rendezvous. An attaman, elected for the season, reviews them, and examines if they have their hooks, and their arms to withstand the Kirguises, by whom they are frequently attacked; the jeassous, or aides-de-camp, recommend order, and the party proceed to the designated spot. The part of the river destined for the winter fishery is about four hundred versts in length, following the winding course of the Ural. Every day a certain space is set apart for operations. Each Cossack has his place, which he chooses as he arrives, and which he may change with his neighbour if it suits them, or if one of them quits his situation; but none of them can begin to fish till the attaman has given the signal, by a discharge of musketry. At this signal, each man makes a hole, the dimensions of which are nearly defined in the ice at the spot which he has chosen. He thrusts the largest of his hooks down to the mud of the river, which is sometimes fifteen or sixteen fathoms deep. The fish, roused from its torpor by another hook which the fisherman holds in his left hand, strives to burrow deeper, and falls upon the first hook, which the Cossack instantly pulls up upon the ice. It sometimes happens that two neighbours catch the same fish, or that they have need of assistance to draw up the largest; in such cases they divide the booty. Some of them will catch ten sturgeons a day, several of which will weigh as much as five puds, (a pud is thirty-three pounds weight, and belugas of above eight hundred pounds weight. Others are so unfortunate as not to catch any thing for several days; and, perhaps, do not take altogether sufficient to defray the expenses which their preparations for the fishery have occasioned, and which they often make upon credit. They never fail to ascribe this ill luck to some spell that is set upon them, and, if, by accident, a frog should be brought up by their hook, they immediately desist from fishing, convinced that some fatality would attend them.

The costumes of the different tribes are well represented, and the work is interesting, without having much pretension to literary merit. Indeed, the letter-press has only been considered as an auxiliary to the engravings, though to us it is the most important feature.

The New Pronouncing and Spelling Book, accompanied by a Series of Instructive and Interesting Lessons. By John Bigland, Author of 'Letters on History,' &c. &c. pp. 160. Derby, 1820.

HAVING observed, the other day, fine specimens of penmanship, exhibited in a window, with these words, '*Spelling Writing, and Aritmetic*, conscientiously taught on moderate terms;' we feel it our duty to select a work which, if consulted, will make a bad writer to be respected, and a good one celebrated.

Many of the old spelling books have been so artfully pirated and badly printed, that they have neither ability nor correctness to recommend them. The putting of such books into the hands of children is like giving them an ignorant guide that will lead them into perpetual error. An accurate spelling book, then, is of the utmost importance, and we cheerfully occupy a nook of our columns to give Mr. Bigland the commendation which he merits. The work before us is divided into six parts, and subdivided into tables for spelling and lessons for reading, with occasional remarks for elucidation.

The first part is more immediately designed to remove a false pronunciation, and we think it the most *difficult* part of the book, at least to a *child's* comprehension. The second and third parts contain a sketch of monosyllables and polysyllables, with 'moral lessons.' The fourth and fifth are equally valuable; the last of which contains lessons on natural history, with a cut to each lesson. The sixth part relates principally to punctuation and abbreviation. Method and correctness are the attributes of the whole book; its sentiments are moral, and its tendencies excellent.

Original Communications.

NECESSITY OF A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—More than two hundred years have rolled on since the present translation of the Bible was made. Now it must be acknowledged that, during this period, custom and education have tended much to the alteration of words in their application. Words which were used by old writers, and considered as intelligibly correct and strictly moral, are now either obsolete, or, if,

used, admissible in the language and writings of that day, would be considered as highly improper and immoral. If we but refer back to the dramatic authors, and even later poets, we may read them; but from the tenor of expressions which they contain, we should be sorry, and deviate from our principles of duty and obligation to our children, to put them into their hands, and entirely on this account. Whereas, the finest productions of antiquity and philological research are hidden in obscurity, or but faintly seen, because the language is not tolerated under our ideas of delicacy.

I am led into these observations, Sir, from a very simple, but, nevertheless, I consider, important reason. After church, last Sunday, my little girl, whom I endeavour to instruct in the paths of virtue and affection, said to me,—'Father, don't you think our clergyman is a very wicked man?' 'Why, my dear?' I rejoined. 'Because, I'm sure, he said very naughty words when he was reading the lesson out of the Bible; and you say that is a good book.'

Now, Sir, you may imagine the reply; I was obliged to enter into an explanation which was not pleasant, or suffer the innocent curate, who was but performing his duty, to become the object of even a child's reproof. This cannot be said to be the way 'to train up a child in the way he should go, that when he is old he may not depart from it.' I am your's, &c.

Jan. 1821.

A PARENT.

EPITAPHS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

'When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urn record who rests below;—
When all is done, upon the stone is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been.

LORD BYRON.

SIR,—Inhuman, indeed, must he be who could refuse the consolation, which relatives derive for the loss of their dear connexions from the circumstances of tombstones, epitaphs, &c. There is a certain joyousness, in the midst of our tears, arising from the satisfaction of having, to the extent of our abilities, paid the last duties to departed worth, in reference to the solemnities of interment, and in the after act of placing over their remains a memento, which shall tell that once they lived. It is not, therefore, of these interesting peculiarities which I would complain; but of that system of

exaggerated eulogy, which converts the tablets of our cemeteries into so many fulsome orations over dust and ashes. Every allowance should be made for the intensity of feeling, which generally dictates these records; and it is chiefly on the epitaphs of the rich and great that censure should fall, rather than on the *enlarged expressions* of private feeling and affection. When a man dies, whose narrow spirit, proverbial penuriousness, and grudging severity on the poor, have been as notorious as his possessions were extensive, the eye sullens at the engraved marble, which proclaims the liberality of his hand, the sympathy of his heart, and the boundless generosity of his habitual conduct, which procured for him the esteem of all. Nor is it the vulgar prejudice existing against the rich in general, that draws forth these remarks. Providence, by a system as mysterious as it is unerring, has instituted a distinction of ranks, possessions, and enjoyments; and it is only the meanest and most paltry envy, which can abuse the rich, only because they are rich. A fact, however, occurred in Scotland, which may, in some measure, justify these comments; a wealthy baronet, of whom not one act of benevolence is known, died some time ago; and, after all the 'pomp and prodigality' of funeral honours, a monument was erected to his memory. First appeared the deceased's name and titles, then the family lineage, followed by a recital of numerous acts of liberality (now for the first time heard of upon the most shallow authority), which would raise a memorial more lasting than stone or marble. The whole was finely wound up with the following scripture quotation:—'Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and whatsoever he giveth, the same shall he receive;' underneath which was written very soon afterwards,—

'The Lord owes the baronet—NOTHING!'

Severe indeed! but not more severe than true; a satire applicable, it is feared, to many a sculptured slab.

'When the last trump shall sound—the trembling base,
Of towers, of temples, pyramids be riven,
And all the dead arise before the hosts of heaven!

Oh! in that awful hour, of what avail
Unto the "spiritual body" will be found
The costliest canopy, or proudest tale
Recorded on it!" —BERNARD BARTON.

• This anecdote was related by the Rev. Dr. Waugh, at the last dinner of the Scottish Corporation.—Ed.

It is to be lamented that, by the excess of praise, which gives distaste, we feel disinclined to give even the share of merit to which they are justly entitled. Let moderation in this, as in other matters, be exercised; and then, when we walk through our churchyards and cathedrals, instead of the disgust now generally excited by the empty effusions of lettered marble, we shall behold them with due solemnity and respect, and be able fully to enter into the feelings of Addison, when he wrote his admirable 'Reflections in Westminster Abbey,' which may be found in the Spectator.

I am, Sir, your's truly,
February, 1821. L.

The Family Trunk,

No. III.

BY MOSES VON MUCKLEWIT, GENT.

SUPERSTITIOUS TRIALS.

WHEN, about three years ago, the subject of Trial by Battle underwent so much discussion, I was more than once on the eve of communicating to the world some of the curious information which my father had collected on this point. A good deal, however, of what my *legacy* comprised on this subject, has since transpired, from other sources; and the subject itself has, besides, lost all that interest which it derived from the temporary occurrences, that caused its public investigation at the time I have mentioned. For these reasons, I shall not here enter into any particular examination of this antiquated mode of determining guilt or innocence, but intend to devote this paper to a general view only of those trials, which were common to the ages of barbarism and superstition, and among which the trial by battle held a distinguished place. And, in doing this, I shall only so far avail myself of the assistance of my FAMILY TRUNK, as to select from it the materials of this lucubration, which, in all other respects, I desire may be regarded as the *bona fide* composition of me, MOSES VON MUCKLEWIT.

These superstitious trials, or, as they were anciently called, the judgments of God, were chiefly of two sorts: 1. Trial by battle; 2. Trial by ordeal. The latter consisted again of three subdivisions: ordeal of hot iron—ordeal of hot water—and ordeal of cold water. There were, likewise, some subordinate modes of trial, as the judgment of the cross, and the judgment by

Scripture, similar to the *Sortes Virgiliae*, practised in this country within the last two centuries; but the last-mentioned custom had no reference to criminal matters.

Various opinions have been expressed at different times as to the origin of the trial by battle, but all writers are agreed as to its antiquity. And, as has been remarked with respect to the English constitution, this usage may also be said to have had its birth in the woods of Germany. It appears, indeed, to have been the most usual mode of determining controversies among the primitive northern nations. For we learn from Saxo Grammaticus and others that it was anciently common in Scandinavia; and Velleius Paterculus informs us that all those questions which were decided among the Romans by legal trial, were determined among the Germans by arms. And, upon the final subjugation by the Goths of the western portion of Europe, this barbarous custom was introduced into the conquered countries, where a passion for arms, united with the superstitious notions of the times, contributed, for several centuries, to its preservation. Thus we find in Cassiodorus, a letter from Theodoric, one of the Gothic sovereigns, exhorting some of his subjects to lay aside duelling, and to have recourse to the legal tribunals for the settlement of their disputes. This practice grew afterwards very common in Italy in the time of the Lombards, and which has been ascribed to the barbarous laws enacted in that country during the seventh century. Rotarius and the succeeding monarchs frequently enjoined single combats; and, afterwards, the French and Germans, whose laws were, in a great degree, founded on those of Lombardy, decreed on several occasions that disputes should be decided by duel. The emperor Frederic II., when he published his Sicilian Constitutions, declared, that the laws of Lombardy should be preferred in Sicily to the Roman; and, in conformity with this spirit, he provided, amongst his decrees, for the particular manner in which single combats should be conducted.

It was in France, however, that this practice appears to have found its most congenial abode, and where, nursed by the spirit of chivalry, it long maintained its ground. Montesquieu informs us that it was even countenanced by the clergy; but this must apply to those of an inferior degree only, since the popes and other dignitaries are

known on many occasions to have opposed it. Thus, by a decree of the third council of Valence, held in the year 855, all persons engaged in single combat, even though under the sanction of a Court of Justice, were anathematized and excluded from Christian burial. A similar decree was also passed at the fourth council of Lateran; and there are extant Bulls of Innocent II. and Innocent IV. in 1137 and 1255, prohibiting an indulgence in this barbarous custom. The inferior orders of clergy were, however, to have frequently declared in its favour, and of which many instances are recorded in the history of France. Thus, when Louis IX. published an edict, forbidding the practice, the Prior of St. Peter le Montier obstinately determined to maintain it in his own district. And it was even common among the clergy to bring their champions into the field, to contend in their name, the prevalence of which practice it was that occasioned the decree of the council of Lateran already alluded to. We are informed, too, by Selden, in his treatise, entitled the 'Duello,' that many instances of the same custom occurred also amongst the English clergy. Their brethren in France, however, appear to have been more resolute in its observance; for, in order to elude the canonical laws on this point, they were accustomed to substitute clubs and cudgels for lances and swords.

Our Henry I., among temporal monarchs, laid some of the earliest restrictions on this ancient practice; but his decrees extended only to the prohibition of trial by battle concerning property of small value. Louis VII. of France imitated his example: and he was followed by St. Louis, whose regulations, however, were confined to the royal domains. Other kings of France adopted the same course, until, about the close of the fifteenth century, when a duel was no longer regarded in that country as a judicial proceeding, but resorted to only, as now, to avenge an injury, or to determine an imaginary point of honour. In England, trial by battle, in civil matters, was finally abolished so early as the time of Henry II., by the introduction, in its stead, of the Grand Assize, a substitute which is generally ascribed to the invention of Glanville. It was reserved for our own times, however, to witness the total extinction in criminal as well as in civil matters, of this remnant of superstition and barbarism.

It may not be uninteresting to state here, that St. Drausin, who had been bishop of Soissons, was long regarded in France as the tutelary saint of duellists. It is, accordingly, observed, in some of the Breviaries of this saint, that 'all sorts of people flocked to his tomb, and that those who were under any engagement to fight implored his assistance in a more particular manner, and that such as continued a night in prayer were always wont to have the advantage in their encounter.' Nor was this superstitious usage confined only to single combatants; the shrine of St. Drausin was also frequented by military men of all degrees, and was the general resort of those adventurers, that were about to engage in the Holy Wars. We learn too, upon the authority of John of Salisbury, that Thomas à Becket made a pilgrimage to Soissons for the express purpose of ingratiating the saint on some important occasion; and the same writer adds, that 'it was a common opinion in his time, that St. Drausin rendered these men invincible, who spent the night at his tomb before they fought, inasmuch that warriors came from Burgundy and Italy to Soissons on that account.' He also relates, that the Earl of Montfort, before his combat with the Earl of Essex, spent a whole night at St. Drausin's shrine.

I shall conclude this paper with a brief account of the manner in which the trial by battle was formerly conducted in France, as it is described in a work, published in 1713, entitled, '*Les Mœurs et Coutumes des François, dans les différens Temps de la Monarchie.*'

'When the combat had been authorized by the sentence of the Court, the judge appointed a day for it. If the combatants were to fight on foot, they had only a sword and shield; if on horseback, they were armed cap-a-pée. The arms were carried by the judge with the sound of files and trumpets, and afterwards received in the middle of the field the priest's benediction, which was bestowed with great ceremony. The champions then swore, before they approached each other, that they had no charm about them, and that they would conduct themselves as loyal and worthy knights. Their swords were afterwards girt on them, and their horses and lances brought, and a proclamation was then made by the heralds, forbidding the spectators to favour either of the combatants. The champions now gave the

lie to each other several times, after which, upon the sound of trumpet, the encounter commenced; and, when they had struck as many blows as were specified in the *cartel*, the judge threw a wand into the air to apprise the champions that the combat was at an end. When it happened to last until night with equal success, the party accused was regarded as the victor, and his antagonist was condemned to the punishment assigned to the crime with which the other had been charged.'

The unexpected length of this paper obliges me to postpone to a future occasion, the observations I have to offer as to the other species of superstitious trials, to which I have above alluded.

ON DUELLING.

THE following letter against duelling, which was written by Joseph, late Emperor of Germany, has just found its way to the world, in a work at Leipzig, entitled, 'a Collection of unpublished Letters of Joseph II.' :—

'GENERAL.—I desire you to arrest Count K. and Captain W. immediately. The count is of an imperious character, proud of his birth, and full of false ideas of honour. Captain W., who is an old soldier, thinks of settling every thing by the sword or the pistol. He has done wrong to accept a challenge from the young count. I will not suffer the practice of duelling in my army; and I despise the arguments of those who seek to justify it. I have a high esteem for officers who expose themselves courageously to the enemy, and who, on all occasions, shew themselves intrepid, valiant and determined in attack, as well as in defence. The indifference with which they face death is honourable to themselves and useful to their country; but there are men ready to sacrifice every thing to a spirit of revenge and hatred. I despise them: such men, in my opinion, are worse than the Roman Gladiators. Let a council of war be summoned to try these two officers, with all the impartiality which I demand from every judge; and let the most culpable of the two be made an example, by the rigour of the law. I am resolved that this barbarous custom, which is worthy of the age of Tamerlane and Bajazet, and which is so often fatal to the peace of families, shall be punished and suppressed, though it should cost me half my officers. There will be still left men, who can unite bravery with the duties of faithful subjects. I wish for none who do not respect the laws of the country.'

Vienne, Aug. 1771.

JOSEPH.

SCOTTISH CUSTOMS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

MR. Barclay, in his relation of the most memorable things that passed in his father's house, from the beginning of the century to the year 14, in which his father died, says, 'My brother was married in the year 4, at the age of twenty-one; few men were unmarried after this time of life. I myself was married, by my friends, at 18, which was thought a proper age. Sir James Stuart's marriage with President Dalrymple's second daughter brought together a number of people related to both families. At the signing of the eldest Miss Dalrymple's contract, the year before, there was an entire hog-head of wine drank that night, and the number of people at Sir J. Stuart's was little less. The marriage was in the President's house, with as many of the relations as it would hold. The bride's favours were all sewn on her gown, from top to bottom, and round the neck and sleeves. The moment the ceremony was performed, the whole company ran to her, and pulled off the favours; in an instant she was stripped of them all. The next ceremony was the garter, which the bridegroom's man attempted to pull from her leg, but she dropt it on the floor; it was white and silver riband, which was cut in small morsels to every one in company. The bride's mother then came in with a basket of favours belonging to the bridegroom: those and the bride's were the same with the bearings of their families: her's pink and white, his blue and gold coloured.'

The company dined and supped together, and had a ball in the evening; the same, next day, at Sir James Stuart's. On Sunday there went from the President's house to church twenty-three couple all in high dress; Mr. Barclay, then a boy, led the youngest Miss Dalrymple, who was the last of them. They filled the galleries of the church from the King's seat to the wing loft. The feasting continued till they had gone through all the friends of the family, with a ball every night.

As the baptisms was another public place, he goes on to describe it thus:—

'On the fourth week after the lady's delivery, she was set on her bed, on a low footstool, the bed covered with some neat piece of sowed work or white satin, with three pillows at her back, covered with the same, she in full dress, with a lappit head-dress, and a fan in her hand. Having informed her ac-

quaintance what day she is to see company, they all come and pay their respects to her, standing or walking a little through the room, for there are no chairs; they drink a glass of wine and eat a piece of cake, and then give place to others. Towards the end of the week all the friends were asked to what was called the Commerfealls: this was a supper where every gentleman brought a pint of wine to be drank by him and his wife. The supper was,—a ham at the head, and a pyramid of fowls at the bottom, hens and ducks below, partridges at top: there was an eating posset in the middle of the table, with dried fruits and sweetmeats at the sides. When they had finished their supper, the meat was removed, and in an instant every one flies to the sweetmeats to pocket them, on which a scramble ensued, chairs overturned, and every thing on the table, wrestling and pulling at one another with the utmost noise and violence. When all was quiet, they went to the stoups, (for there were no bottles for the wine) of which the women had a good share: for, though it was a disgrace to be seen drunk, yet it was none to be a little intoxicated in good company. A few days after this, the same company were asked to the christening, which was always in the church, all in high dress, a number of them young ladies, who were called maiden cimmers; one of them presented the child to the father. After the ceremony, they dined and supped together, and the night often concluded by a ball.

Original Poetry.

SONG FROM THE GAELIC.

CHORUS.

SWEET the rising mountains red with heather
belles;
Sweet the bubbling fountains and the dewy
dais;

Sweet the snowy blossom of the thorny tree;
Sweeter is young Mary of Glensmole to me.

Sweet, O sweet! with Mary o'er the wilds to
stray,
When Glensmole is dress'd in all the pride of
May,—

And, when weary roving through the greenwood
glade,
Softly to recline beneath the birken shade.

Sweet the naing mountains, ah.

There to fix my gaze in raptures of delight,
On her eyes of truth, of love, of life, and light—
On her bosom, purer than the silver tide,
Fairer than the *caana* on the mountain side.

Sweet the rising mountains, ah.

What were all the splendour of the proud and
great
To the simple pleasures of our green retreat?

From the crystal spring fresh vigour we inhale;
Rosy health does court us on the mountain gale:
Sweet the rising mountains, ah.

Were I offered all the wealth that Albion yields,
All her lofty mountains and her fruitful fields,
With the countless riches of her subject seas,
I would scorn the change for biases such as these.

Sweet the rosy mountains, ah.

AULD DOMINIE.

COUNTRY VISITORS.

'Though to myself farsworn, to thee I'll con-
stant prove.' COWPER.

(The Reply to WILFORD.—*Literary Chronicle*,
p. 110.)

Your letter arriv'd in the *Literary Chronicle*,
And Polly declares you're a quiz and ironical;
But Polly is cross'd in her passion as usual,
For aunt Debby's declaring her sweetheart's re-
fusal;

As for father, he's well, and out shooting the
grouse;

And for mother, she's darning the hose in the
house;

Old uncle still lame and asleep in the corner
O'erwearied by toil, but as happy as Horner;
And I, ———, like a bird in a desolate nest,
Live without you, dear Wilford! in dutiful rest.
You have strange girls in London, and dandies
no doubt,

Who are lash'd by your satire when ferretted
out,

And deserv'ing the lashes of all of their kind,
When adorning their body, neglecting their
mind;

But e'en at this distance, though foggy and
dear,

Nature's odd ones come *hopping* and *rope-danc-*
ing here,

Though the *hops* are in Kent and the *ropes* in
our stable,

And, like *Hop* with their anchor, extended in
cable,

We've a curious old lady and daughters come
down

To the doctors for health, from a nook of your
town;

They have caused such commotion, diversion,
and joke,

All the heads of the parish are under their yoke;
They have asses for riding, have clogs for the
dew,

Dress thrice in the day, and take breakfast at
two;

And to give their coarse manners the air of
genteel,

They gabble bad French while partaking each
meal;

E'en the footman's instructed the meaning of
bread,

Though to spell his own name has ne'er entered
his head;

And he calls it *due pain*, while they echo *due*
pain;

Till his thoughts are suspended like felons who
hang.

O the dipping at church! O the dealing of cards!
Though they never baptize, or deal generous re-
wards;

And the kissing of babies—the outward es-
teem—

The neglect of the poor—which is *fashion*, they
deem;

And their greatness is never more finely dis-
play'd,

Than when they refuse the starv'd peasant their
aid.

They are flirting all day,—they are dancing all
night,

With their bounces, like steps, to the mansion's
fair height,—

The crimp'd jackets behind, like the eaves of a
barn,

Fancy's knockers to beauty and ugliness too;
Black ribbons cross'd over the ankle, to warn
The fool not to trust to the Frenchified shawl;

And the *sky-lights* where eyes are not tar'd for
a look,

Unless Ma's aged envy sweet looking rebuke.
Once a fortnight there's preaching—and such
are the views

Of the people who go then,—'tis merely for
news;

Not the 'Gospel's glad tidings,' but news of the
day,

To know if the King and the Queen are at bay—
Or, what will they do!—Or, what's next to be
done?

Will their quarrels turn out, like our quarrels,
in fun?

Lover's journeys, in meeting, says Shakespeare,
will end,

So Wilford, farewell! till next letter you send.
JOSIAH.

Fine Arts.

BRITISH GALLERY.—No. II.

'Whence art by practice to perfection soars.'
Mason's Translation of Du Fresnoy.

WE continue our notice of the British Gallery by a few observations on some of its most striking pictures. We commence with those contained in the north division of the exhibition.—Of these, the most attractive, from its novelty of idea, magnificence of conception, and splendour of execution, is J. Martin's picture of Belshazzar's Feast, No. 72. It was certainly the first time in our lives that we ever felt disposed to quarrel with genius of any kind; but we could not refrain from feeling a little chagrin at the difficulty which we found in obtaining a view of this painting in a proper light, and at a desirable distance. The concourse of amateurs, by which it was closely encircled, almost made it an impossibility to catch a glimpse of this performance, unless it were absolutely 'à quatre occhi.' Such an opportunity, however, did occur, and it was not without feelings of great pleasure, that we beheld a performance so highly creditable both to the talents of the artist, the research and reading of the costumist, and we think we may add, the feelings of the poet; for a similar imaginative power must have been at work in that soul which could conceive and combine the images of sublimity and beauty, of description and of narration, which this work presents to the attention of the spectator. The idea of the heaven-traced characters being portrayed in lines of flames, and (instead

of being confined to one small circle, and dimmed by the lustre of royal magnificence,) of each sublime denunciation being girded by a ring of living fire, and stretched along the whole extent of the court of Belus, and from thence pouring forth a stream of celestial terrific splendour, such as to blast the madness of the impious rites below,—is a conception, though so perfectly original, yet so grand and natural, as to force us rather to wonder that it should never have suggested itself before, than to stop at the admiration which we feel at the genius and talent which has at length embraced it, and adorned its execution by the utmost glow of imagination and the warmest perfection of skill.

The superb union of the Jewish, the Egyptian, and the Indian styles of architecture, warranted, as it is in this instance, by the most authentic inferences, that of the most indisputable history, has been made use of by Mr. Martin in a way which reflects the greatest lustre on his taste, at the same time that it takes nothing away from the promise of his judgment.

The gigantic sublimity of those mighty halls, or rather open courts, in which it is known that the princely magnificence and ostentatious superposition of Babylon delighted; the long, colossal, and ponderous, yet grand and awe-inspiring arcades, leading to other halls of equal splendour, and afterwards continued till they are lost in the infinitude of distance, are objects which astonish and bewilder the mind accustomed to dwell upon the graceful elegancies of European architecture, and unprepared to scan the appalling and super-human amplitude of Eastern gorgeousness; and all these have been brought forward by the artist in his representation of that pride-humbling dispensation by which all these have now been swept away, with the vast empire they adorned, like a mighty vessel sunk beneath the waves, overwhelmed by the very element which had seen the beautiful sublimity of his majestic course, and which had pealed to the thunders of its triumphant arms, sunk in the fathomless abyss without a warning, without a struggle, without a vestige remaining of its existence.

The sight, too, of a mighty multitude, the beauty, the majesty, the defences of a victorious dynasty, such as this picture presents to us, is at any time an imposing spectacle; more especially at a moment when we reflect that, of all the hearts now bounding

with animation or thrilling with suspense, a few short hours, and every one will be still, burst in the agonies of blasted patriotism or pierced in the cruelty of triumphant hatred.

Such are the objects which Mr. Martin has combined in the delineation of this stupendous visitation; need we say how well?—The length at which we have already dwelt on this work will say it for us. We will mention one other episode, by which the artist has improved his poetic conception, and we have done; we will then offer a few remarks on the execution and technical skill in which he has embodied the offspring of his imagination. Amid the lurid clouds and forked lightnings which accompany the irrefragable warning of Heaven,—

‘Still over head, the Moon, regardless of the stir of this low world, Holds on her heavenly way.’

This beautiful circumstance is finely introduced, and forms a delightful contrast to the scene of confusion and terror which is enacting below.

The execution of this splendid picture is in general worthy of the subject: it is gorgeous, magnificent, and sublime; the brilliancy of gold and silver, the polish of the red marble, so common in eastern edifices, are worked up with a beauty which cannot but strike every beholder, and with a richness, yet softness of colouring, which is only exceeded by the knowledge of perspective and the exquisite management of the lights and shadows. The atmosphere, rich with the splendid influence of princely magnificence, forms a fine and appropriate medium for the back-ground, which represents the hanging gardens and the mighty tower of Belus, seen as it is indistinctly through the darkness of night and the misty glare of the illuminated walks, and frowning in gigantic uncertainty upon the scene of luxury beneath:—

‘That sacred pile, so vast, so high, That whether ’tis a part of earth or sky Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud Aspiring mountain or descending cloud.’

We could have wished that the cedars upon the hanging gardens had been marked by a more sombre and natural appearance; and we cannot but remark that the attitudes of the figures have, in general, too much of the theatrical cast; to which we might add, that the inspired interpreter of Heaven loses considerably in point of character and solemnity, by being curtailed in his fair proportion of height.

Upon the whole, we trust that this

picture will not be the last or best with which Mr. Martin means to aggrandise his art; that this, however, we are certain, that it is a work which never will disgrace him, even if he should arrive at the highest pinnacle of his profession.

From the length to which we have unintentionally been drawn by the peculiar novelty which characterizes this painting, we are compelled to waive all further remarks on this exhibition till a future opportunity. W. H. PARRY.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—We have, of late years, been doomed to witness so many dull and heavy productions brought forward under the name of tragedies, that the mere announcement of a new one excites rather painful than pleasurable emotions. It was with some portion of this feeling that we went to ‘Old Drury’ on Wednesday night, to witness the first performance of *Conscience, or the Bridal Night*; but we were most agreeably disappointed, when we found it to be one of the purest and most classical tragedies that has been produced for many years, and one that surpasses the general offspring of the tragic muse of late, as much ‘as the rapidity of instinct outstrips the tardiness of instruction.’ The scene of the tragedy, which is purely of a domestic nature, is laid at Venice; and the plot, which possesses much originality, is very skilfully managed.

The hero of the piece, Lorenzo (Mr. Wallack), the last of a noble house, is dispossessed of his estate by the arts of his guardian, the uncle of Elmira (Mrs. West), to whom he is much attached. The guardian dies, leaving the whole of his ill-gotten wealth to Orsino (Mr. Cooper), Elmira’s father, who, from the situation in which he stands, conceives the most deadly hate for Lorenzo, his late brother’s ward, and promises his daughter, who had been plighted to Lorenzo in marriage, to another. Elmira, on hearing the determination of her father, is driven to despair, and quits his house, marries Lorenzo, and returns to ask forgiveness of her father. Orsino refuses to forgive her, except on the condition that she leaves her husband, a proposition which she rejects, and joins Lorenzo; who is obliged to fly the city to escape the pursuit of his numerous creditors, the consequence of profligate habits fostered by Alfiero (Mr. Bromley), an unprincipled tutor. The fugitives are

accompanied in their flight by Julio (Mr. Barnard), a faithful friend. They are beset by a gang of banditti, against whom they make a desperate resistance, until the swords of the bandits are arrested by their leader, who is recognized by Lorenzo as his depraved tutor, Alfiero. At this moment, a party of soldiers arrive, and take the whole gang prisoners. Alfiero charges Lorenzo to save his life, and the lives of his associates, by interceding with the senate, and threatens, if he fail to do so, to make a disclosure affecting his life and honour. Lorenzo had, it appears, in an unguarded moment, consented to the proposition of Antonio, to poison his unprincipled guardian. Lorenzo's attempted intercession fails, and Alfiero, to save his own life, discloses his secret to Orsino, who, for the purpose of revenge on Lorenzo, obtains the respite of the bandits. Orsino and Alfiero go to seize on Lorenzo, who finds means to secure them, in consequence of which he is charged of murdering the former, and even Elmira is accused of being an accessory. Lorenzo can bear no more, he hastens to vindicate his wife by the acknowledgment of his own guilt, and determined that when his 'shame begins, the world shall end.'—takes poison; his wife dying before him, broken-hearted, on hearing of his guilt.

No tragedy was ever more independent of stage effect than this; there were no clap-traps, no artificial appeals, but the story developed itself naturally and smoothly. The malignant passions have little to do in the story which portrays the softer emotions of the heart. The language is of a very superior character, and possesses much poetic merit. There were several passages which might be quoted as models of excellence, and, though we dare not trust to our memory in recording them, we cannot omit one, the force and beauty of which every one must feel. It is when Lorenzo is urged to resentment, and declares he will wait until that period,—

'When the graves are opened,
And the cold populace of buried nations
Stalk to the general doom.'

In another passage, where the despoison of the grave, over successful ambition in every walk of life, is illustrated, there is a faithful appropriation of metaphor and a tone of philosophy worthy of our best dramatists. Mr. Wallack, in Lorenzo, was very successful; but Elmira, one of the finest

drawn characters we ever witnessed, was very unequally sustained by Mrs. West. Mr. Cooper undertook the character of Orsino against his wish, as old characters are not his forte. The tragedy was completely successful, and that too under every disadvantage. For justice was not done to the author in the performance; and the manner in which it has been got up is disgraceful to the managers of the theatre.

There was not a single new scene, nor a new article of costume in the piece. The tragedy is the first production of Mr. James Haines, a gentleman whose name, though hitherto little known in the literary world, cannot longer remain in obscurity, after the proof he has given of possessing such splendid talents. The prologue was spoken by Mr. Cooper, and the epilogue by Mrs. Edwin.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Tuesday night, Beaumont and Fletcher's excellent comedy of *The Chances* was performed at this theatre, in an operatic form, under the title of *Don John, or The Two Violettas*. The success which has attended similar alterations of *The Twelfth Night*, and *The Comedy of Errors*, and the consciousness that the company is stronger in opera than in comedy, have, no doubt, induced the managers to revive this old play in its present shape. The principal attraction of the evening was the appearance of Miss Halland, as the first Violetta, and, we are happy to say, she met with a most flattering reception. Destitute of the charms of a fine face or person, the deportment of the fair *debutante* was not ungraceful. She possesses a fine voice, and a correctness of ear rarely witnessed in one whose talents are yet imperfectly developed, and whose musical education is yet incomplete. Although she was extremely embarrassed in her first two songs, yet she displayed such gleams of skill and power in their execution, as decided, even thus early, her success. Her third song was Shield's favourite air of 'The Maid of Lodi,' arranged for her by Mr. Ware, and which she gave with great success. She sang two duets with Miss Stephens, both in excellent style; and gave such proofs of musical talents, as to place her in a high rank among English singers. Miss Stephens, in the second Violetta, displayed her accustomed supremacy. A song introduced from the beautiful French opera of *Chaperon Rouge*, she sang in a most enchanting style, as she did a bravura of more difficult ex-

ecution. Mr. C. Kemble's *Don John* is one of his best performances in that line, in which he is so excellent, gay and genteel comedy. The other characters were well sustained. The music is partly selected and partly original, or rather adaptations from the Italian operas, by Bishop and Ware, but does not possess much merit. The drama is got up with the utmost taste and splendour of scenery, and it was completely successful, though not to the extent the following disgraceful puff in the play-bill would have us believe. Drury Lane does pretty well in puffing, but this really out-herods Herod, and deserves the severest reprobation. *Ecce signum*: 'Don John, or the two Violettas,' was received throughout with roars of laughter and shouts of applause—and the acting of Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Liston, Mr. Jones, Mr. Abbott, &c. &c., was hardly surpassed even in the days of GARRICK.—The music absolutely enchanted and electrified the audience (almost every piece being encored); and whilst Miss Stephens, in the second Violetta, so exceeded all her former successful efforts as to add another laurel even to her high reputation. Miss Halland, in the first Violetta, made as TRIUMPHANT A DEBUT, as ever was made by any singer on the English stage!

A new farce was produced at this theatre on Friday night, entitled *A Figure of Fun*, but the audience saw no fun in it, and very unceremoniously damned it the first night.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mr. Dibdin's new melo-drama of *Kenilworth* improves on acquaintance. Some of the scenes have been shortened, and the actors have become more intimately acquainted with their parts, which the rapidity of Mr. D.'s motions allows them little time to study. It attracts fashionable audiences every night, and promises a long and successful career.

Literature and Science.

Diminution of the Sun.—Baron Lindeneau, who recently published some observations respecting the diminution of the solar mass, says, 'that the sun may be imperceptibly subject to successive diminution, since the science of astronomy has been cultivated. Baron Lindeneau supposes the sun's diameter to be 800,000 miles, 4,204,000,000 feet, or nearly 2000 seconds. We have not,' he observes, 'hitherto possessed any instrument for measuring the diameter of heavenly bodies to a second.'

The sun may, therefore, diminish 12,000 of its diameter, or 2,102,000 feet, without the possibility of its being perceived. Supposing the sun to diminish daily, two feet, it would require *three thousand years* to render the diminution of a second of its diameter visible.

New Comet.—Signor Pons, astronomer to the Duchess of Lucca, discovered, on the 21st of last month, between six and seven at night, in the constellation Pegasus, a new comet, of a very extraordinary nature. It appears like a white spot, not thick nor of a kernal form, and with a very small tail. On the 22d Signor Pons continued his observations, and perceived that the comet had not changed its position, but that its tail was becoming visible, and that its light had acquired greater intensity. He thence concluded that this comet will rapidly become more luminous, and to such a degree as to be visible to the naked eye. Astronomers have fixed its right ascension at 0° 30', and its northern declination at 18°, between the stars of the sixth magnitude, X and γ of Pegasus.

Antidote to Inebriety.—Dr. Petier, a German physician, states that he has found the spirit of hartshorn, in the dose of a small tea-spoonful in a glass of water, to encounter the inebriating effects of strong fermented liquors and spirits; and in an hour or two to recover a person from an apparently lifeless state, through excess of wine.

Mr. Kemble's library.—The sale of Mr. Kemble's library, at Evans's, produced about 3000l. This is independent of the valuable collection of plays, which had been previously sold to the Duke of Devonshire, for 2000l. The sale excited little interest with the Bibliomaniacs; there were, however, a few rare articles, and these called forth all the spirit and enthusiasm of the collectors. 'Syr Degore,' a poetical romance of great rarity, consisting of eighteen leaves, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde, produced 36l. 10s. 'Here begynneth a lyttal Treatyse of the byrth and prophcey of Martin,' a poem, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 25 guineas and a half. 'Chaucer's Canterbury Tales,' a MS. of the 14th or 15th century, 20 guineas and a half. A collection of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Play-bills, from the year 1751 to the present time. The early volumes contain some curious MS. notes by Mr. Kemble, many relating to Garrick, from the unpublished diary of Hopkins the prompter, the father of

Mrs. Kemble: this collection was purchased, by Sir Gregory Page Turner, for 180 guineas. A collection of early printed Spanish comedies were sold to Mr. Heber for 35 guineas. Shakespeare's comedies, histories, and tragedies, first edition, inlaid throughout, were bought, by Mr. Boswell, at the immense sum of 107 guineas, although it was not a very superb copy.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascitur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIUS.

Mr. Sheridan to his First Wife.—The following lines are the genuine production of the lamented Sheridan. They were addressed to his first lady, then Miss Linley, shortly before their union:—

'Mark'd you her eyes of heav'nly blue,
Mark'd you her cheek of rosy hue!
Tost eye in liquid circles moving,
That cheek ablask'd at man's approving;
Tone, like an arrow darting round,
The other, blushing at the wound.'

Havoc of War.—The total number of men that belonged to the 42d or Highland regiment, from the year 1797 to 1816, was 13,127. There were, in 1816, only three men living in the corps that fought against Bonaparte in Egypt.

Epiaph, on a Gentleman whose Name was Hatt.
By Death's impartial scythe was mown
Poor Hatt—he lies beneath this stone;
On him misfortune oft did frown;
Yet Hatt ne'er wanted for a crown;
When many years of constant wear
Had made his bearer somewhat bare,
Death saw, and pitying his mishap,
Has given him here a good long nap.

City Worthies.

Late to the worthy Drapers' dinner came
A non-descript, in whom no hurt is;
None could explain its origin or name,
Than, '—What a food-devouring Cur-'tis it!
A Sheriff wanted to obtain his seat,
And at the other's *poil* was straight, man;
But he had grown so heavy with his treat,
The city *mentors* chose him *York's* *Wright-ma*.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

The communications of D. Alpheus, W., and Mentor, are received.
The three customs which J. G. D. condemns, are all illegal.

We thank Academicus for his letter; but as we do not wish to be severe on the reverend gentleman, we shall let the subject rest at present.

We have to apologize to our correspondents for the omission of several articles intended for insertion. To the rapidly increasing patronage which the *Literary Chronicle* is obtaining, we have also an increase of correspondents, many of whose favours are yet under consideration.

Errata in our last, p. 104, c. l. 1, 35, for 'Cris' read 'Kris'; p. 111, c. l. 1, 51, after 'knowledge,' add 'and beauty.'

ELGIN AND PHIGALIAN MARBLES.

This is published, neatly stitched and hot-pressed, price 1s. 6d., embellished with an accurate view of the two Pediments of the Parthenon,

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION of the Marbles collected by Lord Elgin at Athens, &c.; also of the Phigalian Marbles, now deposited in the British Museum. Arranged, conformably with the numbers, as they are now placed in the Museum.

The whole compiled, from the best authorities, by J. COOMBE LASKEY, Esq., Member of the Wernerian Society, L. S. H. 1. &c.

Published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row; Hebert, Chancery; Hazwood or Norton, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury; and to be had of all Booksellers.

MEMOIR of Mrs. DYOTT, written by herself, with a striking likeness of the Author; accounting for her separation from General Dyott, with various letters of the General and other personages, with this motto:

'Patience is the surest remedy against calamities:

Time, soon or late, discovers the truth.'

This work is replete with portraits of attornies; among others, James Hartley, of New Bridge Street, and Thomas McKiernon, of the house of Slade, Bedford, and Slade, Doctors' Commons. A rare is said of Randle Jackson, Esq., Barrister at Law; with remarks on the testimony of Robert Thompson, Esq., of South Audley Street; Colonels Dale and Diabrowe, &c.

Printed for W. Wright, 45, Fleet Street, in royal 8vo. price 2s.

NEW NOVEL.

Just published, price 21s.

SUCH IS THE WORLD. A Novel, in Three Vols. 12mo.

'I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano, A stage where every man must play his part.'

Merchant of Venice.

'The characters in this novel, which embrace "all ranks and degrees of men," from a duke down to the hostler of an inn, are drawn with a fidelity and correctness, which none but a person who has mixed much in the world could have sketched. Another merit this novel possesses, in which we should be happy to see every work of the kind resemble it; we mean, that of having a good moral tendency. There are no coarse ribaldries, no indecent allusions—no double entendres, to raise a blush and the cheek of youthful innocence. Virtue and vice are so faithfully portrayed, that we don't fear our juvenile friends choosing the former for the model of their future conduct in life.'

Literary Chronicle, Jan. 27.

Printed for G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, 13, Ave-Maria Lane.

In the press, and will be published in a few days, 1. THE LEGEND of AARGLE. A Novel. In three vols. 12mo.

2. THE LIFE of a BOY. A Tale. In two vols. 12mo.

3. FAVOURITE of NATURE. A Novel. De-dicated (by permission) to Mrs. Joanna Baillie In three vols. 12mo.

London.—Published by J. Lindbird, 35, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editors (post paid), are to be addressed. Sold also by Street, 72, St. Paul's Church Yard; Chapman, Pall Mall; Grapel, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Bowell Court, Carey Street.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning, and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 94.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters. By Joanna Baillie, Author of *Plays on the Passions, &c.* 8vo. pp. 373. London, 1821.

This volume was published on Tuesday last; and, in respect to the esteemed author, and duty to our readers, we lose no time in making them acquainted with its contents. Few writers of the present day, either male or female, have obtained a higher reputation than Joanna Baillie, and none more deservedly. In this respect criticism has been unanimous, and the notices of her previous productions have been nothing but eulogies. Public opinion has long been with her, and, if we may credit the report, the publishers of this volume must have calculated very largely on it, when they purchased it at the enormous sum of £1000, which, we suppose, is at the rate of about half a crown for each line in the volume. This is certainly the golden age for poets. What would Milton say, could he rise and see a modern bard get as much for one hundred lines as he got for the whole twelve books of his immortal poem, the *Paradise Lost*; or would Dryden, in the present day, have thrown in his Epistle to his Cousin, and the celebrated music ode, as make-weights to the avarice of a Tossion; and yet it is no libel to say, that these productions of Milton and Dryden will live when many of the effusions of our liberally-rewarded poets are forgotten.

The 'Metrical Legends' are three in number: William Wallace, Columbus, and Lady Griseld Baillie. The term metrical legends is not here used as denoting fictitious stories, but as chronicles or memorials of exalted characters, describing such scenes as truly belong to the story, 'with occasionally the feelings, figures, and gestures of those whose actions they relate, and also assigning their motives of action, as they may naturally be supposed to have existed.' The object of the author, we are further told, has been 'to

display such portraits of real worth and noble heroism, as might awaken high and generous feelings in a youthful mind, without imputing to the heroes 'motives or sentiments beyond what their noble deeds do fairly warrant.' In short, the aim has been to produce 'sentimental and descriptive memorials of exalted worth. The manner of the rhyme and the versification are accordingly, in some degree, borrowed from Sir Walter Scott. Our author is, however, no servile copyist, and, in every other respect, these legends have every claim to originality.

The first legend, 'Wallace,' is founded on a story rendered familiar to every reader. The incidents in the events of the Scottish hero, are faithfully narrated in this poem, which is remarkable for its beauty and simplicity. The third stanza thus describes Scotland, under the iron yoke of our Edward:—

'Scotland, with breast unmail'd, had sheath'd her sword,

Stiffing each rising curse and hopeless prayer,
And sunk beneath the Southern's faithless lord,
In sullen deep despair.

The holds and castles of the land
Were by her hateful foemen mann'd.
To revels in each stately hall,
Did tongues of foreign accent call,
Where her quell'd chiefs must tamely bear
From braggard pride the taunting jeer.
Her harvest fields, by strangers reapt,
Were in the stranger's garner heap'd.

The tenant of the poorest cot,
Seeing the spoiler from his door
Bear unreprov'd his hard-earned store,
Blush'd thus to be, and be a Scot.
The very infant at his mother's beck,
Tho' with with'd lip and scowling eye,
Was taught to keep his hapless tongue in check,

Nor curse the Southern passing by.'

The slaughter of the Scottish leaders at the Barns of Ayr, Wallace's revenge of the treachery, the gathering of his friends, and the battle that ensued, are all powerfully described. We quote a few passages from the latter:—

'Now with notes of practis'd skill,
English trumpets sounding shrill,
The battle's hostful prelude gives,
Which answer prompt and bold receive
From Scottish drum a long rolling beat,
And,—sound to valiant chieftains sweet!—

The Highland pipe, whose lengthen'd swell
Of warlike pibroch, rose and fell,
Like wailings of the midnight wind,
With voice of distant streams combin'd,
While mountain, rock, and dell, the martial din repeat.

Then many a high plumed gallant rear'd his head,

And proudly smote the ground with firmer tread,

Who did, ere close of ev'ning, lie
With ghastly face turn'd to the sky,
No more again the roars of war to hear.

And many for the combat burn'd,
Who never from his broil return'd,
Kindred or home to cheer.

How short the term that shall divide
The firm nerv'd youths' exalted force,—

The warrior glowing in his pride,
From the cold stuffen'd come!

A little term pass'd with such speed,
As would in courtly revel scarce suffice
Mated with lady fair, in silken guise,
The measure'd dance to lead.

His warriors arm as living rock,
Now braced them for the battle's shock;
And waching their chieftain's keen looks
glancing

From marshall'd clans to foes advancing;
Smiled with the smile his eye that lighten'd,
Glow'd with the glow his brow that brighten'd:

But when his burnish'd brand he drew,
His towering form terrific grew,
And every Scotchman, at the sight,
Felt thro' his nerves a giant's might,
And drew his patriot sword with Wallace's might.

'Then rush'd they fiercely on their foes,
And loud o'er drum and warpipe rose

The battle's mingled roar.

The eager shout, the weapon's clash;
The adverse hum's first closing crash,
The sullen hum of striving life,
The busy beat of tramping strife,
From castle, rocks, and mountains round,
Down the long firth, a grand and awful sound,

A thousand echoes bore.
Spears cross'd spears, a bending grove,

As front to front the warriors strove.

Thro' the dust-clouds, rising dun,
Their burning brands flash'd to the sun,

With quickly changing sh'ring lights,
Like streamers on the northern night;

While arrow shower came hussling past,
Like splinter'd wreck driven by the blast,

What time fierce winter is contending,
With Norway's pines, their branches rending.

'Opposing ranks, that onward bore,
In tumult mix'd, are ranks no more,

Nor aught discern'd of skill or form;—
All a wild bick'ring steely storm.

While oft around some fav'rite Chieftain's crest,
The turmoil thick'ning, darkly rose,
As on rough seas the billow grows,
O'er lesser waves high-heaved, but soon de-
pressed.

So gallant Grame, thou noble Scot!
Around thee rose the fearful fray,
And other brave compeers of bold essay,
Who did not spare their mothers' sons that day,
'And ne'er shall be forgot.

But there the mighty Wallace fought,
Like spirit quick, like giant strong,
Plunging the foe's thick ranks among,
Wide room in little time was brew'd;
And grisly sights around were strew'd;
Recoll'd aglance the helmet throng,
And every hostile thing to earth was brought.
Full strong and hardy was the foe
To whom he gave a second blow,
Many a knight and lord
Fell victims to his sword,
And Crossingham's proud crest laid low.

The fate of Wallace, so unworthy
his high deserts, and the fond recollections
with which his countrymen cher-
ish his memory, are pathetically de-
scribed:—

'What tho' that head o'er gate or tower,
Like feline on the cursed tree,
Visited by sun and shower
A ghastly spectacle may be!
A fair renown, as years wear on,
Shall Scotland give her noblest son.
The course of ages shall not dim
The love that she shall bear to him.
In many a castle, town, and plain,
Mountain and forest, still remain
Fondly cherish'd spots, which claim
The proud distinction of his honour'd name.

Swells the huge ruin's many heap
In castle court, 'tis Wallace's keep.
What stateliest o'er the rest may tower
Of time-worn wall, where rock and dawe,
With wheeling flight and ceaseless saw,
Keep busy stir, is Wallace's tower;
If thro' the green wood's hanging screen,
High o'er the deeply-bedded wave,
The mouth of arching cleft is seen
Yawning dark, 'tis Wallace's cave.
If o'er its jutting barrier grey,
Tinted by time with furious din,
The rude crags silvered with its spray,
Shoot the wild rook, 'tis Wallace's lin.
And many a wall remains, and hill and glen
Haunted, 'tis said, of old, by Wallace and his
men.

There school-boy still doth haunt the sacred
ground,

And musing oft its pleasing influence own,
As, starting at his footsteps' echo'd sound,
He feels himself alone.

Yea, ev'n the cottage matron at her wheel,
Altho' with daily care and labour cros'd,
Will o'er her heart the soothing magic feel
Of her country's ancient prowess boast;
While on the little shelf of treasured books,
For what can most of all her soul delight,
Beyond her ballad, tale, or jest, she looks—
The history renown'd of Wallace wight.

But chiefly to the soldier's breast,
A thought of him will kindling come,
As, waving high his bonnet's crest,
He listens to the rolling drum,
And trumpet's call and thrilling file,
And bagpipe's loud and stormy strain,

Meet prelude to tumultuous strife
On the embattled plain.
Whether in highland garb array'd,
With kiltie short and highland plaid,
Or button'd close in lowland vest,
Within his doughty grasp, broad sword or gun
be prest,—

Remembering him, he still maintains
His country's cause on foreign plains,
To grace her name and earn her praise,
Led by the brave of modern days.

After an apostrophe to those modern
heroes, Abercrombie, Moore, Ferguson,
and Graham, the poem concludes with
the following eulogy on its hero:—

'O Scotland, proud may be thy boast!
Since time his course thro' circling years hath
run,

There hath not shone in Fame's bright host,
A nobler hero than thy patriot son.

Manly and most devoted was the love,
With which for thee unwearied he strove;
No selfish lust of power, not ev'n of fame,
Gave ardour to the pure and generous flame.

Rapid in action, terrible in fight,
In counsel wise, inflexible in right,
Was he, who did so oft, in olden days,
Thy humbled head from base oppression raise.
Then be it by thy generous spirit known,
Ready in freedom's cause to bleed,
Spurning corruption's worthless meed,
That in thy heart thou feel'st this hero was
thine own.

The hero of the second legend is Col-
umbus, whom the author justly de-
scribes as one 'who, to the unfettered
reach of thought belonging to a philoso-
pher, the sagacious intrepidity of a
chieftain or leader, and the adventurous
boldness of a discoverer, added the gen-
tleness and humanity of a Christian.'

The most prominent incidents, in the
life of Columbus, furnish ample scope
for the powers of our author; and the
adventurous project—the voyage—the
dissatisfaction of the crew—the disco-
very of America—the intercourse with
the natives—Columbus foretelling the
eclipse—his return home, and the in-
gratitude of his country, are all deli-
neated with the pencil of a master:—

'Who that hath high deeds achieved,
Whose mind hath mighty plans conceiv'd,
Can of learned ignorance and pride
The petty vexing rule abide?
The lion trampled by an ass!
No; this all-school'd forbearance would surpass.
Insulted with a felon's chain,
This noble man must cross the main,
And answer his foul charge to cold ungrateful
Spain.

By India's gentle race alone,
Was pity to his sufferings shown:—

They on his parting wait,
And looks of kindness on him cast,
Or touch'd his mantle as he past,
And mourn'd his altered state.
May the great spirit smooth the tide
With gentle gales, and be thy guide;
And when his vessel wore from land,
With meaning nods and gestures kind,
He saw them still upon the strand,
Tossing their dark arms on the wind.

He saw them like a helpless flock,
Who soon must bear the cruel shock
Of savage wolves; yet, reckless still,
Fell but the pain of present ill.
He saw the fate he could not now control,
And groan'd in bitter agony of soul.

The last return to Europe of this in-
trepid navigator, his death, and the re-
flections on his tomb, are finely de-
scribed:—

'At length, by way-ward fortune cros'd,
And oft-renew'd and irksome strife
Of sordid men,—by tempests tost,
And thr'd with turmoil of a wand'rer's life,
He sail'd again for Europe's ancient shore—
So will'd high heav'n to cross the seas no more.
His anchor fix'd, his sails for ever fur'd,—
A toil-worn pilgrim in a weary world.

And thus the hero's sun went down,
Closing his day of bright renown:
Eight times thro' breeze and storm he past,
O'er surge and wave th' Atlantic vast;
And left on many an island fair,
Foundations, which the after-care
Of meaner chieftains shortly rear'd
To seats of power—envy'd, envy'd, fear'd.
No kindly conqueror, since time began
The long career of ages, hath to man
A scope so ample given for trade's bold range,
Or caus'd on earth's wide stage such rapid
mighty change.

The reflections on the tomb of Co-
lumbus close this beautiful poem:—

'Silence solemn, awful, deep,
Doth in that hall of death her empire keep;
Save when at times the hollow pavement,
smote
By solitary wand'rer's foot, again
From lofty dome and arch and aisle remote,
A circling loud response receives again.
The stranger starts to hear the growing sound,
And sees the blazon'd trophies waving near—
"Ha! tread my feet so near that sacred
ground!"
He stops and bows his head: "Columbus rest-
eth here!"

Some ardent youth, perhaps, ere from his home
He launch his vent'rous bark, will hither come,
Read fondly o'er his and his graven name,—
With feelings keenly touch'd—with heart of
flame;

Till wrapp'd in fancy's wild delusive dream,
Times past and long forgotten, present seem.
To his charm'd ear the east wind rising shrill,
Seems thro' the hero's shroud to whistle still—
The clock's deep pendulum, swinging thro' the
blast,

Sounds like the rocking of his lofty mast;
While fitful gusts rare like his claim 'you heard,
Mix'd with the accents of his high command.
Slowly the stripping quits the passive acro,
And burns and sighs and weeps to be what he
has been.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to start, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When, but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,

Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,—
A desert bare, a shipless sea ?
They are the distant objects seen,—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When mem'ry of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality?

A twinkling speck but fix'd and bright,
To guide us thro' the dreary night,—
Each hero shines and lures the soul,
To gain the distant happy goal.

Far is there one who, musing o'er the grave
Where lies interr'd the good, the wise, the brave,
Can poorly think, beneath the mould'ring heap,
That noble being shall for ever sleep?
No, with the gen'rous heart, and proudly
swells,—

"Tho' his cored corpse lies here, with God his
spirit dwells."

The subject of the third legend is a woman, whose name is unknown in history, a Lady Griseld Baillie. Our author says, "that a more perfect female character could scarcely be imagined," and indeed, she appears to have approached that 'divine perfection of a woman,' mentioned by Shakespeare, more nearly than any one with whose history we are acquainted. An interesting account of this lady, is inserted in Mr. Rose's answer to Mr. Fox's History of James the Second, from Lady Murray's Narrative, an unpublished MS. at Edinburgh. This poem, which combines much playfulness with strong feeling, describes the virtues of this glory of her sex, and concludes with contrasting her with 'the polish'd fair of modern times,' who do not 'regard such old forgotten homely merit.'

To each of these legends, there are appended a profusion of notes; indeed, more than are necessary, for the author's poems are sufficiently intelligible, and the principal events which she details in the two first legends, sufficiently well known to render a reference to authorities unnecessary. Four ballads, entitled Lord John of the East, Malcolm's Heir, The Elden Tree, and the Ghost of Fadon, conclude the volume; they strongly remind us of some of the best of our early English ballads, and though rather longer than we should have wished for extract, yet anxious to give an entire poem, we select the last, 'the Ghost of Fadon':—

'On Gask's deserted ancient hall,
Was twilight closing fast,
And in its dismal shadowy all
Seem'd lofty, void, and vast.

All sound of life, now reft and bare,
From its walls had pass'd away;
But the stir of small birds shelter'd there,—
Dull owl, or chattering jay.

Loop-hole and window, dimly seem,
With faint light passing through,
Grew dimmer still, and the dreary scene
Was fading from the view:

When the trampling sound of banded men
Came from the court without;
Words of debate and call, and then—
A loud and angry shout.

But mingl'd echoes from within
A mimic mock'ry made,
And the bursting door, with furious din,
On jarring hinges bray'd.

An eager band, press'd rear on van,
Rush'd in with clam'rous sound,
And their chief, the goodliest, the bravest man,
That e'er trod Scottish ground.

Then spoke forthwith the leader bold:—

"We war with wayward fate;
These walls are bare, the hearth is cold,
And all is desolate.

With fast unbroke and thirst unslak'd,
Must we on the hard ground sleep?
Or, like ghosts from vaulted charnel wak'd,
Our cheerless vigil keep?

Hard hap this day, in bloody field,
Ye bravely have sustain'd,
And for your pains this dismal bield
And empty board have gain'd;

Hie, Malcolm, to that varlet's steed,
And search if yet remain
Some homely store, but good at need,
Spent nature to sustain.

Cheer up my friends! still, heart in hand,
Tho' few and spent we be,
We are the pith of our native land,
And she shall still be free.

Cheer up, tho' scant and coarse our meal,
In this our sad retreat,—
We'll fill our horn to Scotland's weal,
And that will make it sweet."

Then all, full cheerly as they could,
Their willing service lent;
Some broke the boughs, some heap'd the wood,
Some struck the sparkling flint.

And a fire they kindled speedily,
Where the hall's last fire had been;
And pavement, walls, and rafters high,
In the rising blaze were seen.

Red gleam on each tall buttress pour'd,
The lengthen'd hall along,
And tall and black behind them lower'd
Their shadows deep and strong.

The ceiling, ribb'd with massy oak,
From bick'ring flames below,—
As light and shadow o'er it broke,
Seem'd wavy'ring to and fro.

Their scanty meal was on the ground,
Spread by the friendly light,
And they made the brown-brown circle round,
As cheerly as they might.

Some talk of horses, weapons, mail,—
Some of their late defeat—
By treach'ry caus'd, and many a tale
Of southern spy's retreat.

"Aye, well," says one, "my sinking heart
Does some disaster bode,
When faithless Fadon's wily art
Beguil'd us on the road.

But well repaid by Providence,
Are such false deeds we see;
He's had his rightful recompense,
And cursed let him be."

"O! curse him not! I needs must rue
That stroke so rashly given;
If he to us were false or true,
Is known to righteous heaven."

So spoke their chief, then silent all
Remain'd, in sombre mood,—
Till they heard a bugle's larum call
Sound distant through the wood.

"Rouse ye, my friends!" the chieftain said;
"That blast from friend or foe,
Comes from the west—thro' forest shade,
With wary caution go,

And bring me tidings. Speed ye well!"
"Forth three bold warriors past;
Then from the east with fuller swell,
Was heard the bugle blast.

Out past three warriors more; then, shrill
The horn blew from the north,
And other eager warriors still,
As banded scouts went forth.

Till from their chief each war mate good
Had to the forest gone,
And he who fear'd not flesh and blood,
Stood by the fire alone.

He stood, wrapp'd in a musing dream,
Nor rais'd his drooping head,
Till a sudden, alter'd, pale gleam
On all around was spread.

Such dull diminish'd sombre sheen
From moon eclips'd, by swain
Related, or love here is seen
O'er mantling hill and plain.

Then to the stûl fire he turn'd,
Which higher and brighter grew,
Till the flame like a baleful meteor burn'd
Of clear sulphureous blue.

Then wit the chief, some soul unblest,
Or spirit of power was near;
And his eyes adown the hall he cast,
Yet naught did there appear.

But he felt a strange unearthly breath
Upon the chill air borne;
And he heard at the gate, like a blast of wrath,
The sound of Fadon's horn.

Owls, bats, and swallows, flutt'ring out
From hole and crevice flew,
Circling the lofty roof about,
As loud and long it blew.

His noble hound sprung from his lair,
The midnight rouse to greet,
Then, like a timid trembling hare,
Couch'd at his master's feet.

Between his legs his drooping tail,
Like dog of vulgar race,
He hid, and, with strange piteous wail,
Look'd in his master's face.

The poach seem'd void, but vapour dim
Sore fill'd the lowering room,
Then was he aware of a figure grim,
Approaching thro' the gloom.

And striding so it onward came,
The vapour wore away;
Till it stood distinctly by the flame,
Like a form in the noon of day.

Well Wallace knew that form, that head,—
That throat unbarred and bare,
Mark'd deep with streaming circlet red,—
And he utter'd a rapid prayer.

But when the spectre rais'd its arm,
And brandish'd its glittering blade,
That moment broke few's chilly charms
On noble Wallace's aid.

The threaten'd combat was to him
Relief:—with weapon bare,
He rush'd upon the warrior grim,
But his sword above empty air.
Then the spectre smil'd with a ghastly grin,
And its warrior-semblance fled;
And its features grew stony, fix'd, and thin,
Like the face of the stiffen'd dead.

The head a further moment crown'd,
The body's stately wreck
Shook hideously, and to the ground
Dropt from the bolter'd neck.

Back slunk the noble chief agliss,
And longer tarried not,
But quickly to the portal past,
To shun the horrid spot.

But in the portal stiff and tall,
The apparition stood,—
And Wallace turn'd and cross'd the hall,
Where entrances to the wood,

By other door, he hoped to snatch,
Whose pent arch darkly lower'd;—
But there, like sentry on his watch,
The dreadful phantom tower'd.

Then up the ruin'd stairs so steep,
He ran, with panting breath,
And from the window—his prone leap!
Sprang to the court beneath.

O'er wall and ditch he quickly got,
Thro' broke and bushy stream;
When suddenly thro' darkness shot,
A red and lurid gleam.

He look'd behind, and that lurid light
Forth from the castle came;
Within its circuit, thro' the night,
Appear'd an elrich flame.

Red glow'd each window, slit, and door,
Like mouths of furnace hot,—
And tint of deepest blackness wore
The walls and steepy mount.

But soon it rose, with bright'ning power,
Till bush and ivy green,
And wall-flower, ringing breach and tower,
Distinctly might be seen.

Then a spreading blaze, with eddying sweep,
In spiral surges rear'd,
And then aloft, on the stately keep,
Fadon's ghost appeared.

A burning rafter, blazing bright,
It welded in its hand;
And its warrior-form of human height,
Dilated grew and grand.

Coped by a curling tawny cloud,
With tints sulphureous blent,
It rose with burst of thunder loud,
And up the welkin went.

High, high it rose, with wid'ning glare,
Sent far o'er land and main,
And shot into the lofty air,
And all was dark again.

A spell of horror lapt him round,
Chill'd, motionless, amazed,
His very pulse of life was bound
As on black night he gazed.

Till harness'd warrior's heavy tread
From echoing dell arose;
"Thank God," with utter'd voice he said,
"For here come living foes."

With kindling soul that brand he drew,
Which boldest Southron fears,
But soon the friendly call knew,
Of his gallant brave compeers.

With haste each wond'rous tale was told,
How still, in vain pursuit,
They follow'd the born thro' wood and wild,
And Wallace alone was mute.

Day rose! but silent, sad, and pale,
Stood the bravest of Scottish race;
And each warrior's heart began to quail,
When he look'd in his leader's face.

An Attempt to Analyse the Automaton Chess Player of M. De Kempelen. With an easy Method of imitating the Movements of that celebrated Figure. Illustrated by Original Drawings. To which is added, a Copious Collection of the Knight's Moves over the Chess Board. 8vo. pp. 40. London, 1821.

THIS is a very ingenious attempt to detect one of the most singular deceptions ever practised on human credulity, and which, for the last forty years, has excited the astonishment and admiration of every person who has witnessed it. Even Bonaparte, who made automata of kings and princes at his will, was foiled in an encounter with the automaton chess-player, although he was allowed to be as skillful in the game of chess as in war, that 'game at which kings delight to play.'

The author, by a reference to the engravings which he gives, first shows that the machinery within the automaton has no share in the movements, and although it is intended to be understood that the whole of the interior is first exhibited to the spectators, yet that there is sufficient room to admit the body of a man, who may with great facility direct all the motions of the automaton. He next divides automata into three classes, the simple, the compound, and the spurious. The first class comprises those inviolated automata whose movements result from mechanism alone. The second class are those which are moved by machinery, but possess, at the same time, a communication with human agency, though not immediately apparent. The third class contains those automata which, under the semblance only of mechanism, are wholly directed and controlled by a concealed human agent. To this class he assigns the automaton chess-player; for—

'However great and surprising the power of mechanism may be, the movements which spring from it are necessarily limited and uniform; it cannot usurp and exercise the faculties of mind; it cannot be made to vary its operations, so as to meet the ever varying circumstances of a game of chess. This is the province of intellect alone.'

The author next shows, that the movements of the automaton cannot be directed, (as some have thought,) by the exhibitor, who walks about the room, and is frequently at a distance from the chest, far beyond the sphere of influence. Some stress is laid on the circumstance, that the machinery is always exhibited in a quiescent state, and never in motion; indeed, it seems very doubtful whether it ever does or ever was intended to move, notwithstanding that it is regularly wound up for the occasion,—sometimes, it would seem, more frequently than is consistent with the concealment of the deception, as would appear from the following extract:—

'In all machines requiring to be wound up, two consequences are inseparable from their construction; the first is, that in winding up the machinery, the key is limited in the number of its revolutions; and the second is, that some relative proportion must be constantly maintained between the winding up and the work performed, in order to enable the machine to continue its movements. Now these results are not observable in the chess-player; for the automaton will sometimes execute sixty-three moves with only one winding up; at other times, the exhibitor has been observed to repeat the winding up after seven moves, and even three moves; and once, probably from inadvertence, without the intervention of a single move; whilst in every instance, and the circumstance, though trifling, calls for particular attention, (for in these matters, be it remembered, "trifles light as air are confirmations strong.") the key appeared to perform the same number of revolutions: evincing thereby, that the revolving axis was unconnected with machinery, except, perhaps, a ratchet-wheel and click, or some similar apparatus, to enable it to produce the necessary sounds, and consequently that the key, like that of a child's watch, might be turned whenever the purposes of the exhibition seemed to require it.'

This is pretty strong evidence that the machinery has no share in the automaton's movements; the author next proceeds to point out a method by which any person, well skilled in the game, and not exceeding the ordinary bulk of stature, may secretly animate the automaton, and successfully imitate the movements of M. De Kempelen's chess-player. Having shown that there is sufficient room in the chest, and stated the way in which the player might be introduced into it, he says,—

'In this position he will find no difficulty in executing every movement required of the automaton; his head being above the table, he will see the chess-board

through the waistcoat, as easily as through a veil; and his left hand extending beyond the elbow of the figure, he will be enabled to guide its hand to any part of the board, and to take up and let go a chess-man, with no other "delicate mechanism" than a string communicating with the fingers. His right hand being within the chest, may serve to keep in motion the contrivance for producing the noise which is heard during the moves, and to perform the other tricks, of moving the head, tapping on the chest, &c.

In order to facilitate the introduction of the player's left arm into the arm of the figure, the elbow of the latter is obliged to be drawn backwards; and, to account for and conceal this strained attitude, a pipe is ingeniously placed in the automaton's hand. This pipe must not be removed till the other arrangements are completed.

When all is ready, and the pipe removed, the exhibitor may turn round the winder or key, to give the impression to the spectators of winding up a spring, or weight, and to serve as a signal to the player to set the head of the automaton in motion.

'The above process is simple, feasible, and effective; shewing, indisputably, that the phenomena may be produced without the aid of machinery, and thereby rendering it probable, that the chess-player belongs, in reality, to the third class of automata, and derives its merit solely from the very ingenious mode by which the concealment of a living agent is effected.'

The reference to the engravings in this ingenious dissertation, is so frequent and so essential for the due explanation of the principle upon which the chess-player is conducted, that we fear we have made the subject but very imperfectly intelligible; but it appeared to us sufficiently curious for a short notice, and to those who may feel a farther interest in it, we recommend this brief work, and a watchful visit to the automaton itself. The collection of the 'Knight's moves' should be seen by all chess-players.

A General History of the House of Guelph, &c. By Andrew Halliday.

(Concluded from p. 120.)

WILLIAM the Fourth, son of Ernest the Confessor, on the death of his father, in 1546, succeeded to the Duchy of Luneburg, including Celle, in the magnificent castle of which he fixed his residence. He married Dorothea, the daughter of Christian the Third of Denmark, and dying in 1593, left fifteen children; seven of them sons, of whom the following striking instance of paternal affection is related:—

On his death-bed, the prince called his

sons around him, and explaining to them the fable of the bundle of sticks, he exhorted them to reign in union; and in the history of their own family, pointed out the disadvantages which had arisen from the frequent division of the country into petty sovereignties, and the impossibility of their either acquiring power or influence, or even of maintaining their hereditary dignity, unless they governed the country as one state. The advice of the aged father had a powerful effect upon his gallant sons. They agreed that the sovereign power should be vested, without restriction, in the elder brother; who, on his death, should be succeeded by the next in seniority. To prevent any future division, they bound themselves by a solemn oath, that only one should marry; and that they should leave it to the determination of chance, which of them should be that one. The lot was cast, and fell upon George, the sixth son.

On the death of William, Ernest, his eldest son, succeeded. He died in 1611, and Christian, the second brother next assumed the government. He supported the Elector, Palatine of the Rhine, who had been elected King of Bohemia, that prince who was abandoned by his father in law, our James the First. In an engagement with the Spaniards, under Gonzalves de Cordova, at Fleurus, Christian had his right arm shot off, but took the field again as soon as his wounds were healed. He died in 1626, at the age of thirty-six, leaving the government of Luneburg and the command of the army to his next brother, Augustus, who displayed much gallantry in the war. He died in 1636, and was succeeded by his next brother, Frederick, who died in 1648.

George, the sixth son, on whom the matrimonial lot had fallen, and who is the ancestor of the present royal family of England, served with the Swedish army under Gustavus Adolphus. He married Anne-Elanora, of Hesse D'Amstadt, by whom he left four sons and four daughters. By an agreement with his brothers, it was settled that the states should be divided into two duchies after their decease; that the eldest of his surviving sons should have Luneburg, or Celle; and the second, Calenberg, then called Hanover; but this arrangement did not take place until after the death of Frederick, the last of the seven brothers, in 1648.

Christian Louis, the eldest son of George, on succeeding to the sovereignty on the death of his uncle, fixed his residence at Celle. By a treaty of peace, concluded in 1642, it was agreed that the alternate nomination to the

Bishoprick of Osnaburg should be in the Catholic bishops, and in the Protestant branches of the house of Luneburg; in consequence of which, Ernest Augustus, the youngest brother of Christian Louis, was elected bishop. Christian died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother, George William, who joined the states of Holland, in the war against France, and at the end of the campaign, transmitted to the emperor, seventeen standards and colours out of seventy-two, which his troops had captured from the enemy. The eldest son of the Bishop of Osnaburg, George Louis, afterwards George the First of England, served under his father during this campaign; and, though only fifteen years of age, his gallantry was conspicuous in every action. Ernest Augustus, on the death of his brother John, succeeded to the government of the states of Hanover, in 1679. He had previously married Sophia, the youngest daughter of Frederick, King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, daughter of James the First of England. In 1692, he was raised to the dignity of Elector, to which was attached the hereditary office of great standard bearer of the empire.—

No court in Germany, nor indeed in Europe, was more splendid than that of Hanover; and the courtiers of Ernest Augustus may be said to have rivalled those of Louis the Fourteenth in the politeness of their manners, and also in their vices. The old Duke of Luneburg lived in great retirement in his castle at Celle, and seldom appeared in the splendid circle of his younger brother.

The Elector died in 1698, and was succeeded in his titles and estates by his son, George Louis, who continued to reside with his mother at Hanover, until called to the throne of Great Britain. Here the Genealogical History of the House of Guelph terminates, and we shall, therefore, pass over the account of the intrigues at the English court respecting the succession, and the description of Hanover and Brunswick, and pass to the remaining division of the work, the Records and Original Documents of the House of Guelph.

These records are prefaced by an account of the monasteries founded by the Guelphs, and of their sepulchres, previous to Henry the Lion; and an account of the Saxon ancestors of the Guelphs, up to the same period. These are detailed in letters and statements from the resident magistrates, clergymen, &c. where the monuments or records are to be found. Then follows

an account of the sepulchres of the Guelphs, about the time of Henry the Lion, and subsequent to that period. These documents, though important as materials towards the history of this illustrious family, do not afford us any extract; indeed, the way in which they are huddled together, without order or connection, lessens their interest very much. In the historical narrative, to which they would have given an increased value, the author has scarcely availed himself of them. The whole work betrays a want of method and great slovenliness, both in style and arrangement; and notwithstanding the resources and advantages Dr. Halliday has possessed, we consider his work merely as data towards a History of the Family of the Guelphs, which is as much a desideratum as ever. In all the requisites of an historian, fidelity excepted, Dr. Halliday is miserably deficient, and his work adds one more to the many regrets we have often felt, that Gibbon did not live to finish his Dissertation, which would have been a record worthy of the subject, and which is one of the finest possible for an historian.

Rome in the Nineteenth Century: containing a complete Account of the Ruins of the Ancient City, the Remains of the Middle Ages, and the Monuments of Modern Times, &c. &c. In a Series of Letters, written during a Residence at Rome, in the Years 1817 and 1818. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1820.

THIS work is the production of a lively and entertaining writer, who has the talents and ingenuity to treat with novelty subjects that have long appeared to be stale, and to reap a rich harvest in fields which have been abundantly gleaned. The observations of the author, besides being retrospective as to the splendid monuments of antiquity which the 'Queen of cities' still boasts, notices their present state, and also embraces critical remarks on the Fine Arts—a view of the present state of society, and a description of the religious ceremonies, manners, and customs of the modern Romans.

The style is pleasing and familiar; sometimes, perhaps, too slipshod, when religion is the subject, for we would respect even the mummeries of Popery.

As the subject of the Fine Arts at Rome has been so often noticed in our pages, we shall select a few extracts which treat of matters less familiar to our readers:—

'The church of S. Sebastian is one of the seven basilica of Rome, that pilgrims visit to obtain "absolution and remission of their sins." But here were we, a parcel of poor heretics, who had visited these holy shrines in vain,—for our sins, unabsolved, still stuck by us. Before we left the church, one of its retainers begged of us, "for the holy souls in purgatory," upon which your friend ——— insisted upon knowing what good money could do them there. The man reluctantly replied, that the money was given to say masses for them, and that these masses shortened the period of their purgation.

"What rascals these priests must be, if they know their masses will release the poor souls that are broiling in the flames, and yet they won't say them without being paid for it! Is that what they call Christian charity, I wonder?"

'The man pitching on his last word, only replied by recommending his accustomed wine, of "Carità Signore! par le Anime Sante in Purgatoria! Carità!" &c. &c.

'Mr. ———, then shewing him a piastre, asked him with great apparent seriousness and simplicity, how many souls that would take out of purgatory. The man, evidently half enraged, but unwilling to lose the money, declared he could not safely take upon him to say how many souls it would deliver from the flames, but he could aver that it would do much towards furthering the liberation of some of them.

'Mr. ——— then began to bargain with him for the number of masses that were to be said for it; and having cheapened them from one, which he at first proposed, to four, he gave him the piece of money for the "Anime Sante," and went away.

'Such a conversation in such a place, a century or two ago, I imagine, might have got our friend into a hotter situation in this world, than the "Anime Sante" occupy in the other.'

'Confessionals in every living language stand in St. Peter's: Spaniards, Portuguese, French, English, Germans, Hungarians, Dutch, Swedes, Greeks, and Armenians, here find a ghostly counsellor ready to hear and absolve in their native tongue.

'At stated times, the confessors attend in the confessionals. This morning, being Friday, they were sitting in readiness. Some of those who were unemployed, were reading. All had long wands, like fishing rods, sticking out of the box. The people passing, kneel down opposite the confessor, who touches their head with his wand, which possesses the virtue of communicating spiritual benefit to their souls. The other day, I was much amused to see in a church into which we entered by accident, a fat old friar sitting in his confession box, fast asleep, while a woman was pouring through the grate, into his unconscious ear, the catalogue of her sins. As the confessor and the confessant

do not see each other, I should suppose this accident might sometimes occur, especially if the confession be somewhat prolix.

'For one man that I see at confession in the churches, there are at least fifty women. Whether it be that men have fewer sins, or women more penitence, or that it is more repugnant to the pride of man to avow them to man, or that women have more time to think about them, (though for that matter, as far as I see, both sexes are equally idle here,) I cannot determine. But so it is. However, the men do confess. They must. If every true born Italian, man, woman, and child, within in the Pope's dominions, does not confess and receive the communion at least once a-year, before Easter, his name is posted up in the parish church: if he still refrain, he is exhortated, entreated, and otherwise tormented; and if he persist in his contumacy, he is excommunicated, which is a very good joke to us, but none at all to an Italian, since it involves the loss of civil rights, and perhaps of liberty and property. Even the Pope confesses, which I don't understand; for they say he is infallible. Then, if infallible, how can he have any failings to confess?'

"Plenary indulgence and remission of sins," are liberally offered here on very easy terms. I was at first rather startled with the prodigal manner in which the Gospel promises only as the reward of sincere repentance and amendment, was bestowed at Rome, in consideration of repeating certain prayers before the shrine of certain saints, or paying a certain sum of money to certain priests.

'I was surprised to find scarcely a church in Rome, that did not hold up at the door the tempting inscription of "Indulgentia Plenaria." Two hundred days' indulgence I thought a great reward for every kiss bestowed upon the great black cross in the Coliseum; but that is nothing to the indulgences for ten, twenty, and even thirty thousands of years, that may be bought, at no exorbitant rate, in many of the churches; so that it is amazing what a vast quantity of treasure may be amassed in the other world with very little industry in this, by those who are avaricious of this spiritual wealth, into which, indeed, the cross or riches of this world may be converted, with the happiest facility imaginable.

'We are told, that "it is easier for a camel to enter into the eye of a needle, than a rich man into the Kingdom of heaven;" but, at Rome, at least, it would seem to be difficult, nay, impossible, to keep a rich man out.'

From several highly interesting tales of monastic life which these volumes contain, we select the two following, which present a melancholy picture of the distress which it so frequently occasions. The author is speaking of the convent of St. Sylvestro:—

'The history of one of the former nuns of this convent, as related to me by one of the sisters, is quite a romance, and in its most common-place style. Her name was Sasso Ferrato; she was left an orphan and an heiress in infancy, and placed by her uncle, her sole guardian, here, with the intention of inducing her to take the veil, that her fortune might descend to him and to his family. It happened, however, that, at one of the grand processions of the Virgin, which the nuns were assembled to behold, the young Sasso Ferrato saw, and was seen by the captain of the guards, stationed at the convent, a younger son of the Guistiniani family, and a brother of one of her youthful companions in the convent. His visits to his sister became very frequent, and Sasso Ferrato generally contrived to accompany her friend on those occasions. They became desperately in love; but the cruel uncle refused his consent, and by arts which intimidated the young and inexperienced mind of Sasso Ferrato, by powerful interest, which rendered the complaints of her lover vain, and by his authority, as the representative of her parents, he succeeded in obliging her to take the veil. She only lived two years afterwards.

'Her lover became a maniac, and after being confined for some time, continued, during the remaining years of his life, to roam about the neighbourhood of the city, his hair and beard growing wild, his dress neglected, and his manners gloomy and ferocious, though harmless in his actions.'

'I am informed that young nuns often fall in love with young friars, but that the attachment is perfectly Platonic. Indeed, so strict are now the rules of female monastic life, that I believe it must necessarily be so. But love, it is well known, will break through bolts and bars, and grates and convent walls; and love once inspired a nun with the project of getting out of her convent through a common sewer, which however unfavorable a path, she frequently practised after night had covered the world with her sable curtain, and wrapped the peaceful sisterhood in the arms of Morpheus. Her nun's dress was deposited in her chamber, and the exterior dirty garment, with which she passed through the sewer, was exchanged for one her lover wrapped her in at its mouth. She used to walk with him sometimes for hours, but always returned to her convent before the dawn. One evening, however, on returning from her romantic ramble by moonlight, what was her horror to find the sewer—the well-known passage—completely choked up with water, and all entrance impracticable. Discovery would bring certain destruction on herself and her lover. Their lives would be the forfeit, or a solitary dungeon their mildest doom. Concealment was impracticable; for who would harbour them? Flight impossible; for without passports, the gates of the city

would be closed against them; and could they scale the walls, no other would be open to them. In this situation, the courage and presence of mind of the nun saved them both. She went, dressed in her lover's clothes, to the house of the Cardinal Vicario, who was an old friend of her father's; disturbed the family; had the cardinal roused out of bed on the plea of the most urgent and important business; obtained a private audience, threw herself at his feet, and confessed all. So earnestly did she implore him to save her and her family from the public disgrace of an exposure, that, melted by her tears, he followed the plan she suggested; ordered his carriage, took her, and one confidential chaplain on whose fidelity he could rely, drove to the convent, rang up the portress, and pretending he had received information of a man having entered and being concealed in it, demanded instant admittance to search it, which, in virtue of his office, could not be refused at any hour. He ordered the terrified sisters to remain in their rooms, and having dropped the disguised nun in hers, proceeded in his mock examination till she had disrobed herself, and his attendants had conveyed away the bundle of her clothes; then professing himself perfectly satisfied that the information he had received was false, he left the convent,—taking care, however, next day, to have the sewer so closed, that it could never serve for any thing but a passage for dirty water again.'

The author gives a very amusing description of the state of society at Rome, where there was then 'a most amusing collection of ex-royalty of all sorts and kinds, remnants of old dynasties, and scions of heirs legitimate and illegitimate, all jumbled together. Besides the old King and Queen of Spain, there are the Ex-Queen and the young King of Etruria—the abdicated King of Sardinia, turned Jesuit—Louis Bonaparte, the deposed King of Holland, living like a hermit—and Lucien Bonaparte, the uncrowned King, living like a prince. An accidental meeting with the Pope in the streets is thus noticed:—

'We were proceeding along the ancient Via Triumphalis, that leads from the church of St. Gregory to the Coliseum, when the coachman observing to us, "Viene il papa," drew up close by the side of the road, and stopped. His holiness was preceded by a detachment of the "Guarda Nobile," who, as soon as they came up with our open caleshe, commanded us, in no very gentle voice, to get out of the carriage. But ———, whose spirit did not at all relish this mandate, nor the tone in which it was uttered, manifested no intention to comply, and our servant, with true Italian readiness at a lie, declared we were *Forestieri*, who did not understand Italian. The officers, re-

solved to make us understand something else, repeated the order, and began to flourish their swords about our ears. But ——— sat with more inflexible resolution than ever, and all that was John Bull in his composition now refused to move. For my part, I make it a rule never to oppose these pointed arguments, and, therefore, jumped out of the carriage, and purposely contrived to get myself involved amongst the horses and drawn swords of the cavalry, knowing that I was in no real danger, and that ——— would forget his dignity, and come to my assistance, which he accordingly did; but otherwise nothing, I believe, but main force would have got him out of the carriage.

We saw the papal procession advance up the Triumphal Way, along which the victorious cars of so many Roman heroes and conquerors had rolled in their day of triumph. His holiness seemed, however, content with the honours of an ovation, for he was walking on foot, and instead of a myrtle crown, his brows were crowned with a large broad-brimmed scarlet velvet hat, bound with gold lace. This hat he very courteously took off as he passed us, and afterwards made another bow, in return for our courtesies. Our lacquey was on his knees in the dust, and all the Italians we saw, awaited his approach in the same attitude, then prostrated themselves before him to kiss his toe, or rather the gold cross, embroidered in front of his scarlet shoes. His robes, which descended to his feet, were scarlet; on state occasions he wears no colour but white. He was attended by two cardinals, in their ordinary dress of black, edged with scarlet, followed by a train of servants, and by his coach, drawn by six black horses, the very model of the gilt, scarlet, wooden-looking equipages you may have seen in children's baby-houses. It looked exactly like a large toy.

'The Pope himself is a very fine venerable old man, with a countenance expressive of benignity and pious resignation. His is the very head you would draw for a Pope. I have seen frequently met him walking in this manner, on the roads, for exercise, after his early dinner.'

Our last extract shall be an account of the palaces of Rome, and the manner of living of the nobility:—

'Palaces, to an English ear, convey an idea of all that the imagination can figure of elegance and splendour. But, after a certain residence in Italy, even this obstinate early association is conquered, and the word immediately brings to our mind images of dirt, neglect, and decay. The palaces of Rome are innumerable; but then, every gentleman's house is a palace.—I should say, every nobleman's,—for there are no gentlemen in Italy, except noblemen; society being, as of old, divided into two classes, the Patricians and the Plebeians; but though every gentleman is a nobleman, I am sorry to say, every nobleman is not a gentleman; nei-

ther would many of their palaces be considered by any means fit residences for gentlemen in our country. The legitimate application of the word, which, with us, is confined to a building forming a quadrangle, and inclosing a court within itself, is by no means adhered to here. Every house that has a porte cocher, and many that have not, are called palaces; and, in short, under that high-sounding appellation, are comprehended places, whose wretchedness far surpasses the utmost stretch of an English imagination to conceive.

Rome, however, contains *real* palaces, whose magnitude and magnificence are astonishing to transalpine eyes; but their tasteless architecture is more astonishing still.

Though they have the great names of Michael Angelo, Bramante, Versopi, Bernini, &c. &c. among their architects; though they are built of travertine stone, which, whether viewed with the deepened hues of age in the Coliseum, or the brightness of recent finish in St. Peter's, is, I think, by far the finest material for building in the world; and though, from the grandeur of their scale, and the prodigality of their decoration, they admitted of grand combinations and striking effect,—yet they are lamentably destitute of architectural beauty in the exterior; and in the interior, though they are filled with vast ranges of spacious apartments, though the polished marbles and precious spoils of antiquity have not been spared to embellish them, though the genius of painting has made them her modern temples, and sculpture adorned them with the choicest remains of ancient art—yet they are, generally speaking, about the most inconvenient, unenviable, uncomfortable dwellings, you can imagine.

I know it may be said, that comfort in England and in Italy is not the same thing; but it never can consist in dullness, dirt, and dilapidation, any where. Italian comfort may not require thick carpets, warm fires, or close rooms; but it can be no worse of clean floors, commodious furniture, and a house in good repair.

In habitations of such immense size and costly decorations as these, you look for libraries, baths, music rooms, and every appendage of refinement and luxury; but these things are rarely to be found in Italian palaces. If they were arranged and kept up, indeed, with any thing of English propriety, consistency, order, or cleanliness, many of them would be noble habitations; but, in the best of them, you see a barrenness, neglect, an all-prevailing look of misery—deficiencies every where—and contemptible meannesses adhering to grasping magnificence. But nothing is so offensive as the dirt. Amongst all the palaces, there is no such thing as a palace of cleanliness. You see,—and that is not the worst,—you smell abominable dunghills, heaped up against the walls of splendid palaces, and foul heaps

of ordure and rubbish defiling their columned courts; you ascend noble marble staircases, whose costly materials are invisible beneath the accumulated filth that covers them; and you are sickened with the noisome ordures that assail you every turn. You pass through long suites of ghastly rooms, with a few crazy old tables and chairs, thinly scattered through them, and behold around you nothing but gloom and discomfort.

The custom of abandoning the ground-floor to menial purposes, except when used for shops, which is almost universal throughout Italy, and covering its windows, both for security and economy, with a strong iron grate, without any glass behind it, contributes to give the houses and palaces a wretched and dungeon-like appearance.

It is no uncommon thing for an Italian nobleman to go up into the attics of his own palace himself, and to let the principal rooms to lodgers. Proud as he is, he thinks this no degradation; though he would spurn the idea of allowing his sons to follow any profession, save that of arms or of the church. He would sooner see them dependants, flatterers, eavesdroppers, spies, gamblers, *cavalieri servanti*, polite rogues of any kind—or even beggars,—than honest merchants, lawyers, or physicians.

The Fiano Palace has its lower story let out into shops, and its superior ones occupied by about twenty different families—among which, the duke and duchess live in a corner of their own palace.

It is the same case with more than half the nobles of Rome and Naples. But the Doria, the Borghese, and the Colonna, possess enough of their ancient wealth to support their hereditary dignity, and their immense palaces are filled only with their own families and dependants. Not but that, though lodgings are not let at the Dora Palace, butter is sold there every week, which, in England, would seem rather an extraordinary trade for one of the first noblemen in the land to carry on in his own house. Yet this very butter-selling prince looks down with a species of contempt upon a great British merchant.

Commerce seems to be no longer respected in Italy—not even in Florence, where its reigning princes were merchants. Yet the proudest Florentine noblemen sell wine, by the flask, at their own palaces. I wonder the profits of this little huckstering trade never induced them to think of entering into larger concerns, that they might have larger returns. I wonder it never led them to remember that commerce was the source of the modern prosperity of Italy. But commerce cannot exist without freedom—a truth that princes and people have yet to learn here.

The palaces of all the ancient Roman nobility have, in the entrance hall, a crimson canopy of state, beneath which, the prince sits on a raised throne to re-

ceive his vassals, hear their complaints, redress their grievances, and administer justice. Perhaps I ought to speak in the past, rather than the present tense; but they still exercise a sort of feudal jurisdiction over their numerous tenants—among whom their will is law.

Above the door of every palace, upon the escutcheon of the family arms, we seldom fail to see the S. P. Q. R., all that is left of the senate and people of Rome.

The lovers of light reading will be much pleased with these volumes, while the more grave student may find much worthy of his attention.

Laneham's Letter, describing the magnificent Pageants presented before Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth Castle, in 1575; with an Introductory Preface, Glossarial and Explanatory Notes. 12mo. pp. 114. London, 1821.

It might almost be a question whether the author of Waverley is not entitled to a national reward, even in a commercial point of view. For, independent of the good taste in novel writing which he has created, and the gratification that he has afforded to millions, every production from his pen gives an active impulse to trade. Printers, booksellers, book-binders, &c. are immediately set in motion, the doors of the circulating libraries are closely beset, and the most agreeable present that a lover can make to his mistress is an early copy of the last novel of the author of 'Waverley.' The dramatic writers pounce on it, while it yet steams from the press, and the scene painter and the machinist are instantly set to work to produce, in as short a space as possible, a drama on the then most popular subject of the day—the last novel or romance by the author of 'Waverley.' But the business does not stop here; authors of less note find it an excellent speculation to graft an explanatory or illustrative tract on the novel. Of this character is the work before us, which is a reprint of a curious old tract that is repeatedly referred to in the romance of Kenilworth; and, there styled 'a very diverting tract, written by as great a coxcomb as ever blotted paper.'

It appears, from a well-written introductory preface, that 'Master Robert Laneham' was a native of Nottingham, but brought up in London, where he was taken under the patronage of the Earl of Leicester, who promoted him to the office of clerk of the council chamber and gentleman usher; offices which, as he says in his letter, gave him the pri-

vilege of being present at any exhibition which should be prepared for the Queen. Laneham understood the French, Spanish, Dutch, and Latin languages, which he says, 'now and then stand me in good stead.' There have been several copies of Laneham's letter printed; and the present improved edition has been taken from a careful collation of the best, with such revisions and improvements as might best qualify it for general reading. Indeed this was necessary, for Laneham's sentences are often so metaphorical, or constructed of such singular expressions, that they would lead the plain and general reader to doubt what was his true meaning.

In our review of 'Kenilworth,' we stated that the festivities given by the Earl of Leicester on the Queen's visit were passed over very slightly; Laneham has, however, given an ample detail of them, which we shall briefly notice.

Queen Elizabeth, on visiting Kenilworth, was met at some distance from the castle by a sybil 'comely clad in a pall of white silk,' who pronounced 'a proper poesy in English rhyme and metre; of effect, how great gladness her goodness' presence brought to every stand where it pleased her to come, and especially now into that place that had so long longed after the same.' On reaching the next gate, 'a porter tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance, wrapped also all in silk, with a club and keys of quantity according, had a rough speech, full of passions, in metre aptly made to the purpose.' After first hesitating to give admission, he 'proclaims' open gates and free passage to all, yields up his club, his keys, his office, and all, and on his knees humbly prays pardon of his ignorance and impatience, which her Highness graciously granting—

'He caused his trumpeters that stood upon the wall of the gate, there to sound up a tune of welcome; which, beside the noble noise, was so much the more pleasant to behold, because these trumpeters, being six in number, were every one eight feet high, in due proportion of person beside, all in long garments of silk suitable, each with his silvery trumpet of five feet long, formed taper-wise, and straight from the upper part unto the lower end, where the diameter was sixteen inches over; and yet so tempered by art, that being very easy to the blast, they cast forth no greater noise, nor a more unpleasant sound for time and tune, than any other common trumpet, be it never so artificially formed. These harmonious blasters, from the fore-side of the gate, at her highness' entrance, where they began walking upon

the walls unto the inner [court], had this music maintained from them very delectably, while her highness all along this tilt-yard rode unto the inner gate, next the base-court of the castle, where the Lady of the Lake, (famous in King Arthur's book) with twynymphs waiting upon her, arrayed all in silks, awaited her highness' coming: from the midst of the pool, where, upon a moveable island, bright blazing with torches, she floated to land, and met her Majesty with a well-penned metre and matter after this sort: [viz.] First, of the ancestry of the castle, who had been owners of the same e'en till this day, most always in the hands of the Earls of Leicester; how she had kept this lake since King Arthur's days; and now, understanding of her highness' hither coming, thought it both her office and duty in humble wise to discover her and her estate; offering up the same, her lake, and power therein, with promise of repair unto the court. It pleased her highness to thank this lady, and to add withall: "We had thought indeed the lake had been ours, and do you call it yours now? Well, we will herein commune more with you hereafter."

'This pageant was closed up with a delectable harmony of hautboys, shalms, cornets, and such other loud music, that held on while her Majesty pleasantly so passed from thence toward the castle-gate; whereunto, from the base-court, over a dry valley cast into a good form, there was framed a fair bridge of twenty feet wide, and seventy feet long, gravelled for treading, railed on either part with seven posts on a side, that stood twelve feet asunder, thickened between with well-proportioned turned pillars.

'Upon the first pair of posts were set two comely square wire cages, three feet long, and two feet wide; and high in them live bitterns, curlews, shovellers, herons, godwits, and such like dainty birds, of the presents of Sylvanus, the god of fowl. On the second pair two great silvered bowls, featly apted to the purpose, filled with apples, pears, cherries, filberts, walnuts, fresh upon their branches, and with oranges, pomegranates, lemons, and pippins, all for the gifts of Pomona, goddess of fruits. The third pair of posts, in two such silvered bowls, had (all in ears green and old) wheat, barley, oats, beans, and peas, as the gifts of Ceres. The fourth post, on the left hand, in a like silvered bowl, had grapes in clusters, white and red, graced with their vine leaves: the match post against it had a pair of great white silver livery pots for wine; and before them two glasses of good capacity, filled full; the one with white wine, the other with claret, so fresh of colour, and of look so lovely, smiling to the eye of many, that by my faith methought, by their leering, they could have found in their hearts, (as the evening was hot,) to have kissed them sweetly and thought it no sin: and these were the poetical presents of Bacchus, the god of

wine. The fifth pair had each a fair large tray, strewed with fresh grass; and in them conger, burt, mullet, fresh herrings, oysters, salmon, crevis, and such like, from Neptunus, god of the sea. On the sixth pair of posts were set two ragged staves of silver, as my lord gives them in his arms, beautifully glittering of armour, thereupon depending bows, arrows, spears, shield, head-piece, gorget, corslets, swords, targets, and such like, for Mars' gifts, the god of war. And the aptier (methought) was it that those ragged staves supported these martial presents, as well because these staves by their times seem naturally meet for the bearing of armour, as also that they chiefly in this place might take upon them the principal protection of her highness' person, that so benignly pleased her to take harbour. On the seventh posts, the last and next to the castle, where there pight two fair bay branches of four feet high, adorned on all sides with lutes, viols, shalms, cornets, flutes, recorders, and harps, as the presents of Phoebus, the god of music, for rejoicing the mind, and also of physic, for health to the body.'

Music and fireworks closed this day's proceedings. On the following day (Sunday), the morning was occupied 'in divine service, and preaching at the parish church;' the afternoon 'in excellent music of sundry sweet instruments, and in dancing of lords and ladies and other worshipful degrees:—

'At night late, as though Jupiter the last night had forgot for business, or forborne for courtesy and quiet, part of his welcome unto her highness appointed, now entering at the first into his purpose moderately (as mortals do) with a warning piece or two, proceeding on with increase, till at last the Altitonant [i. e. High Thunderer,] displays me his main power; with blaze of burning darts flying to and fro, leams of stars coursant, streams and hail of fiery sparks, lightnings of wildfire on water and land, flight and shooting of thunderbolts, all with such continuance, terror, and vehemence, that the heavens thundered, the waters surged, the earth shook, and in such sort surely, as had we not been assured that the fulminant deity was all hot in amity, and could not otherwise testify his welcome unto her highness, it would have made me for my part, as hardy as I am, very vengeably afraid. This ado lasted until the midnight was passed, that it seemed well with me soon after, when I found me in my cabin.'

On the Monday, the Queen went to the chase at five o'clock in the evening, when 'the hart was killed, a goodly deer;' but this did not terminate the sport:—

'For about nine o'clock, at the hither

• In the other early copy "strewed a little with fresh grass."

part of the chase, where torch light attended, out of the woods, in her majesty's return, there came roughly forth Hombre Salvagio [i. e. a savage man,] with an oak plant plucked up by the roots in his hand, himself foregrown all in moss and ivy; who, for personage, gesture, and utterance beside, countenanced the matter to very good liking; and had speech to this effect:—"That continuing so long in these wild wastes, wherein oft had he fared both far and near, yet happened he never to see so glorious an assembly before: and now cast into great grief of mind, for that neither by himself could he guess, nor knew where else to be taught, what they should be, or who bare estate. Reports, some had he heard of many strange things, but broiled thereby so much the more in desire of knowledge. Thus, in great pangs, bethought he, and called he upon all his familiars and companions, the fawns, the satyrs, the nymphs, the dryades, and the hamadryades; but none making answer, whereby his care the more increasing, in utter grief and extreme refuge, called he aloud at last after his old friend Echo, that he wist would hide nothing from him, but tell him all, if she were here. "Here" (quoth Echo.) "Here, Echo, and art thou there?" (says he) "Ah! how much hast thou relieved my careful spirits with thy courtesy onward. Ay me, good Echo, here is a marvellous presence of dignity; what are they, I pray thee, who is sovereign, tell me, I beseech thee, or else how might I know?" "I know," (quoth she.) "Knowest thou?" "I say," (quoth she, that is exceedingly well: Why then, I desire thee, heartily show me what majesty, for no mean degree is it) have we here: a King, or a Queen?" "A Queen!" (quoth Echo.) "A Queen!" says he, pausing, and wisely viewing awhile, "now full certainly seems thy tale to be true." And proceeding by this manner of dialogue, with an earnest beholding her highness awhile, recounts he, first, how justly that former reports agree with his present sight, touching the beautiful lineaments of countenance, the comely proportion of body, the princely grace of presence, the gracious gifts of nature, with the rare and singular qualities of both body and mind in her majesty conjoined, and so apparent at eye. Then shortly rehearsing Saturday's acts, of Sybil's salutation; of the porter's proposition; of his trumpeter's music; of the lake lady's oration, and of the seven gods' seven presents, he reported the incredible joy that all estates in the land have always of her highness whosoever she came; ending with praise and prayer of perpetual felicity, and with humble subjection of him and his, and all that they may do. After this sort the matter went, with little difference, I guess, saving only in this point, that the thing which I here report in unpolished prose, was there pronounced in good metre and matter, very well ended in rhyme. Echo finely framed, most aptly,

by answers thus to utter all. And I shall tell you, Master Martin, by the mass, of a mad adventure—As this savage, for the more submission, broke his tree asunder, and cast the top from him, it had almost light upon her highness's horse's head; whereat he startled, and the gentleman much dismayed. See the benignity of the prince: as the footmen looked well to the horse, and he of generosity soon calmed of himself—"No hurt, no hurt," quoth her highness. Which words, I promise you, we were all glad to hear, and took them to be the best part of the play."

Hunting, bear-baiting, &c., occupied the succeeding days of the first week until the Sunday, when there was "a fruitful sermon in the forenoon." In the afternoon, "a solemn bridal of a proper couple was appointed," which gives so good a picture of the rural festivities of the times, and is so quaintly described, that we cannot forbear quoting it:—

"First, all the lusty lads and bold bachelors of the parish, suitably habited every wight, with his blue buckram bride-lace upon a branch of green broom (because rosemary is scant there) tied on his left arm, for on that side lies the heart; and his alder pole for a spear in his right hand, in martial order ranged on afore, two and two in a rank: some with a hat, some in a cap, some a coat, some a jerkin, some for lightness, in doublet and hose, clean trussed with points afore; some boots and no spurs, this spurs and no boots, and he again neither one nor other: one had a saddle, another a pad or a pannel fastened with a cord, for girths were geason: and these, to the number of sixteen wights, riding men and well beseen; but the bridegroom foremost in his father's tawny worsted jacket, (for his friends were fain that he should be a bride-groom before the Queen) a fair straw hat with a capital crown, steeplewise on his head; a pair of harvest gloves on his hands, as a sign of good husbandry; a pen and ink-horn at his back, for he would be known to be bookish; lame of a leg that in his youth was broken at football; well beloved of his mother, who lent him a new muffler for a napkin, that was tied to his girdle for losing it. It was no small sport to mark this minion in his full appointment, that, through good tuition, became as formal in his action as had he been a bride-groom indeed; with this special grace by the way, that ever as he would have framed to himself the better countenance, with the worst face he looked.

"Well, sir, after these horsemen, a lively morrice-dance according to the ancient manner: six dancers, maid-marian, and the fool. Then three pretty pucelles, as bright as a breast of bacon, of thirty years old a-piece; that carried three special spice-cakes of a bushel of wheat (they had by measure, out of my lord's bake-

house) before the bride, Cicely, with set countenance and lips so demurely simpering, as it had been a mare cropping of a thistle. After these, a lovely loober-worts, freckle-faced, red-headed, elean trussed in his doublet and his hose, taken up now indeed by commission, for that he was loath to come forward, for reverence belike of his new cut canvas doublet; and would by his good will have been but a gazer, but found to be a meet actor for his office; that was to bear the bride-cup, formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a fair turned foot set to it, all seemly besilvered and parcel gilt adorned with a beautiful branch of broom, gaily begilded for rosemary: from which two broad bride-laces of red and yellow buckram begilded, and gallantly streaming by such wind as there was, for he carried it aloft: this gentle cup-bearer had his freckled physiognomy somewhat unhappily infested, as he went, by the busy flies, that flocked about the sucket that it savoured of; but he, like a tall fellow, withstood their malice stoutly—see what manhood may do—beat them away, killed them by scores, stood to his charge, and marched on in good order.

"Then followed the worshipful bride, led, after the country manner, between two ancient parishioners, honest townsmen. But a stale stallion and a well spread (hot as the weather was,) God wot, and ill-smelling was she: thirty years old,* of colour brown-bay, not very beautiful indeed, but ugly, fust, and ill-favored; yet marvellous fond of the office, because she heard say she should dance before the Queen, in which feast she thought she would foot it as finely as the best. Well, after this bride there came, by two and two, a dozen damselfor bride-maids, that for favour, attire, for fashion and cleanliness, were as meet for such a bride as a tureen ladle for a porridge-pot: more, but for fear of carrying all clean, had been appointed, but these few were enough.

"As the company in this order, were come into the court, marvellous were the martial acts that were done there that day. The bride-groom, for pre-eminence, had the first course at the quintain, and broke his spear with true hardiment; but his mare in her manege did a little so titubate, that much ado had his manhood to sit in his saddle, and escape the foil of a fall; with the help of his hand, yet he recovered himself, and lost not his stirrups, (for he had none to his saddle,) had no hurt as it happened, but only that his girth burst, and lost his pen and ink-horn, which he was ready to weep for: but his handkercher, as good hap was, found he safe at his girdle. That cheered him somewhat, and had good regard it should not be soiled. For though heat and cold had, upon sundry occasions, made him sometimes to sweat, and sometimes rheumatic,

* The other early copy reads "thirty-five years old."

yet durst he be bolder to blow his nose and wipe his face with the flappet of his father's jacket, than with his mother's muffler: 'tis a goodly matter, when youth are mannerly brought up, in fatherly love and motherly awe.

'Now, sir, after the bride-groom had made his course, ran the rest of the band awhile in some order; but soon after, tag and rag, cut and long tail: where the speciality of the sport was, to see how some for their slackness had a good bob with the bag; and some for their haste, too, would topple down-right, and come down tumbling to the post. Some striving so much at the first setting out, that it seemed a question between the man and the beast, whether the course should be made on horseback or on foot; and put forth with the spurs, then would run his race by as among the thickest of the throng, that down came they together, hand over head. Another, while he directed his course to the quintain, his jument would carry him to a mare among the people: so his horse was as amorous as himself adventurous. Another, too, would run and miss the quintain with his staff, and hit the board with his head.

'Many such frolicsome games were there among these riders; who, by and by afterwards, upon a greater courage, left their quintaining, and ran at one another. There to see the stern countenances, the grim looks, the courageous attempts, the desperate adventures, the dangerous courtes, the fierce encounters, whereby the bull at the man, and the counterbull at the horse, that both sometimes came toppling to the ground. By my troth, Master Martin, 'twas a lively pastime; I believe it would have moved a man to a right merry mood, though it had been told him that his wife lay dying.'

Having thus noticed the principal sports, we must now take our leave of Master Robert Laneham, 'mercier, merchant, adventurer, and clerk of the council chamber door, and also keeper of the same,' to say something of the present editor, who has put him in to a dress which makes him more perfectly understood. The glossarial and explanatory notes are a very valuable appendage to Laneham's letter, and display much antiquarian research, and an intimate acquaintance with the peculiar manners and customs of the age of Elizabeth. As illustrative of the romance of Kenilworth, the present volume is very interesting, and ought to be bound up with it. The editor has also given the original story on which the romance is founded*, and Mickle's ballad of Cumnor Hall, which is not printed in the collected works of that poet.

* See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 87.

Original Communications.

THE BURIAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Of all the formula of the Liturgy of the Church of England, there is no part of it so grand and sacred as 'the burial service': none so truly impressive, or so well calculated to excite religious feelings in the human heart. For this reason, I think it worthy of the special consideration of the highest dignitaries of its establishment, to make an erratum for the following sentence, which is said by the priest, 'in *sure and certain* hope of the resurrection,' &c.

As a member of the religion of this country, I do not think it right that there should not be some distinction made between a truly good man and a notoriously wicked man. The above sentence is *twice* said at the grave, and, in addition to its repetition, 'We give thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world, beseeching thee that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect,' &c.

Would it not be more appropriate to omit such incongruities, or so to amend the Liturgy as to give it a more unexceptionable tone to the true spirit of devotion and truth? I presume so.

The Quakers have the decided advantage in this, as also in the reading of their Scriptures to their children, to shield them from the dangers so properly noticed by 'A PARENT,' in your ninety-third number. This is one of the features of the Lancasterian system of education to youth, which Dr. Bell has not avoided in *facto*.

Another of your respectable writers, signed 'L,' in the above number, has written on epitaphs: I would offer this letter as an addendum to both, by observing, how improper it is that eulogies should be continually delivered at the grave, by ministers, who are selected to officiate, without knowing, sometimes, even the sex or age of the deceased, for 'a fee, a hatband, and a pair of gloves.'

Let not, Sir, churchmen and dissenters cry out against Rome and its abominations, while they retain so much of the old leaven of Popery and continue similar practices, though contrary to their professions.

I am, Sir, your's with respect,
PULVIS.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

La Fontaine.—When this poet went to Versailles, to present his Fables to the King, it appeared, after he had delivered a very good address, that he had forgotten the book.

Lessing.—The justly celebrated Lessing was frequently very absent. Having mislaid money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on his table. 'Of course you counted it,' said one of his friends. 'Counted it,' said Lessing, rather embarrassed, 'no; I forgot that.'

In a public sale, there was a book which Lessing was very desirous of possessing. He gave three of his friends, at different times, a commission to buy it at any price. They accordingly bid against each other till they had got as far as ninety crowns; there having been no other bidder after it had reached ten crowns. Happily, one of them thought it best to speak to the others, when it appeared that they had all been bidding for Lessing, whose forgetfulness, in this instance, cost him eighty crowns.

An absent man dining with a gentleman and his sister, the latter fainted at table; which our blunderer, without thinking, imputed to her being in the way which women 'wish to be who love their lords.' 'You are rather out there, my friend,' said his host, 'my sister has been a widow these three years.'—'I really beg your pardon,' exclaimed the other; 'I thought she was a spinster.'

Mr. A**** receives a letter, he knows the hand-writing, he wants to read it in haste—it is already dark, he strikes a light, tears a paper, and lights a taper, but the letter is gone—he had used it to light the candle!

The *Memoirs of Count Tessin*, lately published at Stockholm, contain the following anecdote:—'Of all the absent people I ever knew in Sweden, the most remarkable was the late Chancellor Baron Nolin. Two instances deserve to be related. Once, when he had to read to His Royal Highness Prince Adolphus Frederick, (now King,) a report of the privy council, he very gravely took out of his pocket the lease of his house, which he had nearly read to the end, till the remarks of the prince, at last, made him sensible of his mistake. Another time, he came into his Royal Highness's ante-

ti-chamber, where I was with several officers, and asked for Count Tessin; I answered him myself, but he went out in a very great hurry, and came back and said, the officer in waiting affirms that he is in the room. I answered, 'your lordship will believe me, I hope, for I have myself seen the count go out of the room.' Nokin went out a second time, and came back again with a new assurance of the officer in waiting, on which a general laugh ensued, which waked him out of his dream.'

Alexander Cruden, the author of the *Concordance*, was very intimate with the famous Dr. Bradbury, a zealous dissenting clergyman. The doctor had one evening prepared an excellent supper for several friends; at the moment it was served on the table, Mr. Cruden made his appearance in the room heated with walking. The doctor's favourite dish, a turkey, was smoking at one end of the table, and before the company could be seated, Cruden advanced, put back his wig, and with both hands plunged in the gravy, he calmly washed his hands and his face over the bird, to the no small mortification of the doctor and his company.

Original Criticisms

ON
*The Principal Performers of the Theatres
Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.*

No. XIII.—MISS FOOTE

'Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.'—MILTON.

WERE we to indulge ourselves in retracing all the beauties of Miss Foote; her heavenly beaming smile, the soft expression of her dove-like eyes, and her other thousand fascinating attractions, instead of writing a criticism, we should, undoubtedly, launch forth into the most extravagant panegyric, but

'Justice must not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.'

To deny that Miss Foote is 'more than language can express, or youthful poets fancy when they love,' would be as ridiculous as to affirm that her acting, or her conception of character, is as perfect as her person. The principal fault of this interesting actress is an intolerable ogle, and a perpetual languishing elevation of the eye. All this is extremely weak and frivolous, and is as much as saying, in other words, to the audience, 'I have undoubtedly fine eyes, and am certainly a most lovely creature.' Were it not for this affectation, we should

consider her performance of Virginia completely perfect; nothing can exceed her excellence when, reluctantly, and with all the bashfulness of a young and timid maiden, she confesses her love for Icelius; her scenes with her father are not less worthy of commendation. Her exquisite performance of this character has induced us to think that she would appear to great advantage in the love-inspiring Juliet. Tenderness in tragedy and sprightliness in comedy are this lady's peculiar forte; she has not strength enough either of voice, features, or person, to express vehement passions; it will, therefore, be evident, that she is excellently adapted for the pathos, the calm, the meek endurance of grief, which the Mantuan heroine, amid all her severe and innumerable trials, exhibits. She plays Cordelia tolerably, but Covent Garden is sadly in want of an actress even in its characters of youth and beauty. We will not be so ungallant as to omit her representation of the fair Isidora, the 'lovely Duchess of Miranda'; nor so unjust as to forget her Maria Darlington. In the former character, her first interview with Guido was replete with pathos and fervent feeling, and in the fifth act, she surpassed our most sanguine expectations; in the latter, she affects insanity, sings, and waltzes *à merveille*. In Imogen she looks well, particularly in her male attire, but her execution is by no means equal to her conception. In Mary, Queen of Scots, so far as personal beauty was concerned, she made the character far more interesting than Miss Macauley, but, in all other respects, she was sadly inferior. She plays Fanny, in the 'Clandestine Marriage,' prettily, though she is somewhat too rigid for sentimental comedy. But, in characters of archness, she is most happy. Among these, her Sophia, in the 'Rendezvous,' an apparently half-witted, but really sly girl, deserves favourable mention. She really surprised us by her performance of Bertha, in the 'Point of Honour'; in the prison scene she exhibited considerable feeling, and the hysterical laugh which followed the gradual recovery of her senses, was perfectly true to nature. We have heard that this lady either has, or shortly intends to retire from the stage; we trust that this is but an empty rumour, as, although she is far from being in the first class, she is certainly an improving performer, and her representations of some characters, though not chef d'œuvres, are chaste

and pathetic, and give strong indications of future talent.

No. XIV.—MRS. FAUCIT.

WE know of no actress who has made such rapid strides towards perfection, in the last two seasons, as Mrs. Faucit; it is true she is not always equally excellent in all her efforts, but in some characters so faithful is she to nature, so fanciful, so vigorous are her delineations, that she leaves most of her competitors at a distance. Pre-eminent among these stands her Elspeth, in the *Antiquary*. The author of 'Waverley' obviously finds an old woman indispensable, at least in his novels, and Elspeth is Meg Merrilies grown deaf, blind, and every thing but dumb. Mrs. Faucit plays it with singular impressiveness; indeed, we believe we may venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that we have no other performer on the stage who could have done it so much justice. She looks and dresses the character completely to the life, and, from being a fine comely woman of five and thirty, transforms her person, with the utmost fidelity, into an old, withered, decrepit, shrivelled hag of upwards of a century. We never recollect any performance of the kind so imitatively excellent.

That Mrs. Faucit possesses considerable talent, will be evident from her admirable performances both in young as well as old characters. In Lady Racket, she gives us a faithful portrait, fresh with life and reality, and this too without any exaggeration or heightened colouring, to produce effect. In Ulicia she exhibits, with great skill, that wild infuriate passion, so powerfully drawn by the highly talented author of *Ivanhoe*. But in all her studies, this lady should never attempt the tender, whining maiden—as Virginia, or Cora, or even Virginia; her peculiar excellence consists in the boldness of her execution, and the vehemence of her action; it is, therefore, clear that she is completely misplaced in characters of tenderness or feminine weakness. We cannot say that we admire her Juliet or Lady Macbeth; but of this latter character we may say the same of all our actresses. She has a laborious part in *Adels*, in the 'Warlock of the Glen,' but she plays it with great spirit. The sight of females rending themselves to fragments, and out-screaming the ravens of the night, is not among our pleasures; but, in melodrama, such things must be done, and it is Mrs. Faucit's praise to say, that no

person can do them better. We could wish that all the commendations elicited by this lady's performances, were attended by favourable reminiscences of the pieces themselves. We recollect a melo-drame, now justly consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets, entitled the 'Castle of Paluzzi,' in which Mrs. Fancit performed the heroine with unexampled excellence. In the last scene, when fluctuating between terror and the dread of breaking the oath that had been extorted from her, she displayed genius of the very first order; it was only lamentable that such acting should have been lavished on so miserable a drama. She performs Isabella, that female Iago, in *Mirandola*, with great excellence; her duplicity is finely carried on, and in the concluding scene, where, her guilty designs being divulged, she throws off the mask, and displays a mind of demoniacal deformity, her acting is so powerful, and her representation so perfect and forcible, that the audience really appear desirous of losing sight of so incarnate a fiend. She enacts Julia, in the 'Rivals,' with great judgment; Ravina, admirably; and does all that is possible for the exquisitely beautiful, though terribly undramatic character—the Lady, in *Corius*. This lady's greatest commendation is the zeal which she manifests in every part that is allotted her; she gives us the true spirit of her author; she is useful both to the manager and the audience, for if she undertakes a character not originally known, she gives us very many of its beauties; indeed, with constant application, we doubt not, in a very few years, to see her at the very summit of her profession. W. H. PARRY.

Original Poetry.

TO HARRIET.

On her asking the Author 'what made him so low-spirited?'

Could language paint the dire distress
That in my bosom reigns,
Or show the anguish of a breast
That's rent with torturing pains,
I'd tell thee how, in evil hour,
A violent storm came o'er,
And struck to earth my favourite flower—
It fell—so rise no more!

Pain would I tell thee, how this heart
With grief is sore oppress'd—
How hard a task it is to part
With those we lov'd the best!

Alas! she's gone, all words are vain,—
They will not ease the smart;
But her dear image will remain
For ever in this heart!

J. W. JUV.

HOPE.

BRIGHT is you sun that gilds the sky,
But not as Hope so bright;
The one but charms the wandering eye,
The other lifts the soul on high,
And feasts it with delight,
Pure as the snow on Andes' height,
And kindly as the breeze,
That skims, in wanton pastime light,
In summer o'er the seas;
Yet still comparisons like these
But poorly tell its bliss;
For nought but Hope the wretch can please,
Nought else can give his bosom ease,
And point to happiness. J. D.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

With a *Bunch of Snow-Drops*.

THERE is in friendship's gift a charm,
Though known but to a favoured few,
That may the coldest bosom warm,
A pledge of love for ever true;
Such, my dear girl, accept from me,
'Tis all I now dare offer thee.

These scentless flowers, of tender form,
I could'd from 'neath your pear-tree's bough—
Pale offspring of the wintry storm,
Bedropt with ice and clothed in snow;
Yet, oh! how sweet do they appear,
First promise of the opening year.

Like thee, in innocence arrayed,
With modest beauty meek they shone;
Be now their modest worth repaid,
Nor blush, fair maid, the deed to own,
That, when the storm o'er tower and tree
Ranged wild, they were preserved by thee.

Then take them to thy virgin breast,
That breast that fears no rival foe;
And, of thy fostering care possess'd,
Let them in native beauty blow,
While each shall to the other give
A charm that bids both chaster live.

ALPHEUS.

THE SYCOPHANT.

MARK yonder fawning hound! in whose vile face
Each dastard feeling of the soul we trace.
With cringing look he stands beside the board,
A servile flatterer to a courtly lord;
Behold how low he bends his abject knees,
Using each mean detested art to please:
Is Claudio sick, or does he keep his bed—
He too is languid, he too droops his head;
When Claudio's ill, can Sylvio's heart be glad?
Can he be happy when his lord is sad?
No; 'tis not possible,—he feels it deep,
His heart beat, he cries, impels his eyes to weep.
Is Claudio lively, does he join the glee,—
He smiles in concert, lively too is he.
Does any of his slaves their lord offend—
With Claudio's frowns his own in anger bend.
Does the day shine, or is its splendour dim,
As 'tis with Claudio, so it is with him.
If chance his lord some paltry letter write,—
He, smiling cries, how well he can indite.
If some mean verse he makes, that verse he'll
praise.

And strait declare him worthy of the bays.
E'en should his lord for music have no ear,
He'll say his voice is sweet, his judgment clear;
Or if at eve he seeks the silent grove,
Thither his servile steps are sure to rove.
He'll bless the spot, and with a lofty tone,
Swear it was made for Claudio alone;
Each look, each action, does his eye imbibe,
A sycophant the meanness of his tribe.

SAM SPITTEALL.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Intended to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal English Opera House, Feb. 26, 1821, previous to the play of 'The Foundling of the Forest.'

'This drama' laws the drama's patrons give,
And they who live to please, must please to live.

Thus Johnson wrote: nor has the present age
Revoked those rigid laws which rul'd his stage;
Each author, still, who courts your smiles or tears,

The pen severe of criticism fears:
Each actor pleading here his humble cause,
Sinks 'neath your frowns, or rises by applause.
But we, to-night, present you nothing new:
Our *Forest Foundling*, cheer'd by friends like you,

Has oft his sea of difficulties past,
And reached his loved, his destined home at last.

Though he once more essay the path of pain,
Give him your aid, and he'll succeed again.

One word for him, who Florian's woes shall speak,

And dry the tear which dews a mother's cheek.
In his behalf assembled here we see,
Of fair and dark, a goodly company:
Your very presence shews a generous heart;
Your plaudits constitute the other part.
In former times, by tokens such as these,
You've stilled his throbbing heart, and given it ease;

For favours present, favours past, receive
The warmest thanks a grateful soul can give:
And with himself some others he'd include,
Who thank you, though in silent gratitude.

When retrospection shall recall to-night,
May it produce a feeling but delight:
So your support its reward shall prove,
And Florian still be debtor to your love.

February, 1821.

L.

Fine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

MR. HAYDON is an artist of whose talents public opinion is becoming more unanimous than formerly; indeed, to deny talents—extraordinary talents, to an individual who could produce 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,' would argue want of taste and judgment, or would discover a very strong prejudice. The new picture of 'Christ's Agony' has, we understand, been designed and finished in the short period of twelve months; and, although the private view of it was too late in the week to allow a detailed criticism, yet we shall briefly notice it this week, and return to the subject when more at leisure. It appeared to us that the worst part of the painting is the principal figure; but the attributes of Deity, however glowing to the imagination, are beyond the reach of the pencil. Our Saviour is represented in the foreground, praying. The artist has aimed,

as he himself states, 'to give an air of submissive tenderness, while a quiver of agony still trembles on the features.' The union of passion and divinity is incongruous, and although we here behold beautiful features, impassioned to a degree almost beyond nature, yet they are not absorbed in the emotion of a Deity. It has been observed, that Milton, sublime and grand as he is, has not succeeded in the speeches which he has given to God the Father, or to Christ, so well as in those which he has given to the fallen angels. The same remark applies to this picture, in which the betrayer, 'Judas,' and the 'rabble,' possessing the advantages of diversity of character, are superior to the principal figure; they are, indeed, admirable. Immediately behind our Saviour, the three apostles, St. John, St. James, and St. Peter, are sleeping on a sort of garden bank; and, in the back ground, appears Judas, whose wily treachery is stamped on his countenance, with a centurion soldier and a crowd. The apostles are executed in the happiest style, and their sleeping is admirably distinguished. The unsound dose is finely contrasted with the deep sleep of St. James; while St. Peter is represented in a disturbed slumber, keeping guard with his sword, and on the point of waking at the approach of light. As a whole, this picture is inferior to 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem'; this is principally owing to the nature of the subject, but it is not so well finished; we may, however, pronounce it as displaying splendid talents, and which would of itself rank Mr. Haydon very high in the school of British artists. R.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Haines's new tragedy of *Conscience*, has been twice repeated since our last, and with increased effect. It is now announced for performance every evening not devoted to operas; so that, notwithstanding the culpable neglect of the manager, who hurried it on the stage with only three rehearsals, and did not expend a single shilling in other dresses or scenery, and, notwithstanding the very inefficient company this theatre possesses in this department of the drama, yet the tragedy will become popular from its own intrinsic merits. The plot teems with accumulating interest from the first scene to the falling of the curtain, and the play is rich, beyond comparison, in beautiful poetry. We could

select several passages which surpass any thing of the sort in modern times, but, as the tragedy will be published in a few days, we reserve our remarks for a notice of it in our review department. It is but justice to the performers to say, that the tragedy is, on the whole, much better acted than on the first night, and that the chilling neglect of the manager has had no influence on their exertions.

Bickerstaff's opera of *Love in a Village* was performed at this theatre on Thursday night, so strongly cast as to combine nearly all the operatic and comic talent of the house. This entertaining drama, which has always been a favourite on the stage, from its being first produced in 1762, is evidently borrowed from the *Village Opera*, written by Charles Johnson. The principal part of the plot and characters are taken from it, but given with much improvement. The poetry of many of the airs in the original, if not of a very high character, is at least appropriate; and the author discovers, in general, a happy facility in adapting his tunes to his ideas, a practice highly essential in dramatic composition; for, whatever tends to illustrate the action of the scene, or character of the illusory personage, should be considered with the utmost attention, and adopted as often as the laws of the drama will admit.

We have been speaking of Bickerstaff's opera, but it was Mr. Elliston's version of it that we witnessed; for so much strange music, by various composers, has been introduced, and so many of the original airs omitted, that little remains of *Love in a Village*, but the dialogue and the name. The great attraction of the evening was Miss Wilson, in the character of Rosetta, and the reputation which this young lady has acquired, filled every part of the house. She was throughout honoured with warm applause, particularly towards the close of the opera, and one of the prettiest exercises of the brilliancy of her talents was in her last bravura. In the duet with Braham, 'When thy bosom heaves the sigh,' and in another with Horn, 'Can I those beauties prize,' she was extremely happy; but, we confess, we were disappointed in the third duet which she sang with Horn, 'Together let us range the fields.' The acting of Miss Wilson was in general good, particularly in the last scene, where she comes forward as a person of family. She represents the English gentlewoman better than a *femme de chambre*. It

was a new and most welcome treat to hear Mr. Braham employ his science and his powerful voice in the truly English songs of Hawthorn. Never, perhaps, were these airs given with such effect, and nearly the whole of them were encored with an enthusiasm which bespoke the delight of the audience. Young Meadows was well sustained by Mr. Horn, who gave the songs with much sweetness. Miss Povey was justly encored in 'Cupid, god of soft persuasion.' Mr. Munden, in Justice Woodcock, excited the risible muscles of the audience, but he was rather too grotesque; and his song, 'When I courted a lass,' should certainly now be omitted, as too coarse for the refined manners of the present day. Knight's Hodge was in the true spirit of rural nature; nor must we forget that exquisite English ballad singer, Mrs. Bland, on whom age seems to have no effect, for her voice is as sweet as ever. She played Madge admirably. The other parts were well cast, and the opera was crowned with unanimous approbation.—In consequence of the indisposition of Madame Vestris, Miss Kelly undertook the character of Little Pickle, in *The Spoiled Child*; a better substitute could not have been provided. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were present, and were honoured with that enthusiastic welcome the Royal Family meet when they mix in the amusements of the public.

COVENT GARDEN.—That courtesy which used to exist between the two great theatres, of not adopting a new piece which had been first produced at the rival house, is now no longer adhered to. In consequence of which, the Parisian melo-drame, *L'Orphéus de Genève*, which was brought out so successfully at Drury Lane, under the title of *Therese*, has been produced at this theatre under the name of *Henriette, or the Farm of Senanges*. The story being the same, it is unnecessary that we should detail it. A Mrs. Vining, from the Worthing boards, appeared, for the first time, as the heroine, *Henriette* (the *Therese* of Drury Lane) and was very favourably received. She has a tolerable stage figure, and displayed considerable force and skill, particularly in the last act. Messrs. Vandenhof, Abbot, Connor, Blanchard, with Mrs. Faucit and Mrs. Davenport, did ample justice to their respective parts, and the piece was received with applause, but has been withdrawn, after having been performed four times. Digitized by Google

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. MATHEWS AT HOME.—We are glad to turn from the monotony of the great theatres, with their twenty times repeated operas and 'most successful melo-dramas ever produced,' to be at HOME with Mr. Mathews, who received company, for the first time this season, on Thursday night. The entertainments were his *Mail Coach Adventures*, which he gave with so much success the first season. There was, therefore, nothing original—we beg pardon, there was Mr. Mathews, who is himself such an original, as to present a never-failing novelty in his own person, in the Protean shapes that he so successfully assumes. His songs and imitations, with the old Scotch lady's prosing story about 'Sandy Anderson and the Minister,' have evidently lost none of their interest, and were loudly applauded. Mr. Mathews has some novelties in reserve, which will shortly be produced.

SURRY THEATRE.—In addition to *Kenilworth*, which continues to be played nightly, a burletta, entitled *What's a Clock, or the Midnight Hour*, has been brought out, and seems likely to keep pace with the former, being extremely successful. Miss Copeland and Fitzwilliam have prominent parts, which they play with much spirit; and the entire performance meets with general and well-merited approbation.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—*Kenilworth* has been successfully produced at this Theatre; and Mrs. Chatterly, as the Countess of Leicester, and Mrs. Lazenby as Queen Elizabeth, play their respective characters very effectively. The piece differs materially in performance from that of the Surry Theatre; but though, as there, Varney falls in to the tray laid for his mistress, the curtain drops more abruptly, and the close is less interesting.—A lively interlude, called the *Green Room*, deserves favourable mention, and *Thérèse* has been added to the list of popular pieces.—Mrs. Chatterly is the heroine and plays her part with great judgment and effect and Mr. Rowbotham's Carwin deserves more praise than any other character we have seen him assume.

EAST LONDON THEATRE.—*Thérèse*, has been played at this theatre every evening for a week past, and, from the very respectable manner in which it is put up, both as to the scenery and acting, must afford much entertainment to those who, from the great distance of the theatres royal, are not able to attend its representation there. We

have often spoken in terms of commendation of the *corps dramatique*, and they never deserved it better than on this occasion.—Mrs. Paine plays the unfortunate Mariette naturally and delightfully; Montague as Carwin, and Downe as the Pastor, deserve a favourable notice; and Herring, at all times amusing, excited much merriment in the character of the farmer.

Literature and Science.

Mr. Bagster has just completed his beautiful edition of the Book of Common Prayer, in eight languages, and had the honour of presenting a copy to his Majesty, at the last levee, when it was graciously received. This volume is elegantly printed, and presents, at one view, the text in English, French, modern Greek, Italian, German, Spanish, Greek and Latin. The editors and translators are men of acknowledged talent, and the work is one that does much credit to the enterprising spirit of the publisher.

Earthquake.—Zante has been destroyed by an earthquake. The best intelligence respecting this melancholy event, is detailed in the following extract from a letter dated Corfu, Jan. 10th, 1821.—'I have only one piece of news to give you, which is a very sad one, and which, perhaps, you will have heard before this letter reaches you,—the destruction of Zante by an earthquake. On the twenty-ninth, at three in the morning, we had a very smart shock here, which, however, did no damage, and, as they are very frequent, little notice was taken of it; but the first boats from Zante brought up news, that, on the same morning, at about twenty minutes before four, they experienced a most violent shock, which overthrew a great many houses. The people all ran into the streets, and most into the church of St. Dionysius, the patron saint; but scarce had they been there a short time when another shock, much stronger than the first, came and finished what the other had left undone. Upwards of a thousand houses are much injured; five hundred, or more, so much so that they are obliged to pull them down; and numbers totally overthrown. Providentially very few lives were lost, only ten; but many people severely wounded and bruised. The escape of the officers of the 36th regiment was most miraculous. They had given a great party to the gentlemen of Zante, and broke up only ten minutes before the

earthquake; the house was thrown down to its very foundation. The house of Cavalier Bulga, the finest in the town, is also destroyed, together with a most valuable library.

'What rendered the state of these unfortunate people much more lamentable, was that, immediately after, a most violent hurricane arose, accompanied by a heavier shower of hail than ever before experienced. You must not accuse me of exaggeration, for I copy our official dispatches, when I tell you that the hailstones were an inch and a half in diameter, and weighed nearly three ounces. This shower lasted some time, and then changed to violent torrents of rain: two people were drowned in the streets; and to complete all, the sea rose and carried away two more houses. The house of Sir Patrick Ross, the governor, is half down. Lord Strangford (the English ambassador) and his lady, notwithstanding the hurricane, were obliged to go on board the Cambrian frigate, which, when the dispatches came away, was not expected to ride out the gale.

'Only conceive the misery of these poor people, who, afraid to return into their houses, and many without any to return to, were exposed three days and nights in the open air, to such dreadful weather. What further damage may have been done is not known, or whether they have had any more shocks, as it has blown so tremendously this last fortnight, that no boats have been able to put to sea. Great fears are entertained that they have had another, as we last week felt two very smart shocks here, one at half-past seven in the evening, and another at one in the morning. This earthquake has been felt in all the islands, and at Malta, and we are afraid Sicily has suffered. This is the second town which has been destroyed in two years. Zante was the largest and best built town of all the islands, and would have been reckoned a fine town on the continent. As to Santa Maura, it is a most wretched place. The earthquakes there lasted two months, and during that time, there were felt eight hundred and thirty shocks, great and small. Every house in the town and castle is cracked in all directions, and more than half thrown down, the barracks destroyed, and the bridge broken in many places. One shock in particular, was very remarkable, for the earth trembled or shivered continually, from half-past five in the afternoon till twelve at night.

'Jan 14.—The courier is on the

point of sailing; I therefore can only say a very few words. The earthquake at Zante has been still more calamitous than was supposed; four hundred and sixty-three houses have been totally destroyed, and five hundred more so much injured, that it will be necessary to pull them down,—besides whole villages in the country totally destroyed.'—*Phil. Mag.*

German Sausages.—Dr. J. Kerner has discovered that smoked sausages, a favourite food of the inhabitants of Wirtemberg, contain often a deadly poison. The effects of the poison are ordinarily manifested in spring time or the month of April, in a manner more or less alarming. In a periodical paper which appears at Tubingen, Mr. Kerner has published a number of observations on the subject, and he has now in the press, a work in which he treats of it more in detail. He states that, out of seventy-six persons who fell sick from having eaten sausages, thirty-seven died in a short time; while others remained valetudinarians for years. Liver sausages appear to be the most dangerous. 'In general,' says M. Kerner, 'the poison is formed in raw, hushed, and seasoned flesh, after being stuffed in gut and smoked. This animal poison is distinguished from all others by this circumstance—that it does not attack the brain and spinal marrow, while it paralyzes the whole lymphatic system. Sometimes the patient for many months together ceases to feel his heart beat, whilst the pulsation of the arteries remains invariable.' All the observations of M. Kerner are supported by cases which have come within his own experience.

The Bee.

*Floris et apes in salubris omnia linant,
Omnia nos itidem deprecatur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

A gentleman, who, while his wife was alive, passed every evening for thirty years with another lady, was advised to marry her when his helpmate died. 'Why, no,' said he, 'if I did, I should not know where to go and pass my evenings.'

Introduction of Forks at Table.—Mr. Cole, the antiquary, in a letter to Dr. Percy, says,—'I have in my custody a very curious old knife and fork, if it may be so called, having only one point, about four or five inches long, and from the shaft made like a bodkin; they are fellows of the same fashion, being, as to the handles or hafts, both of

ebony, neatly inlaid with ivory, and are, I make no doubt, at least three hundred years old. They were found at Stamford, some years ago, together with a neat stiletto or dagger.'—*Cole's MSS. vol. 24, p. 42.*

There is a monument at Berne, erected to the memory of a most beautiful woman, who died in childhood. The lady is represented at the moment of resurrection; a kind of grove is sunk, sufficient to contain a statue: in it is placed a large stone, unequally split or broken, and so contrived, that the young wife appears rising from her coffin, just awoke from the sleep of death, holding her child in one hand, and pushing away the stone with the other. The dignity of the figure, her innocence, and the pure celestial joy which shines in her countenance, combines, to give the whole a most pleasing and sublime expression. The epitaph is worthy of the tomb; the lady is supposed to speak—'I hear the trumpet, it penetrates to the depth of the tombs! Awake, child of anguish! the Saviour of the world calls us!—the empire of death is ended, and an immortal palm will crown innocence and virtue. Behold me, Lord, with the infant thou gavest me!'

The following advertisement is copied, *verbatim et literatim et punctatim*, from the 'Indiana Centinel,' printed at Vincennes, in the United States. We republish it for the amusement of our readers:—

'Friends and citizens,—Having served my country with patriotic valor and feeling, yet actuated with the warmest wishes for the prosperity and happiness of my fellow-citizens, I feel it my duty to offer to them my services in the civil department.

'I have fought for liberty and my country; I have arrested the tomahawk when raised against the innocent; and, therefore, since it is no longer in my power to direct our soldiers to the fight, accept my friends of the humble offer of my talents for the office of assistant judge.

'Who is deserving of the civil office, if the soldier bred to the art of war, and accomplished in every thing interesting to society, is not: who has toiled, with hunger, with cold and danger, to protect the rights of the people?'

JOHN M'BANE.

Vincennes, June 6, 1816.
'N. B.—If any of my fellow citizens should doubt my talents, I will make a speech at the court-house on the day of the election.'

Early in the ensuing week, will be published, **THE LILIAN BRIDE**, and other Poems. BY BARTON WILFORD. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones.

NEW NOVEL.

This day is published, dedicated (by permission) to Mrs. Joanna Bailie, price 21s. boards, **FAVOURITE OF 'NATURE.** A Novel. In Three Volumes 12mo. Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

Also, just published, **SUCH IS THE WORLD.** A Novel. In Three Vols. 12mo. price 21s. boards.

MEMOIR of Mrs. DYOTT, written by herself, with a striking likeness of the Author; accounting for her separation from General Dyott, with various letters of the General and other persons, with this motto: 'Patience is the surest remedy against calamities: Time, soon or late, discovers their truth.'

This work is replete with portraits of statesmen; among others, James Hartley, of New Bridge Street, and Thomas McKiernon, of the house of Slade, Bedford, and Slade, Doctors' Commons. A word is said of Randle Jackson, Esq., Barrister at Law; with remarks on the testimony of Robert Thompson, Esq., of South Audley Street; Coloneli Dade and Disbrow, &c. Printed for W. Wright, 46, Fleet Street, in royal 8vo. price 2s.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'THE FAMILY TRUNK,' No. IV., 'FANCIAL PORTRAITS,' No. III., Anecdotes of the Highlanders, and Lines by Mr. Ball, is out next.

W. and Wilford are received. L. will find a letter with our publisher. D.'s letter on 'Paintings in Churches,' is completely anticipated by the one already inserted from Mr. Price. It will be left at our office for him, as he requests.

We have received a letter from the Rev. T. Smith, in which he distinctly denies having sent the review of *Walsingham's Arithmetic*, inserted in a preceding number, or of having given any instructions whatever for a copy of that one of his well-wishers, desirous of serving him, had, without apprising him of his intention, sent the book and review in question. We should have inserted Mr. Smith's letter, but for the same reason that we refused one which questions the originality of his additions to the arithmetic, viz. that we wish to drop the subject.

Erasmus, p. 120, col. 2, l. 11, for 'Henry read Ernest.'

'The full price will be given by our Publisher, for saleable copies of No. 87 of the Country Literary Chronicle. Both Editions of The Literary Chronicle becoming very scarce, regular Subscribers are advised to complete their sets without delay.'

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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No. 95.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Universal Science, or the Cabinet of Nature and Art; comprising above One Thousand entertaining and instructive Facts and Experiments, selected from various departments of Natural Philosophy, and the useful Discoveries in the Arts. Illustrated by numerous Engravings on Wood. By Alexander Jamieson, Author of the *Grammars of Rhetoric and Poetic Literature*, and of *Universal Geography*, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 858. London, 1821.

MR. JAMIESON, who is the author of several popular works on education, in a modest preface, states the object of the present volumes, as intended 'to conduct the student through a scientific course, in a safe and easy mean, between the two extremes of turgid verbosity on the one hand, and verbose digression on the other. And, to accomplish this desirable end, a selection has been made of those branches of scientific knowledge, which presented the greatest variety of instructive facts and popular experiments. But to blend amusement with instruction, the fine arts have been resorted to, and the whole range of manufactures which have received improvements from modern discoveries in chemical science, has been ransacked, to present to the reader whatever was curious and deserving attention.' Extensive as this field may appear, yet it does not, by any means, show the ample range which the author has taken; and we shall, therefore, recapitulate the principal subjects, which are as follows:—Geology, geological phenomena, meteorology, geographical science, refining metals, the philosophy of the vegetable kingdom, outlines and phenomena of animated nature, astronomy, chronology, heraldry, military and naval tactics, physics, mechanics, acoustics, algebra, arithmetic, geometry, architecture, the fine arts, printing, sculpture, engraving, coining, domestic arts, philosophical and other scientific experiments, manufactures, bleaching, optics, mechanical arts, &c.

Vol. III.

'Universal science,' it will be seen, is a complete *handmaid to the arts*, calculated to make the reader a scientific *maid of all work*, or, to use a still more homely phrase, a perfect *Jack of all trades*. We confess, we wish the author's plan had been more limited; the arrangement, too, is not very judicious; and there are some things which we should have wished altogether omitted. The Yankee story of the sea serpent should be better authenticated before it is included in the list of natural phenomena; and we cannot tell what the 'plague in the time of Justinian' has to do under the title of 'Domestic Arts.' Perhaps the author, adopting a high authority, that 'a rose under any other name would smell as sweet,' thought that an interesting article could not be misplaced any where. Having now stated what we conceive to be objectionable, we turn to the more pleasing task, of noticing what is worthy of praise. Varied as the information is which this work contains, yet it is in general judiciously selected from the best authorities; in matters of science, the latest improvements are noticed; in geography, astronomy, geology, the latest discoveries detailed; in natural history, the classification and arrangement is scientific and perspicuous; and the whole work is written in that concise and intelligible style, which renders it familiar to the humblest aspirant after learning, and of value to all classes. Although we are well aware, that neither one, two, nor even a dozen extracts will give a sufficient idea of the character of the work, yet, as we generally wish to enable our readers to judge for themselves, we take one or two articles almost at random:—

'*Microscopic View of Spiders Weaving their Webs.*—Of all the beautiful discoveries with which we have become acquainted, through the progress of the physical sciences, there are none more striking than those of the microscope, or which may be studied with greater ease. The application of a powerful lens to any of those minute objects which we have it daily in our power to examine, exhibits a scene of wonder, of which those who have

never witnessed it cannot form an adequate idea.

'For example, the construction of cobwebs has in all ages been lightly esteemed; nevertheless, for simplicity of machinery and neatness of execution, they cannot be surpassed by the art of man. The spinners are the apparatus, through which, by a most wonderful process, the spider draws its thread. Each spinner is pierced, like the plate of a wire-drawer, with a multitude of holes, so numerous and exquisitely fine, that a space, often not bigger than a pin's point, includes above a thousand. Through each of these holes proceeds a thread of an inconceivable tenuity, which, immediately after issuing from the orifice, unites with all the other threads, from the same spinner, into one. Hence from each spinner proceeds a compound thread; and these four threads, at the distance of about one tenth of an inch from the apex of the spinner, again unite, and form the thread we are accustomed to see, which the spider uses in forming its web. Thus a spider's web, even spun by the smallest species, and when so fine that it is almost imperceptible to our senses, is not, as we suppose, a single line, but a rope, composed of at least four thousand strands. But to feel all the wonders of this fact, we must follow Leuwenhoek in one of his calculations on the subject. This renowned microscopic observer found, by an accurate estimation, that the threads of the minutest spiders, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine, that four millions of them would not exceed in thickness one of the hairs of his beard! Now we know that each of these threads is composed of above four thousand still finer. It follows, therefore, that above sixteen thousand millions of the finest threads which issue from such spiders, are not, altogether, thicker than a human hair.

'In the earlier part of last century, Bob, of Languedoc, fabricated a pair of stockings and a pair of gloves from the threads of spiders. They were nearly as strong as silk, and of a beautiful grey colour!'

As so many accidents occur from poison, the following familiar rules, explaining the symptoms, and the antidotes necessary to counteract their effect, should be universally known, although we hope our readers will never have occasion to apply them:—

Poisons, with their Symptoms and Antidotes.

Concentrated acids: the vitriolic, nitric, muriatic, oxalic, &c.—*Symptoms.* Burning pain, vomiting. Matter thrown up effervesces with chalk, or salt of tartar, or lime, or magnesia.—*Antidote.* Calined magnetia: one ounce to a pint of warm or cold water. A glassful to be taken every two minutes, so as to excite vomiting. Soap, or chalk and water; mucilaginous drinks afterwards, such as linseed-tea, or gum arabic and water.

Alkalies: soda, ammonia, lime, &c.—*Symptoms.* Nearly the same: the ejected matter does not effervesce with alkalis, but with acids.—*Antidote.* Vinegar and lemon juice: a spoonful or two in a glass of water very frequently; simply warm water.

Mercurial preparations: corrosive sublimate, &c. &c.—*Symptoms.* Sense of constriction in the throat: matter vomited sometimes mixed with blood.—*Antidote.* White of eggs: twelve or fifteen eggs beat up and mixed with a quart of cold water. A glass full every three minutes. Milk, gum-water, linseed-tea.

Arsenical preparations: white arsenic, &c.—*Symptoms.* Extreme irritation, pain, sickness, and speedy death, if the poison be not soon counteracted.—*Antidote.* Warm water, with sugar, in large quantities, to excite vomiting. Lime-water, soap and water, pearl-ash and water, mucilaginous drinks.

Preparations of copper, brass, &c. viridigris, half-pence, pins, &c. &c.—*Symptoms.* Nearly the same as from mercury.—*Antidote.* White of eggs: (see under mercury,) mucilaginous drinks.

Preparations of antimony: emetic tartar, &c.—*Symptoms.* Extreme sickness, with other symptoms of poison, as above stated.—*Antidote.* Warm water, or sugar and water; afterwards a grain of opium, or fifteen drops of laudanum every quarter of an hour, for two or three times.

Nitre.—*Symptoms.* Obstinate vomiting, sometimes of blood, &c. &c.—*Antidote.* The same as for arsenic, with the exception of lime water and alkalies.

Phosphorus.—*Symptoms.* Like mineral acids.—*Antidote.* Same treatment.

Lead: sugar of lead, goldard extract, &c.—*Symptoms.* Great pain in the stomach, with constipation of the throat, &c. &c.—*Antidote.* Large doses of Glauber's or Epsom salts, in warm water.

Opium, henbane, hemlock, nuxvomica, deadly nightshade, berries, mushrooms, &c. &c.—*Symptoms.* Stupor, desire to vomit, heaviness in the head, dilated pupil of the eye, delirium, and speedy death.—*Antidote.* Four or five grains of tartar emetic in a glass of water; if this does not succeed, four grains of blue vitriol, as an emetic. Do not give large quantities of water. After the poison has been ejected, give vinegar, lemon juice, or cream of tartar. Strong coffee also is useful.

Poison of the yellow-billed sprat.—*Antidote.* Solution of sugar.

Opium and arsenic, it is well known, are poisons; and, as the effects of these are often fatal before medical aid can be procured, it may not be improper to state briefly the principal antidotes to either. When poison of any kind has been swallowed, the immediate object should always be that of endeavouring to excite vomiting; but much time is often lost by waiting the operations of medical emetics, when the discharge from the stomach might be much more speedily effected by mechanical means. Let, then, the persons who are about the individual who has taken poison, force a feather, or a piece of stick, or any thing that can be immediately procured, down the throat, and thus continue to irritate the parts till vomiting is induced. Emetics are, of course, to be administered as soon as they can be procured, when the power of swallowing is not suspended. After the contents of the stomach have thus been discharged, it is of consequence to recollect that acids are the best correctives of opium, and alkalies of arsenic.

In the one case, that of opium, then, let vinegar or lemon juice, diluted with about an equal quantity of water, be freely and copiously administered: in the other, that of arsenic, let a solution of soap in water be made as strong, and poured down as quickly as possible. This last answers a double purpose, the alkali of the soap acting upon the acid of the arsenic, and thus destroying its virulence; and the oily principle of this material, liberated, in some measure, from its alkali, seems to lubricate the coat of the stomach, and thus, at once, to abate the inflammation already excited, and to defend the parts from the further influence of the poison.

In our last number, we gave an account of the deception of the automaton chess-player, and we now quote, from Mr. Jamieson, a brief history of the invention itself:—

The automaton chess-player was constructed by Monsieur de Kempelen, an Hungarian gentleman, and one of the Aulic Council. He was well skilled in mechanics, and an admirable chess-player. Being at Vienna in 1769, he had the honour of playing chess with the Empress Queen, Maria Theresa, who said to him, "I believe, Monsieur de Kempelen, you think I play very ill." To which he answered, "Indeed, madam, I could make an automaton, which would play as well as your Majesty." The Empress took him at his word, and drew a promise from him that he would produce such an ingenious piece of mechanism. This he executed in the course of six months, and brought it to Vienna, where it was exhibited, to the delight and astonishment of all who saw it.

After Monsieur de Kempelen had finished and exhibited his automaton, and had returned to his house, he undertook

many other mechanical works, of a more useful description, and neglected this fine specimen of art, so that it gradually became rusty and out of order. But when the King and Queen of Sweden visited Vienna, under the titles of Count and Countess of the North, the Emperor Joseph, recollecting the automaton, and thinking it might amuse his royal guests, sent for it, and Monsieur de Kempelen, to Vienna. Its repairation occupied him for five weeks; after which it was shown to the court, with the greatest applause; and he was recommended to take it with him into foreign countries, for the purpose of exhibition. Having accordingly obtained from the Emperor leave of absence for two years, Monsieur de Kempelen set out on his tour, and visited many of the capitals of Europe with the most abundant success. His first exhibition was at Paris, where he also showed a speaking figure, capable of uttering a few words.

In taking our leave of this work, we must observe, that there are few persons who may not receive benefit by its perusal:—to the young student it will be a good induction,—to ladies and country gentlemen, who may wish to know a little of every thing, and to be enabled to converse on all subjects, without the labour of progressive study, it will be an admirable *vade mecum*; to the mere idler it will furnish much entertainment; nor should the matured student despise it, as he may readily refresh his memory on scientific subjects, by turning to its pages.

Memoirs of the Life of Nicholas Poussin. By Maria Graham. 8vo. pp. 236. London, 1820.

Mrs. GRAHAM is a very agreeable writer, and imparts considerable interest to her works, whether narrating a tour in India, describing the banditti in the mountains of Italy, or tracing the progress of genius in the immortal Poussin. It is true, that as a critic on the Fine Arts, she will not rank very high, nor does she pretend to it, though her remarks are sometimes acute, and in general very just. Her Memoirs of Poussin not only embrace all the prominent incidents in the life of that artist, but also contain some judicious reflections on the Fine Arts generally, and on the various degrees of encouragement afforded in different countries.

Nicholas Poussin was born at Andelys, in Normandy, in June, 1594: a place which, possessing many natural beauties, fostered the early love of art which he manifested. The sketches that young Poussin made among these agreeable scenes, attracted the attention of Quintin Varin, a native of

Amiens, then residing at Andelys, who became his first master, and to whom he doubtless owed the success of his future life. 'But the study of Varin, and the little town of Andelys, afforded no models that could satisfy the genius of Poussin. He felt that there was greater excellence which might be attained, and must be sought for, and, accordingly, at the age of eighteen, he went alone, friendless and almost moneyless, to Paris.' Here his first master was Ferdinand Elle, a Fleming; but he soon left him, and became a pupil of L'Allemand. While in Paris, he gained many friends, particularly a young nobleman of Poitou, who not only furnished him with money to enable him to prosecute his studies, but also procured him a large collection of excellent prints, and a number of original drawings, which he eagerly and carefully copied, and thus began to form his taste for that grand and chaste style which distinguishes his works:—

'He often talked of this as the most fortunate occurrence of his life, for it opened to him a glimpse of that light he had so ardently longed for, and taught him to conceive his subjects nobly and historically.

'These advantages were, however, soon followed by a reverse, peculiarly irksome to one of Poussin's character. The young nobleman who had so liberally patronized him, was recalled by his mother to his country seat, and persuaded Poussin to accompany him, as he intended to embellish his house, and to give the direction of the improvements to his friend, whom he also meant to employ to paint several pictures for him. But the mother appears to have had little taste, and no value for the Fine Arts; she put an end to all her son's projects of improvement, and, instead of fostering the rising genius of her guest, she ridiculed his pursuits, overwhelmed him with a load of domestic accounts, and sought to convert him into a domestic drudge; till, at length, wearied of her harshness and pride, he left her castle, and set out on foot to return to Paris.

'Without money, and without acquaintance, the talents which he had hitherto thought only of improving and enlarging, he had now to exert for his daily subsistence. Accordingly, in the towns he had to pass through on his way to Paris, he sold small pictures in distemper at a very low price, and painted the borders and ornaments of the rooms of private houses; but his gains were so inconsiderable, and his labours so severe, that on reaching Paris, he was seized with a dangerous illness, the consequence of over-exertion, and bad or scanty sustenance, and was obliged to return to Andelys, where he remained nearly a year in his father's family, during which period he

continued to paint, sometimes in oil, for very low prices. His necessities forced him to adopt the practice of painting in distemper, for the sake of expedition; and to his early practice of that method, may in part be attributed the hardness observable even in his best pictures, at the same time that he owed to it much of his readiness and facility.'

Poussin afterwards went to Florence, thence returned to Paris, where he studied anatomy and perspective, and lastly he went to Rome. His reputation rapidly increased, and the most splendid offers were made him. 'He might have commanded any fortune, but his desires were very moderate, and after he had fixed the price of his pictures, which he rather undervalued, he specified the sum on the back of the piece; if, after that, any one sent him more than the price fixed, he returned the money.' Poussin possessed a fine person and an amiable disposition, and died, universally regretted, in 1665, at the age of seventy-one.

Mrs. Graham has printed Fenelon's two dialogues on the talents of Poussin, and a catalogue of his works; she has also inserted some of his letters, two of which we shall extract. The first relates to his accepting the situation of first painter to Louis XIV. an office which envy did not long permit him to retain:—

"To the Commander del Pozzo.

'Full of confidence in the good-will which you have always shewn me, I think it my duty to give you an account of the fortunate success of my journey, as well as of my situation, and the place I inhabit, that you, my kind protector, may know where to lay your commands on me. My health was very good during the whole journey from Rome to Fontainebleau, where I was very honourably received in the palace, by a nobleman deputed for that purpose, by M. de Noyers; from thence I was taken to Paris, in that minister's coach, and had scarcely arrived when he came out to meet me, embraced me in a friendly manner, and showed very great pleasure at seeing me in France. At night I was conducted, by his orders, to the place he had destined for my apartment: it is a little palace, for so it may be called, in the midst of the garden of the Thuilleries, containing nine chambers on three stories, without reckoning the ground floor, which consists of a kitchen, a porter's lodge, a hall, and three convenient rooms for domestic purposes. There is, besides, a beautiful and spacious garden, planted with fruit trees and vegetables of all kinds, a pretty plot of flowers, three little fountains, a well, a very handsome court, and a stable. I have a beautiful view from my windows, and I can imagine that in summer this re-

reat must be a perfect paradise. I found the centre apartment furnished nobly, and all necessary provisions laid in, even to fire-wood and a cask of old wine. For three days my friends and I were entertained at the King's expense. The fourth day, M. de Noyers presented me to the cardinal, who took my hand, embraced me, and treated me with extraordinary condescension. A few days afterwards, I was taken to St. Germain, where M. de Noyers was to have presented me to the King; but M. de Noyers being indisposed, I was not introduced until the next day, when M. le Grand, one of the court favourites, introduced me. The good and gracious prince deigned to caress me, and asked me a good many questions, during the half hour he kept me with him; after which, turning round to the court, he said, 'I think we have taken in Vouet;' and then he ordered me to paint the great pictures for his Chapel of Fontainebleau and St. Germain. When I went home, they brought me two thousand crowns in gold, in a handsome blue velvet purse. One thousand for my salary, and one thousand for my journey, without reckoning my expenses. And, indeed, money is very necessary in this country, where every thing is extremely dear.

'I have now turned my thoughts upon the works I am to execute; they are pictures, cartoons for tapestry, and many other things. I shall have the honour of sending you a specimen of my first labours, as a tribute of gratitude; and as soon as my packages arrive, and I am relieved from uneasiness on account of them, I hope to portion my time in such a manner as to employ a part of it in the service of your brother, the chevalier.

'I recommend my little household interests to your care, since you deign to take charge of them during my absence, which shall not be long if I can help it. I beseech you, since you are born to be kind to me, to bear, with your usual generous patience, the trouble I must give you, and to content yourself in return with my entire affection. May the Lord grant you a long and happy life. As to me, with all the respect of which I am capable, &c. &c. &c. POUSSIN."

Paris, Jan. 6, 1661.

The next letter, which is said to be the last that Poussin ever wrote, contains some valuable hints on the general principles of art, expressed with that modesty which forms so bright an ornament to true genius:—

'Poussin to M. de Chantelou.

'I must, at length, endeavour to awake after my long silence. I must raise my voice while my pulse still faintly beats. I have had full leisure to read and to weigh your book upon the perfect idea of painting, which has been a sweet solace to my afflicted mind. I rejoice that you are the first Frenchman to open the eyes of those who see only through the medium of others, and suffer them-

selves to be led astray after the crowd. Now you have warmed and softened a metal, hitherto stiff and difficult to handle, so that henceforth others may be found, who, by imitating you, will give us something useful upon painting. After having considered the distribution that the *Sieur François Junius* makes of the parts of this noble art, I venture briefly to write down here what I have learned from him. It is necessary, first, to know what the nature of imitation is, and to define it.

“DEFINITION.

“Painting is an imitation by means of lines and colours, on some superficies, of every thing that can be seen under the sun; its end is to please.

“Principles that every man capable of reasoning may learn.—There can be nothing represented without light,

without form,
without colour,
without distance,
without an instrument,
or medium.

“Things which are not to be learned, and which make an essential part of painting:—

“First, the subject must be noble. It should have received no quality from the mere workman; and to allow scope to the painter to display his powers, he should choose it capable of receiving the most excellent form. He must begin by composition, then ornament, propriety, beauty, grace, vivacity, costume, probability, and judgment, in each and all. These last belong solely to the painter, and cannot be taught. They are the golden bough of Virgil, which no man can find or gather if his fate do not lead him to it. These nine parts deserve, on several accounts, to be treated by some good and learned author.”

In speaking of the intimacy between Poussin and his patron, *Chevalier Marini*, in Paris, our author has the following just reflections, which, however, are not the most honourable to our national character:—

“It is remarkable that Marini was an Italian. Probably no French nobleman of the time would have received a painter into his house as his intimate friend. But the Italians have of all nations the least affectation. What they feel they express, to please themselves, without any consideration of what construction others may put on their actions. In France, where vanity, and in England, where pride, induces every man to consider and foresee his neighbour's judgment, it is difficult for an artist, whose reputation is not already established, to arrive at that intercourse with polite or learned society, which ought to form a part of his education. The Italian painters, on the contrary, were courted into such society. Michael Angelo, in the palace of the Medici, while he received their patronage equally with Politian, was equally treated

as their friend and companion; and that nothing vulgar ever enters into his conceptions, may, in part, be attributed to his constant intercourse with the politest and most learned men of his time. Hitherto, with the exception of a very few instances, our English artists have been too much a people by themselves. If they look to nature for action or expression, it is to the exaggerated action and expression of the stage, or the mean and sordid action of vulgar life that they have been driven. Hence, in part, the failure in most of our historical pictures, exaggeration on one hand, and want of dignity on the other. The excellence we have, that of colour, is perhaps the most seducing quality of painting; and it might be worth while to inquire how far our national and local situation has contributed to form our school.”

With this extract we close the volume, which, we confess, has pleased us much, notwithstanding the long sentences and the inaccuracies which sometimes disfigure the style.

—♦♦♦—
What is Life? and other Poems. By Thomas Bailey. 12mo. pp. 136. London, 1820.

There is no part of our critical labours which gives us more anxiety than in speaking of the first productions of an author. Gladly would we extend a fostering hand to youthful genius, but justice and even charity to the author sometimes compels us to withhold all encouragement, when we find the work destitute of merit and giving no promise of future excellence in the writer. Such, however, is not the case with the work before us, which is the first production of an untutored shopkeeper at Nottingham; whose study, he tells us, ‘has been, like the pedlar's dwelling, every where—in the street, the field, the river side, his shop, hearth, and chamber;’ and further, that he never in his life has been ‘enabled to devote a single half day, uninterruptedly, to literary pursuits.’ These are not very favourable circumstances, and yet, under all the disadvantages with which Mr. Bailey has had to contend, he has produced pieces which bespeak no ordinary mind, and which would intimate a cultivation his has never had. The principal poem, ‘What is Life?’ abounds in beautiful poetic images, in which force and simplicity are often happily blended; while a strong religious feeling pervades the whole. One extract will justify this remark:—

‘Say, what is life? Oh! ‘tis the soul's full worth!

A treasure, far transcending aught on earth.

Would'st thou the value know of Life? ask Death!

Ask him, what's pois'd upon frail mortal's breath.

Would'st thou, with just appreciation, learn The awful things which on that pivot turn? Scale Heaven's sublime, gaze Hell's vast dark profund,

And stretch the line eternal ages round; Explore that flood, whose limit's yet unknown, For ever flowing round the Godhead's throne; Which stands unmov'd whilst endless ages beat Their unfeeling surges 'gainst its steadfast seat; Hang from yon splendid bow, which, rais'd on high,

Spans the broad earth, and bears th' incumbent sky, Some mighty beam; such as at Nature's birth, Heaven's self employ'd, to weigh the pond'rous earth:

Snatch from their orbs the planets, as they roll, Poise suns and worlds against a human soul; And, as the loaded balance trembling turns, And matter's cumbrous mass indignant turns; Thy daring mind shall grasp its mighty cost, And tell the world of Life, by what is gain'd or lost.

The lines ‘on closing the first Canto of Don Juan’ improperly called an *Impromptu*, are too severe on the noble bard, but they pay such just homage to his genius, that we transcribe them as a very favourable specimen of the author's talents:—

‘Oh! could my muse spread such a daring wing, And o'er my pen such beams of radiance fling, As, wayward Byron, marks thy thrilling page, When kindling lust or rousing passions rage; How should my soul pour forth the mighty strains,

And bid the virtues their lost throne regain; Shed o'er benighted earth the light thou giv'st, And blast proud vice beneath the fires of Heav'n. Why wilt thou still devote thy boundless powers To weaving garlands of wild passion flowers! Or mingling poisons in life's mantling bowl To drown the senses and destroy the soul!

Say, can the polish of the wingful steel Soothe the keen anguish of the wound we feel! Or, can the guided chisel calm the smart To poison'd draught enkindles in the heart! Nor can the corrugations of that light, Whose brilliant flashes charm our wond'ring sight,

E'er sanctify thy fierce unhallo'd rays, Which, like the light'nings, blind us whilst we gaze.

Oh! mighty bard! Oh! highly gifted muse! When wilt thou cease thy treasures to abuse? When cease to make thy talents thy disgrace! Fling back the gift, and curse God to his face! Nor dare presume to spend succeeding years In sowing seeds to reap but endless tears. Better thy talents were at once entomb'd! And Byron's name to barren stanzas doom'd! Then his own fires his own dishonesty tell, And serve to light his own vain soul to Hell! But turn thee, wond'rous bard! and seek thy realm: And Heaven shall calm the tumult of thy breast; Its hand confer'd that genius, fortune, life, Which has been wasted 'gainst itself at strife; Like a spoil'd child, thou'st more rebellious prov'd.

And slighted more, because the better lov'd. The torch of genius, in thy daring hand, Sheds beams that slay, and rays that blast the land.

As though the world it was design'd t' illumine,
In madmen's dream, it would fain consume.
But how thy ingrate heart and kiss the rod,
No longer tempt the vengeance of a God;
Rejoicing angels in the courts above,
Shall stay the anthem of redeeming love,
And tune their joyful harps around the throne,
And make, through Heaven, the bard's repentance known.

Madmen, enlightened by thy beaming page,
Shall sound thy praise through ev'ry rolling age,
And future candidates for Fame's fair prize
Shall learn from thee, where man's true glory lies:

Amongst thy country's fam'd poetic sons,
(Whose echoing praise down endless ages runs,
Thou shalt be recogniz'd and own'd,) and shine,
The brightest gem, in that illustrious line.
Byron's proud name his future race shall boast,
When Byron's peerage and his banner's lost;
And sons remote shall in his glory bask,
Nor higher titles claim, nor prouder honours ask.
Then turn thee, mighty bard! and seek thy rest!
Let virtue sooth thy angry wayward breast;
No longer glaring with the comet's light,
Thy beneficent rays shall pour upon our sight,
Sweeping the spheres with a portentous train,
Whose malign aspect virtue seels with pain;
But, like the day spring, shall thy muse then flow
In beaming splendors on the world below."

Although Mr. Bailey has not possessed the advantages of a liberal education, yet his reading is evidently beyond that of persons in his sphere of life in general; this, with a heart possessed of much feeling, have come in aid of his natural genius, and, thus, produced effusions which would do no discredit to less humble aspirants to the Parnassian hill.

Lovers and Friends; or, Modern Attachments. A Novel. By Anne of Swansea. 5 vols. 12mo. pp. 1498. London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH, we believe, the imaginative effusions of this lady, (who is said to be a sister of Mrs. Siddons,) have not come immediately within our notice, so as to give them a distinguished place in our review, we are not unacquainted with her writings as readers, nor will we lose this opportunity of saying a few words on the value of this her last production. But in the performance of this task, we intend to deviate from our usual track, by not giving any extracts, there being many very profound secrets in five volumes, which it would be a pity to disclose. Suffice it to observe, that the work delineates who are 'lovers and friends,' and expressly shows, but too faithfully, what are 'modern attachments.' The history has nothing of the marvellous to give it effect; much truth, blended with fiction, described in natural sentiments and flowing language, cannot fail to render to the reader a valuable portion of instruction for his

amusement, his time, and his patience. Even those who are sometimes obliged reluctantly to forego the favourite glass, when the temperature changes and the biliary secretions are irregular, might fill up the chasm of leisure in a less commendable manner than by dipping in to the chapters of Anne of Swansea, whose productions have morality to recommend, interest to support, and smart dialogue to secure them an acquaintance with us and our associations.

THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

THE two last numbers of these popular little works, Parts XV and XVI, are devoted to *Anecdotes of Hospitality and Anecdotes of the Bar*. Hospitality is a good old English virtue, somewhat on the decline at present, it is true, but still sufficiently exercised to sustain our rational character, while the noble houses of Cavendish, Wentworth, Stanley, Lascelles, Dudley, and Ward, &c. &c. remain; not to forget that 'true born Englishman,' Thomas William Coke, Esq. to whom these Anecdotes are most appropriately dedicated, and of whom an excellent portrait is prefixed. In looking over these two parts rather hastily, we confess, it appears to us, that they possess more original or curious matter than some of their precursors. We shall quote a few passages from each as specimens, and first from Hospitality:—

'Robert, Duke of Normandy.—When Robert, Duke of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, was at Constantinople, in his way to the Holy Land, he lived in uncommon splendour, and was greatly celebrated for his wit, his affability, his liberality, and his other virtues. Of these, many remarkable examples were related to the emperor, who resolved to put the reality of them to a trial. With this view, he invited the duke and all his nobles to a feast, in the great hall of the imperial palace, but took care to have all the tables and seats filled with guests, before the arrival of the Normans, of whom he commanded that no notice should be taken. When the duke, followed by his nobles in their richest dresses, entered the hall, observing that all the seats were filled with guests, and that none of them returned his civilities, or offered him any accommodation, he walked without the least appearance of surprise or discomposure, to an empty space at one end of the room, took off his cloak, folded it very carefully, laid it upon the floor, and sat down upon it; in all which he was imitated by his followers. In this posture they dined, on such dishes as were set before them, with every appearance of the most perfect satisfaction with their entertainment. When the feast

was ended, the duke and his nobles arose, took leave of the company in the most graceful manner, and walked out of the hall in their doublets, leaving their cloaks, which were of great value, behind them on the floor. The emperor, who had admired their whole behaviour, was quite surprised at this last part of it; and sent one of his courtiers to entreat the duke and his followers to put on their cloaks. "Go," said the duke, "and tell your master, that it is not the custom of the Normans to carry about with them the seats which they use at an entertainment." Could any thing be more delicate than this refusal, or more noble, polite, and manly, than this department?

'The Third Earl of Derby.—Edward, the third Earl of Derby, who died in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, lived in the greatest splendour without any dependence on the court. Camden says, that with his death the "glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep;" and Hollingshed and Stowe make the most honourable mention of him. He offered ten thousand men to the queen, at his own charge, to suppress the rebellion; and among other things "deserving commendation, and craving memory to be limited," Hollingshed enumerates "his godly disposition to his tenants, never forcing any service at their hands, but due payment of their rent; his liberality to strangers, and such as showed themselves grateful to him; his famous house-keeping, and eleven score in check roll [the number of attendants in pay as menial servants] never discontinuing the space of twelve years; his feeding, especially of aged persons, twice a day, three score and odd, besides all coners thrice a week, appointed for his dealing days; and every Good Friday these thirty-five years, one with another, two thousand seven hundred with meat, drink, money, and money's worth.. There never was a gentleman or other that waited in his service, but had allowance from him; to have as well wages as otherwise for horse and man."

'Shipwrecked Mariners.—When the *Laurel* and *Andromeda* frigates were wrecked in a violent hurricane in the West Indies, on the coast of Martinique, thirty-five men were thrown ashore alive. The Marquess de Bouille, on hearing of the circumstance, took them to his house, where he treated them most hospitably. After he had got them cured of their bruises and sickness, and had clothed them from head to foot, he sent them with a flag of truce to the commanding officer at St. Lucia, with a letter, stating that these men having experienced the horrors of shipwreck, he would not add those of war, and therefore sent them free and at liberty again to serve their country."

'Ruler of the Feast.—It was the custom among the ancients at feasts, to choose a king or master, to order how much each guest should drink, whom all the com-

pany were bound to obey. He was chosen by throwing dice, upon the sides of which were engraven or painted the images of Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Venus, and Diana. He who threw up Venus, was made king; thus Horace,—
 "Quem Venus dicit arbitrum bibendi."

Sitting below the Salt.

"Thou art a carle mean of degree,
 Ye salt ye thoud stande twain me and thee;
 But as thou hadst been of a gentle steyne,
 I would have bitten my gante againe."

Old English Ballad.

It was formerly the custom not only in Scotland, but also in England and France, to have placed on the middle of the table, a massive piece of plate, which was called the salt foot, or salt vat, and the guests, according to their rank, were placed above or below it. An instance of the importance attached to the circumstance of being seated above the salt, occurs in "the Memoire of the Somervilles," written about the year 1680. "It was," says the author, Lord Somerville, "as much out of pique, as to give obedience to the act of the assemblies, that Walter Stewart, of Allontoun, and Sir James, his brother, both heretors in the parish of Cambsuthen, the first from some antiquity a few of the Earle of Tweddill's, in Auchtermuir, whose predecessors, until this man, never came to sit above the salt foot, when at the Laird of Cambsuthen's (Somerville's) table; which, for ordinary Every Sabbath, they dined at, as did most of the honest men of the parish of any account." The same author is, indeed, so familiar with this usage, as of an every day observance, that he takes notice of it again, in speaking of a Provost of Edinburgh. "He was a gentleman of very mean family upon Clyde, being brother German to the good man of Allentone, whose predecessors never came to sit above the salt foot."

"The distinction of seats in relation to the position of the salt vat, was familiar in France, and is alluded to by Perat; and our early dramatists frequently allude to it as an English custom. Bishop Hall, one of our first legitimate satirists, thus notices it:—

"A gentle squire would gladly entertaine
 Into his house some trencher chaplaine;
 Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
 And that would stand to good conditions.
 First, that he lie upon the truckle bed,
 Whiles his young master lieth o'er his head;
 Second, that he do, on no default,
 Ever presume to sit above the salt."

Hidalgo of the Oronooko.—Much has been written on the pride of the Spanish gentry, known under the denomination of *Hidalgos*. It is a common fact, that very often these nobles of sixteen quarters possess only one; that they till the ground with their swords girt by their side; and that, while eating their peas and onions, they look with a disdainful eye on the miserable plebeian, who is mean enough to live on poultry and trifles, two dishes unworthy of a stomach, whose origin is lost in the night of time.

"In whatever situation an Hidalgo is, whatever climate he may inhabit, he always preserves his pride, and affects the airs of a prince; it is true that the principality is wanting, but that it is a mere trifle to the pride of birth.

"The celebrated traveller, Baron Humboldt, and one of his friends, were going down the Oronooko in a small boat, when a person from the shore cried to them, and begged them, in the Spanish language, to come and repose themselves in his castle. The two travellers landed, and approached the castle lord, whom they found almost naked, and so sun burnt, that it was impossible to tell his colour. "Gentlemen," said he, "we white people owe each other courtesy, and the duties of hospitality; and I am quite delighted to have an opportunity of exercising them towards you." After this noble speech, he pointed out his castle to the travellers; who, seeing nothing but a grove of palms, supposed the castle lay beyond; but what was their astonishment, when he stopped in the midst of the palms, and said, "here is my home." I will present you to my sister Donna Isabella, and my daughter. The two ladies soon appeared, and as slightly clothed as the seignor; after the customary compliments, a repast was served in union with their appearance. The Hidalgo then informed our two travellers, that he had come to reside in the country; where he traded in oil, procured from turtles' eggs, and that he intended very shortly to build a castle. Night coming on, the seignor ordered a ladder to be brought, and requested our travellers to repose in two hammocks suspended from the palm trees, which shaded this scene of delight. M. Humboldt and his friend had consequently the heavens for their canopy. Scarcely were they in the arms of Morpheus, when Donna Isabella's cat, leaping from one branch to another, fell into the hammock of the baron's friend, who, fancying himself attacked by a tiger, at last roared out lustily. The cat not less afraid, leaped into Mr. Humboldt's hammock, and crossing that of the male Hidalgo, left on his nose unequivocal marks of her passage. The cause being known, our travellers again committed themselves to sleep! but, alas; their sufferings were only commencing! A dreadful storm came on, and they were soon in the situation of the Gascon, who leaped into the river to escape a shower of rain. At day-break our travellers took leave of their host, who said to them on parting, "from the storm we have had, I doubly congratulate myself on having promised you an asylum in my domain." Mr. Humboldt thanked him kindly for his hospitality, but hoped, secretly, that he should never again lodge in a castle in the air."

We have spoken of hospitality as an English virtue; the profession of the bar is English too, but not a virtue; it

flourishes on the miseries or bad passions of the multitude. The law, we mean the excess of litigation, is a plague worse than the Egyptians were ever visited with; it is an accumulating and permanent evil, from which neither virtue nor prudence can at all times protect us. The *Anecdotes of the Bar* appear to us to have been a good deal anticipated in a preceding part of this work,—the *Anecdotes of Eloquence*; the present collection, however, is not merely confined to quibbles in a court of justice, or to the small wit that is often bandied about between counsel and witnesses, and even among the judges; but it embraces much information on some great constitutional and important questions, apparently culled from sources out of the general track. This part is dedicated to Mr. Denman, but why this gentleman has been selected we know not, unless it is that the present humiliating state of the bar left it a matter of perfect indifference. What a contrast does the state of the bar, twenty or thirty years ago, form with the present day; then we had an Erskine, a Gibbs, a Law, a Wallace, a Scot, a Lee, and a Garrow; now we have—but Cuper shall describe them. They are men—

—Not wholly in the dark;
 But now and then, struck smartly, show a spark
 Sufficient to redeem the modern race
 From total ruin and absolute disgrace;
 While servile trick and imitative knock
 Confine the million in the beaten track,
 Perhaps some courser, who diadems the road,
 Snuffs up the wind and flings himself abroad."

From the *Anecdotes of the Bar*, we quote the following in conclusion:—

Slandering a Lawyer.—In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, one Peter Palmer, of Lincoln's Inn, brought an action against a barrister of the name of Boyer, for having, with the intention to injure him in his name and practice, said, "Peter Palmer is a paltry lawyer, and hath as much law as a Jackanapes." It was moved in arrest, that the words would not maintain an action, because they were not slanderous. Had Mr. Boyer said, "Mr. Palmer had no more law than a Jackanapes," it had been actionable, for then he had lessened the opinion of his learning; but the words were, "he hath as much law as a Jackanapes," which was no impeachment of his learning, for every man that hath more law than a Jackanapes, hath as much. *Sed non allocatur*, for the comparison is to be taken in the worst sense.

Judge Berkley says it has been adjudged, where a person said of a lawyer, "that he had as much law as a monkey," that the words were not actionable, because he had, as much law, and more also; but if he had said, "he hath no more law

than a monkey," these words would have been actionable."

Hon. Henry Erskine.—An attorney in a distant part of Scotland, or as he is called there, a writer, representing to an oppressed and needy tacksmen, who had applied to him for advice, the futility of entering into a law-suit with a wealthy neighbour, having himself no means of defending his cause, received for answer, "Ye dinna ken what you say, malster; there's nae a poor man in Scotland need to want a friend, or fear an enemy, while Harry Erskine lives!"

"How much honour did that simple sentence convey to the generous and benevolent object of it! He had, indeed, a claim to the affection and respect of all who were in the knowledge of his extraordinary talents, and more uncommon virtues. To professional knowledge, and powers of eloquence of the highest order, he possessed a liberality of spirit which scrupled at no sacrifice or exertion, where private right was to be vindicated, or the public welfare promoted.

"It is said that Swift, after having written that celebrated satire on mankind, Gulliver's Travels, exclaimed, whilst meditating on the rare virtues of his friend, Arbuthnot, "Oh! were there ten Arbuthnots in the world, I would burn my book." It is difficult to contemplate such a character as Henry Erskine's, without a similar sentiment, without feeling that were there many Erskines, one should learn to think better of mankind.

"The character of Mr. Erskine's eloquence, bore a strong resemblance to that of his noble brother, (Lord Erskine,) but being much less diffusive, it was better calculated to leave a forcible impression. "He was distinguished," says Mr. Jeffrey, in an animated sketch which he has written of his departed friend, "not only by the peculiar brilliancy of his wit, and the gracefulness, ease, and vivacity of his eloquence, but by the still rarer power, of keeping those seducing qualities in perfect subordination to his judgment. By their assistance, he could not only make the most repulsive subjects agreeable, but the most abstruse easy and intelligible. In his profession, indeed, all his wit was argument, and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in his reasoning. To himself, it seemed always as if they were recommended rather for their use than their beauty; and, unquestionably, they often enabled him to state a fine argument or a nice distinction, not only in a more striking and pleasing way, but actually with greater precision than could have been attained by the severer forms of reasoning. In this extraordinary talent, as well as the charming facility of his eloquence, and the constant radiance of good humour and gaiety which enlivened his manner in debate, he had no rival in his own times, and as yet has had no successor."

"Like most men who have a high reputation in society for that wit and hilarity

which render social converse so delightful, Mr. Erskine had for a long time the imputed property of almost all the bon-mots and jeu d'esprits circulated in the northern metropolis. An abundant collection of happy thoughts and expressions, the genuine effusions of Henry Erskine, might certainly be formed, without pressing one of doubtful origin into the service; and it becomes, therefore, the more hazardous to offer any thing in the light of specimens of so fertile an excellence. The following we give, not as by any means characteristic of a mind which was once the delight and admiration of, perhaps, the most enlightened capital in Europe; but as the only specimens relating to our immediate subject, which happen at the present moment to lie in our way.

Soon after being called to the bar, Mr. Erskine went a circuit, in the train of the celebrated Lord Kaimes. His lordship, though a man of very enlarged mind, fell sometimes into the sin of being pitifully parsimonious; and on no occasion was he more apt to be so, than when he travelled and feasted at the public expense, and there was a possibility of saving something to himself out of the sum regularly allotted, (in Scotland,) to judges in their official county excursions. On the rising of the court one day, Lord K. invited Mr. E. with some other young barristers, to dine with him. When the cloth was drawn, the company found that port alone was to be the order of the day; hint after hint was given to his lordship, that since the public were to pay, something better might be afforded; his lordship passed over every allusion of the kind unnoticed; and when at last the war oblique seemed verging towards a more direct order of hostilities, he turned towards Mr. Erskine, and with the view of shifting the subject, asked him very gravely, "What could have become of the Dutch?" who had a short time before been dubbed off the Doggerbank, by Admiral Parker. No shift could have been more unfortunate for his lordship. Mr. Erskine, with a smile, replied, "I suppose, my lord, they are like us, confined to port." Lord K., who with all his niggardliness had a mind sensibly alive to the sallies of genius, immediately ordered a supply of the best claret in the house to be placed on the table.

"Some parts of the north-east coast of Scotland, are famous for a peculiar sort of small dried haddocks, called *speldings*, which are sent in large quantities to the southern counties, and form a prominent article of luxury at all the country fairs.

The best idea that an English reader can form of this luxury is, to suppose himself chewing a strap of leather. The late eccentric Hugo Arnot, author of the history of Edinburgh, who was in his person remarkably meagre, happening one day to come into the Parliament House exercising his jaws on one of these delicacies, Mr. Erskine stepping up to him, said, "I wish you much joy, Mr. Arnot; I never

saw you look so like your meat before."

"The same gentleman, Mr. Arnot, was remarkable for the looseness of his opinions with respect to futurity; while Mr. Erskine was as much distinguished on the contrary, for a deep sense of revealed religion, and an attention to every Christian ordinance. One Sunday afternoon, Mr. A. happened to be on horseback, when he met Mr. Erskine returning from divine service. "Where have you been, Harry?" said the historian. "What has a man of your sense and education to do among a parcel of old women? What did you expect to hear? Where was your text?" "Our text," said Mr. Erskine, "was in the sixth chapter of the Revelations: '*And I looked, and beheld a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.*'" Mr. Arnot, who was actually mounted on a pale-coloured horse, felt the sarcasm in all its force; and, muttering a hasty exclamation, rode off.

"On the formation of what was called the Coalition Ministry, Mr. Erskine was appointed to succeed Mr. Henry Dundas, (afterwards Lord Melville,) in the important situation of Lord Advocate for Scotland. On the morning of receiving his appointment, he had an interview with Mr. Dundas, in the Outer Parliament House; when, observing that the ex-premier had already resumed the ordinary stuff gown which all practitioners at the Scottish bar, except the Lord Advocate and Solicitor General for the time being, are in the custom of wearing, gaily said, that "he must leave off talking, and go and order his silk gown to be made." "It is hardly worth while," said Mr. Dundas dryly, "for the time you will want it. You had better borrow mine." Mr. Erskine, with admirable promptness, replied, "From the readiness, Mr. Dundas, with which you make the offer, I have no doubt that your's is a gown made to fit any party; but however short my stay in office may be, it shall never be said of Henry Erskine, that he put on the abandoned habits of his predecessor."

"Mr. Dundas, though foiled in wit, had, however, the advantage in presence. Mr. Erskine held the office for little more than half a year; when the downfall of the Coalition Ministry carried his along with it."

Counsel and Witnesses.—A gentleman who was severely cross-examined by Mr. Dunning, was repeatedly asked if he did not lodge in the verge of the court; at length he answered, that he did. "And pray, sir," said the counsel, "for what reason did you take up your residence in that place?"—"To avoid the rascally impertinence of dunning," answered the witness.

"When Sergeant Cockle was on the northern circuit, he once told a witness that he was very saucy, and followed up the remark by asking, "Pray what sauce do you like best?"—"Any sauce, but Cockle sauce," was the reply."

'At an Old Bailey Sessions, in 1788, a learned counsel thus examined a witness.—"What are you?"—"A Jew."—"Well, what is your Christian name?"—"I never was christened, my lord, but my name is *Moses Levi*.'

'*Humane Jurymen*.—"Look at that jurymen in the blue coat," said one of the Old Bailey judges to Justice Nares, "do you see him?"—"Yes."—"Well, we shall not have a single conviction to-day for any capital offence." The observation was verified. This fact was related by Mr. Justice Nares himself, to a magistrate of London.'

'*Espectancy*.—Lord Norbury, while on a circuit, being attacked with a fit of the gout, sent to the Solicitor General, to request the loan of a pair of large *slippers*. "Take them," said the solicitor to his servant, "with my respects, as I hope soon to be in his lordship's shoes."

'*Independence of the Bar*.—Lord Erskine, when at the bar, was always remarkable for the fearlessness with which he contended against the bench. His spirited reply to Justice Buller, in the trial of the *Dean of Asaph*, is well known; and it is only one out of many instances which might be adduced of similar independence. In the action brought by Mr. Jeffreys against the commissioners, for jewels furnished to the Prince of Wales, Mr. Erskine was counsel for the plaintiff, and evinced considerable warmth in the cause.

'Lord Kenyon, in his charge to the jury, said, he felt much hurt at something that had fallen from the learned counsel for the plaintiff, who had stated that the defence was shameful, illiberal, and unjust.

'Mr. Erskine.—My lord, I did not use those words.

'Lord Kenyon.—Mr. Erskine, I took them down as you uttered them.

'Mr. Erskine.—Then, my lord, you took them down incorrectly.

'Lord Kenyon.—Sir, I desire I may not be interrupted.

'Mr. Erskine explained, that his observations were not applied to the defendants, but to the witnesses; and that not to their general characters, but to their evidence in this cause.

'It was in one of these contests with the bench, that Mr. Erskine explained the rule of his conduct at the bar, in the following terms: "It was," said he, "the first command and counsel of my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty; and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and, I trust, the practice of this paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain, that my obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION

OF THE

LOUVRE IN PARIS.

The situation of the Louvre, on the banks of the Seine, fortunately brings the history and description of that palace within the scope of my work. This immense edifice, for its general effect and for the richness of its architecture, is considered as unrivalled. Neither London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, Milan, or Madrid, contains any building that can be placed in competition with it. The Louvre is the production of twenty monarchs and of eight centuries. Twenty sovereigns have commemorated their occupation of the throne by contributing towards the erection of this prodigious palace, and the wealth of eight centuries has been employed in the embellishment of this structure, which the Frenchman with pride points out to strangers. Admiration will be heightened into astonishment at the recent arrangements, at the treasures which the Fine Arts have collected in its vast galleries, and at the preparations which are making for connecting the Tuileries with this palace; improvements which, at the same time that they give greater regularity to its general appearance, will concentrate in it the master-pieces of architecture, painting, and sculpture. Part of the history of France is interwoven in that of this palace, long the residence of her kings, and the theatre of numberless interesting events. Here may also be traced the progress of the Fine Arts, in the various changes which the edifice has undergone during an almost uninterrupted series of additions and embellishments for the space of eight hundred years.

The Louvre is in the same predicament as all ancient structures, inasmuch as neither the etymology of its name, nor the date of its foundation, is positively fixed. With regard to the former, the most plausible conjecture derives it from the Saxon word *lower*, which signifies castle. Some ancient historians are of opinion that it was built by Dagobert, destroyed by the Normans, and rebuilt by Hugh Capet, about the year 990; yet we find no proof of its existence till the commencement of the eleventh century, when mention is made of it as containing the dogs and horses used by kings for hunting in the contiguous forest.

Though honoured with the appella-

tion of a royal palace, the Louvre long continued to be appropriated to this purpose. The interior had then no accommodations adapted to the reception of a royal inmate, and externally exhibited but a few towers and a very lofty outer-wall, in common with all buildings not situated within towns. In 1804, new suburbs having sprung up round the Louvre, Philip Augustus, with a view to prevent this mansion from being shut up in Paris, inclosed it with a new wall, added numerous towers to the buildings, and, by means of deep ditches, made it a perfect fortress, which protected the city on that side. This monarch likewise erected, in the middle of the oblong quadrangle within, a strong tower, encompassed by an inner ditch, where the great vassals were, on solemn occasions, obliged to appear, for the purpose of doing homage. He used it also for a prison. Here the Count of Flanders was confined, and though its destination was several times changed by succeeding monarchs, still it was applied more particularly to this use till the year 1474.

Notwithstanding these improvements, the Louvre had not yet become a royal habitation; the palace in the *Cité*, and the castle of Vincennes, long continued to serve for the residence and pleasure-retreat of the French kings; but, under the successors of Philip Augustus, Paris increased with such rapidity, that it was no longer possible to leave the Louvre out of the city. In 1367, Charles V. surrounded it with a new inclosure, and additions made by Charles VI. qualified the Louvre to be the abode of foreign sovereigns. The buildings were raised, and the principal towers having been enlarged, received different names, indicative of their respective appropriations, such as Tower of the Artillery, Tower of the Library, &c. Here be it remarked by the way, that the latter was the first public library in Paris, that is mentioned in history. It was begun by Charles V. named the *Wise*, with nine hundred volumes. Part of this collection, a valuable one for that age, and the public records, which were kept in the Louvre, were removed to England by the Duke of Bedford, while regent of the kingdom, after the conquest of France by Henry V.

The troubles which prevailed during part of the reign of Charles VII. the gloomy policy of Louis XI. and the distant expedition of Charles VIII., prevented those kings from paying any

particular attentions to the Louvre, in which a few alterations only were made in their time. It was in the sixteenth century that it received the principal accessions, or, more correctly speaking, was almost 'wholly rebuilt.' The progress made by the arts at this period, and the good taste of Francis I. could not but communicate a peculiar character of elegance to the buildings erected during his reign. The prince who had begun the palaces of Fontainebleau, Chambord, and Madrid, could not fail to require a plan for rebuilding the Louvre. Pierre Lescot, a Frenchman, had the glory of being the successful candidate; while Serlio, one of the foreign competitors, reflected honour on himself by advising the King to carry into execution a design in which the proportions, decorations, and purity of ancient architecture were revived.

The plan presented by Lescot was adopted. The Louvre was at this time falling into ruin, notwithstanding the extensive repairs which it underwent in 1539, for the reception of Charles V. Part of its ancient buildings and some of its towers were demolished, and in 1541 a real palace arose in their stead. Death prevented Francis from witnessing the execution of his plans, but the works were continued under Henry II. who left the superintendence of them to Lescot. During these two reigns, part of the grand *façade*, parallel to the Seine, and the wing abutting upon the *Pavillon de l'Horloge*, were erected. The symmetry of the architecture, and the good taste of the decorations and baso-reliefs, which, however, are perhaps too numerous, mark the brilliant revolution which had taken place in the Fine Arts.

Catherine de Medicis built that wing of the Louvre running toward the Seine and the garden of the Infanta. In the sequel, her successors joined this part to the gallery which is now called *Caliere de Musée*; it formed a subordinate part of the palace of the Tuilleries, with which it was erected. Charles IX. was the first King of France who fixed his residence in the Louvre, to which the memory of the massacre of St. Bartholomew is unfortunately attached. When the termination of the civil wars permitted Henry the Great to turn his attention to the embellishment of the capital, he issued orders for the prosecution of the works of the Louvre. To this prince we are indebted for the pavilion, which forms the entrance to the Museum, and for

part of the gallery, in which he caused models, in relief, of the principal cities, to be deposited. He himself resided in that part which looks into the garden of the Infanta. By an ordinance of 1608, he appropriated to artists the apartments situated under this gallery.

With all the encouragement bestowed upon literature and the arts by Francis I. and his successors, they could scarcely have failed to prosper in France. These monarchs were solicitous to collect around them, men qualified to confer honour on their country, upon whom they lavished emoluments and distinctions. Thus the same palace became the seat of power and genius—an admirable union, the one protecting, the other leading to immortality.

Under Louis XIII. J. le Mercier directed the works upon a new plan, which quadrupled the extent of this palace. The *Pavillon de l'Horloge*, and the wing which terminates that front, were completed. Another range of building, running back, and marking out the square form of the court, was erected; the *façade* along the Seine was enlarged, and the great gallery finished. These works, though of considerable magnitude, instead of completing the Louvre, merely served to trace the outline of a new plan, the execution of which required a great length of time and large sums of money. Cardinal Mazarin, during the minority of Louis XIV., directed his attention to the exterior *façades* of the Louvre—a decoration that was not contemplated by any of the plans previously proposed, Leveau, the architect, built two of them; one was afterwards suppressed by Perrault, and the other is that which runs parallel to the *rue St. Honoré*. About the same time, the foundation of a new *façade* was laid, in the *Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois*; but a change of ministry fortunately put a stop to this work, which would have been alike unworthy of the magnificence of the sovereign and of the brilliant era of Louis XIV.

Before I proceed to this period, so glorious for the Fine Arts, I shall take a rapid survey of the general appearance of the Louvre in 1664. We have seen, that for six centuries it was the peculiar object of the special attention of several monarchs; we have watched the additions gradually made to it, and its successive embellishments. Unfortunately, this series of works, executed after different plans, exhibited only the

shapeless mass of the early buildings, and numerous decorations, which were highly incongruous, because they were the results of the progressive improvement of taste. Surrounded with private materials and buildings, this palace still required the expenditure of large sums, and, above all, an architect of talent to combine and harmonize the ancient with the modern buildings. In 1664, Colbert succeeded Ratabon in the office of *surintendant*. He conceived that the importance of the works authorized the measure of a public competition, and, for the first time, artists of all countries were invited to furnish plans for the completion of the Louvre. The plan of Claude Perrault, though afterwards followed, was at first rejected, on account of the novelty of the coupled columns, and the too great elegance of the proportions.

Italy, the seat of the Fine Arts, was consulted. Louis XIV. sent for Bernini, the most celebrated architect of the age, to whom Rome owed part of the embellishments of the church of St. Peter. His plans embraced the completion of the Louvre, and the junction of this palace with that of the Tuilleries; they were adopted with enthusiasm, and, on the first of October, 1665, the King laid the first stone of the buildings intended to be erected facing the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Attentive observation, however, soon discovered defects in his plans; haste had led him into errors, which his rivals exaggerated. Scarcely were the foundations finished, when Bernini set out on his return to Rome. The same magnificence with which he had been received, accompanied him at his departure; a pension, presents, and distinctions were calculated to erase from his memory part of the disagreeable circumstances in which he was involved by his own presumption, and the jealousy of the native artists.

His visit to France was, nevertheless, highly beneficial, for it served to create harmony among the latter. Leveau and Charles Perrault, the architects, in association with Le Brun, the painter, and supported by Colbert, who was urged on by his first secretary, a brother of Perrault's pointed out the defects of Bernini's plans in such a forcible manner, as to produce conviction. The French designs were again brought forward, and Colbert seemed to select that of Leveau, merely to leave Louis XIV. the merit of preferring Perrault's, which, having received some judicious

alterations, were now considered as the most magnificent.

The short space of five years was sufficient for the erection of this colonnade, which is admired for its majestic elegance. It is of the Corinthian order, and admirably proportioned. The details, though overcharged, are grand: the effect would be more complete and powerful but for the portico which divides the colonnade, and takes considerably from its magnificence. It has been censured as somewhat theatrical, but it nevertheless ranks with the finest specimens of modern architecture, if not itself superior to any. The people of Paris, accustomed to this magnificent spectacle, too frequently pass it by unheeded; the admiration of foreigners, however, ought to teach them to appreciate such a masterpiece.

The beauty and richness of these new buildings did not induce Louis XIV. to fix his residence at Paris; he still made Versailles his habitual place of abode, and that palace, styled by some the *worthless favourite*, continued to be the particular object of the monarch's attention, and the cause of considerable expenses, which tended to retard the completion of the Louvre. In 1673, the King ordered the meetings of the Academy to be held there. Changes in the ministry, the important political events that marked the last thirty years of the reign of this sovereign, and the erection of other buildings, (the Military School and School of Medicine,) occasioned the works of the Louvre to be once more abandoned.

In the first years of the reign of Louis XV. persons belonging to, and patronized by the court, obtained apartments there, and new arrangements adapted this palace to a purpose as unworthy of the grandeur of the building, as of the majesty of the sovereign. In 1749, the still increasing degradation of the Louvre, suggested to Voltaire these verses, in which he expressed the indignant sentiments of the nation:—

‘ Monument imparfait de ce siècle vaillant
Qui sur tous les beaux arts a fondé sa gloire
Vous verrai-je toujours en attendant sa gloire
Faire un juste reproche à la postérité?
Faut-il que l'on s'indigne alors qu'on vous
admire,
Et que les nations qui veulent nous braver,
Fâchées de cet oubli, soient en droit de nous dire
Que nous commengons tout pour ne rien achever?’

Since that period some repairs and improvements took place, and M. de Marigny, while minister, even conceived the design of completing the structure; but the execution of this plan,

by which so many ministers had hoped to signalize their administration, was again deferred.

Notwithstanding the animadversions of Voltaire, and some works that were not prosecuted, the Louvre continued to be parcelled out into small suites of apartments; the whole was soon occupied, so that the halls set apart for the meetings of the Academies were scarcely spared. At length, in 1801, an ordinance of the government directed that the Louvre should be evacuated, joined to the Tuileries, and fitted for the reception of the master-pieces of the fine arts. Two architects, whose names friendship, talent, and the public esteem have always associated, Messieurs Percier and Fontaine, were charged with the direction of this immense undertaking. The irregularity of the buildings, the numerous subdivisions introduced by abuses, and long dilapidations, augmented the difficulty of its execution. A plan skillfully conceived afforded the means of hiding an irregularity which could not be wholly removed, and of redressing an evil which, after degrading the Louvre, would not have failed to bring it to ruin.

I shall now proceed to a rapid survey of what has been done from the year 1805 to the present time, and then give a sketch of the works still required for the complete execution of the plan of uniting the Louvre with the Tuileries. The court, round which have been erected the edifices composing the Louvre, properly so called, has been cleared of the buildings with which it was encumbered: it forms a square of sixty toises and a half (three hundred and sixty-three feet), surrounded with buildings, the general appearance of which has been made regular by numerous demolitions and by raising certain parts. The eye embraces a mass which seems to be uniform; the *façades* are crowned with corresponding pediments; the cornice has been harmonized from one design: yet a more minute examination detects the difference which exists between the *façade de l'Horloge* and the others; but its elegance, the richness of the decorations, and the exquisite sculptures of Jean Foujon, forbade any alterations in that pavilion, which, as I have already remarked, serves to commemorate the revival of the fine arts in France. The spacious halls that are found in this part have contributed not a little to restore to the Louvre the appearance of a palace, and that splen-

dour for which it was destined by its founders.

The *façade* next to the Seine has been adorned with an entablature surmounted with a balustrade. The numerous alterations required by the new arrangement of the Museum of Sculpture demanded the talent of M. Fontaine, who was obliged to underpin all the thick walls. The staircases of the museum and of the colonnade may serve as models of elegance and skill in overcoming the difficulty. The great gallery, reserved for pictures, was decorated with a magnificence worthy of the masterpieces which it was destined to contain. The roof was too heavy; it was therefore rebuilt for the space of more than twelve hundred feet. It was adorned with beautiful paintings in fresco, and valuable marbles were employed for the sub-basement of the interior. The different schools are separated by columns enriched with bronze. The same luxury is displayed in the halls where the works of sculpture are deposited; several are completely lined with marble, and the pavement is formed of beautiful mosaics. These halls are the richest in the universe for the masterpieces which they contain; but, were they to be stripped of these, they would still be the finest in the world; for no other capital can produce a series of galleries so magnificent, so richly decorated, and especially appropriated to so noble a purpose.

These works in the interior did not prevent the prosecution of the plan for joining the Louvre and the Tuileries. A gallery parallel to that of the Museum was carried out to the length of five hundred and forty feet from the *Pavillon de Marsan*; and, at the same time, the foundations of a chapel, designed to terminate the projected gallery on that side, were laid.

In 1814, the Louvre alone, exclusively of the new buildings, had cost fourteen millions of francs (nearly 600,000*l.* sterling) during the nine years which had elapsed since the resumption of the works. Notwithstanding the sums lavished by the government on every thing calculated to form a record of a glorious epoch, the Louvre remained unfinished: the many internal improvements that were begun only served to show how many more were yet left to be executed, and the palace was not in a fit state to be inhabited when the king appropriated it to the reception of the productions of national industry. It was a noble concep-

tion to collect the useful arts and the fine arts in the palace of the kings: the sovereign power never appears more august, than when it takes under its immediate protection whatever can contribute to the welfare of the general community.

To this purpose the colonnade and part of the *façade* which overlooks the river were devoted; the windows were glazed, and the galleries inlaid; it was even projected to line the gallery formed by the colonnade with white marble, the expense of which alone was estimated at ninety thousand francs (3750l. sterling): but the Mosaic School, enriched by the progress which the bounty of government had enabled it to make since its foundation, undertook this work, which was executed in the most elegant and solid manner, and yet the expense amounted to no more than six thousand francs (250l.) Thus this branch of art, really imported into France, and which, at first, stood in need of encouragement, has worthily paid its debt, and manifested its gratitude for the sacrifices made to raise it to a complete state of prosperity.

Original Communications.

ANECDOTES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

In former days when every Highland chief kept a bard, a bagpiper, and a thief.

Two Thieves.—Returning from a successful foray, in the county of Murray, the celebrated Borasdale was hospitably entertained by the Chief of Glegary, at Glegary House. After supper, when the generous shell freely circulated, all reserve was laid aside. (On such occasions tradesmen will often talk of their tools.) Borasdale, among other things, expatiated on the multifarious merits of Rory More, his principal man of business, or, in plain English, his leading thief. Glegary offered a bet of twelve milk kine, that *his* man, Gory Du, was more than match for Rory More. The bet was accepted, and the heroes ordered out in quest of adventures. They were to return before the next morning. In the middle of the night they met, by mere accident, as Rory More supposed, who inquired eagerly concerning the success of his competitor. Gory Du expressed some scruples of conscience, and declared his resolution to proceed no further in the affair, unless the gen-

tlemen would allow them time to reach the lowlands, where they might enter into honourable competition. Rory concurred in Gory's sentiments. That they might avoid the infamy of stealing among their friends and neighbours, it was, therefore, agreed, that they should, next morning, demand time to enable them to reach Murrayshire. In the mean time, they entered a *bothy*; (a kind of temporary hut, which serves to shelter the Highlanders during some months they spend in the mountains with their cattle in summer.) Here they kindled a fire, and, warming themselves, reclined on a bed of dry heath, for the remainder of the night. They started with the lark, when Rory More found that the fire, into which his plaid had fallen, had curtailed a considerable part of the length of that useful covering.

They reached Glegary House before noon, and Borasdale, with an air of anticipated triumph, questioned Rory More, of whose veracity neither of the chiefs entertained a doubt. Rory informed his master of their mutual objections to stealing in the vicinity of their homes; observing, at the same time, 'that the foulest of all brutes preserves the purity of its own styte.' Gory Du was next interrogated: he owed that he had done nothing which merited applause, or which presented any obstacles in the accomplishment, — 'I have only,' added he, 'while Rory slept, cut and made a pair of hose from his plaid, which hose I am now wearing.'—So saying, he produced his legs, actually adorned in the tartan which his fellow thief had believed to have been consumed by the devouring element. To prevent detection on abstracting the piece, Gory Du put the end of the plaid into the fire!

Divination.—Divination by the shoulder-blade is performed thus:—the flesh is stripped clean off a shoulder of mutton, &c. and the diviner, by virtue of his art, is enabled, on inspecting the transparent part of the blade, to discover, by certain spots in it, any extraordinary event that is to happen to the person from whose flock the slain animal has been taken, or to any of his relatives, within the year. The science does not extend farther into futurity; the same is also the case with the *second sight*.

I had supposed this superstition peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland; but I have since met with it in Sicily, Calabria, Greece, Dalmatia, &c.

In the Highlands many wonderful things are related of these diviners, or *slinrach*, as they are there called.

Among other anecdotes of this sort, the following has been related to me by several persons now living, of unsullied veracity, who assert that they had been eye and ear witnesses of it:—About forty years ago, there lived at Gallovie, in Badenock, one Allan M'Tavish, so famous in this art, that Hector M'Kinnon travelled all the way on foot, from the Isle of Mull, to dispute the palm with him. The stranger having announced his name, and the object of his journey, Mr. —, of Gallovie, prepared a splendid dinner, to which he invited a numerous company of his friends.

After the feast, a prepared shoulder blade was presented to each of the sages, and the guests became mute as silence. After a long pause, Hector M'Kinnon exclaimed, 'may heaven guard all our friends from an untimely end!' but refused to make any farther disclosure. The company then urged M'Tavish to declare the result of his scientific research, but he refused, until the stranger should disclose what seemed to give him such concern.—At length, pressed by the entreaties of the whole company, and even reproached by some as an impostor, he solemnly affirmed, that some person should suffer death by hanging, on the estate of Mr. —, of Gallovie, within twenty-four hours from that time. Some of the company shrieked, some looked all amazement, some looked grave, and some looked as if they did not believe him. At last it occurred to them, that if such a catastrophe was in the womb of futurity, it would appear also to M'Tavish, on whose cheek a triumphant smile continued playing all this while. — 'All I can say,' said M'Tavish, 'is, that the person to be hanged has horns and hoofs; but twenty-four hours will solve the event, as my brother, Mr. M'Kinnon, has just observed.' All was anxiety till next morning, when the first object that presented itself was a young bull, hanging by the neck, and dead! The animal had put his head through the bars of a ladder, that was fixed as a prop to a falling barn, in order to reach the tempting tuft of grass that grew on the eaves; and, having lost the support of the crumbling mud wall, was left suspended to perish, as above.

ULIN.

WOMAN.

'The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sigh'd till woman smil'd.'
CAMPBELL.

It would be a curious inquiry to ascertain the different ways in which women have been estimated in different countries, as well as the various opinions that have been published respecting them. Plato rejoiced that he was not a woman.—Swift considered women only a higher species of monkeys, and the Turks will not allow them to have any souls. A Greek proverb reckons it as 'the extreme disgrace of sloth to be governed by a woman;' and the French, in their Salique law, seem to have recognized this axiom.—Amongst the ancient Germans, however, women were in very high estimation. Tacitus informs us, that they were not only treated by their husbands with the greatest confidence, in their domestic occupations, but were even made partakers of their martial toils. And so far did they carry their respect, that they even believed a certain divinity to reside in the female heart, a belief which was encouraged to such an extent among some of the fiercest of the German tribes, that they permitted women to rule over them in the name of the deity. Similar instances may also be mentioned among the Ancient Britons, in the persons of Boadicea and Cartimandua; and the same degree of respect continues to be shewn to women by the laws of this country.

Woman has been the poet's favourite theme in all ages and in all countries, and some of the finest effusions have been in praise of the sex. The following, among the thousand specimens which might be adduced, to justify this remark we copy from the works of Sir Aston Cockayne, and as they are exceedingly scarce, it may not be deemed unacceptable to our readers:—

'I wonder why, by foul-mouth'd men,

Women so slander'd be,
Since it doth easily appear
They're better far than we.

Why are the graces, every one,
Pictur'd as women be,
If not to show that they in grace
Do more excel than we?

Why are the liberal sciences
Pictur'd as women be,
If not to shew that they in them
Do more excel than we?

Why are the virtues, every one,
Pictur'd as women be,
If not to shew that they in them
Do more excel than we?

Since women are so full of worth,
Let them all praised be;
For commendations they deserve
In amplerwise than we.

Ledyard beautifully eulogizes the fair sex in his verses, entitled the 'Character of Women;' he tells us they are—

'Alive to every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy ever prone;
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature
In courtly town and savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst—with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave:
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted,
What cordial in the simple wave.

Her courteous looks—her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul;
Woman's the stranger's general blessing,
From sultry India to the Pole.'

(FROM CAMOENS)

'Who can escape the net which passion throws
Amidst the charms of woman's witchery?
Tints like the snow upon the opening rose,
And looks like gold on Parian masonry!
That all pervading magic who oppose
Strong as Medusa's glance of potency?
Alas! the Gorgon could but change the frame
To marble: Love converts it into flame.'

The Family Trunk,

NO. IV.

BY MOSES VON MUCKLEWIT, GENT.

SUPERSTITIOUS TRIALS.

IN resuming my observations on the superstitious trials, anciently common to this and other countries, I come to the trial by ordeal, which, as the reader may recollect, was specified to be of three sorts; viz. ordeal by hot iron—by hot water, and by cold water. Of these, the former seems to have been in most general, as well as in most ancient use; and, indeed, according to Le Brun and others, it was even known to the Romans. This conclusion they draw from a passage in the elder Pliny, who mentions a family in Tuscany, upon whom the sacred fires, kindled in honour of Apollo, had no effect; but the most probable conjecture appears to be, that it originated with the miracles, ascribed by the early Christians to their saints, and which they supposed to be wrought, in all doubtful cases, in favour of innocence. But, be this as it may, the custom in question prevailed in this country so early as the reign of Ina, and was found in full use by the conqueror, when he ascended the throne. The Normans, indeed, attached, from long habit and their chivalrous spirit, to the trial by battle, naturally rejected a practice which they regarded in the light of a mere

superstitious formality, although aged and infirm people and women were still allowed to resort to it. It grew, afterwards, however, into more general use; and, according to Lord Hale, the purification *per ignem et aquam*, continued during the whole reign of King John, with which he thinks it must have terminated; but the more plausible opinion of Hume is, that it was not finally abolished until the following reign.

If trial by hot iron was of ancient use in this country, it seems to have been at least of equal antiquity in other parts of Europe. Thus, in the ancient French laws, we find mention made of the *examen per ferrum candens in cassis dubiis*, as early as the year 895; and the same law is afterwards acknowledged in a canon, passed in the council of Littlebonne, in the year 1086. And we further learn, from the old French writers, Juretus and Bosquet, that the trial by hot iron, or judgment of fire, as it was also called, belonged more particularly to the monks, as holding a middle rank between the nobles and the plebeians, to whom the trials by battle and cold water were respectively appropriated. With respect to the trial by water, both hot and cold, they seem, if not of the same ancient origin with the former, to have maintained, and especially the ordeal of cold water, a much later existence. The latter seems, towards its decline, to have been chiefly in use in cases of witchcraft and sorcery; and, as we do not find it mentioned in the laws of Ina, it most probably was not adopted until some ages afterwards. The ceremony observed at this trial, is mentioned in a MS. preserved in the cathedral of Soissons, and written towards the close of the twelfth century; and St. Bernard, who lived during the same period, alludes to it as in existence in his time.

The following, as we learn from the laws of Ina and other old authorities, was the manner of conducting the trial by hot iron: the accused, in the first place, had his choice of this or trial by hot water; and, if he preferred the former, an hot iron, weighing at most three pounds, was prepared; and no person but the priest, who was to preside on the occasion, was allowed to enter the temple while the fire was kindling. After the iron had been placed on the fire, several persons were admitted to determine the degree of heat it ought to possess; and they were all obliged to pass the night fasting. At day-break, the priest, after

sprinkling them with holy water, and compelling them also to drink some, gave them the book of the Evangelists to kiss, and then crossed them. The mass then began, and the fire was no more increased, but the iron was suffered to remain on the embers till the last collect. After this, the iron was taken up, and a general silence observed, while the priest, in solemn mockery, made an appeal to the Deity to manifest the truth by the result of the ordeal. The accused then took the iron in his hand, and walked with it for the distance of nine times the length of his own feet. This being done, his hand was bound up; and the bandage sealed both by the judge and the accusing party; and if, after the expiration of three days, no burning appeared, the accused was acquitted,—otherwise, he was considered guilty. But, it need hardly be added, that the last mentioned conclusion was the common result of this barbarous mummery.

It would seem, however, that, in some instances, attempts had been made, by preventive remedies, to counteract the effect of the hot iron; for Father Sobineau, in his history of Bretagne, mentions, that the hand of the unfortunate person, condemned to this ordeal, was covered and sealed some time before the day of trial, lest he might, by ointments or other preparation, be able to resist the operation of the fire. The iron used on these occasions, received the benediction of the bishop, and was not permitted to be applied to any other purpose; and it will appear from the following anecdote, with what superstitious exactness this rule was observed. In an ancient history of the archbishops of Rouen, we read, that the iron kept for this purpose at St. Vandrille's, having lost its virtue through the imprudence of a monk, who had appropriated it to some other use, the abbot requested the archbishop to consecrate it by a new benediction. This, however, he refused to do, until the abbot was at last able to convince him, that this identical iron had been in the monastry time out of mind.

The trial by hot water was briefly as follows:—The water was placed in a vessel, and heated to the highest degree. For inferior crimes, the accused plunged his arm up to the wrist, and, for crimes of a deeper dye, up to the elbow. In every other part of the ceremony, the two trials, by hot iron and hot water, agreed; and the same conclusion was drawn from the event.

With respect to ordeal of cold wa-

ter, which, as already mentioned, was confined to cases among the common people, the same religious ceremony was also observed as above described, and the priest, having afterwards exorcised the water, as well as the supposed criminal, the latter was bound hand and foot, and thrown in. If, after this, he happened, as was most probably the general result, to find a watery grave, he was very humanely pronounced innocent; if, however, he escaped this death, he was sure to find his fate from the hands of the executioner.

There remain only, of the trials alluded to in my last paper, the judgment of the cross, and the judgment by Scripture, of which, as less in practice than the superstitions previously noticed, we have but few memorials. We find, however, from one of the capitulars of Charlemagne, enacted in the year 779, that the former of these judgments was then common; for the capitular states that, if the case be doubtful, the contending parties were to stand before the cross, and he who fell first should be condemned. Agobardus, too, who lived in the following century, mentions this mode of trial; and it occurs likewise in other capitulars.

The judgment by Scripture was similar, as I have before remarked, to the Virgilian Lots, formerly practised very generally throughout Europe, and of which a singular instance is recorded, in the case of Charles I. and Lord Falkland. This species of trial was confined to civil cases, and seems to have been often resorted to by bishops, previous to their consecration, and of which Gregory of Tours relates several instances. The practice consisted in opening the Scriptures at random, and in adapting the first passage that presented itself, to the occasion, and from thence to prognosticate the favourable or unfavourable issue of the question under consideration.

I have now closed the brief sketch, which my FAMILY TRUNK enables me to draw, of the modes of trial, if so they may be called, common to the ages of darkness and credulity. The trial by combat, although equally ambiguous and unjust, as the rest, had at least the plea of martial feelings and a chivalrous spirit in its favour, while the others originated purely in the grossest ignorance and the most unmixed superstition.

Original Poetry.

THE ZEPHYR AND FLOWER.

Snow trembl'd down
From the winter's crown,
And cover'd this planet with lightness:
The zephyr arose
In fantastical blows,
And enchantingly frolic'd o'er whiteness.
He sought for the bower
Of his lady-like flower,
Which at night he had left with his blessing;
He blew all his air
On the snow for his fair,
But 'twas crisp and consistence possessing.
To the moon he flew,
But her reign was new;
To the stars—and related his story;
But they shone in the cold,
And instinctively roll'd
Their high anthems to wisdom and glory.
Through the lucid space
He continued his race,
For the sun to shine warmly and brightly;
But the clouds overpread
That white innocent bed,
Where his lady-like flower had slept nightly.
He wander'd in woe,
Round the bower below,
And faithfully, tenderly hover'd;—
He whisper'd to boughs
Without leaves of his vows,
For his lady so suddenly cover'd.
They shook their hoar heads
O'er their natural beds,
But their vestures were chilly and frozen;
And the zephyr remaining,
Renew'd his complaining,
At the loss of his lovely and chaste.

The sun, as it seem'd,
Heard the prayer, which he deem'd
An example of summer affection;
He shot down his light
With refulgency bright,
And the snow sank to water's complexion.
O! the rapt'rous delight
Of this exquisite sight,
Which these lovers should feel at their meeting;
The zephyr had sped—
But his lady was dead!
And he died, her existence entreating!
Thus true loves, we know,
In this valley below,
Like the flower and the zephyr united,
By misfortunes are slain,
Ere the bridal they gain,
But their memory shall never be blighted!

JOSIPIA.

THE WRECK.

In th' western sky—pale as a star that seems
Looking out of heaven at the day's last beams,
As they depart from earth—a streak of light
Quiver'd a moment, and was gone—then Night,
As from her couch, advanced,—while yet the sun
Held on his mighty course;—for there was one
Black cloud, which, expanding as it rose, cast
A deadly gloom upon the watery waste,
Till from the night, it seem'd, the heav'n's had
shrunk,
And all was—clouds and ocean! The breeze
had sunk
Into a slumber—or delay'd thro' fear
Her voice to raise, and th' gathering storm so
near!

The heav'n look'd down upon the wide expanse

Of ocean, as in scorn—and such a glance
He upward bent,—that sky and sea look'd like
Two dreadful furies, that pause on ere they strike!

The clouds fell back divided by a crash
Of loudest thunder,—and a shower of fire
Enter'd the ocean's breast, and 'gan to lash
Him into waves, that roll'd each moment higher,
As, toss'd from their aerial fetters, one
By one, the winds fast gathering came, and met—

(Like those in fight, or ere the conquest's won)

Till link'd at length, they pass'd—as if to get
Together all their powers—then, with one sweep
Laid bare the hidden bowels of the deep.
And now in distance, like a feather tost,
Appear'd a bab'ling bark—one moment lost
Behind the swelling wave, whose panting breast
Against her like a mighty legion press'd,—
And now rising to meet the clouds, till she,
Exhausted, sunk before her enemy!

With moon's approach, the bellowing thunder ceas'd

And the winds in distance murmur'd—the sea,
Sparkling in the light that crown'd the lovely east,

In many a scarce-curl'd wave roll'd silently.
Much of the wreck they scatter'd on the shore,
But, O! the helpless crew in death were fast;
Yet one poor solitary youth—no more—

Lash'd to a log, high on the life was cast,
To bleach in mid-day sun;—and he was left
A mother, father, and a wife, bereft
Of their existence—for 'tho' him had they,
Their scanty meal procur'd for many a day!

WELFORD.

THE FIRST OPENING DAISY:

By EDWARD BALL.

This first opening daisy hath peep'd thro' the snow,

Ere yet a wily winter's chill triumph is past,—
All peevish she turns to the sun's beauteous glow,
While her bosom is woo'd by the ruffian blast.

Ah! cheer thee, thou lone one, dark fate is be- fore thee,—

Again must yon golden beams' mantle in gloom;

And soon must the season that awful frowns o'er thee,

Thy pale beauties strew on the bed where they bloom.

And never, ah! never, poor delicate flower;

Can thy dewy lips open to the radiance of May;
For, transient the sun-beam, and transient the hour;

To witness thy glory and note thy decay.

So is it young genius to humbleness plighted;
Of that cheering smile 'ere which first bade it ascend,

By the rude-breath of envy or arrogance blighted.

Is wouldst ere its talents and virtues unbend?

So 'tis, where affection, from tenderness parted,
That bliss, from which fondly it hop'd it not to sever,

Thro' the chill gaze of falsehood becomes broken hearted,

And dies where it proudly had blossom'd far- ever.

Norwich, Feb. 8, 1821.

Fine Arts.

BRITISH GALLERY.—No. III.

'In sight
Of nature's great original, we saw
The lively child of art.' ARISTIDES.

In consequence of the great length to which we were indebted, by the novelty of execution, to extend our remarks upon Mr. Martin's picture, we were precluded from continuing our observations on the other subjects which the British Gallery presents to our notice; a duty to which we now, therefore, return with increased pleasure. As our limits forbid us to enter upon the merits of every separate work, we shall content ourselves with a few *causory* remarks upon some of the best and most striking performances: No. 3, by T. Werge—is a delicately and beautifully executed view of Warkworth Castle; distinguished, especially as far as regards the aerial perspective, and a very spirited style in the foreground; by a degree of technical excellence which reflects the highest credit on the artist's abilities: Nos. 4 and 5, 'The Broken Window' and the 'Departure of Mary Queen of Scots for France,' the former by Sharpe, and the latter by H. Singleton—have already, we dare say, come under the notice of the greater part of our readers, who visited the last exhibition at Somerset House. They can neither of them be forgotten, and neither of them revive any recollections but those of pleasure: 'The Important Author,' (from *Moliere*), by Stuart Newton, is remarkable for excellence of costume, spirited delineation of character, story well told, and, at the same time; a very unpleasant degree of harshness in the execution: Wilkie's 'Athol Highlanders,' and finished study of the Reading of the Will, will hardly require comment from us; they are nature. 'The Landing of the Trojans,' Delors; No. 20, is a fine classical landscape; by W. Linton; rich, flowing, and spirited, yet chaste and delicate; the lights are, perhaps, too scattered, and the colouring, as well as the outline of the rocks, hard and unpleasant. F. P. Stepanoff's Dr. Sangrado, No. 21, is spirited and characteristic; the incident of the funeral seen through the window, is well conceived, and a happy illustration of Le Sage's admirable portraiture. A River Scene, No. 30, by P. L. Reingaigle, displays a great knowledge of chiaro-curo, employed on a soothing, yet not uninteresting scene. The 'Mower listening to a Gypsy,' No. 34, by T. Bar-

ker, is happily imagined and neatly executed, uniting a great deal of simplicity with much genuine humour. G. Vincent, in his 'Dutch Fair at Yarmouth,' No. 36, has presented us with a lively and amusing scene, which happily combines with it a national feeling, by the introduction of an object which never fails to recall pleasurable and proud recollections: we allude to the Nelson Pillar, introduced in this picture. The execution is good, and the scenery, from its appearance, is well adapted to unite with the figures which form the object of delineation. Hayter's picture of 'Venus complaining to Mars of her wounds by Diomed,' No. 7, is a beautiful work, but the female figures want grace; and there is a degree of glitter and affectation in the colouring which requires considerable chastening. Nos. 43 and 57, by Gandy, are fine specimens of this artist's powers, as well as of his peculiar style; the former is a beautiful scene from that exquisite elysium of architecture, in which he delights to revel, and which has lent so many of its lovely features to be delineated by this enchanting and agreeable voluptuary of the school of those whose study it is 'to rear the column or the arch to bend.' We must not pass in silence, 'Rosen, from Mount St. Catherine,' by J. B. Cromie, No. 48; it is a clever and well-finished picture, uniting a high degree of accuracy with a great deal of judgment and professional excellence, such as we seldom see combined in a work of this kind; the transparency of the water is exquisitely worked up, and the whole performance inspires us with a high opinion of the rising merit of this artist. Nos. 63 and 81, 'Scenes from Henry the Fourth,' by J. Cawse, possess a liveliness and character which are worthy the illustrator of those writings, which are the pride of England and the wonder of the world. The 'Lake of Geneva,' No. 66, by J. Dennis, is a noble and magnificent view of a most romantic scene; it is pleasing, sublime, delicate, and spirited; and is distinguished by a brilliancy of colour and a breadth of shade, together with a beauty of design and chasteness of execution, which make it a most attractive performance. The foreground, in particular, characterized as it is by some of the most striking peculiarities of country, is executed with a spirit and effect well worthy of the subject. A 'Lion disturbed at his Repast,' by E. Landseer, No. 78, is in his very best

style, and cannot fail to elicit the admiration of every person, by the splendour and accuracy of natural imitation, as well as by the technical knowledge and skill, by which it is characterized. No. 80, 'A Morning effect in September,' by G. Arnold, is a striking and natural representation of a most rarely attempted and difficult accident, and may boast of being possessed of all the coolness and nature which the subject demands.

W. H. FARRY.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The operas of *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Love in a Village* have been alternately performed at this theatre during the last week; and while the rage continues for musical pieces, tragedy and comedy can scarcely have a fair chance. The more we hear Miss Wilson in Rosetta, the more thoroughly we are convinced of the propriety of her first experiment in Mandane, which is better suited to her powers. The advantage she possesses in singing to the same master by whom she has been instructed, is certainly very great, and such as few debutantes have had; and we should be better able to judge of her natural powers if Mr. Welsh was out of the orchestra.

On Thursday night, 'Mr. Tibbs,' whose first appearance had been announced for some days, made his debut. Mr. Tibbs, our readers are to be informed, is the name of a farce, which is founded on a story told in one of Goldsmith's Essays, of Beau Tibbs, a gentleman who has but 'some two shilling' in his pocket, but who boasts of being on the most familiar terms with the principal 'lords and gentles' of the town. We confess we write with hesitation on this farce, much doubting that our readers will be enabled to ascertain the justice of our remarks by personal observation, as we think it extremely likely that *Mr. Tibbs'* appearances will not be numerous. The story, as told in the farce, differs so little from the original, that it is unnecessary to detail it. Harley, personated by Mr. Tibbs, and was the life and soul of the piece; but, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, and his incessant bustle, vivacity, and humour, though admirably displayed, were not an equivalent for the want of incident; and the piece met with much disapprobation; so much so that the audience would scarcely bear it announced for repetition.

COVENT GARDEN.—The opera of *Love in a Village* was played at this theatre on Tuesday night, when, in contradistinction to the metamorphosed edition of the opera at the rival house, it was here played with the original music. Miss Stephens played Rosetta; in the whole range of her characters, there is not one more adapted to her talents. The music of this opera has always been one of her triumphs. The union of the simple and scientific, the pastoral and the refined, which characterize it, display, with a peculiar charm, the power, facility, richness, and sweetness of her voice. She was encored almost in every song; and that, in which she banters Justice Woodcock in the garden, was called for a third time, but the majority of the house, in humanity to the actress, did not press it. The other parts of the opera were well sustained.

Kenilworth, which, from its being in nearly all the minor theatres, has become stale, was produced at this house on Thursday, with so little to recommend it, that it was properly condemned. Who had the 'doing' of this piece we know not, but the author of *Waverley* will not easily forgive him for the atrocious outrage he has committed on his work, by attempting to dramatise it. In vain did we look for the personation of the characters in the novel as we saw their names in the bill. Mrs. Faucit was gaudily dressed as the 'Virgin Queen,' but she had little or nothing to do. Leicester was made a mere pageant. We saw nothing of 'England's proudest earl' in his deportment, although Mr. Vandenhoff was his representative. The unfortunate Amy, though the heroine of the novel, might have been omitted in the play, for any good purpose that was made of her. With difficulty, and only when we heard their names, we discovered that Giles Gosling, Trevelian, and Janet, had been preserved, but they were so unlike what the novelist had drawn, that we should not have recognized them. Varney was preserved, and well sustained by Mr. Abbot. Michael Lambourne and Antony Foster would have been well played by Harley, and Comer, if the author had not spoiled their parts. The catastrophe is copied from Mr. Dibdin's *Kenilworth*. In short, this piece had not one single merit to recommend it, except a good view of *Kenilworth Castle*. The acting was worthy of the piece; indeed, all the performers seemed ashamed of their parts,

and well they might: for the piece would have disgraced any house or any actor.

SURREY THEATRE.—On Monday night, Mr. Dibdin produced one of those burlesque spectacles, in which he has often been so successful. It is intitled, *The Daughters of Danans and Sons of Egyptians, or Fifty Weddings and Nine and Forty Murders*. The classical story, from which this piece derives its title, must be familiar to most of our readers. In burlesquing it, Mr. Dibdin has combined ludicrous effect, magnificent drollery, and terrific joke. Several of the songs possess much humour; and the piece is got up with considerable splendour. We do not, however, think it one of Mr. D.'s happiest efforts; but we must not always expect him to furnish burlesques like *Don Giovanni* and the *Siege of Troy*. The play bill, which announced this piece, is a very amusing production; and we cannot forego the following well-pointed hit at the puffing of the large theatres:—

'The Manager, fully aware that Marriage and Murder are now regarded as the most successful features of modern Melodrama, and sincerely impressed with a wish that the Surrey Theatre should excel in every fashionable mode of advancing in the Public Opinion, has selected an ancient and classical Story, which, from its unexceptionable Morals, and terrific variety of Incident, will, no doubt, attract Crowds even superior to those described in the genuine diurnal reports of more fortunate Theatres; and to supersede the necessity of stating that no one can be admitted, it is determined (till further notice) not to issue any.—Those Ladies and Gentlemen who have been disappointed of Places for the 50th night of this forthcoming Prodigy, are respectfully informed, that a few back Seats are more than likely to be vacant about Easter, and that there is very little doubt of a front Row being attainable at Whitenside; at any rate, should a Private Box be unbespoke at Midsummer, it will be let without partiality or respect of persons.'

Literature and Science.

Royal Society's Library.—A Letter addressed to Sir Humphry Davy, has just been published by a F. R. S., giving him some advice how to act in his new situation of President of the Royal Society, and calling upon him to exert his authority, as a trustee of the British Museum, in opening more freely the access to the library of that establishment. This we conceive is by no means necessary; and are of opinion that every facility of access is given,

consistent with the security of the invaluable treasures there deposited. The author of this Letter has, however, omitted one subject, which comes more home to the worthy President, and wherein he may be of essential service to the cause of science; namely, the state of the Royal Society's own library. It is well known that this library contains many valuable works, (both printed and MSS.) not to be met with in any other library in the kingdom; but which are in a great measure rendered useless, from the want of an easy-reference, there being no catalogue of its contents. In the library of the National Institute, at Paris, there is not only a well-formed catalogue, but two or three librarians, constantly employed in bringing the books to the different members who visit the library for occasional reading or reference. This, too, is the case in the British Museum; where several messengers are employed, who supply whatever books may be wanted, with the utmost readiness, and change them as often as required. This, however, is not the case in the Royal Society, where very few of the members can avail themselves of their own library, or even know the treasures it contains.

The New Comet.—We have been favoured (says the Windsor Express) with the following account from Mr. Bird, the astronomical lecturer of Eton:—'I obtained a view of the celestial stranger, for the first time, March 1, at half-past seven p. m.; it was visible about ten minutes. I took its position with my quadrant, when I found its azimuth 75 deg. west of north altitude, allowing for refraction, 7 deg.; right ascension, 355 deg.; declination, 12 deg. north in the wing of Pegasus; about 5 deg. south-west of a star of the second magnitude, called Algenib; it rises at London, at six in the morning, and sets at eight in the evening. Its appearance is very different from the comet in 1819: the tail is much longer, and has the appearance of a streak of fire, and does not spread much at its greatest distance; it makes an angle of 33 degrees with the ecliptic, extending to the head of Andromeda. Its difference in right ascension, from the last, is 103 deg. westward. I think it will be visible longer than the former: in a few nights its course may be seen by the star Algenib; it can be seen from every part of the northern hemisphere, and the greatest part of the southern, as it is near the equator.'

Literary Conversazione.—Mr. Frederic Webb, whose extensive benevolence has gained him the honourable cognomen of the philanthropist, has determined on opening his mansion in Langham Place, for *conversazione* weekly. The first took place on Friday week last, when upwards of a hundred individuals of rank and talents were present.

The Bee.

'Floribus ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,'
'Omnia nos itidem decipimus aurea dicta.'

LUCRETIVS.

Alice Pierce.—In the 48th year of King Edward III. (A.D. 1275,) Dame Alice Perrers or Pierce, the King's concubine, rode as lady of the sun, from the Tower of London through Cheapside, accompanied by many lords and ladies, every lady leading a lord by his horse's bridle, till they came into West Smithfield, and then began a great *just*, which endured seven days after, says Howell, in his *Londinopolis*, 1657.

Jack of Newbury.—John Winccombe, commonly called Jack of Newbury, whose name and 'effigy' adorns many an ale-house sign, was the most considerable clothier that England had, either in his own time or before; he kept a hundred looms in his house, each managed by a man and a boy. He feasted King Henry VIII. and his first Queen, Catherine, at his own house, in Newbury, and built the church of that town, from the pulpit westward, to the tower.

Guess Work.—When I see a man suffer a simple wife to run in debt at the stores, for whatever she fancies I guess he will soon wish he had never been married. When I see a young lady possess a large portion of pride and affection, I guess she lacks delicacy and sense. When I see a woman usurp the whole conversation, I guess she has more loquacity than sense.—*Amer. Pat.*

Aphorisms.—Disaffection in great men to a prince is a double crime, for their duty and loyal example are like laws to the people.

From the nature and dignity of princely power and station, there is always enough of fear mixed with affection; but when a prince seeks only to be feared, he ceases to be loved.

It is a kind of incest in a prince to violate the laws of his country, for he is the father of the laws.

The ill government or tyranny of a prince, is to the body politic what a violent fever is to the body natural, for as the one causes convulsions and great alteration in the natural frame and con-

stitution, so the other troubles and convulses a state, and disfigures the natural complexion of a people.

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No. 96.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Letters from the Havana, during the Year 1820; containing an Account of the present State of the Island of Cuba, and Observations on the Slave Trade. 8vo. pp. 135. London, 1821.

THE author of these letters is a lively and agreeable writer, who has made good use of his year's residence in the finest island in the Western Archipelago, of which he gives an excellent and highly interesting description; although this appears to have been no easy task; as, since the affairs of the island of Cuba have become of sufficient importance to be inquired into, darkness and difficulties have attended research, and it is much easier to give an account of the state of the island for the first century of its colonization than to detail it during the last. It is from the year 1776, when commerce was in a small degree unfettered, that the history of Cuba begins, the narrative of its infancy being only interesting to its natural relatives.

The author notices very happily, and with characteristic brevity, the face of the country, its natural productions, the inhabitants, their manners, customs, and peculiarities; and, in his account of slavery and its horrors, his reflections are so just and so touching, that he makes us almost blush that we are Europeans. The subject of the slave trade, which is treated by our author with so much ability and feeling, is noticed at too great length for us to enter into it, but we cannot omit the following picture of *West India Society*. He says,—

'In the description of all countries, an account of the natives forms a principal subject of interest, but there is a distinctive singularity in the islands of the new world, called the West Indies, that obliges their historian to be concise on that head, and to dispatch such portion of his history in these few but comprehensive words—the natives are extinct. Out of an indigenous population, consisting of above three millions, who were spread over these islands, not one remains. The

causes of this catastrophe are too well and too generally known to allow of repetition; there is nothing of novelty to throw into the detail, except it be an expression of horror at the ravages which the pestilential fever of avarice has made amongst so large a portion of our fellow creatures. Dwelling on the graves of this wretched race, are seen a people of most motley description, collected from nearly all the nations of the old world, drawn together by commercial enterprise, speculative cupidity, or the spirit of adventure; amongst whom appears a numerous progeny of beings, shaped like men, but who are bought, sold, trampled on, and despised as the veriest brutes I could name. This mass of beings is forcibly conjoined—their bond of union is a real chain. Fear, say the metaphysicians, first formed society, and it is undoubted that such is the elemental principle of West India society. Every house is a sort of garrison, filled with domestic conscripts, serving without pay, and whom it is necessary to guard strictly. In the ingenios, or plantations, regiments, (to carry on the allusion,) of these pressed men, are stationed with a proportion of two or three whites to a hundred blacks. The physical proportions in such situations, (and, generally, in all the islands except Cuba,) is endeavoured to be remedied by the depression of the moral faculties of the majority, and by severe enactments against their acquiring factitious force. The black man is not allowed to carry any sort of weapon. He dare not venture abroad after night-fall, without having a lighted lantern in his hand, which marks him out to the white passenger in the same way that a beacon does a point of danger. On the other hand, the white man seldom stirs a league from his dwelling without a sword by his side or pistols in his holster; he breathes round himself a halo, that magnifies his strength and hides his weakness; and, to add to his security, clusters himself with his fellows in large bodies, notwithstanding the pestilential consequence of such union under a vertical sun.'

The white population of Cuba is supposed, by the author, to have amounted to 250,000 in 1820. The coloured population, in 1817, including mulatto and black, bond and free, amounted to 314,202. The total number of slaves, in 1819, was 181,968. How severe, yet we fear too true, is

the following remark on these unhappy beings:—

'The European farmer finds that the best manure is composed of the most offensive materials; so does the West India planter, he spreads his fields with orphans and captives, and expects to find his harvests prosperous in proportion to the mass of misery he has heaped together.'

The author, after this declaration, may well assert, that he has not yet suffered that ossification of the heart, which a residence in the West Indies too often occasions. It appears, that from 1789, when the traffic was thrown open (for England, commenced the trade in 1663, and after the peace of Utrecht, was the sole carrier for a time,) to 1799, 41,500 negroes were imported into Cuba, or rather more than 4000 annually. During the next four years, 34,500 were imported, or about 8600 annually. From that period to the year of the abolition treaty, in 1817, being a period of thirteen years, above 150,000 were introduced, or more than 10,000 annually. In the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, there was a great increase of importation; nearly 60,000 have been brought into this island during that period. Thus, in the last thirty years, more than 200,000 negroes have been brought from Africa to Cuba, and 50,000 more, at least, perished in the transit! We turn with horror from the appalling picture.

The news of the King of Spain having acceded to the constitution of 1812, was hailed with enthusiasm in the Havana; and the governor found it advisable to publish a *Diario Extraordinario*, in which, after acknowledging the receipt of such intelligence, he added, 'but his Excellency the Captain-General knows no other guide than the will of his sovereign, and he waits its expression.' The people, however, particularly the military, assembled, and 'his excellency' was the same day compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the new order of things. The following is a curious picture of the manners of the people of Havana:—

'Luxury need not starve here, nor does

it. The tables of the rich are covered with a mob of dishes, and, after the grace, (which I may call the riot act,) the surrounding authorities fall on them with proper vigour. Dinner parties, however, are not usual. When a festive occasion occurs in a family, the entertainments commence with a breakfast, which is, in fact, an early dinner.

The Cubano caballero rises early, and takes a cup of chocolate as soon as risen. He then lights his cigar, and either strolls in his patio, or balconies, or mounts his horse. At ten o'clock he breakfasts on fish, meat, soup, eggs, and ham, with wine and coffee. Before the company rise from table, a little pan, with live charcoal, is brought, for every one to light their cigars with. The females, except in the upper ranks, smoke also. I can scarcely draw the line precise here, for this inclination of the females to turn into the neuter gender, seems very great. I have seen the wives and daughters of an official real smoking in the streets! I have seen the wives and daughters of abogados, physicians, and alcaldes, smoking, and yet it is certainly true, what the gentlemen tell you, that no lady smokes. This is a knotty paradox; but, if I remember right, the clown in "The Winter's Tale" makes some observations very illustrative of the point; for my part, I am not content enough to attempt it. Smoking, indeed, is so general, that the people all look like pictures of saints with glorified halos. It is said the poor Mexicans were conquered so speedily by their handful of invaders, from the consternation excited at the appearance of Cortes' sixteen dragoons, they conceiving the man and horse to be one animal. If a body of Spaniards were now to invade some untobaccoed Mexico, the man and his cigar would certainly have the same fearful effect. The children even smoke! Little creatures of five or six years old strut about with their cigars; and, as parents dress the boys of that age in long coats with little canes, they have all the air of manhood, and only want whiskers to make them appear as if set up to ridicule their fathers.

We now pass on to the theatre at the Havana, where,—

It is usual to take a box for the season, or a certain length of time—three or four months; and if you do not, you will get no box seat. You pay four reals for your admission at the outward door, and afterwards an additional sum, according to the part of the house, or nature of the accommodation you choose. The company is tolerable, and the house convenient, though not large. It is only slightly lighted on grand nights, which circumstance is always advertised, as is the programme of the piece, as—“This evening will be presented to the illustrious and respectable people of the Havana, the famous and much admired comedy, entitled, ‘El Triunfo del Ave Maria,’ in which Senor Garcia will perform the part of a

Gracioso, who delivers many truly agreeable and witty speeches, as will the Senora Gaborino, the character of a Graciosa, whose diverting observations and smart speeches will give great delight to the audience. The comedy will be adorned by appropriate dresses and scenes; amongst others, the march of the heroic Spanish army to attack the infidels, with suitable warlike accompaniments—the Spanish hero on horseback—the Moorish chieftain advancing to challenge the Spaniards, when the Spanish conqueror, with the assistance of the Ave Maria, will cut off the head of the Moor; with many other agreeable and surprising incidents. After this will be performed, the excellent and much admired piece, called ‘The Re-establishment of the Constitution,’ written by an eminent patriot, where will be seen the ceremony of laying the lapida of our most glorious constitution. Also will be seen the portraits of those Spanish heroes, Quiroga and Riego, and a procession of alcaldes and other authorities. The theatre will be illuminated with perfect brilliancy, so as to afford this most respectable public every satisfaction.”

Of the animals, reptiles, insects, &c. peculiar to the Havana, we have the following notice:—

The black cattle are a very fine breed, and are used in great numbers to draw produce. Sheep are rare, a few only being kept, rather as curiosities than as stock. The hogs are most abundant, and form the favourite meat of the lower orders, most of whom keep them. Horses and mules are bred in the island, but a great many of the latter are imported from the Costa firme; and of the former, a large bony breed, called *frisoines*, (or *friseslanders*), are brought from North America. These are not found to thrive, the first hot summer carrying them off. The price of horses ranges from sixty to five hundred dollars; the usual price of a decent serviceable horse being two hundred dollars.

Venomous creatures this island is, happily, almost entirely free from. The snakes found here, are very similar to those that infest the woods in England, and are very shy of society. Their bite is not mortal. The worst of the venomous species is the *arana peluda*, or hairy spider, a hideous reptile, as large as a man's hand, covered with brown hair. The bite is considered highly dangerous. The scorpion is so common, that its frequency almost takes off the feeling of the dread with which it would otherwise be regarded. It is, when fully grown, as large as the *arana peluda*, with a long jointed tail, which it carries curved over its back, but is extended at pleasure. The sting is at the end. The effect (for I speak from experience,) is sharp and painful, and creates a local paralysis, but wears off through time and the application of spirits. The mosquito insect, though insignificant, be ranked in this

order, for its sting, to the recently imported, is frequently very troublesome, and productive of much pain and eruption.

Amongst the wants of the country, and which an English ear, attuned to the melody of its native groves, almost directly discovers, is the total absence of birds of song.

But if the evening hour is deprived of the notes of the nightingale, it is enriched by the brightness of the *cucuyo*, or fire-fly. This singular insect bears, in the upper parts of its head, a phosphoric light, like that of a glow-worm, and numbers are seen circling in the air like meteors. It is perfectly harmless, and too often suffers from puerile tyranny on this account.

Amongst the animal rarities of the island, let me not forget to notice the Cuba blood-hound, that celebrated friend of the whites and enemy of the blacks.

In chief and general air, he is not much unlike the English mastiff, but possesses all the ferocity of the bull-dog. Every plantation has several of these creatures, for the pursuit of *cimarones*, or fugitive negroes, and the preservation of the whites, as the negroes stand in more dread of one of these ferocious brutes than of an armed overseer. I have no reason, however, to believe that they are employed otherwise than as guides in the pursuit of fugitives, and house-guards for their masters; but it is undoubted that the spirit of persecution against the unhappy negroes is instilled and fostered by every kind of encouragement and allurement, for I deny that nature, (as some allege,) has violated her own feelings and principles by making the blood-hound a natural enemy to the man of colour. In England, you have often noticed the sagacity with which a pampered house-dog scents out and attacks a beggar, who has fewer distinctive marks than the slave. The principle of education is the same, and insolent tyranny of persecution equally the effect of human instruction.

The author of this work, who writes in a lively manner but thinks profoundly, when again speaking of the influence of the slave trade on Cuba, shows, and we think satisfactorily, that the abolition of slavery will be favourable to the real and permanent interests of the island; we do not doubt, and if doubt exists in such a case, that grand axiom, that 'what is morally wrong cannot be politically right,' would influence our decision, did not humanity alone decide the question. In conclusion, we must express our hearty commendation of this work, and would recommend it to statesmen and senators, to philanthropists, and to every one who can feel for another's woe, and look with pity on the untutored and enslaved African.

Memoirs of the Life of Anne Boleyn, Queen of Henry VIII. By Miss Benger, Author of *Memoirs of Mrs. Hamilton, John Tobin, &c.* 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 548. London, 1821.

ENTERTAINING as we do, considerable respect for Miss Benger's talents, and a high regard for the sex of which she is an ornament, we are sorry that her pen has not been more suitably employed than on the present occasion. For, although we believe that Anne Boleyn was innocent of the charge for which she suffered, and fell a victim to the caprice and jealousy of an odious monster, yet some historians have entertained a different opinion, and her levity has often been admitted. Now, as an investigation into the criminality or levity of woman, is not the 'proper study' of woman, we wish that Miss Benger had become the biographer of some of those illustrious ladies who grace the annals of British history, whose character is less doubtful; especially as, notwithstanding all her research, she has not brought any new fact or new evidence to decide the merits of Lady Anne Boleyn.

If we at first regretted to find Miss Benger engaged in this work, we were not less surprised to find that she spun the barren subject out into two volumes—we beg pardon, two half volumes only; for the whole work is paged straight forward; but, by the addition of an extra title, it has been done up in two thin volumes,—a wretched book-selling expedient, which reflects no credit on the publishers.

The life of Anne Boleyn, and the particulars of her melancholy fate, are so well known, that it would be a work of supererogation to repeat them here; especially as what relates to her personally, appears to us to be the least interesting, and is certainly the least novel part of the work, which contains some curious information relative to the court manners during the reign of Henry VIII., as well as a view of society during the two preceding centuries. Of the activity and skill of Henry in many exercises, many instances have been recorded. The following is one:—

'One day, an engagement having been made by some of the courtiers to run at the ring for a wager, the king declared his willingness to enter the lists with six companions, the prize being promised to him who, within a certain space of time, should most often reach the goal. At the hour appointed, the ambassadors, the court ladies, repaired, with the pomp

and ceremony usual on such occasions, to the barrier, where, at the sound of the trumpet, appeared the king and his martial train, each mounted on a mettled courser, clothed in purple velvet and cloth of gold; the royal steed was distinguished by his embroidered drapery, and the gallant plume of feathers pendant from his head, and which rose ambitiously to the saddle of the rider. The signal being given, the coursers flew like lightning; each cavalier ran twelve courses: the youthful monarch struck the ring five times, and finally bore away the prize in triumph, abandoning the ornaments of his charger to the applauding multitude. In another public festival, at Greenwich, the king challenged all comers to fight with the target; and afterwards exhibited still greater prowess in hurling the spear; nor did the indefatigable prince desist till he had achieved equal honour with the two-handed sword.'

Such were the amusements of princes and gentlemen. Of female occupations at that period, we are told, that—

'The maids of honour appear to have been always considered rather as ornamental than useful: neither serious charge nor weighty responsibility was ever imposed on these fairest ministers of royalty, whose business it was, like nymphs, to encircle their queen only to shed around her the ineffable charm of grace and beauty; accustomed to attend her on all public exhibitions of pomp and splendour, to dress with taste, to move with elegance, comprised their most important duties: their accomplishments, if any they possessed, were reserved for the recreation of her private hours, when, according to her humour, they were required to sing, dance, work, and pray, alternately associated in her labours and devotions. Finally, their conduct was closely inspected by an elderly *gouvernante*, whose duty it was to maintain amongst them strict order and decorum. In the absence of schools and other seminaries of instruction, an establishment such as this must have offered some equivocal advantages to childhood, and few attractions to youth: to the former it might supply habits of docility and application, of promptitude and self-possession, eminently useful in the intercourse of after-life; nor was it a defect peculiar to the education received in a court, that it blasted, by a specious semblance of maturity, the artless simplicity of childhood. Amongst the other vices inseparable from the artificial system transmitted by the middle ages, it was not the least, that it abridged what is usually esteemed the best and happiest season of human existence: the cheerfulness of infancy was soon clouded with care. At four years of age the sons of the nobility commenced their studies; at six they were initiated into the Latin grammar; at twelve they were introduced into company; at fourteen they exhausted their

strength in hunting; at sixteen they were exercised in jousting; and at eighteen they were boldly ushered into public life. The education of girls was still more perniciously opposed to simplicity and nature; from the earliest period, they appear to have been taught to imitate the manners, and even to adopt the dress of grown women: at thirteen they were not only disfigured by the stiff costumes, but infected with the pride, the vanity, and folly of their elder associates. From the moment that they were allowed to assume their place at the tournament, they affected to dispense smiles and favours on real or pretended votaries; and, whilst glittering with gold and jewels, they began to expatiate on the reciprocations between the mistress and the servant, they learnt to envy the distinctions conferred by the bold successful champion, and to sigh for the sovereignty conceded to peerless beauty.'

Of the celebrated interview between Henry and Francis, in the field of the Cloth of Gold, our author gives a very animated description, from which we make a few extracts:—

'Aware of Henry's predilection for the age of Edward the Third, the King of France submitted to him, whether he should not, in imitation of the Black Prince, have his dinner served and carried on horseback. Although this proposition was negatived, in every other instance the ordinances of chivalry were to be religiously observed; and it was especially stipulated, that, in the ensuing joust, the number of strokes given on either side, should be referred to the *ladies!* Finally, after a longer interval than had been spent by the Edwards and Henries of former days in acquiring the fairest provinces of France, the plain of Guisnes was chosen for the interview, and the young Emperor Charles, by a dextrous stroke of policy, engrossed to himself the fruits of the costly enterprise. In his passage to Flanders, he approached the English coast, when, under pretence of paying his respects to his aunt Catherine, he threw himself on Henry's generosity, and voluntarily came to his court without a single precaution for safety and protection. Charmed with this proof of confidence, so consonant to the spirit of chivalry, Henry was easily persuaded to pledge his friendship to the avowed rival of that prince he was about to visit as an ally and a brother.'

'At some little distance from the town of Guisnes, a temporary palace was prepared for Henry's reception, which the combined powers of English and Flemish mechanism had rendered rare and beautiful as the marvellous house of Aladdin, so exquisitely constructed by his obedient genii.' - 'It appears to have been formed of moveable planks of timber, and covered with canvass so well painted as to resemble stone. Within, it was

hung with arras and tapestry, the most rich and tasteful that the looms of Ghent could supply; but, after all these efforts of ingenuity, it was found totally inadequate to the occasion; since two thousand five hundred of the king's suite had no better resource than to lodge in tents, of which the inside was hung with white cloth, richly embroidered, and surmounted by the union rose, interlaced with the fleur-de-lys. The spot selected for this encampment was about half a league beyond the town of Guisnes, and about the same distance from the town of Arras, in whose castle lodged Francis and his gallant court. Whilst Henry and his retinue, like crusaders, remained in their splendid pavilions, necessity must have led to a different distribution of the quadrupeds in his train, of which the horse alone amounted to the enormous number of four thousand three hundred and twenty-six. To these, according to stipulation, an equal number was opposed by the French party: thus the cordial meeting which was to form an eternal union of friendship, resembled the clashing of two hostile armies, and seemed rather calculated to create impressions of distrust and jealousy than to suggest images of peace and amity, hospitality and concord.

The two kings met on the 10th of June, when they embraced and walked arm in arm around the encampment. Their attendants on both sides also fraternized, and all national prejudices seemed forgotten:—

‘After the first ceremonies between the two kings, both withdrew to a tent of cloth of gold, where, after reiterated congratulations, Henry began, *pro forma*, to read the articles, when, instead of designating himself the King of France, he stooped abruptly after “I, Henry, King of England,” and laughing, exclaimed, “No, not the king of France; I should be an impostor if I claimed that title, for the King of France is here.”’

Of the state of Henry's court at home, and of his singular regulations, we have the following ludicrous description:—

‘In the gorgeous finery of King Henry's court, we often trace a resemblance to the barbaric splendour and magnificence exhibited by the despots of Asia and Africa; and poorly as that age was furnished with the more elegance, conveniences, and accommodations, that essentially contribute to the comfort and refinement of modern life, it will be found, that, wherever wealth abounded, there prevailed a superfluity of all that was rare and precious,—an excess of pomp and prodigality, to which modern Europe scarcely offers any parallel. Under the Tudors, the frank hospitality of the rude Saxon monarchs was still perpetuated on public festivals, at Christmas and Easter, on Twelfth-day and Michaelmas, and some other extraordinary occasions, when

the king lived in Hall, and freely treated all who asked for entertainment. In general, the palace, like the pageant so often admitted within its walls, presented a motley combination of bloated luxury and squalid wretchedness, fantastic elegance and sordid penury. The royal apartments were strewn with rushes; the stairs and floors of the other rooms were often laid with filth; and whilst fires blazed in the great chambers, hung with arras, the inferior officers were shivering with cold; and some of their attendants literally beggars.

‘Among other statutes published in the seventeenth year of this reign, at Eltham, was one, by which it was enacted, that none but decent persons should be admitted into court service; that in future no rascal should be employed in any domestic capacity; and that the scullions of the kitchen should not be permitted to go naked. By another article, it was prohibited to any of the king's household to follow the king when he should go on his pastime, unless invited. By another article, obviously dictated by Henry's personal feelings, it is enacted, that, in future, none be admitted but persons of good demeanor, fashion, gesture, countenance, and stature, so as the king's house may be furnished with such as are tried, elect, and picked for the king's honour. To the privilege of maintenance, implied in the *bouche* of court, a comparatively small number of the palace inmates were admitted; but, for the personal attendants, both for the king and queen, there was, in general, kept a plentiful table, and to the six maids of honour were allotted, a chet loaf and a manchet, a chine of beef, and a gallon of ale for breakfast.’

The conclusion of the picture of the court is taken from Loyd, who says,—

‘King Henry understood a man and a diah. Among the dainties which he relished, were, giggots of mutton or venison, stopped with cloves, chickens in crittury, larks, sparrows, or lamb stued, with chimes of mutton, venison pastry; jelly hippocras, cream of almonds.

‘Stabling was allowed to such of the queen's gentlewomen as were peers' daughters. Seven messes of ladies dined at the same table in the great chamber;

‘Coals were only allowed for the King, Queen, and Lady Mary's chambers.’

‘A rascal implied an illiterate vagrant; one who could not even repeat his Creed.’

‘It was expressly stipulated, that the officers of the scullery shall see silver and pewter vessels kept safe, (pewter vessels being them costly); and it is forbidden to the king's attendants to steal locks or keys from cupboards, or other articles of furniture out of noblemen's or gentlemen's houses where he goes to visit. The king's barber is enjoined to be cleanly, and by no means to frequent the company of misguided women and idle persons. The knight marshal is directed to take good care that all such upstarty and common women as follow the court be banished.’

a chet loaf and manchet, ale and wine, beef and mutton, were supplied in abundance, with the addition of capons or hens, pigeons and conies. On fast days, salt salmon, salted eels, whittings, gurnet, plaice, and flounders: fruit was reserved for lent; butter was always allowed in profusion.

‘The queen's table was furnished with more elegance, and with the additional delicacies of fricandes or custard, frythour or tart; besides every delicacy of the season.

‘The brewer is enjoined not to put hops or brimstone into the ale.

‘A swan was five shillings, a capon eighteen-pence, pigeons eight-pence per dozen; a fat heron was eight-pence, a partridge four-pence, pullets three-pence each, conies two shillings per dozen; the stork, the bustard, and the crane, were then admitted to the table.

‘A munificent provision of twenty-four loaves per day was made for the king's greyhounds; other dogs were banished the court, with the exception of spaniels kept for the ladies.

‘A gift was allowed to whoever married or made the king a present.’

In our extracts, we have hitherto scarcely noticed the heroine in these volumes, but her history cannot but be familiar to our readers, whom we refer to Nos. 57, 67, and 75, of the *Literary Chronicle*, where they will find many interesting particulars respecting her. As, however, love letters are very important affairs, and those of sovereigns very rare, we shall present our readers with a couple from that ‘gallant gay deceiver,’ our Eighth Harry, to Anne Boleyn. The first has a passage in it respecting the *Mores*, which is inexpressible:—

‘My Mistress and Friend,—I and my heart put ourselves into your hands, begging you to recommend us to your favour, and not to let absence lessen your affection to us. For it were great pity to increase our pain, which absence alone does sufficiently, and more than I could ever have thought; bringing to my mind a point of astronomy, which is, that the farther the Mores are from us, the farther, too, is the sun, and yet its heat is the more scorching; so it is with our love; we are at a distance from one another, and yet it keeps its fervency, at least on my side. I hope the like on your part, assuring you, that the uneasiness of absence is already too severe for me; and when I think of the continuance of that which I must of necessity suffer, it would seem intolerable to me, were it not for the firm hope I have of your unchangeable affection for me; and now to put you sometimes in mind of it, and seeing I cannot be present in person with you, I send you the nearest thing to that possible, that is my picture, set in bracelets, with the whole device which you know already.

wishing myself in their place, when it shall please you. This from the hand of Your servant and friend, H. Rex.'

When the popular clamour became strong, Henry found it advisable to remove Anne Boleyn from court, which Miss Benger says she quitted with 'painful impressions of disgust, not unmingled with resentment.' The following is one of Henry's letters to her during her absence:—

'To Anne Boleyn.

'The approach of the time which I have so long expected, rejoices me so much, that it seems almost ready come. However, the entire accomplishment cannot be till this two persons meet, which meeting is more desired by me than any thing in the world; for what joy can be greater upon earth, than to have the company of her who is my dearest friend? Knowing, likewise, that she does the same on her part, the thinking on which gives great pleasure. You may judge what an effect the presence of that person must have on me, whose absence has made a greater wound in my heart, than either words or writing can express, and which nothing can cure but her return. I beg you, dear mistress, to tell your father from me, that I desire him to hasten the appointment by two days, that he may be in court before the old term, or at farthest, on the day prefixed, for otherwise I shall think he will not do the lover's turn, as he said he would, nor answer my expectation. No more at present, for want of time, hoping shortly; that by word of mouth, I shall tell you the rest of my sufferings from your absence.'

With this letter we close our extracts from Miss Benger's *Life of Anne Boleyn*, which would have been more properly entitled, in the quaint style of less modern writers, 'Some Memorable Passages in the Reign of Henry the Eighth.' The work, however, contains much that is interesting, although we fear it will not enhance the literary reputation of the author.

The Lilian Bride, and other Poems.
By Barton Wilford. 12mo. pp. 71.
London, 1821.

If our readers do not already give us credit for a tolerable share of critical independence, they may, perhaps, call our strict impartiality in question, when we inform them, that the *Lilian Bride* is by a favourite correspondent, who has often enriched the poetical department of the *Literary Chronicle* with his elegant effusions; and further, that the work is from the press of our friend Mr. Davidson, who 'exhibits our lucubrations in fair black and white, weekly, to the public. Happi-

pily, however, we are relieved from the task of subjecting ourselves to any suspicion in this respect, by adopting the critique, (and a poetical one too, which is a novelty,) of another of our correspondents, who sent us an 'Impromptu to Wilford, on receiving a copy of his first publication.' This impromptu we shall not insert, but merely quote a passage from it, which relates to the *Lilian Bride*:—

—'Nicely scattered through each part,
There's something that will touch the heart,
With many a well-told homely truth,
To suit each anxious low-sick youth.
I pity much the Arab chief!—
His was a thorough life of grief;
Though round him some few roses grew,
Fate did its thorns so thickly strew,
That when the joy was in his arms,
He clasped a mass of poisoned charms.
Ill-fated heroine! in the prime
Of life cut off!—'

We must, however, observe, in addition to the remarks of our poetical critic, that the *Lilian Bride* possesses many beautiful passages; the merits of which are a strong recommendation to the poem, independent of the interest of the story. The following picture of human life is finely drawn:—

'How sweet's the retrospective glance
That's ta'en of early hours,
When the young life was but a trance—
A dream of rosy bow'rs!
But dire the change from youth to age
In life's delusive pilgrimage!
A summer lake whose breath has ceased—
A raging sea that's tempest-tost—
A tender bud of early spring
That often dies—while blossoming!
But, though we are with grief oppress'd,
And the scar'd heart's a foe to rest,—
Though never more the eye may close,
Till death has darkness o'er it thrown,—
Though frenzy fire the throbbing brain—
The frame be rack'd with every pain;
Still, still of life we grasp the chain.'

There is a fine tribute to the sex, and to the influence that love has on woman's heart, which we cannot forbear quoting:—

'How beautiful is that pure flame,
That finds its home in woman's heart!
Till time expires, 'tis still the same,
And never—never will depart!
The crown may be repulsive, yet
It cannot make affection fly.
Which deep within the mind is set—
'Too deep for hate to venture nigh!
For what the object lov'd has been,
When hours of joy went fast,
Is still upon the memory green,
And blossoms in affliction's blast!
And Lila, she had felt the power
Of love in a more genial hour,
And still that passion round her clung,
As if existence on it hung;
And when she saw pale sorrow's stings
Dive deep in Antae's youthful breast,
She lov'd him most when most oppress'd—
She lov'd him for his sufferings!'

The Minor Pieces possess much me-

rit, and the whole volume shews a refined taste and a mind well cultivated. It is neatly printed, and 'got up in a style' which is calculated to increase the doting attachment of a young author to his first born, and to render it admissible into all good company.

Select Female Biography; comprising Memoirs of Eminent British Ladies, derived from Original and other Authentic Sources. 12mo. pp. 331.
London, 1821.

This volume is a pleasing memento of departed excellence; it is confined to a biography of religious females only, with the object of interesting the mind by a delineation of virtues sustained amidst all the diversities of human society, and to excite a serious consideration of the important connexion which subsists between the present character and the future destiny. The lives of the principal persons noticed in this volume, have often been before the public; they are, however, re-written and much improved.

The life of that amiable woman and elegant writer, Miss Catherine Talbot, might have been rendered more interesting, by inserting some of her letters, which are models of epistolary writing; but this would, perhaps, be extending the plan further than the biographer, who is a female, intended. We, however, would suggest to any one who may have leisure and inclination to make an interesting little volume, to collect the letters of Miss Talbot, several of which have been published in fugitive works, recently; and, we believe, there are some that have never been printed in Dr. Birch's collection of MSS. in the British Museum. Some specimens of Miss Talbot's talents are, however, given, and we select one; it is an imitation of Ossian, and was written before the peace of 1763:—

'True, Ossian, I delight in songs;
Harmony soothes my soul. It soothes it, O Ossian, but raises it far above these grassy clods and rocky hills. It exalts it far above the vain phantoms of clouds, the wandering meteors of the night.

'Li-ien in thy turn, thou sad son of Fingal, to the lonely dweller of the rock. Let thy harp rest for a while, and thy thoughts cease to retrace the war and bloodshed of the days that are past. Sightless art thou, O Ossian, and sad is thy failing age. Thine ear is to the hollow blast, and thy expectation is closed in the narrow house. Thy memory is of the deeds of thy fathers; and thy fathers, where are they? What, O Ossian, are those deeds of other times? They are horror and blood and desolation.

"Harp of Ossian, be still. Why dost thou sound in the blast, and wake my sleeping fancy? Deep and long has been its repose. Solid are the walls that surround me. The idle laugh enters not here; why then should the idler tear? Yet, Ossian, I would weep for thee: I would weep for thee, Malvina. But my days are as the flight of an arrow. Shall the arrow turn aside from its mark?"

"Bright was thy genius, Ossian! But darkness was in thy heart. It shrunk from the light of heaven. The lonely dweller of the rock sang in vain to thy deafened ear. The Grecian was not blind like thee. On him the true sun never dawned; yet he sung, though erroneously, of all-ruling Providence, and faintly looked up to the parent of Gods and men. Thy vivid fancy, O Ossian, what beheld it but a cloudy Fingal? Vain is the pride of ancestry; thou remainest by choice an orphan, in an orphan world. Did the dweller of the rock never point out to thy friendless age, a kindred higher than the heavens? A brotherhood wide as the world? A staff to thy failing steps? A light to thy sightless soul? And didst thou reject them, Ossian? What, then, is genius, but a meteor brightness? The humble, the mild, the simple, the uneloquent, with peaceful steps followed their welcome pastor, into fair meads of everlasting verdure—while thou sittest gloomy on the storm-beaten hill, repeating to the angry blast the boast of human pride, the tales of devastation, the deeds of other times. Far other times are these. Ah! would they were! still destruction spreads; still human pride rises with the tigers of the desert, and utters its horrid boast!"

A striking instance of precocity is furnished in some poems written by Caroline, daughter of the Rev. Charles Symonds, who was born in 1792, and died at the early age of eleven. We select the last by this infant genius, and which was afterwards inscribed on her tomb—

THE BLIGHTED ROSE-BUD.

Scarce had thy velvet lips imbibed the dew,
And nature baid thee, infant Queen of May;

Scarce saw thy op'ning bloom the sun's broad ray,
And on the air its tender fragrance threw;

When the north wind enamour'd of thee grew,
And from his chilling kiss, thy charms decay;
Now droops thine head, now fades thy blushing hue,

No more the queen of flow'rs, no longer gay.
So blooms a maid, her guardian's health and joy.

Her mad array'd in innocence's vest;
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,
Death clasps the victim to his iron breast:
She fades—the parent, sister, friend deplore
The charms and budding virtue, now no more.

This work we sincerely recommend to all young persons; to the religious world it can require no recommendation.

Memoirs of Mrs. Dyott, under the solemn Form of an Oath, written by herself, accounting for her Separation from General Dyott; with various Letters of the General and other Personages. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1821.

Should any of our readers doubt that married people have often serious misunderstandings, or that law is expensive and lawyers are rapacious, let them read this little Memoir, which is ornamented with a 'goodly' portrait of the author and heroine. We, who are no sceptics on these subjects, who would not interfere between man and wife on any occasion, nor in law, if we could avoid it, shall say nothing further in this business, than that 'such things are,' and we regret their existence.

A brief Description of the Marbles collected by Lord Elgin, at Athens, &c.; and also of the Phigalian Marbles, now deposited in the British Museum. A New Edition. By J. Coombe Laskey, Esq. 12mo. pp. 35. London.

This little work contains a more minute and enlarged description of those valuable collections, the Elgin and Phigalian Marbles, than the Synopsis of the British Museum, which is published at so limited a price, as to render its notices excessively brief; besides, several of the statues, friezes, &c. not noticed at all in the Synopsis, are here described, and frequently with classical explanations, which cannot but be of service to the general reader, and must render the work a useful *rade mecum* to all who may visit those splendid monuments of art.

Foreign Literature.

ORIGINAL LETTER.*

OF

THOMAS JEFFERSON, Esq.

Late President of the United States, to the Chevalier Julien, Editor of the Revue Encyclopédique, at Paris.

Monticello, Dec. 26.

SIR,—Long-continued ill health and a slow and uncertain convalescence, have put it out of my power to acknowledge sooner your favours of Feb. and March of the last year, and particularly to thank you for the several tracts you were so kind as to send me. The duplicate copies were disposed of as you wished, to our societies, academies, and literary characters. I read them all with pleasure, and especially the number of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, and its interesting views of the new works of science in Europe.

I rejoice, indeed, that the commemoration of the life and virtues of my friend Kosciuszko, is undertaken by a person so able to present them worthily to the world; the connection, too, which the several scenes of his services furnished between the three great revolutions of Poland, France, and America, cannot fail to render the work of great interest to those three countries. A citizen of the U. S. sometime since informed me, he wished to undertake this work, but I discouraged the attempt, by assuring him, it was already in hands fully qualified for the task, in a situation to learn better the incidents of his early, as well as latter life, (to which I know my fellow citizen had no means of access) and that the short interval Kosciuszko had passed in America, could hardly authorize the account of that to be entitled the History of his Life; he has, consequently, declined it, and will, I am sure, have cause to felicitate himself on having avoided a competition for which he was so little prepared.

I read, with great pleasure, the views you present of the progress of France towards a rational government; some late incidents, I had feared, portended trouble, but the earth will as soon reverse its course in its orbit as the mind of man fall back from the lights recently shed on it, to the darkness of monkish ages and impositions. The general insurrection of the south will bid defiance to the tyrants of the north, and thus armies will catch the flame they are sent to extinguish, and spread its salutary purifications over their native soil. Man has, for countless ages, been enveloped in darkness, civil and religious. The lights of science have at length found their way into his mind; he had always the power, and needed only the will to resume his rights and be free; he now has that will, and the world will at length be free. At the age of seventy-seven years, I cannot expect to see this; it is comfortable, however, to foresee it, and to pass the few days remaining to me in prayers for its speedy consummation, to which I add those for the continuance of your useful labours through long years of health and happiness.

Th. Jefferson

* Communicated to us through our Correspondent at Paris.—ED.

Tablettes de la Reine D'Angleterre. &c.
The Queen of England's Tablets, in which are described the daily Occurrences which took place during Her Majesty's Travels in Sicily, Greece, Barbary, and the Holy Land; with an Historical Notice of Baron Bergami, written by himself, and his Correspondence, from his Entrance into Her Majesty's Service, to the 10th June, 1820. Translated from the Autograph MSS. of Her Majesty the Queen. By A. T. Desquiron, de St. Agnan. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 324. Paris, 1821.

THE title of this work piqued our curiosity; for, if authentic, it is a remarkable, and even important work; our first care was, therefore, to ascertain its authenticity, by applying to M. Eymery, the publisher; his written answer was, 'Je puis vous assurer, mon cher monsieur, que le manuscrit est authentique entre mes mains.'—I can assure you, my dear sir, that the MS. is authentic, and in my hands. With this guarantee, we have perused the work with much interest, and we are happy to say that it is written with moderation, and an air of truth in every page. The journal of the Queen's travels was kept, it appears, by M. Schiavini, day by day. In our next number, we shall give copious extracts from it. The letters of the baron are to persons of rank and consideration: the Advocate Cadozzi, the Countess A.—the Marquis de Ghisliery,—the Marquis de B.—the General Borgia, whom he addresses, 'My dear general,' &c.

He thus describes his family:—
'I was born at Creone, of noble parents. The hospital of the town was founded by my ancestors, and it is well known that the right of making pious foundations belonged, formerly, in Italy, only to the most illustrious families.

'There exists two great families in the world, one which rises, the other which descends. Mine, after being raised to the pinnacle of fortune, is fallen into obscurity, and then into oblivion.

'He who reproaches me with my point of departure, from which I have arrived at the honourable title of Chamberlain to the Queen of England, would not be what I am had he been in my place.

'I was destined to the study of the higher sciences,—my country called me to arms, and I obeyed the appeal. A soldier from choice alone, I was soon distinguished for my courage; it was

in the field of battle that I gained and merited my successive steps of rank,—how many of my proud detractors, without having merited any thing, have been happy enough to obtain every thing.'

From another part of the work, it appears he had here Colonel Brown in his eye, whom he states to have been raised from a lieutenant to the rank of a colonel, for his military services at—Milan.

'Is it thought that any one has a right to slander me, because, in the household of the Queen of England, I have filled offices unworthy of my birth,—true nobility only loses its dignity when it has forfeited its honour; and what gentleman is there in adverse fortune who would not solicit the title of valet de chambre to his King?' p. 54.

As this is only a preliminary article on this highly curious and interesting work; we shall conclude it with a translation of one of his letters to General Borgia, at Naples:—

'De la Baronna, 15th Dec. 1816.

'My Dear General,—H. R. Hss. charges me to express to you her gratitude for the pains you have taken in procuring the information she wished to obtain; it is impossible to confer a favour with a greater grace.

'I address you from the Baronna. H. R. Hss. has been graciously pleased to visit this little domain, which I partly owe to her generous presents; at first she only intended remaining two days, but the situation pleasing her, and the house being commodious, she staid longer; besides, the milk and fruits of this part of the country are excellent, the air is salubrious, and its proximity to Milan adds to its charms; I, therefore, am induced to hope, that H. R. Hss. will deign to honour it a second time with her presence.

'You will readily conceive, my dear general, that I omitted nothing to make the Baronna wear the air of a fête during H. R. Hss's residence: a little ball, got up without any securing preparation, seemed to please her much. You must know that, like monarchs of former ages, we have a buffoon in our suite. This I must explain to you. On our return from the Holy Land, I was shewn at Jaffa, a man called Mahomet, a kind of savage, more man than ourang outang, but quite as uncivilized, untractable, and wild; he inspired fear, but never felt it; disliking labour, he became a stable boy, taking care of travellers' horses, which he could break and master admirably.

'The persons he was with, desiring, no doubt, to get rid of him, persuaded me to get him into the service of H. R. H. and I got her to take him as groom. He left without either pain or pleasure; I alone have been able to master his savage tem-

per—he trembles at my sight, and even endeavours to anticipate my orders.

'At present, the Turk Mahomet, more humanized by half, repeats, even before H. R. Hss. at the least sign that I make, a dance very common in India, which the Spaniards have imitated in their bolero, and that the Turks are remarkably fond of.

'Nothing in the world can be more grotesque than to see a man, whose looks are disgusting, and whose figure is far from being handsome, agitate himself, change place with agility, hasten and slacken his motions, rise and fall in cadence, advance with measured step, and retire as modestly would shrink back at an insult offered.

'These kind of sports are much in vogue at present at the Baronna, and, according to all appearances, the Turk Mahomet will not wait for occupation.

'But I dwell too long, my dear general, on such a subject; I have scarcely left myself room to renew to you the expression of the friendship I have vowed for you; never shall I forget the moment when, visiting me on my sick bed at Naples, you delivered me the brevet of Captain of Lancers. Had it been possible for me then to accept the honourable service offered me, I should have taken part in the war just concluded, in which I, perhaps, might have distinguished myself in following your steps. I conclude.

'Adieu, dear general, preserve me always a place in your valuable friendship.

B. PARGAMI.'

The work contains many curious anecdotes of Baron Ompteda, Sir William Gell, the Hon. Keppel Craven, Miss Forbes, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, &c. from which we shall make selections for the concluding article of this review.

Z.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

[It has long been a reproach to this country, that neither our temples nor our monuments can be seen by either subjects or foreigners, except at an expense which must keep them concealed from a great proportion of the residents and visitors of the British metropolis. The lower, we believe, cannot be seen at a less expense than half a guinea. At St. Paul's, you are made, at almost every step, to pay twopences, sixpences, &c. until they amount to five or six shillings; unless you go during divine service, when you save twopence. Westminster Abbey costs you half a crown, independent of a gratuity to the exhibitor, who, before he has finished, assures you that he has nothing but what he gets from the generosity of the visitors. We might enumerate the Monument—the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, &c.; but, in fact, there is nothing in London worth seeing, for which you must not pay dearly, the British Museum excepted. And yet there appears to be

a disposition to complain of the limited access to this splendid establishment, while the clerical extortions at our temples are entirely unnoticed. A few weeks ago, a young gentleman, Mr. Lennard, who is in his legislative honeymoon, moved for some returns from the British Museum, namely, 1. An account of the number of applications to the trustees for admission to the collections of minerals not generally shown, and to the medals and coins, the prints and drawings, and to the reading room; and the number of admissions granted on such applications during the last five years.—2. An account of the amount of the annual salaries, and of the monies paid to each of the librarians and other officers attendant on the Museum; the nature and extent of their accommodation, as to lodging, perquisites, &c.; and also all statutes and rules of the trustees of the British Museum now in force, with respect to admission to the reading room, and the different collections, &c. The returns have now been made to the House of Commons, and most satisfactory they are. They fully justify our assertion of last week, that, at the British Museum, 'every facility of access is given consistent with the security of the invaluable treasures there deposited.' As the Museum is a national establishment, the public should be rightly informed as to its management; and we now, therefore, proceed to present our readers with the most important parts of the report, reserving any further remarks on the subject to a future opportunity.]—Ed.

The Report states the applications to see the minerals not generally shown have been either for the private view of a party of visitors, or more generally for the inspection of a single class of minerals or even an individual specimen by some geologist. In all which cases, the officer of the department has always granted the request.

In the case of the Medal Room, Tuesday, from twelve till four in every week, was fixed, by the trustees in 1814, for the exhibition of Coins and Medals to persons making particular application to see them. But in all cases where inquiry was made by collectors, or by persons for literary or other useful purposes, they have been immediately shown by the keeper of the Antiquities and Medals; 'referring those parties only to the principal Librarian's permission who were desirous of seeing the collection without any particular object.'

Since the extensive thefts committed in 1806, access to the collection of Prints was closed until they could be arranged and fastened in port-folios. After that arrangement was completed, one day in each week was set apart to

view the collection. Since 1816, the Print Room has been nominally opened two, but really, by the direction of the Trustees, five days in each week."

'In respect of applications for admission to the Reading Room, they have been, as nearly as possible, commensurate with the admissions. No refusal having been ever given even to persons unknown or unrecommended; but the application postponed till the person applying could furnish the required reference.

'The admissions to the Reading Room have been of three descriptions.—The first, consisting of persons admitted as students for the full term, by the Standing Committee. The second, of persons who have, for special purposes, received admission for a shorter term, above the space of a day, and not exceeding a fortnight: these permissions have been granted by the Principal Librarian. The third description consisting of persons who have made casual and momentary researches only, such as inquiring after a single book or manuscript, a fact or a date, or who have had permission to consult particular articles for a morning. Of this last description no record or register whatever has been preserved.

'The number of tickets of admission and renewal to the Reading Room, for the full term allowed by the Standing Committee, for the last five years, has been as follows:—

'A.D. 1810	292
1817	437
1818	477
1819	503
1820	515

Making a total of.. 2224

'Admissions not exceeding a fortnight in duration, as far as they can be recollected:—

'A.D. 1816	28
1817	39
1818	67
1819	59
1820	48

Making a total of.. 251

'Total of admissions in the last five years recorded, 2475.

'The statute for the admission of Students to the Gallery of Sculptures being among those required by the order of the House of Commons, it may not be irrelevant to add, that the number of students who were admitted to make drawings in the Townley Gallery, from the year 1809 to the year 1817, amounted to an average of something more than twenty.

'In 1818, immediately subsequent to the opening of the Elgin Room, two hundred and twenty-three students were admitted; in 1819, sixty-nine more were admitted; and, in 1820, sixty-three. In 1821, from Jan. 1st to Feb. 20th, twenty-five. Making a total, since the opening of the room, of three hundred and eighty.

'Every student sent by the keeper of the Royal Academy, upon the production of his academy ticket, is admitted without further reference to make his drawings; and other persons are occasionally admitted, on simply exhibiting the proofs of their qualification.

'According to the present practice, each student has leave to exhibit his finished drawing, from any article in the Gallery, for one week after its completion.

'AMOUNT OF ANNUAL SALARIES and other MONIES paid to the present Officers, &c. of the British Museum.

'Principal Librarian.—Joseph Planta, Esq. salary 200l. per annum. No extra remuneration of any kind.

'Under and Assistant Librarians.—Each bound by the statutes to give two days attendance in the week to the duties of their respective offices:—

'Under Librarians.—1. Henry Ellis, Esq. keeper of the manuscripts. Salary 200l. per annum for two days attendance. Extra allowance for two additional days in the week (at the rate of 75l. per annum for each day*) 150l.—(He is also secretary.)

—2. The Rev. H. H. Baber, keeper of the printed books. Salary, 200l. per annum for two days. Extra allowance for two other days, 150l.—3. Charles Knog, Esq. keeper of the natural history. Salary, 200l. per annum, for two days. Extra allowance for three other days, 225l.—4. Taylor Combe, Esq. keeper of the antiquities, including coins and medals. Salary, 200l. per annum for two days. Extra allowance for three other days, 225l.

'Assistant Librarians.—1. The Rev. T. Maurice, assistant keeper of the manuscripts. Salary, 120l. per annum. No extra allowance.—2. The Rev. James Bean, assistant keeper of the printed books. Salary, 120l. per annum. Extra allowance for two additional days of duty, 150l.

—3. Dr. Leach, assistant keeper of the natural history. Salary, 120l. No extra allowance at present, being absent upon account of illness.—4. John George Children, Esq. assistant keeper of the antiquities. Salary, 120l. Extra allowance for three additional days, 225l.

'Extra Assistant Officers.—Each bound to five days attendance in the week:—

'Dr. G. H. Noehden, in the department of printed books. Salary, 200l. Extra allowance for an additional day, 75l.

'Mr. J. T. Smith in the department of antiquities. Salary, 200l. No extra allowance.

'Secretary.—Henry Ellis, Esq. Salary, 60l. No extra allowance.

'Accountant.—Mr. T. Keith. Salary, 30l. Extra allowance for assisting the expeditor, 10l.

'Attendant of Reading Room.—Mr. James Cates. Salary, 100l. Extra allow-

* The extra allowance of the officers was first made in 1811. It was increased from 50l. to 75l. a year for each extra day, Feb. 12, 1814.

ance on Saturdays, when employed, 5s. per day.

There are also five attendants, who, under the direction of the librarians, perform all menial services in the different departments; their duty extending to five days in the week. These have each 75l. per annum. There are likewise eight extra attendants, who are stationed on the three open days in every week in different parts of the house, to prevent any trespass or irregularity on the part of the companies; they are paid at the rate of five shillings per day each.

We pass over the particular duties of each officer, but there does not appear to be any sinecure. The total amount of the extra allowance of the British Museum, during the last ten years, amounts to 11,130l. In this period, catalogues have been made of the 900,000 volumes of which the Library of printed books consists; of the Lansdowne and Hargrave Collections of MSS.; and others are in preparation. Several volumes of descriptions of the Antiquities, Medals, &c. have also been prepared in the same time. Eight officers of the Museum are lodged within its walls. The only perquisites they have is that of stationery, which amounts to an average of from 5l. to 6l. each.

In respect to the Rules for Admission, the Museum is open for public inspection every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in every week, from ten o'clock till four, except in Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun weeks, on Thanksgiving and Fast Days, and during the months of August and September.

The members of the Royal Academy, and artists, as well professional as dilettanti, may have access at all admissible times to copy from the sculptures in the Gallery of Antiquities, upon application to the trustees, or to the principal librarian, or the senior officer in residence; but it is expected that young artists or students produce recommendations from a professor of the Academy.

The Reading Room of the Museum shall be kept open from ten till four every day in the week, except Saturdays and Sundays, and for one week at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and on thanksgiving and fast days; and it shall be constantly attended by one of the librarians in the manner above directed.

Persons desirous of admission into the said room are to send their applications in writing to the principal librarian, or, in his absence, to the senior under librarian; these officers are to lay the same before the next general meeting, or committee of trustees, who will, if they see no objection, grant admission for a term not exceeding half a year. But in all cases which may require such dispatch,

as that time cannot be allowed for an application to the trustees, the principal librarian, or, in his absence, the senior officers in residence, shall be empowered to grant a temporary leave till the next general meeting or committee.

Persons who apply for admission to the reading room are to specify their descriptions and places of abode; and, as it might be dangerous, in so populous a metropolis as London, to admit perfect strangers, it is expected that every one who applies should produce a recommendation from a trustee or an officer of the house.

Every reader may, at the expiration of his term, apply for a prolongation of the same, without a fresh recommendation.

Poetical Portraits,

No. III.

BONAPARTE.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride? How just his hopes? Let Bonaparte decide.

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,

War sounds the trumpet, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their power combine;
And some capitulate, and some resign;

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms
in vain;

'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till nought
remains,

On Moscow's walls till *Gollic* standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'

The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;

Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost;

He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide *Smolenko's* day!

The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands;

Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate;

But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?

Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Ox hostile millions press him to the ground,

His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty island, and a dubious hand;

He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

Dr. Johnson.

ROBERT OWEN, ESQ., OF LANARK.

I earn that I eat; get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good.

Shakespeare.

SIR F. B.—D—T, BART.

I'll rather to a punishment submit
Than to the guilt of what may merit it.

Since still my duty did my actions steer,
I'll not disguise my innocence by fear,

Least I the saving of my life repent;
I'll rather bear than merit punishment.

Earl of Orkney.

I have no other hope; who bears a speltless
breast,

Doth want no comfort else, howe'er distressed.

Darborne's Poor Man's Comfort.

D—OF M—.

For since in my time and knowledge, so many
rich children

Of this city conclude in beggary, I had rather
Make a wise stranger my executor, than a
foolish

Son my heir; and to have my lands called
after my

Wit, than after my name; and that's my na-
ture.

Beaumont & Fletcher's Wit at several.

MA—R C—TW—T.

Beard with my weakness, my old brain is trou-
bled,

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.

Shakespeare.

W. W—DS—TH, ESQ.

—The foolish poet, that still writ
All his most self-lov'd verse in paper-royal,
Or parchment rul'd with lead, smooth'd with
the pumice,

Bound richly up, and strung with crimson
strings;

Never so blest, as when he writ and read
The self-lov'd issue of his brain: and never
But joying in himself; admiring ever;

Yet, in his works behold him, and he shew'd
Like to a ditcher. Chapman's Revenge.

HON. F. R—N—N, M. P.

—He hath a heart
As sound as a bell, and his tongue is
The clapper; for what his heart thinks his
tongue speaks.

Shakespeare.

Original Communications.

PAINTINGS

IN PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Whatever difference of opinion may exist in the minds of your correspondents, Mr. Parry and Mr. Price, or others, relative to the encouragement of paintings in places of worship, it will give me sincere pleasure to reconcile the matter so as to please all. And, in unison with my own sentiments, I believe all will feel. There are a great number of public institutions at the present day, and they have commodious places in which to transact their private and public business. Some of them are national and others are private property. The proposition which I have to offer is, 'that such places should be decorated with the choice efforts of artists of every description, suitably to the nature and means of the institutions.' Corporate bodies particularly, and courts of justice also, might annually spare sufficient from their funds and fees to forward the object. There are walls enough in this populous city to contain the wonders of the divine art of painting; and while thousands of pounds are annually spent

on less worthy objects, it would immortalize distinguished characters to encourage this. A new painting now and then in each of the old walls would be a most desirable acquisition, and without interfering with the portraits of aldermen and prime wardens, to 'cheer them up a little,' how refreshing would works of modern execution be in the society of ancient paintings. I have read some of the most beautiful poetry on a *canvas leaf*, and how valuable a book must magnificent walls, with light windows, contain?—I mean, full of paintings!

But, Sir, the truth is, good eating and drinking are the last things an Englishman relinquishes; this is a reformation very desirable*, but which will scarcely happen except in a time of famine. But as there are many worthy citizens and opulent members of church and state, who see nothing in the times requiring charity, I advise *them*, who have the means in their purses, to be more liberal towards artists and the arts, and to eternize their own memories in the fruition of that which is not transient and perishable; then every public edifice would become hallowed, and every observer, in the survey, would tread on classic ground.

I have so high a veneration for the art, that I wish to hear of orders for large paintings, and that the palette, the pencil, and the brush, might be in full exercise by every tracing hand and heaven-directing eye.

I am, Sir, yours constantly.
March 10, 1821. CANTAB.

A FEW WORDS ON THE LETTER O!

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

O!—What a useful, little, circular letter thou art! It would be a vain effort of importance, if the crier were to attempt to issue his proclamation without thee. It is with thy exquisite parenthesis that the cry of mackerel reaches the housewife's ears, and reminds her of the pot and larder during divine service. It is with thy accommodating sound that the queen of the barrow penetrates the avenues of the kitchen. As the tenor bell is to cover the rest of a peal, so it is thy highly valued privilege to cover the intonations of bad grammar. As the first commences its career upon silence, so dost thou precede thy companioned litterers, and call the attention

of an auditory. I know not who is thy contemporary, for thou art above competition. Thou art attached to the land of cakes, for ever dwelling in Scotland. Thou residest in Hibernia's names, and art honoured with a capital. Thou art the strength of a town and the second in a tower. Nothing is dear to the lover or his mistress unless thy expressive force be applied to the lip with the fond emotion of the heart. The nurse, who sits patiently beside the cradle, or lulls her careful charge, the infant upon her knees, in joy and sorrow, encouragement and impatience, calls thee to atone for all misdeeds, misgivings, and deed-giving misses. Young master cannot stride his rocking-horse and whip his servile port without thy indulgence and application. The hen-pecking common-councilman's lady, exclaims to her dear partner, 'O how foolish!' and, 'O what an unsensible man for a husband!' Her daughter, who, in London, is not afraid of an officer in the Guards, or a posse of constables in her papa's office, is the first to call O to her assistance at the sight of an industrious frog, leaping across the paddock for his dinner. O! what a treasurable virtue there is in gold, locks the miser in his secret and solitary chambers. Thou art a note of admiration; and the most admirable notes are indited by thee. Xerxes took thee on his tongue to the waves, Cicero to the senate, and Demosthenes to his cell. Kean formed thee to the appalling essence of beautiful sublimity and touching grandeur, in Brutus. The judge gives the awful impression of his sentence to the criminal, when he says, 'O, young man!' and the *exquisite*, at meeting his acquaintance, 'O Tom! is it you?' or the suspicious critic, 'O, I thought so!' or the exasperated father, 'O thou arrant rascal!' or the shivering beggar, when ascending your steps, 'O sir! have pity on the poor unfortunate tradesman;' or the philosopher, 'O wonderful!' the clergyman, 'O sinner!' Though P is the first letter of priority, yet in every dramatic fracas, whether of opposition or of old prices, thou art first pronounced, and makest a drowning key. Thou art the supreme concord to a lottery-office keeper, because thou canst be nothing more than a cipher, and art ever ready to prove a blank. The school-boy screws thee into his mouth at the thought of castigation; the catholic priest draws thee from his breast on approaching the sacristy; the mathematician describes thee in his circles as

an infallible guide; the pretty heart-killing coquette makes a dozen conquests in an evening, with the adroitness which thou inspirest; the methodist itinerant surveys the bountiful luxury of his benefactor's table, and breathes thee over the delicious steam and hunger-creating odour. Thou risest on the wind from the perishing seaman's despair, and slippest round the corners of streets like a messenger, from the nervous throat of a dustman. Yet, after thy thousand uses, abuses, and ejaculations, thou, like the world, art round but hollow. Thou art sincere, too, and the last whisperer of dying lips. There is often more expressive truth breathed from thy one sigh, than millions can purchase. Thou art the child of the acute pang,—the child also of elastic joy. The flower of true affection,—the tongue's last effort of life,—the nearest fugitive that lingers and dies from death.

IO SONO.

THE OPINIONS OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS ON THE MARRIAGE STATE.

Euripides, the Greek Poet.—Happy is the man who hath a good wife; more happy is he who hath none. And again, whether in sickness or in health, a man will find his sweetest consolation in a loving wife; for, in that compound of good and evil, with which our life is blessed or cursed, she divides the one, and increases the other, by her diligent and frequently successful care.

Socrates, (as we are informed by Xenophon.)—Whether you marry or not, is your affair, not mine. But, whichever you do, you will every day have a hundred reasons to repent; for, if you do not marry, you will be incessantly complaining of the inconvenience attending a state of celibacy; your imagination will want its object; you will be officiously painting the happiness you conceive to exist in a marriage state, and you will sigh that you cannot partake of it; and if you do marry, you will scarcely be in possession of a wife, before you wish you had none.

Hipponar.—The two happiest days you pass with a wife are, the day on which you marry, and the day on which death walks off with her.

Theodectes.—Old age and marriage are similar things. We desire both to happen, and when they grant our re-

* We confess we differ from our correspondent, and do not consider there can be any reformation as to good eating and drinking; the excess is the only evil.—ED.

quest, we are so ungrateful as to complain.

Diogenes, (the Woman-Hater.)—If you are young, my friend, it is too soon to marry; for liberty is sweet. He must be a fool indeed, who deprives himself of this blessing in the flower of his days. If, on the other hand, you are old, what would you do with a wife? Be advised, friend, neither to marry nor let it alone: remain in suspense till to-morrow, and death will settle the matter.

Cato, (as is said by Erasmus.) was of opinion, that the happiest condition of man was to be free from wedlock. But, however, we read in another author, that he was also of opinion, that though it is inconvenient to live with a wife, yet it is more so to live without one; therefore, a wife may be justly termed a necessary evil.

Secundus.—A wife (says he) is the shipwreck of her husband—a tempest at home—the death of quietness—the captivity of life—a daily curse—a voluntary strife—a superfluous war—a ferocious guest—a malicious animal—and a necessary evil.

NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

Our readers are aware, that the expedition over land, towards the Polar Sea, under the conduct of Lieutenant Franklin, had arrived on the Athabasca Lake* in June last. Upon this subject, the Gentleman's Magazine has published interesting extracts from a private communication, whence we select the following passages:—

* The journey, a distance of eight hundred miles, was performed in two months. I need not describe to you, who are such a general reader, the mode of travelling with dogs and sledges; nor mention the inconveniences produced by the severity of a North American winter; but I will bear my testimony to the painful initiation into the daily practice of walking on snow shoes, the misery of pained ankles and galled feet, which a novice

* Athabasca Lake is situate in 59 deg. N. lat., and extends from 110 to 115 deg. W. long. It is surrounded by the dreary wilds of North America; which is solely inhabited by savage tribes of Indians. It is bounded by the Chipewyan Indians and the Great Slave Lake on the north; by the Peace River, the Caribbee Mountains, and the Strongbow Indians, on the west; the Great Athabasca River on the south; and by the dismal and solitary wilds of America on the east.—Hudson's Bay is about one hundred miles east of Athabasca Lake, and that vast extent of territory is almost uninhabited.

invariably has to contend against, and which patience and perseverance alone will enable him to surmount; they were my companions for seven or eight days; afterwards I felt no inconvenience.

* You can easily imagine the pleasure which a traveller feels at arriving at his encampment under such circumstances. This you will probably suppose to be a sheltered place, whereas its preparation simply consists in clearing away the snow on the ground, and placing thereon branches of pine, on which the party spread their blankets, coats, &c. and sleep in comfort, with a large fire at their feet, though the thermometer be forty degrees below Zero, and with nothing but the canopy of heaven to cover them. Here the voyager soon forgets his fatigues and cares; and, having supped, lolls, stretched at his ease, listening with pleasure to the various narratives of his experienced companions, who usually expatiate at length on the never-failing subject of past adventures.

* I had a great treat on my rout in seeing the huge and shapeless buffulo (or bison of Buffon,) and witnessing the different methods of obtaining them. The most dextrous way is, when a well-mounted rider dashes at a herd, singles out an animal, which he contrives to separate from the rest, and by managing his horse keeps him apart; and whenever he can get sufficiently near for the ball to penetrate the hide, he fires, though going at full speed, and seldom fails in bringing down his mark. The principal dangers on this service are, either that his horse will fall into some of the numerous holes which the hädger makes, or that the enraged animal should turn furiously round when wounded, and gail his horse, or succeed in dismounting him. When the herd are particularly on their guard, horses cannot be used. The rider then dismounts, and crawls towards the herd through the snow, taking care to remain motionless when any of them are looking towards him. You will easily imagine this service cannot be very agreeable, when mercury will freeze, which is often the case.

* The Indians have another method by constructing a pound. The principal dexterity in this, consists in getting the animals once to enter the roadway—fear then urges them on, and many men are stationed at the head to dispatch them. We visited one of these places near an Indian encamp-

ment, and one of my companions took an accurate drawing of the whole scene. In the animal he has been particularly fortunate, which has been wanted; for I never saw any thing bearing the least resemblance to a buffalo before.

* In the countries where these animals chiefly resort, (grassy plains,) the natives are much more independent than the others; having food and clothing easy to be provided.

* All the nations southward of this have suffered much this year, from the prevailing diseases which have raged amongst them, and carried off many, especially children. They have now generally recovered their strength, but not their spirits which are always depressed on the loss of relatives. There was an instance of keen sensibility exhibited here a few days ago by a whole tribe, which would be scarcely excepted in such uninformed minds; they declined to pitch their tents this season on a spot where they had long been accustomed to do, for fear the circumstance should revive the moments of grief they had all experienced in the loss of many relations, or the place should remind them of past pleasures in the society of friends whom they were never to see again. This race of men, Chipewyans, are a mild, timid set of persons, excellently described in Hearne and Mackenzie's voyages.

* The cold was more severe than has been for many years. Both the old stagers and Indians have complained very much. I have not experienced more severity than I was prepared to expect; when travelling, I could generally keep myself warm by walking.

* You would enjoy the clear frosty nights; the stars appear with uncommon brilliancy, but the weather is too cold for making observations with any accuracy. The Aurora Borealis is occasionally very fine, and of the most variable kind, both in motion and colours.*

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

On Mr. Thomas Brown.

Heark lies Thomas Brown, who brown paper made,
And making of brown paper was his trade.

On a Tomb-stone at Gunwallen, near Hehsten, Cornwall.
Shall all we die?
We shall die all:
All die shall we?
Die all we shall.

On a Lawyer.

See how God works his wonders now and then,
Hark lies a lawyer and an honest man.

In the Church-Yard of Boughton, near Northampton.

Time was, I stood where thou dost now,
And view'd the dead, as thou dost me;
E'er long thou'lt lie as low as I,
And others stand, and look at thee.

On a Grave-stone in Cheriton Church Yard Warwickshire.

Here old John Randal lies,
Who, counting from his tale,
Lived three score years and ten,
Such virtue was in ale.
Ale was his meat,
Ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive;
And if he could have drunk his ale,
He still had been alive.

In the Church-Yard at Datchet, near Windsor.

Here lies the body of John Bidwell,
Who when in life wish'd his neighbour no evil;
In hopes up to jump,
When he hears the last trump,
And triumph over death and the Devil.

Epitaph on William Pryne.

Here lies the corps of William Pryne,
A bencher late of Lincoln's Inn,
Who restless ran through thick and thin.
This grand scriptural paper speller,
This endless, needless, margin filler,
Was strangely toss'd from post to pillar;
His brain's career was never stopping;
But pen with rheum, with gall still dropping,
Till hand o'er head brought ears to cropping.
Nor would he rest surcease such themes,
But prostitute new virgin realms
To types of his fantastic dream;
But whilst he this hot humour tugs,
And for more length of tether tugs,
Death fang'd the remnant of his legs. 1699

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

THE following specimen of Indian eloquence is given in a letter from Major O'Fallon, U. S. agent at Prairie du Chien to Governor Edwards. Logan is dead! but our readers will discover that the fire which animated his soul still lives among his descendants.—*American paper.*

On the close of a grand council that I held, a few weeks since, with the chiefs and warriors of several bands of Sioux, residing on and near the St. Peter's, one of them rose and addressed me as follows:—

'American chief! since my remembrance, my heart (medal) has been that of an Englishman; I have borne it upon my breast: I have worshipped it as my God; but the Big Knives (the Americans) returned again masters of my land. The red coats (British) appeared no longer gay. The greedy, but timid wolf (still in allusion to British) sought the thicket for a hiding place. I became ashamed! I tore from my neck the unfaithful heart; not to destroy it—I kept it until the last wanetoo (winter), when a difference oc-

curred between my nation and the Chippewas. Some of my young men cried (suffered in the conflict). Their hearts were blackened for revenge. I saw the gathering cloud, I knew they still wore and valued much the British hearts. I yielded mine, and dispelled the cloud. I looked back; I look forward. I heard the Big Knives had made you our chief. I was told to turn my back upon the smooth-faced chief. I closed my ears; I was no longer deceived. I heard of your arrival. I am come, accompanied by some of my warriors, to see you. I have listened with attention to your words—such as I have never heard before. I will remember them, carry them to my nation, and recount them to my people.

'American chief! you have hung upon my neck an American heart; mine feels glad; from this day it is yours. American chief! you talk of visiting our land the ensuing spring. I will be glad to see you—my nation, I am in hopes, will treat you well; but, my friend, believe not that I speak for my mighty nation, which, I am sorry to say, is too much divided, cut up into small bands, which are scattered over an extensive tract of country, and most generally headed by chiefs whose ears are closed against truth, and whose eyes are blind to their own interest, and whose hearts are attached to the designing British. It is not for myself alone to speak, but also for those few adherents who have followed me to see you. I have said enough. I have done. I am going. I will try (to influence my tribe in your favour.)'

COMMERCIAL INTEGRITY.

The Spanish gallies destined to supply Terra Firma, and the kingdoms of Peru and Chili, with almost every article of necessary consumption, touched first at Carthagena, and then at Porto Bello. In the latter place a fair is opened; the wealth of America, is exchanged for the manufactures of Europe; and during its prescribed term of forty days, the richest traffic on the face of the earth is begun and finished with unbounded confidence, and the utmost simplicity of transactions. No bale of goods is ever opened, no chest of treasure is examined; both are received on the credit of the persons to whom they belong; and only one instance of fraud is recorded, during the long period in which trade was carried on with

this liberal confidence. All the coined silver which was brought from Peru to Porto Bello in the year 1654, was found to be adulterated, and to be mingled with a fifth part base metal. The Spanish merchants, with their usual integrity, sustained the whole loss, and indemnified the foreigners by whom they were employed. The fraud was detected, and the treasurer of the revenue in Peru, the author of it, was publicly burnt.

A YOUNG RAW PREACHER.

(From Bishop Earles's *Micro-Cosmography*, A. D. 1659.)

A YOUNG raw preacher is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopt out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be stragling abroad at what peril soever. His backwardness in the university hath set him thus forward; for had he not trauented there, he had not been so hasty a divine. His small standing and time hath made him a proficient only in boldness, out of which and his table-book he is furnished for a preacher. His collections of study are the notes of sermons, which, taken up at St. Mary's, he utters in the country. And if he write Brachygraphy, his stock is so much the better. His writing is more than his reading; for he reads only what he gets without book. Thus accomplished, he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his college more at large. The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs; and the only things he has made in it himself are the faces. He takes on against the pope without mercy, and hath a jest still in lavender for Bellarmine. Yet he preaches heresy if it come in his way, though with a mind, I must needs say, very orthodox; his action is all passion, and his speech interjections; he hath an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace; his style is compounded of twenty several men's, only his body imitates some one extraordinary: he will not draw his handkerchief out of his place, or blow his nose without discretion; his commendation is, that he never looks upon book, and, indeed, he was never used to it: he preaches but once a-year, though twice a-Sunday; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered; he hath more tricks with a sermon than a taylor with an old cloak to turn it, and

piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profession, and would show reading of his own, his authors are postils, and his school divinity a catechism. His fashion and demure habit get him in with some town precisian, and make him a guest on Friday nights. You shall know him by his narrow velvet cape, and serge facings, and his ruff, next his hair, the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walk is some zealous tradesman, whom he astonisheth with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends and much painfulness may prefer him to thirty pounds a-year, and this means, to a chamber-maid with whom we leave him now in the bonds of wedlock. Next Sunday you shall have him again.

A GRAVE DIVINE.

From the same.

A Grave Divine is one that knows the burden of his calling, and hath studied to make his shoulders sufficient; for which he hath not been hasty to launch forth of his port, the university, but expected the ballast of learning and the wind of opportunity. Divinity is not the beginning, but the end of his studies, to which he takes the ordinary stair, and makes the arts his way. He counts it not profuseness to be polished with human reading, or to smooth his way by Aristotle to school divinity; he hath sounded both religions, and anchored in the best, and is a protestant out of judgment, not fashion; not because his country, but his reason is on this side. The ministry is his choice, not refuge, and yet the pulpit not his itch, but fear. In his discourse there is substance, not all rhetoric, and he utters more things than words. His speech is not helped with enforced actions, but the matter acts itself; he shoots all his meditations at one butt; and beats upon his text, not the cushion, making his hearers, not the pulpit, groan. In citing of popish errors, he cuts them with argument, not cudgels them with barren invectives; and labours more to show the truth of his cause than the spleen. His sermon is limited by the method, not the hour-glass, and his devotion goes along with him out of the pulpit. He comes not up thrice a-week, because he would not be idle; nor talks three hours together, because he would not talk nothing; but his tongue preaches at fit times, and his conversation is the very day's exercise. In

matters of ceremony he is not ceremonious, but thinks he owes that reverence to the church to bow his judgment to it, and makes more conscience of schism than a surplice. He esteems the church's hierarchy as the church's glory; and, however we jar with Rome, would not have our confusion distinguish us. In symoniacal purchases he thinks his soul goes in the bargain, and is loth to come by promotion so dear. Yet his worth at the length advances him; and the price of his own merit buys him a living. He is no base grater of his tythes, and will not wrangle for the odd egg. The lawyer is the only man he hinders, by whom he is sighted for taking up quarrels. He is a main pillar of our church, though not yet dean or canon, and his life our religion's best apology: his death is the last sermon, where, in the pulpit of his bed, he instructs men to die by his example.

PLAYING CARDS.

CARDS are mentioned as the diversion of the Scottish Court in 1501, before our's had an idea of them. They were called *quartes*, four sided things; in French, *cartes*. Charles the Sixth was the first we read of in Europe who made his amusement consist in arranging and disposing the four suits, originally devised to represent the four classes or description of men, *hommes de choir*, viz quier men, choir men; clergy, now called hearts; *carreaux*, or piques or spades, for the soldiery; and trefle, or trefol, clubs for the agriculturists. These are green still in some packs of cards on the Continent, and, as to the suit of diamonds, they have in Italy now, when playing taracco, the representation of a coin upon them. The king of hearts had a chorister's gown on his back, A. D. 1783, at Seville and Barcelona; but *l'as de pieq*, as a good soldier, conquers in every game. The nine of diamonds had a reference to nine luckless merchants, combined for some discovering enterprise, about the time when all eyes were turned westward; it is called the curse of Scotland, from their failure. It is a well known vulgarity in England to say, 'Come, Sir, will you have a stroke at the history of the four kings?' meaning, will you play a game at cards. Yet has this phrase a deep and rational meaning. These four kings represent the four great monarchies, under—

Jews, Greeks, Romans, Franks.
David, Alexander, Cesar, Charlemagne.

They lead the four suits—
Hearts, Spades, Clubs, Diamonds.

The Queens are,
Esther, Angine, Pallas, Judith.

The above names are yet on the packs of cards in France. Knaves are valets. Servetus Burn tells us, that in Sezon, *knafa*, or *knapha*, signifies a servant. The Spaniards, notwithstanding the trefle, call that suit bastos. Accordingly we find the ace of clubs at ombre and quadrille called basto. We, translating thence, say clubs; and the thing we call spades, is evidently a pike's head; but we do not mean a gardener's spade, we mean a sword, from the Spanish *espada*.

Original Poetry.

TO ERIN—ST. PATRICK'S ANNIVERSARY

'Much thou hast yet to see.—MILTON.'

LAND of the shamrock's triad leaves,
Blue lakes and minstrel'd hills,
In whose green bosom nature weaves
Her woodlands, glens, and rills —
Thy sons invoke their saint to-day
And triumph o'er the string,
To sweeten the musical chords away
With a 'health to George the King!'

Land of the brave and Oasian's sires;
Dome sky and emerald wave,
Where freedom lingers in her fires,—
The patriot in his grave!
Inspire their fervid hope and feeling,
Espouse the birth of spring,
Emancipation's cause revealing,
And a—health to George the King!

O may thy sons united live
In glory, without war;
And in the arms of peace receive
The light of reason's star!
Then, under their lov'd roof and tree,
Their joyful choir will ring;—
And the nations of Scotia, Britain, and These,
Give a 'health to George the King!'

RIFFOR.

OH DEAR TO ME!

Oh dear to me the silent hour,
When twilight dies along the sea,
When zephyr seeks its favorite flower,
Oh dear to me, oh dear to me.

Then fancy o'er me throws her veil,
And, as her dreams upon me steal,
I see the proudly swelling sail,
And watch the flight of many a keel.

Oh dear to me the sacred time,
When dews refresh the day's parch'd flow'r,
And evening, in her robe sublime,
Steals softly o'er the ruin'd tower;

Again their heads its turrets rear,
And shadowy hands its flag unfold—
And issuing forth in proud career,
Its mail-clad chiefs my eyes behold.

Oh dear to me the hour so still,
When night comes down on lake and fell;
And winds are whispering on the hill,
And faeries frolic in the dell—

• It also signifies a youth.

And young lips breathe those mummings sweet,
Affection so delights to hear—
And hearts, by morning panted, meet
In silent grove, and none are near.

When birds are sleeping on their boughs,
And waters in the moonlight rest,
And the warm breath of fervent vows
Steals forth as heart to heart is press'd,

Oh dear to me the silent hour,
When twilight dies along the sea—
When zephyr seeks its favourite flow'rs,
Oh dear to me, oh dear to me.

SAM SPRITALL.

UNCHANGING LOVE.

INSCRIBED TO —.

It may be that when some are parted,
Their love sinks to forgetfulness,
And all the tears that ere while started,
Are chased by joys that gaily press!
But my love, not so false or fickle,
Through all life's changes shall abide;
And sighs that heave—and tears that trickle,
Have proved it long and deeply tried.

'Tis not thy peerless beauty flourishing—
'Tis not thy untaught innocence,
That thus within my breast is nourishing,
A passion gentle and intense;

'Tis not thy unsuspecting blindness
To aught of wrong or fault in me,—
'Tis not thy never varying kindness
To one who oft is harsh to thee;

'Tis not thy patience 'neath life's trials—
Thy joy to soothe another's woe—
Thy calmness when thou meet'st denials—
Thy sympathizing tears that flow;
It is not these for which I love thee,
For which I turn to thee alone,—
Which make me happy when I prove thee,
In weal or woe for any own.

It is that thou hast suffer'd, dearest,
Many a bitter pang for me;—
This makes thee to my heart's core nearest,—
This makes me love and worship thee!

And this, when other ties are breaking,
Still cause this wayward heart of mine,
(Its vain pursuit at once forsaking),
To cling with firmer truth to thee!

J. W. DALRY.

LINES.

HAIL! thou little twinkling star,
That shed'st it around thy silv'ry way,
And shew'st thy brightness from afar,
To guide the pilgrim on his ray.

Sparkling are all joys below,
That vainly urge us on to bliss;
Cheer'd by hope, our way we go,
Thinking to find happiness.

But our efforts crown'd, we find
All life's pleasures fleeting are,
Without contentment in the mind—
Distant, as the twinkling star.

JULIAN.

The Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.—The difficulties under which this theatre has long laboured, seemed to threaten a suspension of a season's performances. Several noblemen, however, came forward and removed the difficulties so far

as to induce Mr. Ebers to take a short lease of the theatre; and it was opened under his management on Saturday last with every prospect of success. The performances commenced with a new opera by Rossini, entitled *La Gazza Ladra* (the Magpie Thief), and, as far as the fable is concerned, it does not vary materially from the melo-drame of *The Magpie and the Maid*, so well known to the public. Rossini does not appear to have considered the character of the piece when he applied his music to it; a great portion of it would have suited any other subject quite as well; and no inconsiderable share was of no value at all. The principal objection to the music, is that it is too boisterous: it depends more on the strength than the harmony of the orchestra; as if the author thought to drown all disapprobation in the roll of the drum and the brazen vigour of the trumpet. There are, however, some pretty duets and trios in the opera, and it went off with much applause, although, strange as it may appear, not one piece was encored.

The ballet of *La Prise, or L'Offrande a Terpsichore*, followed, and was received with much approbation. It is splendidly got up, and was very effectively supported. From the strength of this department, there is no doubt that the ballets will prove attractive. The house was crowded with fashionables.

DRURY LANE.—Who will now deny that we are a musical people, when nothing but opera is popular. *Love in a Village* and *Ariarxes* are the only pieces now performed at this theatre. On Tuesday night, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Miss Wilson, the part of Rosetta, in the first-mentioned opera, was undertaken at a very short notice, by Miss Povey, and that of Lucinda by Miss Cubitt. Both these ladies acquitted themselves very well under the circumstances, and Miss Povey was encored in the Echo Song.

The second *Oratorio*, at this theatre, for the season, took place on Wednesday night. The first part consisted of Haydn's *Creation*, in which the combined talents of Mrs. Salmon, Miss Goodall, with Messrs. Braham, Pyne, Nelson, and Cutler, displayed that richness of harmony and strength of expression which the style of this divine composition requires. The second act was a grand Requiem, composed, expressly for the occasion, by Bochea, in which the distinguished vocalists we have named, with Madame

Camporese, Mrs. Bellchambers, and, indeed, the whole vocal strength of the house, were brought forward to give effect to the different parts. It is a singular and very unequal composition; it concluded with a beautiful quartetto, by Madame Camporese, Miss Goodall, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Cutler, with the novel accompaniment of thirteen harps. These formed three orchestras, occupying the whole breadth of the stage, and were played by Mr. Bochea and twelve of his pupils, eight of whom were young ladies. The effort was very striking, and the quartetto was loudly encored. After the second act, Mrs. Salmon and Mr. Braham sang the echo duet with a thrilling sweetness that electrified the audience. Mrs. Salmon displayed all that melody of voice, correct taste, and brilliant execution, for which she is unrivalled, and Braham never sung better. The duet was enthusiastically encored. The performance concluded with Handel's Coronation Anthem, which was received by the audience, standing and unencored. The house was well attended at half-price, but not so much as the merits of the performances deserved. We learn, with regret, that this is the last season that theatorios will be under the direction of Sir George Smart, as it will be difficult to find a successor.

COVENT GARDEN.—'Richard is himself again.' Every admirer of Shakespeare will rejoice to hear, that the managers of this theatre have brought forward *The Life and Death of Richard the Third*, as written by the bard of Avon, retaining only so much of Ciber's additions as were necessary to connect some of the scenes. Mr. Macready did not appear to us to that advantage which we had anticipated; but, in the principal scene now restored to the stage, that of the council, in which Richard orders Hastings for immediate execution, he was very fine. The arduous vehemence with which he stung the council, when he showed his own wrongs in his withered arm, was a fine combination of art and judgment. Indeed, if Mr. Macready did not strike out many new beauties, he discovered no inconsiderable degree of discrimination and good taste. Mr. Egerton spoke that immortal monument of poetic inspiration, Clarence's dream, in excellent style. We must have mistook this gentleman all the while, for we now find him a marvellous proper man, since he can do so much justice to the delivery of pas-

sages of such great poetic beauty. Mr. Abbott and Mr. Yates played Richmond and Buckingham, in a very spirited manner, and Mrs. Vining is intitled to much praise, in the character of Lady Anne. The tragedy was received with that enthusiasm to which the productions of our immortal Shakespeare are intitled, and was announced for repetition amidst thunders of applause.

The *Oratorios* commenced at this theatre on Friday week, under the direction of Mr. Bishop. The first part consisted chiefly of selections from Handel and Haydn, with a grand Te Deum, for the first time in this country, composed by Andreas Romberg, expressly for the Emperor of Austria. It was deficient in sublimity, and was not very well performed. Miss Stephens gave a solo from Handel in a rapturous style, and was encored most enthusiastically. The second part was exclusively from the *Messiah*, and the third part was miscellaneous, ending with 'a new grand Triumphal Ode,' consisting of a chorus and trio. The words are by the Poet Laureat, Mr. Southey, but will not raise his poetical talents. The music is by Mr. Bishop, and does him much credit. Mr. Stephens sang 'If o'er the tyrant Love,' from the opera of Artaxerxes, most delightfully; and Miss Povey, who is engaged here for the oratorios, sung very prettily. Brahm and Mrs. Salmon are also engaged for some of the forthcoming nights, when we hope to meet with more novelty and variety than Mr. Bishop (under whose direction the oratorios are,) presented us with on the first night.

SURREY THEATRE.—The Lord Mayor of London has, for once, at least, shown good taste; we do not mean gastronomic taste, for all citizens possess that long before they reach the civic 'godship.' We allude to his ordering the performance of Mr. Dibdin's far-famed *Heart of Midlothian*, which has been revived.—We beg pardon, it can never die; but which has been played two or three nights to splendid houses. All the old performers acquitted themselves with their usual excellence. A young lady, we understand, not more than seventeen years of age, played Effie Deans with much feeling; and an old lady danced and sung through Mrs. Glass, admirably. Mr. Murdochson, in the hands of Mrs. Norton, Huttley, as Robertson, and Bengough, as the Duke of Argyle, gave powerful effect to the piece.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. Mathews at Home.—On Thursday night, Mr. Mathews brought forward his new budget for the season, which consisted of his travels in air, earth, and water. At so late a period of the week, we can only give a slight outline of this entertainment. The public have, for some days, been informed that Mr. Mathews, with the desire of rising in the world, had ascended in the air, and he now first presents himself to the audience descending to the stage in the car of an immense balloon. He assigns his reasons for rising, being the assurance from those who write his pieces, that there was nothing new in the world to afford another season's entertainments. He, of course, meets with various adventures and personages, particularly Major Longbow, a modern Munchausen, who has almost out-done the baron in his miraculous adventures. The major accompanies the aeronaut, and, with the aid of a good telescope, not only sees the performance rehearsing at the Opera House, but by drawing it out another joint, hears Madame Cam-porese sing. At Putney Bridge, they met with a patient angler, who has only had one bite and a nibble in a fortnight, but consoles himself, that the steam-boats and balloons are the cause in 'frightening the fish.' They also meet some cockney sportsmen, who had shot a jack ass for a jack daw, and mistaken a cock-chaffer for a cock-pheasant. Two songs, on 'Air-balloon-ing' and the 'First of September,' finish the first part. The second commences with the descent of the aeronauts on Margate Pier; a humorous description of a dejeuner à la fourchette, &c. One of the best drawn characters here introduced, is that of 'Paul Pinnacle, the quality tag,' who cannot speak to any one under the rank of a baronet, in Picadilly, but who will venture to recognize a more humble acquaintance in the Strand. We have also an amusing donkey driver—the disasters of the non-aspiration of an H.—Daniel O'Rourke's dream, in which he visits the moon, and descends on the back of one of his own country wild geese, but finds, when awake, that he had thrown himself out of his own window into a carpet, which some men were beating, and who tossed him in it. There is also a Mrs. Guffin, who always carries an album about with her, in which she has the autographs of cheesemongers and tailors, and the mark of Sam Swelter, the engineer of the steam-packet. This lady has recorded the

two first lines of the song of Tom Tough, as Lord Byron's, and given, 'I'm a briak young lad, just come home from sea,' to Samuel Rogers. Her collection of epitaphs are equally common place, although, she says, she deems them much finer than 'Shakespeare's elegy in a country church-yard.' The last and the best part of Mr. M.'s adventures are the pleasures of a sea voyage in the Polly Packet, with the following passengers:—

Mr. Theophilus Tulip, a novice on the ocean.

Mrs. Tulip, his maternal mama.

Monsieur Jeu-Singe, French artist in dancing dogs and monkeys.

Isaac Tabinet, a Jew merchant.

Major Longbow, } aeronauts on their
Mr. Mathews, } return.

Daniel O'Rourke, steward of the Polly.
Invisible Captain.

Poultry in the hold.

These varied characters are represented with a fidelity and a rapidity in the change of voice, dress, and appearance, which is really astonishing; and drew forth the most unbounded plaudits from a very crowded house. The whole of the entertainments were completely successful, and strikingly displayed Mr. Mathews's extraordinary talents.

Literature and Science.

The new comet is now visible to the naked eye in the west, till eight o'clock in the evening. It is a little to the westward of Algenib, and nearly the height of Saturn, at a distance to the right of him.

American Imposture.—In the National Intelligencer of the 18th January last, there is the following advertisement:—

'Walter Scott's new Poem, *Search after Happiness*, just received, and for sale, at the Subscribers Book Store, Bridge Street, Georgetown. 'G. Davis.'

How cruel in Walter to let the Yankees thus have the start of us!

Bibliomania on the decline.—The same edition of an early printed book, Caxton's *Faytes of Armes*, sold in the Roxburg collection for 350*l.*; at the sale of Earl Spencer's duplicates, for 60*l.*; and, on Saturday last at a sale, by Mr. Sotherby, it only produced seven guineas!

The author of 'Waverley' is said to have another novel in the press to be called the *Bucanier*.

Remarkable Stone.—The Mnemosyne, a Finland newspaper, mentions a

stone in the northern part of Finland, which serves the inhabitants instead of a barometer. This stone, which is called Ilmakiuri, turns black or blackish grey when it is going to rain; but, on the approach of fine weather, it is covered with white spots. Probably it is a fossil mixed with clay, and consisting of rock-salt, ammoniac, or saltpetre, which, according to the greater or less degree of dampness of the atmosphere, attracts it or otherwise. In the latter case the salt appears, which forms the white spots.

New South Shetland.—In consequence of Captain Smith's discovery of this continent, the Admiralty have sent out the Conway, Capt. Basil Hall, to explore the coasts, and procure whatever information may be attainable.

A correspondent in *The Farmer's Journal*, communicates the following useful information respecting the planting of potatoes:—"I last year," says he, "planted a row of sets, cut out into single eyes, from large potatoes chosen out of a heap; the row was twenty-five yards in length; and next to it I planted another row, of equal length, from the smallest potatoes, picked from the same heap; some of these latter were set whole, and some cut in half. When I took them up, the former row produced four bushels and a half of fine large potatoes, with scarcely any small ones. The other row gave so few in measure that they all went into a half-bushel scuttle, and were miserably small."

The silly antipathy of the Emperor of Austria to revolutionary doctrines, is too well known. His Majesty lately edified the Professors of the Lyceum of Labach, with the following significant lecture:—"Gentlemen,—The students of Carniola have ever deserved my praises; study to preserve to them this high distinction; faithfully adhere to your ancient institutions: these institutions served for our ancestors, and why should they not be good enough for us? In other places people have become enamoured of new doctrines, of which I cannot, or will ever, approve. Preserve yourselves from the contagion of these fancies, attach yourselves to that which is certain and practical (*positif*). I want no philosophers (*savans*); my ambition is to reign over loyal and virtuous citizens, and those you can educate for me. He who serves me must obey my orders; and he who feels that he cannot condescend to do so, had as well remove himself, or I will remove him."

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRATIUS

The Cypress Tree.—The unperishable chests which contained the Egyptian mummies, were of cypress. The gates of St. Peter's Church, at Rome, which lasted from the time of Constantine to that of Pope Eugene the Fourth, that is to say, eleven hundred years, were of cypress, and had in that time suffered no decay. According to Thucydides, the Athenians buried the bodies of their heroes in coffins of cypress as being not subject to decay. A similar durability has also been ascribed to cedar.

Snowdon.—The height of Snowdon, as measured by Mr. Wollaston's barometer, from Caernarvon Bay, is 3546.25 feet. The same mountain, taken trigonometrically, by General Roy, was found to be 3553.4; and barometrically, by the same officer, 3548.9 feet in height.

Lord Nelson.—By the ship which conveyed his lordship's despatches to England, after the battle of Copenhagen, he sent a note to some respectable wine merchants, to whom he was indebted for some wine, in which he sportively said, that 'he trusted they would pardon his not having sooner sent a cheque for his bill, on account of his having been lately much engaged.'

Frogs.—A type of the spirits of demons, which, by their croaking alarms, excite the supreme powers of the Roman empire to adopt iniquitous measures as just and necessary, to gather them to the last great battle.—*Granville Sharpe.*

Epigram.

Curio, 'tis said, a comedy has writ,
Replete throughout with novelty and wit,
If it has wit,—to both will I agree;
For wit from Curio must be novelty.

MEMOIR of Mrs. DYOTT, written by herself, with a striking likeness of the Author; accounting for her separation from General Dyott, with various letters of the General and other personages, with this motto:

'Patience is the surest remedy against calamities:
Time, soon or late, discovers the truth.'

This work is replete with portraits of attorneys; among others, James Hartley, of New Bridge Street, and Thomas McKiernan, of the house of Slade, Bedford, and Slade, Doctors' Commons. A word is said of Randie Jackson, Esq., Barrister at Law; with remarks on the testimony of Robert Thompson, Esq., of South Audley Street; Colonel Dale and Disbrow, &c.

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No. 97.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

A Narrative of Travels in Northern Africa, in the Years 1818, 19, and 20; accompanied by Geographical Notices of Soudan, and of the Course of the Niger, &c. By Captain G. F. Lyon, R. N. companion of the late Mr. Ritchie. 4to, pp. 383. London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH Africa has been the grave of so many adventurous spirits, yet such is the zest for inquiry, that there is no want of a succession of new travellers, ready at all hazards to pursue the daring enterprise of exploring lands unknown. It would be a melancholy narrative to recapitulate the fate of those who have hitherto endeavoured to traverse the interior of Africa: most of them, however, have left memorable records of the disposition by which they were actuated; and while we shed a tear for their sufferings and their end, we draw a veil over the sad picture and turn to the more successful adventurers, whose records must be read with an increased interest from their comparative rarity.

Captain Lyon was the companion of Mr. Ritchie, when that gentleman was employed by the British government on a mission to the interior of Africa, in 1818. The tour is divided into two parts. The first comprises the original purpose of the mission from Tripoli to Mourzouk, where the unfortunate Mr. Ritchie died, the second embraces Captain Lyon's examination of the remainder of the kingdom of Fezzan, from the death of his companion until the final return of the mission to Tripoli; it being deemed too hazardous to attempt advancing farther into the interior without fresh authority and additional pecuniary supplies from government.

It is too much to be lamented that, in consequence of Mr. Ritchie's frequent and debilitating attacks of illness, and his having relied too much on a singularly retentive memory, he had from time to time delayed committing his remarks to paper, in the delusive anti-

cipation of ease and leisure, which unhappily he was destined never to enjoy; and it was owing to this unfortunate procrastination that much valuable information has been lost. Captain Lyon, however, having kept a regular journal, has been enabled, in some degree, to supply the defect; his object being, as he assures us, 'only to detail facts in the plainest manner, without attempt at embellishment of any kind;' this not only bespeaks indulgence, but gives an additional value to his narrative. Deferring for the present all critical remarks on the literary merits of this work, we shall proceed to notice the principal incidents which it records.

It was on the 10th of October, 1818, that Mr. Ritchie, accompanied by M. Dupont, a Frenchman in his pay, whom he had engaged for the purpose of collecting and preparing objects of natural history, and a shipwright named John Belford, sailed from Malta for Tripoli; at which place he was joined by Captain Lyon on the 25th of November. Mr. Ritchie's intention was to proceed to Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan, with the Sultan of that country, who was about to take a large body of men for the purpose of waging war on the inhabitants of Waday (the Borgoo of Brown); which is to the southward and eastward of Fezzan. Mohammed el Mukni, the Sultan of Fezzan, had by intrigues and force got the government of that country in 1811, when, having established himself, he waged war on his defenceless neighbours and annually carried off 4000 or 5000 slaves.

In order to prepare for the journey, Mr. Ritchie and Captain Lyon suffered their beards to grow, and had their heads shaved. Their costume was that of the better class of Tripolitans, who have two kinds of dresses; the one long and worn chiefly by elderly men and persons of great consequence, the other short and worn generally. Our travellers fully adopted the dress and appearance of Moslems, using all their endeavours to become acquainted with their manners. Mr. Ritchie assumed the name of Yusuf el Ritchie; Belford was called Ali; Dupont, Mourad;

and Captain Lyon was styled Said ben abd Allah. Before we accompany Captain Lyon on his journey, we shall quote a few passages from his work relating to Tripoli, where—

The most extraordinary characters are the Marabouts, a set of people much spoken of in all Moslem countries; but it strikes me that the requisites necessary to constitute one of these saints are not every where the same. In the interior they consist in keeping up the outward show of sanctity, in abstaining from proscribed liquors, in avoiding improper or profane expressions, in being faithful to the limited number of wives, (namely, four,) and in not intruding with the wives of other men; whilst in Tripoli, such forbearance is by no means considered necessary. The Marabouts there are of two classes: ideots, who are allowed to say and do whatever they please; and men possessed of all their senses, who, by juggling and performing many bold and disgusting tricks, establish to themselves the exclusive right of being the greatest rogues and nuisances to be met with. There are mosques in which these people assemble every Friday afternoon, and where they eat snakes, scorpions, &c. affecting to be inspired, and committing the greatest extravagancies.

On the 9th of January, 1819, their annual festival began, and continued for three days, with all its barbarous ceremonies. On, or rather before this day, the great Marabout is supposed to inspire those who are to appear in the processions, and who, according to their abilities, are more or less mad and furious. The natural fools are always ready for the exhibition; and it is amusing to observe their looks of astonishment at being on that day, more than any other, brought into notice. During the time the Marabouts, (who are guarded and attended by a great number of people,) are allowed to parade the street, no Christians or Jews can with any safety make their appearance, as they would, if once in the power of these wretches, be instantly torn to pieces; indeed, wherever they show themselves on their terraces or from windows, they are sure of a plentiful shower of stones from the boys who are in attendance.

As I was in the dress of the country, and very anxious to witness the whole of the ceremonies, I ventured to go out with our dragoman, and to make my way to

the mosque from which the procession was to set out. I certainly felt that my situation was a very dangerous one; but being resolved on the attempt, and telling the man to follow me closely, I dashed in with the crowd, and succeeded in getting near the saints who, with dishevelled hair, were rapidly turning round, and working themselves into a most alarming state of frenzy. A band of barbarous music was playing to them, while several men were constantly employed in sprinkling them with rose-water. Had I been discovered, my life would have been in very great jeopardy; but, fortunately, I was able to keep my countenance, and to pass unnoticed; and, when the performers were sufficiently inspired, sallied out with them, and followed through the streets. One had a large nail run through his face, from one cheek to the other; and all had bitten their tongues in so violent a manner, as to cause blood and saliva to flow copiously. They were half naked, at intervals uttering short groans and howls; and as they proceeded, (sometimes three or four a-breast, leaning on each other,) they threw their heads backwards and forwards with a quick motion, which caused the blood to rise in their faces, and their eyes to project from the sockets to a frightful degree. Their long black hair, which grew from the crown of the head, (the other parts being closely shaven,) was continually waving to and fro, owing to the motion of the head. One or two who were the most furious, and who continually attempted to run at the crowd, were held by a man on each side, by means of a rope, or a handkerchief tied round the middle. As we passed through one of the streets, a party of Maltese and other Christians were discovered on a terrace, and were instantly assailed by showers of stones. I observed, that whenever the Marabouts passed the house of a Christian, they affected to be unmovable, and endeavoured to get near it, pretending they made the discovery by smelling out unbelievers. After following for an hour or two, during which I witnessed the most horrible and revolting scenes, I returned home, when, to my great amusement, I learnt that a rumour prevailed of my having been attacked and very ill treated; and that I had, in defending myself, stabbed a Marabout, and run away, no one knew whither. I was happy to be enabled in person to contradict these reports, and to prove that I had escaped not only unhurt, but unobserved. There were two parties who traversed the town; but from their being of opposite sects, and at war with each other, it was so arranged that they should take different routes.

That which I did not see was the superior one, and took its departure from under the walls of the castle. It was headed by a man named Mohammed, who had been much at our house, going on errands, and attending our horses. I did not, until afterwards, know he was so

celebrated a character. Before the time of the procession, he was confined in a dungeon, in consequence of his becoming very furious. When all was in readiness for the ceremony, the bashaw took his station in the balcony overlooking the arsenal, and this man was set at liberty, when he rushed on an ass, and with one thrust pushed his hand into the animal's side, from which he tore its bowels, and began to devour them. Many eat dogs and other animals; and on that day a little Jew boy was killed in the street, either by the Marabouts or their followers.

As the power of taking up serpents and scorpions is supposed to constitute a Marabout, I determined on acquiring that honourable title. Mr. Ritchie bought some snakes, which we all learnt to handle, and I soon found out an effectual way of taking up the largest scorpions without the slightest chance of being stung.

Drunkenness is more common in Tripoli than in England. There are public wine houses, at the doors of which the Moors sit and drink without any scruple. The better class of people also drink very hard; but their favourite beverage is Rosolia, an Italian cordial. As a singular instance of the enterprising spirit of our northern brethren, it may be mentioned that the admiral of the fleet at Tripoli is a Scotchman by birth, though now turned a Mamluk, and called Mourad Rais. He bears an excellent character. The modes of punishment at Tripoli are totally different from any of those practised by Europeans:—

Some crimes are considered capital by law; but many are rendered so by the whim of the Bashaw, in which case hanging, decapitating, and strangling are used. The Moors are never employed as hangmen; but the first Jew who happens to be at hand has that office conferred upon him, and he is obliged to accompany the culprit to the ramparts over the town gate, attended by the guards and mob, when he puts on the rope well or ill, according to his ability, attaching it to a bolt fixed in the wall for that purpose. The unfortunate victim is then forced through an embrasure, and suspended by the side of the gate way, so as to be seen by all who enter or leave the town. When decapitation is the punishment, the head alone is exposed to public view.

Torture is not unfrequently made use of; but as all punishments of that kind are confined to the dungeons of the castle, none can or dare give any description of the nature of it. Theft (as presented by the Koran) is punished by cutting off a hand, and if to a very great extent, a foot also; but repeated offences of this kind extend sometimes to an amputation of the other hand or foot, and I once saw a man, who,

for a capital crime, had been mutilated in this manner. The operation is performed with a razor. The limb is first tied tight above the joint with a piece of cord, and the hand or foot is taken out of the socket of the wrist or ankle joint. The stump is then dipped into hot pitch, and the sufferer is permitted to go away with his friends; and it is astonishing how soon he recovers, without any other dressing than the one which I have mentioned. Beating with a stick on the posteriors or soles of the feet is the general punishment for minor offences; although, in some cases, it is so severe as to occasion death. Four or five hundred lashes are frequently given; but fifty is about the general allowance. Some culprits, who, by bribery or other means, are able to influence the persons employed to see the sentence executed, contrive to stuff their trousers so as to escape without much suffering. This punishment is inflicted equally on all ranks, at the pleasure of the Bashaw; and, should even his own sons, his minister, or the sheikh of the town displease him, they would be obliged to submit to it, as well as the lowest of his subjects; nor would they consider themselves at all degraded, or their dignity in any degree lessened by it.

The Tripoline marriages (which no man is allowed to see) are conducted with great splendour, and the night is the time chosen for the bride to be conveyed to the house of her husband, when she is attended by a large troop of women, who carry torches, and utter loud and repeated cries of joy. The burials have nothing remarkable. It is the custom at all the funerals to liberate one or more slaves, who may at the time belong to the family of the deceased, and food is distributed among the poor, who, on these occasions, never fail to attend in great numbers.

Mr. Ritchie, finding that Mükni still delayed his departure, determined on visiting Benioloed and the Gharian mountains. For this purpose, he set out on the 7th of February, 1819, accompanied by Captain Lyon, and a Chowse with two camels; M. Dupont having resigned his office, and Belford being left in charge of the house at Tripoli. The Arabs in the Gharian mountains live under ground, so that a person unacquainted with the circumstance might cross them without once suspecting that they were inhabited. All the dwelling places are formed in the same manner, and therefore the following description of the Sheikh's will serve for the rest:—

The uppersoil is sandy earth, of about four feet in depth, under this sand, and in some places limestone, a large hole is

dag, to the depth of twenty-five or thirty feet, and its breadth in every direction is about the same, being, as nearly as can be made, a perfect square. The rock is then smoothed, so as to form perpendicular sides to this space, in which doors are cut through, and arched chambers excavated, so as to receive their light from the doors. These rooms are sometimes three or four of a side, in others, a whole side composes one; the arrangements depending on the number of the inhabitants. In the open court is generally a well, water being found at about ten or twelve feet below the base of the square. The entrance to the house is at about thirty-six yards from the pit, and opens above ground. It is arched over head; is generally cut in a winding direction, and is perfectly dark. Some of these passages are sufficiently large to admit a loaded camel. The entrance has a strong wall built over it, something resembling an ice-house. This is covered over head, and has a very strong heavy door, which is shut at night, or in cases of danger. At about ten yards from the bottom is another door, equally strong, so that it is almost impossible to enter these houses, should the inhabitants determine to resist.

Captain Lyon, while in these mountains, went in search of animals called gundy, and after lying down flat in the rain for three or four hours, was fortunate enough to shoot three, which he prepared, in order that they might be sent to the British Museum; they being the first of the species known in Europe:—

‘These animals resemble very much a guinea-pig in form, but are of a light brown mouse colour. The fur is longer than that of a rat, and is very silky; the eyes are black, large, and prominent; the orifices of the ears, (which are quite flat against the sides of the head,) are also black, and free from hair; the tail, or rather a little stump resembling one, is just perceptible to the touch, and from it grows a bunch or tuft of long black hair. The body is very round and fat, particularly broad at the shoulders. These animals burrow among the rocks. They are eaten with great relish by the Arabs, and no doubt are very good, as the flesh is exceedingly white and fat, and resembles that of a rabbit.’

The Arabs of the tribe of Orilly are a fine handsome race of people, and the young girls are really beautiful. These poor Arabs are dreadfully oppressed by the Bashaw, who has reduced them all to a most miserable state of poverty. Those who remain in the country are in rags; the others, who let their camels out to hire, and accompany traders to the interior, are somewhat better off. They were once a brave daring set of men, who defied the government of Tripoli; and, during

the youth of the present Bashaw, fully protected him from his father's troops.

Our author gives a long and interesting account of the Arabs, and their manners and customs. He describes them as generally tall, straight, and well-formed, rather thin and muscular. Their countenances are expressive and handsome, and their noses aquiline; their complexion naturally white, but become dark from continual exposure to the sun. They are very active, capable of undergoing great fatigue and abstinence from food, lively in their manners, daring, and possessed of much cunning; though generous, they are great beggars; revengeful and unforgiving. The general costume of the man is a large loose shirt and trowsers of cotton, sandals, or tight half boots of red leather, and a red cap. A wrapper of woollen cloth like flannel, twenty or five and twenty feet long, is wound round the body in folds. The dress of the females differs but little from that of the men in the materials, but they put it on in a different manner. Young women wear their hair in tresses, to which they attach beads, pieces of coral, silver, &c. The old women frizzle their hair over the forehead, so as to make it project to some distance; and they dye it of a dull red colour:—

‘All the females have a practice of tattooing their chins, the tips of their noses, and between the eyebrows. Their necks and arms are also frequently marked. The favourite figure is that of a hand, which is intended to avert the “evil eye.” They wear red lacing boots, in the same manner as the men. When young (that is to say, fifteen or sixteen), they have fine figures, and are exceedingly handsome; but they soon lose their good looks and pleasing form, and become as ugly as they were before beautiful. Their eyes are black and large; their noses straight and well proportioned; they have small lips, and their teeth are exquisitely white. Nothing, in fact, can exceed in prettiness an Arab girl; but the old women are, without exception, the most hideous and disgusting creatures I ever beheld. Both sexes blacken their eye lids with kohl, or lead ore powdered, which adds much to the brilliancy of the eye, and makes it appear larger than it is. They all wear an immense quantity of agebs, or charms, against disorders and misfortunes.’

Marriages are conducted in most instances without either party having seen the other, the agreement being entirely on the part of the parents. Though four wives are allowed to a Mohammedan, the Arabs very rarely

have more than two and sometimes only one. The ceremony of conducting a bride to her husband is singular; a frame is fixed on the back of a camel which has very gay trappings for the occasion. The bride is placed in the frame and while thus sitting is housed over with carpets, shawls, and ostrich feathers. We shall conclude for the present with some further interesting extracts relating to the Arabs:—

‘The Bedouins sow their scanty stock of corn, after turning up the earth with a rude plough, or more generally with a hoe. These cultivated spots are respected by other wanderers, and the corn is rarely stolen; should the Bashaw, indeed, be at war with the Arabs, he never fails to destroy their crops. When a sufficient time has elapsed to allow of the grain being in a state of maturity, those to whom it belongs come and gather in their harvest (sometimes before it is perfectly ripe), lest the Bashaw should be informed of the circumstance, and deprive them of a larger portion than they can afford; emissaries, indeed, are never wanting, who make it their business to ascertain the exact time when the corn is to be cut, and then pounce on the poor Arabs for the Bashaw's share of it. To avoid such taxes, therefore, they sometimes gather it so prematurely, that it will not serve as seed for the ensuing year. When the date season commences, many families come and pitch their tents in the Mesheh of Tripoli, in order to purchase dates for their future subsistence; these they deprive of the stones, and when kneaded together, keep them in skins, so as to preserve them from insects or wet: these form their chief support, assisted by the milk of their sheep and camels. That of the camel, as I have before noticed, is thin, of a bluish colour (resembling cow's milk mixed with water), and rather salt to the taste; it throws up no cream, but soon conglutates like new curds. The ewe milk is excellent, but is never drank fresh, the Arabs preferring it sour, or, more properly, as butter-milk. The flocks are milked morning and night into large bowls, and when a sufficient quantity is thus collected, it is poured into skins, without much attention being paid to its cleanliness, when, by shaking and rolling it about, butter is procured, and generally attaches itself to the side of the skin; the milk being then strained from it into other vessels, is allowed to grow sour, and a quantity of butter being produced, it is boiled with a little salt until it becomes like oil, and is then poured into goat-skins, and is fit for use or market.’

‘Cheese is procured by turning the milk with a certain herb (the name of which I have forgotten), and the curds, being salted, are spread out to dry in the sun, when they resemble little crumbs, and are very pleasant to the taste. I did not see any other kind of cheese than the

one I have mentioned, and this is rather scarce, and used as a luxury in many of their little messes. Sometimes it is toasted, and has a very agreeable flavour. It is called Jibn.

A great article of commerce is the fat, which the shepherds procure from the sheep they kill. They cut it from every part of the body, salt it, and lay it by until a large quantity is collected, when, whether putrid or not, they boil it, until it bear some resemblance to the grease used by tallow chandlers; it is then poured into skins, and is fit for use. In the interior it sells at about a shilling a pound; but at Tripoli it is much cheaper. It is put into almost every article of food by the Arabs, and though not very savoury, we soon became accustomed to its taste. It is called *Shahm*.

Bazeen (which, in Fezzan, is called *Aweeda*) is the most common food, as being the easiest prepared. It is made of the flour of any grain (bishna and barley are mostly used near Tripoli) in the following manner. A large pot, of copper or iron, is placed on the fire, with a little water in it, which is suffered to boil. Flour is then thrown in, until it acquires the consistency of dough, when it is stirred well about with a large stick (water being occasionally added, if necessary,) until it is quite thick, and begins to assume the appearance of a pudding, when it is taken out, and placed in a bowl. After being beat into a circular shape, and having a hole made in the centre, gravy, oil, butter, or grease, is poured on it, and it is then ready for eating, which is done by pinching pieces out with the right hand, and kneading them with the grease until they assume the appearance of thick paste. Should there be no gravy or grease to be procured, a little flour mixed with hot water is used instead of it. It requires much strength of arm to make bazeen properly, as the stick is wielded by both hands, and the put is confined on the fire by having a forked piece of wood placed against it, on which the woman kneels while preparing the mess.

Bread is made as in Europe. It is leavened with flour, or a preparation of dates, moulded into little cakes, shaped like buns. The ovens are generally formed in the ground; a hole is made about two feet in depth, and in the shape of a large jar, contracted at the mouth; it is then encrusted inside with clay. Wood is thrown in and burnt, until a thick layer of glowing ashes is collected at the bottom, and the oven is thoroughly heated; the loaves are then put in by a woman, who bares and wets her arm, and sticks them against the side with great dexterity; when done enough, if not speedily taken off, they fall into the embers. Sometimes meat is dressed in these ovens; a kind of crumpet, also, called *fetan*, made in the same way as *mogatta*, but without leaven, is slightly baked in them: one of these crumpets is then placed in a bowl, and

soup and vegetables are poured over it; another is then put in, and soup added as before, and so on in successive layers, until the bowl is full. All these messes are eaten with the fingers.

There is great variety in the manner of dressing meat, which is stewed, boiled, or baked; but for journeys, the Arabs have a very good way of preserving it, by cutting it into thin slices, drying it in the sun, and afterwards stewing it in fat. I have often observed them eating small grasses, which they found as they pursued their journey; and to my inquiries how they knew them to be innocuous, the general reply was,—that whatever an animal which chewed its cud could eat with safety, must be food for man. There is a species of dandelion, very bitter, and exuding a white juice, which is very much liked by the sheep as well as their masters. The taste, at first, is very unpleasant; but I soon became accustomed to it. The colocynth apple grows in great quantities in some parts of the desert, and is almost the only medicine used by the Arabs. Burning is always had recourse to, and many of them are in consequence covered with scars; it is also occasionally used to show the force of love; and both sexes practise it when they wish to give proof of very strong affection.

The Arabs have but few amusements beyond dancing and a game called *helga*, which resembles draughts, and is played with camels dung or date stones, in holes made in the sand. The noise uttered by these people at their festivals, or on any joyful occasion, is most extraordinary; and being very shrill, it may be heard at a great distance, particularly if several persons join in chorus: it is a piercing cry from the throat (the mouth being quite open), to which a tremulous sound is given by a rapid motion of the tongue from side to side; it is very enlivening, and when it becomes familiar to the ear, far from disagreeable.

The manner of salutation used among the Arabs is particularly striking, and certainly not ungraceful. Friends, on meeting, seize each the right hand of the other, then loosen and apply the tips of their fingers to their mouths, afterwards laying the open hand on the heart, they press it, and gently incline the head at the same time. Very intimate acquaintances mutually lift their joined right hands in such a manner that each kisses the back of the other's hand, repeating, with the greatest rapidity, "How are you? well, how are you? Thank God, how are you? God bless you, how are you?" which compliments, in a well bred man, never last less than ten minutes; and, whatever may be the conversation afterwards, it is a mark of great good breeding occasionally to interrupt it, bowing solemnly, and asking, "How are you?" though an answer to the question is by no means considered necessary, as he who asks it is perhaps looking another way, and thinking of something else. I must not omit to

mention a particular instance of good breeding which I met with amongst these people: a man begged me one day to reach him a piece of straw which lay near me, that he might take out of a cup of water a bird which had fallen into it. I perceived, however, that it was only a fly; and was afterwards informed, that they consider it disrespectful to make use of the word fly in the presence of a superior.

The questions asked, and observations made by some of the inland Arabs respecting our country, were very curious; amongst other extraordinary fancies, they have an idea, originating in the name given to the Atlantic, *Bahr el blem*, sea of darkness, that we have no sun or moon in the countries which are in the sea, and, in consequence, they imagine that our ships sail about with great lanterns attached to them. They also believe that Christians use the milk of pigs as a beverage, and, in fact, that it forms their chief subsistence. That we have horses, cows, and sheep, is not at all credited by them; and that our country should be destitute of dates excites their greatest commiseration. They cannot at all conceive how we avoid falling off our islands and rolling into the sea, or how, being surrounded by water, we have sufficient room for animals to graze. There are some, on the other hand, who think highly of our wealth and dignity, until they are told that our country is an island, when their admiration decreases considerably. *Buonsaparte*, or, as the Arabs call him, *Bono barto*, is in great estimation amongst them, not on account of his military achievements; but because they have heard that he has 200,000 dollars an hour, and that he sits on a golden throne.

After returning to Tripoli, Mr. Ritchie and Captain Lyau made preparation for the journey to Morzouk, where we shall accompany them in our next.

(To be continued.)

A Vision of Judgment. By Robert Southey. Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate, &c. 4to. pp. 79. London, 1821.

How are the mighty fallen! how is the fine gold changed? must be the exclamation of every admirer of Mr. Southey, when he reads this abortion of his genius, the 'Vision of Judgment.' Is this the man who sung the 'Maid of Orleans,' 'Wat Tyler,' and 'of Thelusa the wild and wondrous song.' To what extent the debasement of talents, and the prostitution of principle may be carried, Mr. Southey furnishes a memorable instance. We know not which to condemn most, the posing absurdity of this poem, its wanton political profligacy, or its blasphemy. Let us no longer be told of the licen-

lousness of the press, of the irreligious tenets of Carile, or of the parodies of Hone; the poet laureate—yes, the poet laureate himself, outstrips them all, in a poem which he has the hardihood to inscribe, in a false dedication, to his sovereign, not without the hope, we suppose, that this production, wretched as it is, will be afterwards considered as one of 'the achievements of the Georgian age.'

Mr. Southey, it appears, has long been of opinion, that an English metre might be constructed in imitation of the ancient hexameter, which would be perfectly consistent with the character of our language, and capable of great richness, variety, and strength; and although Sir Philip Sidney failed in the 'attempt to naturalize this fine measure,' yet Mr. Southey, by making the experiment, has 'fulfilled one of the hopes and intentions of his early life,' and has the vanity to think that it 'may be considered hereafter as of some importance in English poetry.' Of what importance, we think we can enable our readers to decide, without entering at all into the inquiry, how far the English metre is suited to hexameters.

The subject of this poem is no less a personage than our late venerable sovereign, whom Mr. Southey attends beyond the grave, and wishes to inform us of his reception in the world of spirits. The poem commences with the author's trance, when he was standing at some window, whence he had a panoramic view of 'mountain and lake and vale,' and of—

'The hills that, calm and majestic,
Lifted their heads in the silent sky, from far
Glacinar,
Blacarag, and Maidenmawr, to Grizedal and
westernmost Withop.'

As he stood contemplating these hills, with their harmonious names, the bell 'sent for its note again toll, toll,' which we are told is 'a deep dull sound, that is heavy and monotonous at all times, for it tells of mortality always.' This bell tolled for an common death,—

'For this was the day when the herald
Breaking his wand should proclaim, that
George our King was departed.
Thus art released! cried, thy soul is deliver'd
from bondage!'

This voice was answered by 'a startling voice from the twilight,' which gave our entranced poet 'a stroke as of lightning,' and made all around him 'blackness utterly blank and void,' as if he 'were alone in the chaos; but, recognizing him for a poet, and the poet laureate we presume,—

'Then came the Voice, but then no longer
speaking;

Like the voice of a friend it came: O son of the
muses!

Be of good heart, it said, and think not that thou
art abandoned;

For to thy mortal sight shall the grave unshad-
ow its secrets,—

Such as of yore the Florentine saw, Hell's peril
ous chambers—

He who trod in his strength; and the arduous
mountain of Penance,

And the reign of Paradise, sphere within
are interlaced

Child of earth, look up! and behold what passes
before thee.

The poet is conducted to the vault, where we should almost suspect he had for a second time inhaled some of Sir Humphry Davy's nitrous acid gas*, if we may judge from the effect of the circumambient air upon him. He inquires,—

'And whence this air that infuses
Strength while I breathe it in, and a sense of
life, and a will—

Filling the heart with peace, and giving a joy
that contents it!

Not of the earth that light; and these paradisi-
sacal breathings,

Not of the earth are they!"

The description of the strain of heavenly music which he heard is pretty, but he has left us to question his orthodoxy, and to doubt whether he is heathen or Roman Catholic, from his allusion to 'the beatified virgin,' and to the strains of Amphion and Orpheus. The music is described to have been—

'Such as the hermit hears when angels visit his
slumbers.

Faintly it first began, scarce heard; and gentle
its rising,—

Low as the softest breath that passes in summer
at evening,

O'er the Eolian strings, felt there when nothing
is moving,

Save the thud-down, lighter than air, and the
leaf of the aspen—

Then, as it swell'd and rose, the thrilling melo-
dy deepened."

We now come to the third part of this poem, for so, we presume, we must still call it, which is the awakening of the King; and here the good old monarch is introduced as entering into a colloquy with Spencer Percival, and talking about the news—'what course by the prince had been followed,' and how peace 'was obtained at last with safety and honour. We will not inquire how Mr. Percival learns so accurately all the events which occurred after his death, and which he relates with so much minuteness to his sovereign, who died eight years after him; all these things are, no doubt, easily reconciled to Mr. Southey's fancy, when, in a

'When Mr. Southey inhaled some of this gas, a few years ago, he declared that he supposed 'the atmosphere of the highest of all possible heavens to be composed of this gas.' See
Literary Chronicle, No 57.

'fine frenzy rolling,' be jumbles together 'the ghosts obscene of Robespierre, Danton, Hebert, Faux, and Despard.'

'The Gate of Heaven' is the fourth part. Here an angel proclaims that 'King George of England cometh to judgment,' and calls on hell to bring forth his accusers; when 'hell, in her nethermost caverns, heard and obey'd in dismay.' This brings us to the fifth chapter, 'The Accusers,' and as our readers would find some difficulty in guessing who would stand forth to impeach the good old King, we must inform them who Mr. Southey, we beg pardon, who the Devil has selected; for the choice is left to him. Why, no other than Wilkes, whom the poet recognized by 'the cast of his eye oblique,' and who comes amidst 'the hubbub of senescent sounds;' and Junius, 'his comrade in guilt and in suffering,' who, leaving behind him 'the pest of an evil example, went to the world beyond, where no offences are hidden.' Wilkes and Junius, however, turn out to be very bad witnesses; they are dumb, and more like the accused than the accusers. The 'multifaceted demon, in anger,' failing in his evidence by the *non mi ricordos* of Wilkes and Junius, called them catiffs, 'swung them aloft, and in vengeance hurled them all abroad, far into the sulphurous darkness;' while the demon, 'caught up by a vehement whirlwind, he, too, was hurried away.' Poor Wilkes is accused of having caused the American revolution, which caused the French revolution; and, of course, all the ills past, present, and to come, arising from that event, are chargeable on the catiff with 'eye oblique.' The poet not being able to describe the personal appearance of Junius, rivets 'a visor of iron round his head,' which 'abolished his features for ever.'

When the accusers have been dismissed, the absolvers are introduced, and this brings the poet to 'the middle of his song,' *alias* the sixth division of his poem. Among the principal absolvers is Washington, who approaches the King, 'not unprepared for the meeting were I,' and they mutually acquit each other of all blame in the American war, and express a wish that all nations should 'cognate knowledge and freedom,' and 'live in brotherhood wisely conjoined.'

The *Beatification*, which is the seventh chapter of the Vision, we pass over, as we wish every reader of the poem to do; for, if it is not blasphemy, it is so near an approach to it, that the

distinction is by no means apparent. The eighth division is entitled *The Sovereigns*; here Charles I. and William III., Queen Elizabeth and the Black Prince, all hob-nob together; while Richard, whose—

'Leonine heart was with virtues humaner ennobled,
(Otherwise, else, be sure, his doom had now been appointed,'

is holding a *tete-a-tete* with Alfred and the other Saxon kings; and the poet perceives—

'The joy which fill'd their beatified spirits,
While the Georgian age they thought and the glory of England.'

Having dismissed the *sovereigns*,—and, by the by, the poet has only placed half-a-dozen of them, since the conquest, in this abode of eternal happiness,—we come to the *Elder Worthies*, who form the ninth part. First comes Bede, next Bacon 'the marvellous friar,' Wicliffe, Chaucer; then,—

'Bearing the palm of martyrdom, Cranmer was there in meekness;—
Ho! name, to be ever rever'd! And Cecil, whose wisdom

'Stablish'd church and state—Eliza's pillar of counsel'

And Shakespeare, who, in our hearts, for himself hath erected an empire
Not to be shaken by time—nor e'er by another divided.'

Spenser, Mr. Southey's 'master dear,'—Milton, 'no longer here to kings and to hierarchs hostile,'—Taylor [Jeremy], Marlborough, Newton, and Berkeley, fill up the list of the *elder worthies*, and lead us to the tenth division, which includes *The Worthies of the Georgian Age*, 'who came forth to welcome their sovereign. Many were they and glorious all.' Mr. Mathews, in his present novelty, has a song entitled, 'High and Humble, what a Jumble.' Mr. Mathews's humble jumble is nothing to that of the poet laureate, who classes his subjects admirably. Here we have, in regular order, Wolfe and Captain Cook, Handel and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth and Wesley, (the founder of Methodism,) Mansfield and Burke, Warren Hastings and the poet Cowper; and Nelson, too, was in this 'kingdom of peace,' although—

'His calling,
While upon earth he dwelt, was to war and the work of destruction.'

The poet's heaven not being yet peopled, he brings in his *Young spirits*, who comprise the eleventh division of his vision. These young spirits consist of—

'The gallant youths of high heroic aspiring,
Who, so fast had allow'd, with the martial renown of their country
Would have wedded their names.'

They are the—

'Followers of Nelson's path, and the glorious career of the Wellesley.

Many are they, whose bones beneath the billows have whiten'd,

Or, in a foreign earth they have moulder'd, hastily cover'd

In some wide and general grave'

'Here also were spirits
To have guided, like Cecil of old, the councils of England;

Or have silence'd and charm'd a tumultuous senate, like Canning,

When to the height of his theme, the consummate orator rising,

Makes our Cataline pale, and rejoices the friends of their country.

Others came in that goodly band, whom benniger fortune

Led into pleasant ways on earth: the children of science

Some, whose unerring pursuit would, but for death, have extended

O'er the unknown and material, man's intellectual empire,

Such their intuitive power; like Davy, disarming destruction

When it moves on the vapour; or him, who discovering the secret

Of the dark and ebullient abyss, with the fire of Vesuvius

Amid the chemist's hand: well then might Eleusinian Ceres

Yield to him, from whom the seas and the mountains conceal'd not

Nature's mystery, hid in their depths.

'Here lost in their promise
And prime, were the children of art, who should have deliver'd

Works and undying names to grateful posterity's keeping,

Such as Haydon will leave on earth; and he who, returning

Rich in praise to his native shores, hath left a remembrance

Long to be honour'd and loved on the banks of Thames and of Tiber:

So may America, prizing in time the worth she possesses,

Give to that hand free scope, and boast hereafter of Allston.'

We wish our poet had told us the names of these lost Cannings, Davys, and Haydens; but, after the compliment he pays to these living geniuses, we shall think them the most ungrateful of men if they forget the bard. Mr. Canning must procure Mr. Southey a better sinecure than that of Poet Laureate; Sir Humphrey Davy must make him a F. R. S. which, perhaps, he will deem a greater honour than that of being 'Member of the Royal Spanish Academy,' or of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands.' Mr. Haydon must paint an historical picture from this poem, of, at least, the same dimensions, that is fifteen feet long. Should these gentlemen, however, be so ungrateful as to neglect the poet, they will have no place in his heaven, but—

'Otherwise else be sure their doom will then be appointed.'

We now come to the twelfth, and, thank God, the last part of this vision; and never did unwilling school boy reach the end of a severe task with greater pleasure than we approach the concluding part of this wretched mass of absurdity, y'clept a *vision of judgment*. It is but justice, however, to say, that this is by far the best, we feel almost said the only unexceptionable part, of the whole poem: and, therefore, wishing to deal fairly with the author, we quote it. It is intitled '*The Meeting*.'—

'Lift up your heads, ye Gates; and ye everlasting Portals,

Be ye lift up! Behold the splendid train of the worthies

Halt; and with quicker pace a happy company issues

Forth from the gate of bliss; the parents, the children, and consort,

Come to welcome in heaven the son, the father, and husband!

Hour of perfect joy that o'erpays all earthly affliction;

Yes, and the thought whereof supporteth the soul in anguish!

There came England's blossom of hope;—the beautiful princess;

She in whose wedded bliss all hearts rejoiced, and whose death bell,

Heard from tower to tower thro' the islands, carried a sorrow

Felt by all like a private grief, which, sleeping, smother'd

Will not be shaken away; but possesses the soul that disturbs it.

There was our late lost queen, the nation's example of virtue;

In whose presence vice was not seen, nor the face of dishonour;

Pure in heart, and spotless in life, and secret is beauty,

Queen and mother, and wife unreprieved.—The gentle Amelia

Stretch'd her arms to her father there, in tenderness shedding

Tears, such as angels weep. The hand was toward him extended

Whose last pressure he could not bear, when merciful Nature,

As o'er her dying bed he bent in severest anguish,

Laid on his senses a weight, and suspended the sorrowing eve.

He hath recover'd her now: all that was lost is restored him;

Hour of perfect bliss that o'erpays all earthly affliction!

They are met where change is not known, nor sorrow nor parting.

Death is subdued, and the grave, which conquers all, hath been conquer'd.

The poet now awakes from his—what shall we call it—trance or madness, and instead of—

'The rapturous sound of halleluiah,
Heard the bell from the tower toll! toll! the silence of evening.'

This concludes the *Vision of Judgment*, but the poet, having written it in a measure of fifteen feet long, determines it shall be fifteen shillings in price.

and, to make the bargain the better, adds notes, consisting principally of an extract from St. Pierre's *Harmonies of Nature*, with an English translation; and some specimens of Sir Philip Sidney's Hexameters, to prove that he, Mr. Southey, was not the first to write a foolish poem in such a measure.

Mr. Wordsworth's Peter Bell and Benjamin the Waggoner, were nothing to Mr. Southey's absurdities in his *Vision of Judgment*; and if neither his pipe of canary as laureat, nor Sir Humphrey Davy's nitrous acid gas will inspire his muse more happily, we beseech him to abandon her entirely, and never again hazard that reputation for poetical talents which he had once so justly acquired.

The Rebellion of Absalom; a Discourse, preached at Kirkcubright, on the 30th of July last, before the Stewartry Gentlemen Yeomanry Cavalry. With a Preface, Explatory of the Extraordinary Circumstances under which the Author was Arrested for Praying for the Queen. By the Rev. William Gillespie, Minister of Kells. 8vo. pp. 37.

THE sermon before us has attracted our notice, less from the political circumstance, extraordinary as it is, which has led to its publication, than from the pleasing impression with which the name of Mr. Gillespie stands associated in our recollection, as the author of a volume of poems, which appeared some years ago, entitled 'CONSOLATION,' &c. We have often wondered that a volume of such merit could by any chance have slumbered in that obscurity which we suspect to have been its fate; but have as often ceased to wonder when we reflected on the length and difficulty of the way which lies between writing a poem deserving of admiration, and ushering it into the presence of the public with that degree of ceremony and bustle and noise, which are all so necessary to ensuring to it a candid examination into its merits. What can a country pastor, who woe the muses amidst the wilds of Galloway, who prints his productions on his own account, and who consigns them like 'a pud o' woo', to be made the most of, to some house in the Row called Paternoster, hope in the way of justice being done to his publication? Let our friends in the Row tell. If we recollect rightly, 'Auster Fair,' a poem now deservedly of great reputation, had been in print upwards

of three years before any notice was taken of it, solely because, in these discerning times, it happened to be printed at a village press, on coarse paper, and on the author's own account? It is no part of the plan of the *Literary Chronicle* to diverge into retrospective criticism; but having alluded to the volume of poems, by the author of the production immediately before us, and to the unmerited neglect they have experienced, we should be guilty of a misprision of injustice were we to omit the opportunity of recommending them to the notice of all lovers of poetry as abounding in many of the features of genuine poetic excellence.

The strange circumstances under which the Discourse before us was sent to the press, may serve the double purpose of accounting for its appearance and exempting it from nicety of criticism. The author appears, at present, as a clergyman placed under military arrest, for no other reason on earth than that he had the honesty, the charity, and, we will add, the loyalty to pray for the Queen! He has printed the Sermon, which preceded this prayer, precisely as he delivered it, in order to shew that, altho' he conceived it to be his laudable duty as a Christian Pastor to offer up his prayers to Heaven for that much persecuted individual, Her Majesty, he entertains none of those dangerous opinions or projects which have been so calumniously imputed to all who have dared to lend a helping hand or offer an encouraging word to Her Majesty in her hour of severe trial; but that, on the contrary, his aim in this, as in all his addresses to the corps to which he is chaplain, has been 'to enliven the flame of patriotism as well as devotion, and to advocate the great cause of religion, morality, and social order.'

Mr. Gillespie thus relates the circumstances of his arrest, and we see no reason to quarrel with the compliment which he pays to the 'Stewartry of Kirkcubright', in supposing that they 'will scarcely be believed' any where else:—

'Early in the month of July last, he received a letter from James Gordon, Esq. younger of Culvenan, his colonel-commandant, (the hero of the tale) requesting him, as usual, to attend the corps while in quarters, and preach before them on Sunday, the 30th of that month. But, it was added, that, as he was informed there was either a public or private agreement on the part of the ministers of the Presbytery of Kirkcubright, to pray on all public occasions for her Majesty,

&c. he wished to know from the author, whether he should deem it incumbent on him to adhere to this practice, when preaching before the regiment on the 30th. This information Colonel Gordon stated to be absolutely necessary, in consequence of the oath of allegiance which every yeoman must take, and which he himself had taken in his judicial capacity, on the accession of his present majesty.'

'It was answered on the part of the author, that no such agreement had ever been thought of by his brethren—that it did not appear, he believed, to the majority of the Presbytery of Kirkcubright, of much importance whether her majesty was prayed for *nomiatim*, or generally with the royal family, in which she was necessarily included, and that, with regard to himself, he would certainly act, on all public and private occasions, according to the best of his apprehension of the law of the church and the land.

'In obedience to this intimation, the author went to Kirkcubright on the 28th ultimo, where he delivered before the corps, on the following Sunday, the discourse here given to the public; and, in his concluding prayer for the royal family, introduced the words, "Bless likewise the Queen."

No sooner was this bold yet honest act, made known to Mr. Commandant Gordon, who was not himself at church, than he was pleased to put the reverend preacher under military arrest: and so immediate and urgent did the necessity of the proceeding appear to this champion of all Tory godliness, that the arrest took place on the evening of that hallowed day, when the even hand of the law is suspended in favour of all hot felons.

On the legality of this extraordinary step, Mr. Gillespie makes the following spirited remarks:—

'By accepting the appointment of chaplain of the cavalry, the author surrendered none of his rights and privileges as a minister of the church of Scotland. He never undertook to pray according to the word of command, nor to submit the terms in which he was to address the Almighty, to military censorship. In the duties he was to perform as chaplain, he was to be guided solely by the doctrines, laws, and usages of that church of which he was a member, and to which, by his ordination vows, he had solemnly bound himself to adhere. But that church, which has no liturgy, disclaims all civil interference with its forms of worship. The independence of the Presbyterial establishment in Scotland, is secured by a fundamental and essential article of the treaty of union, and which every sovereign for a century past, down to his present Majesty inclusively, has sworn inviolably to maintain and preserve. What has been attempted, therefore, by subordinate authority in this case, implies a power which

cannot be claimed even by Majesty itself. Of such interference the church of Scotland wisely entertains a salutary jealousy, and on this subject its eventful history is pregnant with instruction. And whilst the author trusts he will always act as becomes a dutiful and loyal subject, so he will continue to resist every infringement on the rights of his order—every attempt to violate that sacred charter of his church's freedom, which was obtained through so many persecutions, and purchased with so much blood."

The author appears, however, to admit, that though the Scottish church disclaims all interference with its forms of worship, the King and council have not abstained from passing orders which had that tendency. He says, in a note to the passage we have just quoted:—

"A mere order in council, as to praying for the royal family, has never literally been observed by the Scottish clergy; if they have paid any attention to the substance of the order, they have never used the express words. Even the most loyal have prayed in language of their own choosing. It is the general assembly alone which has any right to prescribe to the ministers of our establishment in what expressions they are to pray."

After all, from any information we have on the subject, we are much inclined to be of opinion, that the claim of the Church of Scotland to an utter independence of the civil power, is a thing rather passed over in silence than solemnly acknowledged. Why does the King, by his representative the Lord High Commissioner, preside at all the general assemblies of the Scottish Church? What has the King to do there if it is not as head of the Church? Can or dare the assembly meet without the royal presence and sanction? Nay, is it not a fact, that at each meeting of assembly, the Lord High Commissioner first opens and constitutes it in the name of the King (acting, of course, on the assumption that he is the head of the church), and that the moderator (or president) then proceeds as if he knew nothing at all of what his grace had been doing, and without in the least adverting to the circumstance, opens and constitutes the assembly in the name of Christ (as the real head of the church)? Is it not equally true that the commissioner sits on the throne in the midst of them during every hour and minute of their deliberations; and that, at breaking up, the same double sort of ceremony is gone through as at the opening of the assembly? What do we see in all this but a mere adjustment of pretensions

for peace sake; each party taking their own road to the same end, and saying nothing of the debatable ground between them? There may be worldly wisdom in this sort of management, but as long as it exists, the less that is said about "sacred charters of freedom" the better.

The sermon having, as we have before mentioned, been printed precisely as it was delivered, and written with no view, we presume, to publication, it would be unfair to subject it to any thing like a critical analysis. We shall content ourselves with making one brief extract, which will shew how little pretence there was for the absurd measure of his arrest, on the ground of any deficiency in sound and patriotic principles, and at the same time serve as no unfavourable specimen of the author's style:—

"To stand forth in defence of a constitution so noble and excellent, is at once honourable and praise-worthy,—and is, I am persuaded, on your part, the impulse of affection as well as the dictate of duty. I trust that you consider it a sacred deposit intrusted to your care, to be preserved inviolate, which your fathers have transmitted unimpaired to you, and which you, also, will transmit unimpaired to your children. I trust, that no misrepresentations of the factious, no clamour of the multitude, no personal inconvenience or privation, will prompt you to renege your discipline or abate your ardour in so glorious and so patriotic a cause. I trust, that no *unhappy family questions at home* will ever be made a rallying point to the disaffected, will ever shake your fidelity or diminish your affection to your common country, whose independence your fathers have achieved by their arms, and purchased with their lives; which is hallowed by the ashes of the martyr, and consecrated by the blood of the brave."

Poems. By P. M. James. 12mo. pp. 224. London, 1821.

AFTER undergoing the penance of reading Mr. Southey's hexametrical absurdities, under the torturings of impatience and disappointment, which ultimately gave way to the hopelessness of despair and to disgust, we turn with peculiar pleasure to this little volume, which restores us to our love of poetry and of poets. Mr. James, if we may judge from the motto he has adopted, is a young poet, but from his productions we should think him a matured one; and we have seldom been more gratified than we have in the perusal of the sixty-one short pieces of which the volume consists. These are songs, sonnets, elegiac stanzas, &c. &c.

One great characteristic of Mr. James's poetry is its simplicity and the harmony of the versification; many of the poems breathe the most amiable disposition and the most genuine philanthropy, and we should not be much surprised to learn that the author is a member of the Society of Friends. Be this as it may, the work before us does him much credit, not only as a poet, but as an able advocate of the best feelings which dignify human nature. A few extracts will justify our commendation:—

'THE BEACON.

The scene was more beautiful far to mine eye,
Than if day in its pride had array'd it;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the sure arch'd sky

Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
On the shadowy wave's playful motion;
From the dim distant isle, 'till the beacon-fire

blead'd,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly-breath'd numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-guided nest—

The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
One moment I gazed from the bill's gentle slope,
(All hush'd was the billow's commotion,)
And thought that the beacon look'd lovely as

hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean!
The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul
flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion;
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean!"

There is much beauty and pathos in the following:—

'CANZONET.

When time shall heal my wounded peace,
And bid the heart's repining cease;
When the rude storm of memory's away
Shall die in calm despair away,

Think not I'll then forget thee!
With wasting sighs that ever swell,
Thou heart'st me bid thy love farewell;
Thy smiles of fondness I resign,
The will is heaven's, the woe is mine,

For I can ne'er forget thee!
When youths, aroused by joy's control,
Shall call to love my drooping soul;
And many a smiling form appear,
They'll wonder at my starting tear,

For then I'll not forget thee!
The curious breast shall never know
The griefs that nurse my silent woe;
The treach'rous sigh shall ne'er recur
The name love teaches to conceal,

Yet I shall not forget thee!
I wish not that thy throbbing breast,
Like mine should mourn its unaid'd rest!
No sighly tear thine eye should dim,
Yet thou may'st at sometimes think on him,
Who never can forget thee!"

Mr. James's tribute to the sex is at once forcible and elegant:—

‘WOMAN’S LOVE.

Thy ‘bards have sung that woman’s love
(Their bosoms nature’s lesson’s morning),
Is sweeter than the western gale,
But fiercer as the dew of morn;
Yet all that tread this toilsome sphere,
Hath fond affection taught to prove,
In fortune’s smile or sorrow’s tear,
No love so true as woman’s love!

Whillet man his brother’s peace betrays,
And shuns the sinking clod of pain;
Fond minion of the blissful hour,
That flies when woe and misery reign:
The amaranth flower that blossoms ever,
The seal of joy no art can move;
The tie that interest can’t sever,
Grief’s soothing balm is woman’s love!

And when the fault’ring tongue complains,
And faintly breathes pain’s sickly moan;
What care can soothe the trying scene,
Like woman’s care and tender tone!
The love that soothes the dying hour,
The charm all earthly joy above,
That makes the grave a bed of rest,
And smooths the path—is woman’s love!”

The poor enslaved African has a feeling and an eloquent advocate in our author, as will appear from the

‘VERSES

Written upon reading the following, which is part of a “Proclamation to the Negro Population of Barbadoes, 1816.”

“The most wise and just men, the most humane and zealous advocates of the abolition of the slave trade, who possess practical knowledge, and the most sincere friends of those who are actually in slavery, have considered their emancipation to be morally impracticable.”

‘Then how blest is the death of the slave! he hath rest

From the wrongs of his merciless doom;
The scorn of his tyrant, the griefs of his breast,
Are hush’d in the calm of the tomb.

His spirit hath fled to the land of his dreams,
Where the waves of forgetfulness flow;
Where the day-star of life and of liberty beams
On the desolate offspring of woe!

Mourn—mourn for the living! O not for the dead,

Who have rest from their wrongs in the grave;
But woe for the living! destruction hath shed
Her curse on the lot of the slave.

The tree struck by lightning ne’er blossoms again—

Its branches wave dead in the wind;
And the blight of the soul, like a murderous stain,
Destroys the pure blossoms of mind!

O tell not of liberty’s joys to the slave,
Still destined his fetters to wear!

Tis to bring the parch’d lip to the brink of the wave,

To deepen the pang of despair!
When burns the pale meteor of tyranny dim,
And the shouts of the ransom’d resound;

The pens of liberty swell not for him,
The gloom of his soul is profound.

One’er to the slave the glad tidings unroll,
That a Saviour hath brought them from the skies!

For who that’s a Christian, but feels in his soul,
The day-spring of liberty rise!

Preach not to the slave! ‘tis to mock his desire,
To mingle deep scorn with his groan—
O break but his chain, and the slave shall aspire
To a destiny proud as thy own!”

We shall only insert two more poems, which need not our praise; they will sufficiently bespeak their own merits:—

‘SONG.

Tis not the beams of flanning day,
That win the lover’s fond adoring;
Tis not the morning’s cheerful ray,
Pale nature to her charms restoring;
No, ‘tis the silver star of even,
Whose radiance lights the lover’s heaven!

Dear are the tones of harmony,
From lips of rosy sweetness falling;
And dearer is affection’s sigh,
The bosom to its bliss recalling.
Yet silent looks, with sure control,
Plead deeply to the lover’s soul!

Fond lover! turn thy gaze away
From woman’s brow with beauty beaming;
Tempt not the breaks of orient day,
From eyes with dewy lustre gleaming.
But tell how dear her gentle love should be,
Whose cheek is sadden’d with a tear for thee!”

‘TO LIBERTY.

‘Spirit unquenchable! whose awful fire
Hath ever blazed amid the struggling storm,
And rush’d athwart the night with meteor form,

When tyrants bade thy living beam expire!

For thee the breast hath ever glow’d,
For thee the lyre’s high measures flow’d,
And patriot arms sublimely rear’d!
Glorious divinest deeds have dar’d.

Whilist now the crescent moon fades pale,
And loud the ocean surges roar,

What breath so pure as morning’s gale,
What fane so meet as BRITAIN’S shore,

To wake the poet’s numbers wild and free,
And pour the holy song to LIBERTY!

Hush’d be the lute’s dull measures! nor ce-
twine

The rosy garland! breathe no melting lay,
Winning the free-born bosom to resign

The generous fire that spurns despotic sway!
Pleasure! thy wanton spells forego,

For thou art freedom’s deadliest foe;
And he who yields him pleasure’s slave,

Can ne’er be free, can ne’er be brave.
Ye winds of heaven! as will ye sweep,

Where rustling banners proudly float,
Bear ye the murmurs loud and deep,

Pour’d from the clarion’s brazen throat.
For, Freedom! where thy glories glide,

Where thou in loftiest power hast pass’d,
Thine eye was on the banner’s prize,

Thy spirit with the trumpet’s blast.
Or where, with brow unbound,

Thou gavest thy bright hair to the gales of peace,
And bident the battle and the triumph cease;

There Virtue breathe! her awe around,
And honour’s sun, with steady ray,

Roll’d thro’ the azure arch, and pour’d a purer day.

Call from the sullen harp a bolder strain!
For lo! their deeds ennobled scenes reveal;

And wad’d upon the heaven’s pellucid plain,
In awful radiance gleams the patriot steel!

And hail the vision-crowded air,
The pomp that fires the eastern sky!”

The golden wings of morning bear
Th’ immortal form of Liberty!
Like storm-clouds stream her helmet plumes,
Her form it’s warrior port assumes;
Bold, proud, and terrible, as when of yore,
She steep’d her steel in Persian gore!

O Liberty! thy love prevails
Albion’s wild shores and rocks among;
Swells in her mountain gales,
Lives in her poet’s song.
Defiance-breathing strains are thine,
The joy that hails the festal hour;
And oh! how bright thy lightning’s shine,
Launched on the front of lawless power!
No anger fires the eye of death,
When stern he drinks the freeman’s breath;
No lambent terrors round him wave,
To daunt the spirit of the patriot brave;
For in the struggles of the free,
The meed of death is victory!”

If real merit, accompanied by great modesty, entitle a poet to a niche in the Temple of Fame, then must Mr. James obtain it; and we only anticipate public opinion when we pronounce him to possess talents of an order which cannot suffer him to remain in obscurity, or to rest satisfied even with the praise which this volume is likely to ensure him.

Foreign Literature.

Dictionnaire des Conjugaisons Françaises, &c.

Dictionnaire of French Conjugations, preceded by an Elementary Grammar. By J. B. M. A. Lelouvier, Professor of Belles Lettres. 1 vol. 12mo. Paris, 1821.

GRAT are the benefits resulting from the union of talent and industry, which must always be combined to render any performance truly excellent; and whoever aspires to be useful, merits higher praise than he who strives to shine and amuse. M. Lelouvier’s merit is not, then, to be contemned; his task is wading through the whole of the French verbs, and giving the conjugation of them all, must have been a very laborious one, for which every student owes him a debt of gratitude. It is scarcely possible for a foreigner to retain the whole list of the French verbs in his memory, with their various conjugations and irregularities, and whether they are active, passive, neuter, reflexive, or impersonal. M. Lelouvier’s work is, therefore, indispensable to every foreigner studying the language, and who would wish to speak or write it correctly.

The author very justly observes, ‘no ancient or modern language has ever been the production of either science, observation, or any systematic

plan whatever. Chance, time, and successive wants have alone presided over their formation; rules were afterwards made as well as they could be, founded merely on what custom had established; hence the numerous irregularities and the continual exceptions which fatigue the imagination and disgust beginners.'

Such a work, executed as M. Le-louvier's is, would be highly desirable in every French school in England, particularly if the English editor would be at the pains to give, immediately after the French verb, its various significations in English, as the author has done in French, this done, its utility would be greatly increased and it would not fail to find its place in every school and every library.

Original Communications.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

CONTRASTED REMARKS,

Hastily thrown together by an Englishman in Paris.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

NEVER, perhaps, were two people, whom nature has placed at so small a distance from each other, distinguished by such remarkable contrasts as the English and the French; they seem to be mutually determined to preserve the characteristic features of their respective nations; in my remarks on the peculiarities of each, I pretend to no order; and though extracted from my *common-place book*, the following observations may not, altogether, deserve the title of *lieux-communes*.

A Frenchman cannot visit a child at nurse, or a parent at the point of death, if the one or the other reside at a distance of twenty miles from Paris, without a passport from the police-office; a Parisian cannot take his morning drive in his carriage out of Paris, without having his gig, curricule, or coach, examined at the *Barrière*, to ascertain if he is engaged in smuggling a miserable loaf of bread; or should he be an inhabitant of the environs of the city, he cannot take a drive into it, without undergoing a similar visit, lest he should have popt a few bottles of wine or brandy, or a joint of meat, into the sword-case, with the view of evading *les impôts de la ville*. Our English fashionables would not much admire the intrusion of an exciseman into their equipages, at Hyde Park corner or at Shoreditch Turnpike, on a similar mission.

The French subaltern officers wear their epaulettes on the *left* shoulder—their lieutenant's and ensigns on the *right*; and it is not unusual to see them enter a *café* with several of their men, drink, and even hob and nob with them, in a glass of brandy, and appear on a perfect system of equality. Such familiarity has no place in the English army; I would not certainly advocate its adoption, but the truth seems to me to be, that the French private soldier is too highly regarded—ours, not sufficiently so.

In France, the ladies of all ranks scruple not to dine at a public tavern; our English ladies would be ashamed to seat themselves in a coffee-room.

In France, the Sunday is devoted to merriment, debauchery, and noise; all the theatres are open—all the theatres are full; the public houses swarm with the lower and middle classes of society, who dance away their care and make the only substantial meal which, in all probability, many of them partake of in the entire week; reviews, exhibitions, and puppet-shows, &c. occupy the morning of the Sabbath,—the evening is devoted to *festes champêtres*, gambling parties, and fire-works; in England—but I need not point out the contrast in this instance!

In France, the first prince of the blood, the Duke of Orleans, lets out his palace piece-meal, to impures, gamblers, and shop-keepers of every description,—he derives a large fortune therefrom, but I do not think it should be termed a *princely* one; this circumstance presents a double contrast, which it may be as prudent to leave to the reader's sagacity to discover.

In France, on any solemn religious occasion, the congregation are secured from all interruption during divine service, by double lines of *gend'armes* and of the national guards, who, with fixed bayonets and covered heads, instil into the minds of the faithful, the respect due to the God of mercy and of peace! In England, thank heaven, we need not such an escort, even to the very steps of the altar.

In France, a Frenchman will run all over Paris with you, show you all the curiosities, procure you tickets for the play, public gardens, &c.; in England, we should first of all ask a stranger to dinner.

I have seen a man of rank, and a member of the French Institute, on being asked to carve a turkey, which was placed opposite to him at the

table of an English baronet, take out a clasp-knife from his pocket,—tear the poor bird to pieces,—then pick his teeth with the same article of cutlery; and afterwards employ the identical knife to distribute the contents of a plate of preserves! Even at the first restaurateurs in Paris, you are expected to eat flesh, fish, and fowl with the same knife and fork; happy, even, if you procure a change of plates. An Englishman will desire that these abitudes may ever remain a contrast to those of his native land.

In France, servility is pushed to such a pitch, that the most sublime productions of the dramatic poets are beheld in silent sadness, should the King of France honour the theatre with his presence; it is contrary to etiquette to applaud before his Majesty; I do not think that the presence of all the kings of the whole earth, could stifle John Bull's enthusiasm at a representation of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Shakspeare, or repress his honest and hearty laugh at the comedies of Colman, or the farces of Garrick and of Foote.

The French eat their meat apart—their vegetables by themselves,—then the fish, and afterwards *le rôti*; the dessert is put on previous to the cloth being drawn, and a glass of brandy finishes the dinner of these people, who think themselves the politest, most civilized, and most liberal in the world.

The windows of every baker's shop, and of every marchand de vin, (public-house,) have the aspect of a prison; they are all secured by large iron bars; I do not think that our labourers and mechanics would admire such a means of security;—they would fancy themselves in so many spunging houses.

I breakfasted, on my arrival in Paris, at the *Café de Foy*, in the Palais Royal; one of the best and most respectable in the capital. A French gentleman, decorated with half-a-dozen orders, the ribbons of which, on his half-worn-out blue coat, represented a greater quantity of colours than the rainbow, placed himself opposite to me and at the same table; I demanded a *thé complet*, (a pot of tea, several lumps of sugar, a French roll, and a pat of butter;) the Frenchman called for a cup of coffee;—I remarked that my neighbour had been served with a less quantity of sugar than myself, although we had both much more than was required. Being pressed for time, I had finished my meal long before the other party, and was drawing on my gloves, when he very politely asked me, pointing to the five

or six morsels of sugar which still remained on my plateau, if I did not take the sugar? Certainly not, was my reply; on which the chevalier, grand cross of the Legion of St. Louis, Legion of Honour, Legion of I know not what, drew out, 'avec permission donc, monsieur,' and immediately wrapt up, in a piece of white paper, the remains of my breakfast as well as of his own. I confess that I was thunder-struck for the moment, but I have subsequently found that it is an invariable custom; and, as such, expected by the proprietor of the establishment. I should certainly advise French travellers, however, to keep their fingers out of our sugar-basins on the Dover Road; for I know more than one rude host, who would be uncouth enough to make them disgorge their purloined sweets.

ON THE STATE OF EUROPE.

[A Correspondent calls our attention to the prophetic sentiments of Dr. Goldsmith and Dr. Smollett, as to the affairs of Europe. Much that these admirable writers and profound politicians anticipated, has already been realized, and the passing events at the present moment seem likely to complete their unaccomplished predictions.—Ed.]

It is (says Dr. Goldsmith) in the politic as in the human constitution, if the limbs grow too large for the body, their size, instead of improving, will diminish the vigour of the whole. The colonies should always bear an exact proportion to the mother-country; when they grow populous, they grow powerful; and by becoming powerful, they become independent also. Thus subordination is destroyed, and a country swallowed up in the extent of its own dominions. The Turkish empire would be more formidable were it less extensive; were it not for those countries which it can neither command, nor give entirely away; which it is obliged to protect, but from which it has no power to exact obedience.

Sweden, though not seemingly a strenuous assertor of its liberties, is, probably, only basking on to despotism. Their senators, while they pretend to vindicate the freedom of the people, are only establishing their own independence. The deluded people will, however, at last perceive the miseries of an aristocratical government; they will perceive that the administration of a society of men, is ever more painful than that of one only. They will fly from the most oppressive of all

forms, where one single member is capable of controlling the whole, to take refuge under the throne. No people long endure an aristocratical government, when they can apply elsewhere for redress. The lower orders of people may be enslaved for a time by a number of tyrants, but upon the first opportunity, they will ever take refuge in despotism or democracy.

As the Swedes are making concealed approaches to despotism, the French, on the other hand, are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom. When I consider those parliaments (the members of which are all created by the court, the presidents of which can act only by immediate direction) presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who, till of late, received direction from the throne with implicit humility; when this is considered, I cannot help saying, that the *genius of freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise*. If they have but *three weak monarchs more successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will certainly once more be free*.

The German empire, that remnant of the majesty of ancient Rome, appears on the eve of dissolution. The members of its vast body want every tie of government to unite them, and seem feebly held together, only by their respect for an ancient institution. The very name of country and countrymen, which, in other nations, makes one of the strongest bonds of government, has been here for some time laid aside: each of its inhabitants seeming more proud of being called from the petty state which gives them birth, than by the more well known title of German.

This government may be regarded in the light of a severe master and a feeble opponent. The states which are now subject to the laws of the empire, are only watching a proper occasion to fling off the yoke; and those which are become too powerful to be compelled to obedience, now begin to think of dictating in their turn. The struggles in this state are, therefore, not in order to preserve, but to destroy the ancient constitution; if one succeeds, the government becomes despotic; if the other, several states will subsist without even nominal subordination; but, in either case, the Germanic constitution will be no more.

When I compare the figure which the Dutch make in Europe, with that they assume in Asia, I am struck with surprise. In Asia, I find them the

great lords of all the Indian seas; in Europe, the timid inhabitants of a paltry state. No longer the sons of freedom, but of avarice; no longer assertors of their rights by courage, but by negotiations; fawning on those who insult them, and crouching under the rod of every neighbouring power, without a friend to save them in distress, and without virtue to save themselves; their government is poor, and their private wealth will serve but to invite some neighbouring invader.—*Citizen of the World*, vol. i, letter 56, p. 292.

The following are the sentiments of Dr. Smollett on the same subject: extracted from a letter, sent a few months before his death, to the Rev. Dr. —, of —, Northumberland.

As the sentiments of dying men, particularly dying authors, have been sometimes looked upon as prophetic, you will be inclined, perhaps, to pay the greater regard to the following political speculations; and, in all human probability, they are the last, of any kind, which you will ever receive from me; for I feel the chill hand of death gradually stealing on me as those calamities are stealing upon our European states, which I foresee, but shall never live to experience. But I am perfectly resigned, and nearly wearied to death, with a life, that both in its private and public condition, is the sordid slave of interest, prejudice, and folly. The first troubles that are likely to ensue, will proceed, I think, from that overgrown and useless system of colonization, with which several nations (particularly our own) have burdened themselves. But, although the inhabitants of that immense and unwieldy empire of Spain, in South America, are sufficiently disaffected and disposed to revolt, they are so fast bound by the chains of despotism, superstition, and intolerance, that it is not probable they will take the lead, or attempt any thing for their emancipation from the cruel yoke under which they groan, until either by the especial favour of Heaven they shall become enlightened, or shall be acted upon by some considerable external force; in which case, the empire of Spain, in those parts, would pass away like a shadow. Of all the kingdoms of Europe, I think our own stands in the greatest danger respecting her colonies, and in the least with regard to her affairs at home. At home you have a few radically discontented men, with a vast and undoubted majority, who are

inviolably attached to the present establishment. In our American colonies, we may almost say, they are all republicans to a man; that nothing but the tie of interest, and the want of power to stand alone, has hitherto preserved them in their allegiance to the crown of Great Britain, which (you may rely upon it) they will embrace the first fair opportunity to shake it off. Nor would such an event, in my ideas, be at all disadvantageous to the parent state, or to the colonies themselves, provided it were possible it could happen without loss and bloodshed; which, I fear, the present stock of wisdom and moderation, on either side, can afford us no certain assurance of. To turn our eyes towards our West India islands, I think the prospect looks still more gloomy and alarming. It has ever excited my astonishment, that nobody, either in England or those islands, should entertain the least dread or forecast of the dangerous consequences of introducing such an immense multitude of African slaves into them, or the smallest compunction for the enormous wickedness of the act, exaggerated as it is a thousand degrees, by being perpetrated by men whose nation sets so high a value upon their own liberty, and who pretend to such an aversion from deeds of cruelty. If we have no apprehensions of the vengeance of divine justice, for the countless and horrid barbarities which are constantly exercised on the miserable slaves of those colonies, still common sense ought to teach us, there is a point beyond which human affairs cannot go. That it is not possible that such numbers, who possess every day they live the power of their own freedom, will suffer such extremities for ever. That the blow must come at some period or other, which may be this year as well as the next; and that when it does come, it brings with it dissolution impossible to be withstood, and death in every shape. That a revolt of the slaves must happen before many years, I will venture to predict; and, if it should happen on one island, to whatever European nation it belongs, the West India isles will never afterwards be in a state of safety. To return to our own continent, France appears to me to be the first probable theatre of any material change. The present fashion of handling abstract questions of religion and government, so eagerly adopted of late by a great number of people of consideration in that country, is, no doubt, the high road to truth

and justice; but, unfortunately for mankind, it must necessarily run through the confines of bloodshed and demolition. Amongst all the best informed people of that country, with whom I have had the opportunity of conversing, there seems to exist an enthusiastic passion for the discovery of moral truth, and a most ardent zeal for its propagation. And in this laudable frame of mind, seems particularly included a commiseration for the sufferings of the lower classes of mankind; and a desire to relieve them from the shackles in which they have been so long bound by religious and political frauds. If we consider the weakness, profligacy, and abandoned debauchery of the French court; which they, whose situations intitle them to be the best judges, represent as a second Sodom; the poverty, misery, and discontent of the lower classes; and the violent desire of change glowing and burning in the breasts of those who are the most able, and, indeed, the only people in whose power it is to bring that change about; we need not hesitate to assert, that some great revolution must ensue, in the course of a few years, in the government, religion, and manners of the people of that country. Indeed, from the best general view which I am able to form of the internal political state of the kingdom of France, I cannot bring myself to believe, that the present despotic system can, at any rate, continue more than twenty years longer. If religion has invented and nourished those frauds, upon whom the despotism of France was founded; and the belief of that religion is now almost obliterated from amongst all ranks, what is in future to support such a government, even when the general interest seems loudly to demand its demolition? That the change, come when it will, must be thorough, violent, and bloody, we may fairly prognosticate, both from the known character of those who are likely to have the chief hand in the reformation, and from that of the common people of France, whom their whole history proves to be the most sanguinary, unprincipled, and barbarous of any populace in Europe. Were it possible for me to live to witness it, I should by no means wonder to see the principles of republicanism predominant for a while in France, for it is the property of extremes to meet; and our abstract rights naturally lead to that form of government, and it is not the season to

moderate abstraction, during the fury and concussion of political earthquakes.

Whenever a revolution upon such grounds as these shall happen in France, the flame of war will be universally lighted up throughout Europe; either from the inhabitants of other countries instantaneously catching the contagion, or from the apprehensions of their respective governments. But whenever the great mass of mankind shall become enlightened, it will be as vain as perilous for governments to attempt to combat principles, which can only be effected with success during the reign of ignorance and superstition. I see it, in the clearest light, that the people of France, Germany, and Italy, (but more especially the latter) are about to become weary of the impositions of religion, and the galling fetters of slavery. And I behold a new order of people about to arise in Europe, which shall give laws to law-givers, discharges to priests, and lessons to kings.

W. O. P.

Original Criticisms

ON

The Principal Performers of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.

No. XV.—Mr. WALLACK.

‘That unmatch’d form and feature of blown youth.’

SHAKESPEARE.

HOWEVER extraordinary it may appear, that a nation still in its infancy, at least with regard to intellectual acquirements, and whose progress towards civilization has barely attained the first stages of refinement, should be enabled to improve or amend any class of men, particularly the votaries of Thespis, still it cannot be denied that the western world has had a very beneficial influence on Mr. Wallack. It would be ridiculous to deny that this gentleman has returned to the metropolis a much better actor than when he left us some two years since; if his performances do not intire him to a place with our first tragedians, they undoubtedly rank him in the first class; if they are not quite chef d’œuvres, they certainly bear the stamp of great though immature genius. We think Mr. Wallack has acted foolishly in starting forwards in the very first rate tragic characters; he should have studied closely, and without remission, and have waited till time had fully developed those talents which he undoubtedly possesses in an eminent degree. In the higher walks

of tragedy he is frequently miserably deficient, but in characters of heroic gallantry or amatory softness, he has no superior. His first re-appearance was in *Hamlet*, and he experienced a reception not a little flattering to his abilities. We cannot, however, say, that 'after what we have seen,' his representation quite met our idea of the gallant, the philosophical, the unsophisticated Dane. He certainly elicited some beauties, but the performance, taken en masse, was tame and insipid. Some of the soliloquies were well given; the interview with Ophelia, where he bids her 'go to nunery,' was chaste, and not so repulsive as we sometimes see it; and the fencing scene, with Laertes, was admirable on both sides, for grace and mastery of skill. The most certain evidence of his failure in *Coriolanus* is, that the play has not been repeated; still he looked the noble Roman to advantage, and in one or two scenes was effective. Three years have not yet elapsed since Mr. Wallack crossed the Atlantic with good acting capabilities, and he has returned with them very much improved, though not brought to the summit of perfection; his *Brutus*, in *Howard Payne's* tragedy of that name, was any thing but successful; with all respect for Mr. Wallack, we term it a complete failure; his *Brutus*, in *Julius Caesar*, was dignified, and sometimes animated, but certainly not the Roman chieftain drawn by Shakespeare, and embodied by John Kemble. His best scene in *Montalto* was that in which he wandered before the chamber-door of his wife with all that indecision, the natural concomitant of a virtuous mind about to commit a heinous offence. His attitude, on the dagger falling from his hand, was very fine, and his agony, on hearing the fondness and soothing of the being he was about to destroy, was expressed with a perfect fidelity to nature. In our opinion, his *Rolla* is the best thing he has attempted. We have scarcely ever seen, even in Kemble himself, attitudes more graceful than those of Wallack in this character. He was perfectly equal to it. His scene with Alonzo in the dungeon was highly spirited, the brief dialogue with Elvira still more excellent; his carrying off the child produced bursts of applause; his address to his soldiers was marked by great judgment, energy, and feeling, and delivered with considerable force and animation; his death was also excellently managed. Though

the success of Mr. Haynes's tragedy of *Conscience* was owing far more to its own intrinsic merits, than to the exertions of the performers; yet we will not be so unjust as to deny that Mr. Wallack gave much effect to the character of Lorenzo. The gallantry of his resistance to the banditti into whose hands he had fallen, produced great effect; the internal struggle between honour and the compunctious feelings of his better nature, was good, and his refusal, when urged by Arsenio to abandon his wife, finely expressed. We are inclined to think that Mr. Wallack has over-rated his abilities, however highly we may be inclined to estimate them, by attempting *Richard III.* Were Richard a young and impassioned man, a sprightly lover, or a gallant cavalier, Mr. Wallack's representation of him would be inimitable; but this is not the case; Gloucester is the victim, if not of years, certainly of deformity; his love is hypocrisy, his whole conduct is a mixture of diabolical fierceness and infernal policy; ambition is his ruling passion, and such ambition, that to delineate it finely, requires a master-hand. In the nicer shades of the character he fell infinitely short of the powerful portrait drawn by Shakespeare, and many of his soliloquies were very far from being well delivered. His best scene was with Lady Anne; there were, however, other points which deserve favourable mention; his attitude, on starting from his dream, was good, and his representation of the terrors which agitate and overwhelm the conscience-stricken tyrant tolerably forcible; he was very animated during the whole of the fifth act, and his fight and death were admirable. We will not notice a single performance of this gentleman previous to his departure for America, but will content ourselves with observing, that his talents have wonderfully expanded within the last three or four years; indeed, we believe, we may safely venture to affirm, that it is a thing unprecedented in the annals of the stage, to find an actor who, seven years back, was in the habit of performing walking gentlemen of the very lowest class, or a captain of a banditti in a melodrama, now enacting the first tragic characters at the first theatre in the world. Mr. Wallack's greatest fault is the indolence he exhibits in those characters which he considers unworthy of him; even in his best performances there is, at times, a degree of listlessness and inactivity, arising, it would seem, from a conviction

that his natural talent, without any exertion, is sufficient to attain his object, however great or exalted it may be. This is not the method by which he can ever expect to become a fine tragic actor. Let him rouse himself and recollect, that the honours he has already gained are only to be preserved by an undiverting attention to every character that may be allotted him, and that those honours are 'trifles light as air,' when put in competition with the 'fame, the never-dying fame,' which our great tragedian has so justly and so meritoriously acquired.

W. H. PARRY.

Original Poetry.

ANARCHY.

(From the "Fulminator," of St. Maura, written in Roman, by Dr. Chalkley, of St. Maura.)

Jove having heard a rumour, that Liberty had abandoned Britain, and fixed her abode on the other side of the Channel, dispatched Hermes to ascertain the fact. The messenger, having returned, relates the result of his inquiries, as follows:—

SAID Hermes, "as soon as I landed at Paris, Of all that I met I made careful inquiries, If 'twas certain that Liberty really came there, And where could I find her; but none could tell where,

Till I met with a fellow, with aspect of steel, Who baw'd that she lodged where once stood the Bastille;

"And," quoth he, "if you please, my good citizen god,

To follow, I'll instantly shew you the road." And behold, as he said, when we came to the ground,

No trace of the Bastille was there to be found.— I marvelled who could have made bold to pull down

This tower of France and this scourge of the town.

The rumour we heard, I began now to credit; There was nothing more like than that Liberty did it.

But what's 'er my conjectures, I resolved to hide, And implicitly followed the steps of my guide.—

Wide opened a portal, and displayed to the view An assemblage of figures, such a horrible crew, As I ne'er before, since the day of my birth, Beheld, or in hell, or in heaven, or earth. High placed on a rostrum of hard frozen blood, A female, gigantic and terrible stood—

In her right hand, a red-reeking dagger was seen;

She leaned with her left on a curious machine,

She called the emblem of freedom, made by Guillotine.

The mob called her Liberty; swore with one breath,

They would die to defend her, and glory in death.—

* The 'Picture of Ancient and Modern Greece,' in a former number, is from the same poem.

I grieved to behold them with blindness so
 smitten;
 For full in her face I saw *Anarchy* written.
 There Faction was seen in the guise of
 Equality,
 And was cheered by the rabble with vast prodigality—

These glared wild Ambition, with eyes full of
 flame,
 And having assumed a stern patriot's name,
 As was greeted with many a stupid huzzah,
 As his country's saviour, his country's stay;
 While in secret plotting to murder a duke,
 And admonishing him to be quick at his work;
 'For to night, sir,' said he, with a shrug and a
 scoff,
 'Of ten thousand Frenchmen the heads must
 be off.'

Suspended aloft, on the strength of a hair,
 There Atheism sat in an ebony chair,
 While Truth stood beside her, down ready to
 cut it,
 And Hell gap'd below her, as prompt to ad-
 mit it;
 But so thick was the film that envelop'd her
 sight,
 She could not see Truth though full beaming
 and bright.

There Fride and Oppression and Rapine were
 seen,
 With many a demon unblest and obscene,
 That I verily thought Pandemonium there;
 So I curs'd them and spread my broad pillows
 in air,
 When less than a moment to Albion got over,
 Where the first I beheld, on the white cliffs of
 Dover,
 Apparently grieved and absorbed in deep
 thought,
 Was the very identical goddess I sought—
 After greetings, I said I was sorry to find
 That something appear'd to be troubling her
 mind:—

And, if 'twere not impertinent, I should be fain
 To know what could give an immortal such
 pain,—
 'Alas!' she replied, 'you can hardly believe
 The causes how manifold I have to grieve;
 For these Frenchmen, (may Anarchy cut all
 their throats!)
 For on her, the foul fiend, every fool of them
 does;—

When they sacrifice millions of my truest
 friends
 On the shrine of Ambition, to gain their own
 ends,—
 Till torrents of blood overflow all the land;
 It was I, they affirm, gave the dreadful com-
 mand.

Not a folly or crime that they choose to commit,
 But to me all the blame they are sure to trans-
 mit—
 But sooner shall chaos resume her old reign,
 And order return to confusion again,
 And Tyranny melt into softness, and hear
 When Justice brings dictates of truth to her ears;
 And sooner Sir ***** shall bow to sobriety—
 Forsake Epicurus for better society.

And when 'honour and glory point out to the
 brave,
 The death of the hero—the life of the slave;
 The grave where for ever fresh amaranth blows,
 And the tomb of the vile, where the baneful
 weed grows;

Then sooner shall Swinton* his courage forget,
 * A gentleman who, if firm loyalty, unsul-
 lied honour, approved bravery, and great util-

And, like a base recreant coward, retreat;
 Refuse for his country, her freedom and law—
 His sword, when most she requires it, to draw;
 That she blighted the laurels, hear infamy boast
 on—

Which bravely he won on the plains of Hindos-
 tan;

And sooner shall Health lead to tipple on brandy,
 And Reason be found in the head of a dandy;
 Old R— in eloquence equal Saint Paul;
 Grave pimps and grave statesmen forget to ca-
 bal;

A— abandon his bottle and wench,
 Than I think to live on such terms with the
 French.

So, Hermes, tell Jove what he heard: was a flam,
 That I'm here, and resolv'd to abide where I am.
 D. M.

Fine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF CHRIST'S AGONY.

'When shall we behold
 The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand,
 Aspire to ancient praise?'—AKENSIDE.

FROM Mr. Haydon's former picture of
 Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, though,
 as we at that time confessed, very deficient
 in many points necessary to constitute a
 perfect painting; we were, nevertheless,
 induced to hope, that every future work
 would, by raising him a step in the
 scale of excellence, at length promote
 him to a rank in his profession, if not
 the highest, at least not far removed
 from that superiority, which would en-
 rol him among the brightest orna-
 ments of British art. Shall we say,
 that upon his re-appearance before the
 public, we have found ourselves com-
 pletely deceived in that favourable
 judgment? We fear that such must
 be our acknowledgment, and we like-
 wise fear that succeeding performances
 will but contribute to sanction our
 second and severer sentence. That
 in this we may be again mistaken is our
 earnest, yet, alas! hopeless wish; and
 we can assure Mr. Haydon that if such
 superiority be possible, we shall hail
 the correction of that error with great-
 er joy than even the grief we now feel
 at the development of that deception
 under which we have hitherto been la-
 bouring; a development which has
 been effected by a sight of that pic-
 ture, on which it is now our painful du-
 ty to pass opinion. There was, per-
 haps, never a more glaring instance of
 perverted talent and of daring degener-
 ation, we might almost say, into men-
 tal distraction, than the principle upon
 which this subject has been conceived,
 and the execution which marks its
 tary skill and talents, were certain steps to high
 military rank, would not, after forty years' ac-
 tual service, be suffered to pine in obscurity on
 the miserable pittance of a colonel's half-pay,
 with the empty rank of major-general.—TRANS.

performance. The conception of the
 history is marked by a ridiculous and
 unreasonableness; and the meth-
 od in which that conception has been
 embodied is conspicuous for the at-
 most paucity of exertion, and, as far as
 appearances would lead us to believe,
 the greatest negligence which can be
 compatible with the desire of admira-
 tion. The artist seems to have passed
 that decision upon his own merits which
 he wished, and, therefore, expected it
 would be the decision of the public,
 to whose eyes he was about to submit
 his performance, not, however, in the
 hope of profiting by their opinions, or
 the wish of hearing those opinions pro-
 mulgated, but with all the confi-
 dence of one unused to censure, and
 untaught to calculate upon its proba-
 bility. This is not, however, the road
 to attain perfection, nor even to pre-
 serve the scale of merit already mount-
 ed; and the work, now unfortunately
 submitted to the eye of public criticism
 and to the voice of public judgment, is
 an egregious proof of the truth of that
 maxim, so frequently in the mouth of
 the late Emperor of France, and so
 happily illustrated by the occurrences of
 his life, 'that from the sublime to the
 ridiculous there is but a step.'

'The Agony,' under the pencil of
 Mr. Haydon, has been clothed in all
 the coarseness and vulgarity of the
 Dutch school, without its truth, its na-
 ture, or its vivacity; it glows with all
 the rich gorgeousness of colouring in
 the Venetian style, without the harmo-
 ny which combines and blends and
 chastens that glow in the works of a
 Titian or a Correggio; it strikes upon
 the soul with that wildness which
 astonishes us in the mighty conceptions
 of a Michael Angelo, without one
 spark of that sublimity which darts in-
 to the soul the electric force of an
 adoring awe, and which that transcen-
 dent genius alone knew how to draw
 down in its whole and undiminished
 strength.

All those high and ennobling reflec-
 tions, all those awful and soul-subduing
 imaginations, all those grateful and
 fervid feelings which should exalt, ag-
 grandise, and soften the spirit of the
 spectator at the sight of the Messiah in
 the heart-rending struggle between his
 mortal and immortal nature, are left
 unawakened, unthought of, and un-
 called for! while that solemn and im-
 posing scene which Imagination pre-
 sents to us at the recollection of 'the
 agony,' that agony which no human
 and no superhuman species, unless

combined in Christ, could support or even experience, has been treated in a way which no period of that wondrous life, even attended with less awful circumstances, nay, which no grand history of purely mortal agency would have warranted; the veil hardly to be touched by the highest mortal genius, has been rudely torn off, and, instead of the glorious aspirations of suffering Deity, we are shocked by a scene without sublimity or beauty, at which our wounded feelings will not allow us to smile, which our disgusted senses will not permit us to admire.

W. H. PARRY.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Sheridan's admirable comic opera of the *Duenna*, was performed at this theatre on Tuesday night, for the purpose of introducing Miss Wilson in the character of Clara. The *Duenna* is the best production of that species of opera invented by Mr. Addison, who combined sense with sound, and first introduced native music into our operas. It contains the very best of our Scotch and Irish airs, set by one of the most skilful composers of music. The harmony, melody, and expression arise from those strains which men of plain unadulterated taste do like, not from those which would be connoisseurs pretend to like. Instead of exciting surprise by mere execution, these delightful tunes please and interest the heart. Sheridan has certainly in this piece carried opera to the highest pitch of excellence which it has ever attained; for, independent of its musical attractions, the dialogue possesses more comic excellence than most comedies. Though less general and comprehensive in its satire than the *Beggar's Opera*, it is superior to it in brilliant wit, in distinctness and discrimination of characters, in appositeness of sentiment and language; besides, it far surpasses it in another view—it is totally unexceptionable in point of moral tendency. The characters in the *Duenna* are very strongly marked. Little Isaac is perhaps as humorous a portrait as ever has been presented, and the scenes between him and Margaret (the *Duenna*) are as comic as can well be conceived. Here is a great abundance of brilliant imagery and sterling wit, mixed with the most agreeable humour; and a better description of the shallow cunning of trivial minds is perhaps no where to be found than in the sly little Isaac.

The opera was, perhaps, never better cast than it was on the present occasion: for, in addition to the attractions of Miss Wilson as Clara, Braham was Carlos; Horn, Don Ferdinand; T. Cooke, Antonio; Munden, Don Jerome; Knight, Isaac; Mrs. Edwin the *Duenna*, and Miss Povey, Louisa. The part of Clara is much better suited to the powers of Miss Wilson than that of Rosetta, and she sustained the character admirably. She was encored in almost every song, and she gave some of them with a skill and execution which we have seldom heard, particularly 'Adieu thou dreary pile,' which was her greatest triumph. Braham, in whose praise eulogy is exhausted, gave 'Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,' and 'Just like Love,' which has been introduced, in inimitable style. Horn was very effective in Don Ferdinand, Munden pre-eminently ludicrous in Don Jerome, and Knight quite at home in the humour of Isaac Mendoza; but he made a Yorkshire Jew of him, perhaps to give an additional zest to the cunning of the Israelite. T. Cooke played well, and sung better in Don Antonio, and Mrs. Edwin made an excellent *Duenna*, although the play-bills inform us it was her first attempt at any character of that description. Nor must we forget Miss Povey, who, in Louisa, gave proofs of the rapid improvement she has made.

The Oratorio, on Wednesday night, was well attended, when the new grand Requiem was performed for the second time. A grand selection of ancient and modern music followed, with some pieces from Beethoven's *Battle Symphony*, which concluded with our national anthem, newly arranged with the accompaniment of thirteen harps, by M. Bochsa and his pupils.

COVENT GARDEN.—The *Stranger*, which has been as much censured and admired as any play that ever kept a footing on the stage, was performed at this theatre on Tuesday night. It has been objected to Kotzebue, that, as a dramatic writer, he always chose females seduced from the path of virtue for his heroines; that, in order to appear new and original, he built his plots upon eccentric and improbable events,—that he disfigured his style with sententious observations, full of false morality, and offended alike the conventional forms of civilized society and common decency. This is, indeed, a serious charge, and, if true, would be sufficient condemnation of his dramas; but the *Stranger* and *Lover's Vows* by

no means justify it. It was once, we believe, seriously proposed to Miss O'Neill, by a fastidious moralist, that it should not appear that Mrs. Haller had deviated from the path of virtue. This would certainly be like performing the tragedy of *Hamlet*, and leaving out the hero; for the whole interest of the character rests on the deep and sincere penitence which Mrs. Haller feels for her former guilt; and without entering into any lengthened disquisition on the morality of this play, we may safely observe, that we believe no woman would ever sin if she thought the transgression would be followed by the sufferings and repentance of Mrs. Haller.

The principal attraction of the evening, was the first appearance of Miss Dance, in the part of Mrs. Haller. This lady, of whom report had spoken very highly, possesses a good figure and a face capable of great expression. Her *debut* was a successful one, and she displayed talents of a very superior order, although she laboured under considerable agitation. In the interview with her husband and the children, she was particularly happy, and rendered this scene very affecting. Although it would scarcely be fair to decide from a first appearance, when the lady suffered much from her embarrassment, yet we may safely venture to say, that she possesses talents which, when matured by a little experience, will render her a very valuable acquisition to the stage. Mr. Charles Kemble sustained the character of the Stranger, and did we not know the chasteness of this actor, and the improvement which he still continues to make, we should have doubted his success. He soon, however, placed that out of all doubt; and strongly reminded us of his brother, to whom only he is second in the character. Miss Dance's performance was received throughout with much applause, and the play announced for repetition amidst continued cheering.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. Matthews's new entertainments attract crowded houses every evening. The two first parts are said to have been written by Mr. James Smith, one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses,' and the last part, that of the *Packet Boat*, has been written and produced by Mr. R. Peake, jun. of the treasury (not in Whitehall, but) at this theatre.

M. ALEXANDRE.—We have hitherto omitted to notice M. Alexandre, the

professor of ventriloquism, or vocal illusion, who, after astonishing the Duke and Duchess of Clarence and the world of fashion, at the Argyle Rooms, has been practising his *illusion* at the City of London Tavern, before the 'Lord Mayor and several distinguished personages.' This gentleman's ventriloquism, or we would rather call them *shiquivocal* talents, are, indeed, astonishing. He imitates old men and young maids, cats, dogs, and such 'small deer,' with astonishing precision; and he is able so to change his voice, as to make it appear at a considerable distance, or under circumstances of restraint. His conversation with a chimney-sweep, whose voice becomes weaker as he ascends the chimney, surpassed all the exhibitions of vocal illusion that we ever witnessed.

MISS MACAULEY.—This lady has commenced a course of theatrical entertainments, at the European Museum, King Street, St. James's, which has been recently fitted up as a theatre. The performances consist of recitations, serious and comic, of her own composition, and obtain much applause from fashionable and numerous audiences. Miss Macauley's excellence in tragic scenes has been long known to the public and generally admired,—and her comic talents may also be justly considered of the first class; but we are not disposed to pay the high eulogiums to her merits as a vocal performer so liberally bestowed upon her by the diurnal prints. We conceive it would be a great improvement in the evenings' amusement, were she to substitute for her songs her admirable readings.

We have received an account of a singular occurrence, that has excited considerable interest at Cadiz, and which does not appear to have attracted the attention of our journalists. Towards the end of December last, after a long succession of stormy weather, which had strewed the coast with wrecks, the hull of a large vessel was discovered on shore in Catalina Bay, Port Mary's, without any pre-appearance of the approach of a vessel in that direction, or any indication of one having been recently lost. It was, at first, supposed, that the vessel might have foundered in the vicinity of the Bay, and had been driven in by the violence of the weather; but, on examining her, to the general surprise, she was ascertained to be one of the French ships of war sunk in the memorable

battle of Trafalgar, so long back as the year 1805, and must, since the period of her immersion, have drifted beneath the sea, a distance of more than thirty miles.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

The 'Family Trunk,' No. V.; Londiniana, No. XVI, containing an Historical Account of the Inns of Court; and Portraits of Dissenting Ministers, in our next.

The favours of L. Eliza, O. F., and Alpheus, shall have early insertion.

The epithalamium of our Correspondent at Isleworth, is written with much humour, but it is too personal; and, therefore, cannot be inserted.

Errata, p. 170, col. 1, l. 4, for 'walls' read 'halls'; c. 2, l. 16 from bottom, for 'philosopher' read 'tugs'; p. 172, c. 1, l. 37, for 'tugs' read 'tugs'; p. 173, c. 3, l. 56, for 'eternal' read 'eternal'; p. 174, c. 1, l. 23, for 'deeply' read 'deeply'; l. 49, for 'way' read 'ray'; l. 51, for 'ray' read 'way'.

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Review of New Books.

*Letters to ***** on the Rev. W. L. Bowles' Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope.* By the Right Hon. Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 55. London, 1821.

ENTERTAINING a very implicit faith in the truth of the adage, that "those who play at bowls must expect rubbers," and not being so adventurous as the noble Lord Byron, who declares, in the motto he has adopted, that he will "play at bowls with the sun and moon," we have felt very little interest in what is called the Pope and Bowles controversy, on which so much ink has already been spilt. The question in dispute is the morality of Pope, which Mr. Bowles has impeached: Now, as the works of the poet are sufficiently numerous and well known, to enable every reader to judge of their morality, and as his personal character can now be of very little consequence, we think the Bowles' controversy a very uninteresting, if not a silly one. Perhaps the second motto, which Lord Byron has selected from Old Mortality, will sufficiently explain the pertinacity with which the disputants on both sides have adhered to their opinions. "My mistress's aid, and she has rather forgotten herself in speaking to my leddy, that canna weel bide to be contradickit, (as I ken naebodie likes it, if they could help themselves.)"

While the disputants, not liking to be 'contradickit,' have nearly exhausted their own ingenuity and the patience of their readers, a new champion enters the lists in defence of Pope, in the person of Lord Byron. The reason of the noble lord interfering is, that his name has been frequently referred to by all the disputants, in consequence of some very caustic remarks on Mr. Bowles, in that admirable satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." As these remarks contain much of his lordship's opinion on Pope, and are referred to in the course of the letter, we quote such passages from the satire as relate to Mr. Bowles:—

"Hail Sympathy! thy soft idea brings
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
The maudlin prince of mournful solitaires,
And art not thou their prince, harmonious
Bowles!"

Thou first great oracle of tender souls!
Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,
Or consolation in a yellow leaf;
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,
Or still in bells delighting, finds a friend
In every chime that jingled from Ostend?
Ah! how much juster were thy muse's harp,
If to thy bells thou would'st add but a cup!
Delightful BOWLES! still blessing and still
blest,

All love thy strain, but children like it best.
"Thine with gentle LITTLE's moral song,
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant years;
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
She quits poor BOWLES, for LITTLE's purer strain."

Now to soft times thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine:
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain!"
Such as none heard before, or will again;
Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
Since first the leaky ark repos'd in mud,
By more or less, are sung in every book,
From Captain NOAH down to Captain Cook.
Nor this alone, but pausing on the road,
The bard sighs forth a gentle episode;
And gravely tells—attend, each beauteous Miss!
When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
BOWLES! in thy memory, let this precept
dwell,

Stick to thy sonnets, man! at least they sell.
But if some new-born whim or larger bribe
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a
scribe,
"If chance some bard, though once by dunces
feard,
Now, prone in dust, can only be rev'd;

* See Bowles's Sonnets, &c.—"Sonnet to Oxford," and "Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Oxford."

† "Awake a louder, &c. &c. is the first line in Bowles's Spirit of Discovery;" a very spirited and pretty dwarf epic. Among other exquisite lines, we have the following:—

"A kiss
stole on the list'ning silence, never yet
Here heard; they trembled even as if the
power," &c. &c.

‡ That is, the words of Madeira trembled to a kiss, very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.

§ The episode above alluded to, is the story of "Robert a Machin" and "Anna d'Arlet," a pair of constant lovers who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woids of Madeira.

If Pope, whose fame and genius from the first have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst, Do thou essay; each fault, each failing scan; The first of poets was, alas! but man! Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl, Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll; Let all the scandals of a former age Perch on thy pen and flutter o'er thy page; Affect a candour which thou canst not feel, Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal; Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire, And do from hate what Mallet did for hire. Oh! had'st thou liv'd in that congenial time, To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme, Through'd with the rest around his living head, Not rais'd thy hoof against the lion dead, A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains, And limited thee to the Dunciad for thy pains!"

It appears, that at an interview Lord Byron had with Mr. Bowles, three years afterwards, in the house of "the last Argonaut of classic English poetry, and the Nestor of our inferior race of living poets," Mr. Rogers, Mr. Bowles complained of his lordship having said that he had made the woods of Madeira dance to a kiss. His lordship now makes the *amiable honorable*; and confesses he was wrong; but, after declaring his regret at the publication of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, he says, "the part which I regret least is that which regards Mr. Bowles, with reference to Pope." His lordship's letter is often too personal, and not sufficiently argumentative; and we cannot but regret, that his fine powers should for a moment be abstracted from the service of the muses, to mix in the literary dispute of Mr. Bowles and Octavius Gilchrist. One rather long extract contains the gist of his lordship's pamphlet. Speaking of his satire, he says,—

"Whilst I was writing that publication, in 1807 and 1808, Mr. Hobhouse was desirous that I should express our mutual opinion of Pope, and of Mr. Bowles's edifications of his works. As I had completed my outline, and felt lazy, I requested that he would do so. He did it. His fourteen lines on Bowles's Pope are in the first edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and are quite as severe and much more poetical than my own in the

* See Bowles's late edition of Pope's works, for which he received £300; thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to point by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own."

second. On reprinting the work, as I put my name to it, I omitted Mr. Hobhouse's lines, and replaced them with my own, by which the work gained less than Mr. Bowles. I have stated this in the preface to the second edition. It is many years since I have read that poem; but the Quarterly Review, Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, and Mr. Bowles himself, have been so obliging as to refresh my memory, and that of the public. I am grieved to say, that in reading over those lines, I repent of their having so far fallen short of what I meant to express upon the subject of Bowles's edition of Pope's Works. Mr. Bowles says, that "Lord Byron *knows* he does not deserve this character." I know no such thing. I have met Mr. Bowles, occasionally, in the best society in London; he appeared to me an amiable, well-informed, and extremely able man. I desire nothing better than to dine in company with such a mannered man every day in the week; but of "his character" I know nothing personally; I can only speak to his manners, and these have my warmest approbation. But I never judge from manners, for I once had my pocket picked by the civilist gentleman I ever met with; and one of the mildest persons I ever saw, was Ali Pacha. Of Mr. Bowles's "character," I will not do him the *injustice* to judge from the edition of Pope, if he prepared it heedlessly; nor the *justice*, should it be otherwise, because I would neither become a literary executioner nor a personal one. Mr. Bowles the individual, and Mr. Bowles the editor, appear the two most opposite things imaginable:—

"And he himself one — antithesis."

I won't say "vile," because it is harsh; nor "mistaken," because it has two syllables too many; but every one must fill up the blank as he pleases.

What I saw of Mr. Bowles, increased my surprise and regret that he should ever have lent his talents to such a task. If he had been a fool, there would have been some excuse for him; if he had been a needy or a bad man, his conduct would have been intelligible; but he is the opposite of all these,—and thinking and feeling as I do of Pope, to me the whole thing is unaccountable. However, I must call things by their right names. I cannot call his edition of Pope a "candid" work; and I still think that there is an affectation of that quality not only in those volumes, but in the pamphlets lately published:—

"Why yet he doth deny his prisoners."

Mr. Bowles says, that "he has seen passages in his letters to Martha Blount, which were never published by me, and I hope never will be by others; which are so gross as to imply the grossest licentiousness." Is this fair play? It may, or it may not be, that such passages exist; and that Pope, who was not a monk, although a catholic, may have occasionally sinned in word and deed with woman in

his youth; but is this a sufficient ground for such a sweeping denunciation? Where is the unmarried Englishman of a certain rank of life, who (provided he has not taken orders) has not to reproach himself, between the ages of sixteen and thirty, with far more licentiousness than has ever been traced to Pope? Pope lived in the public eye from his youth upwards; he had all the dunces of his own time for his enemies, and, I am sorry to say, some who have not the apology of dulness for detraction, since his death; and yet to what do all their accumulated hints and charges amount?—to an equivocal *liaison* with Martha Blount, which might arise as much from his infirmities as from his passions: to a hopeless flirtation with Lady Mary W. Montagu; to a story of Cibber's! and to two or three coarse passages in his works. Who could come forth clearer from an invidious inquest on a life of fifty-six years? Why are we to be officiously reminded of such passages in his letters, provided that they exist. Is Mr. Bowles aware to what such rummaging among "letters" and "stories" might lead? I have myself seen a collection of letters of another eminent, nay, pre-eminent, deceased poet, so abominably gross, and elaborately coarse, that I do not believe that they could be paralleled in our language. What is more strange is, that some of these are couched as *postscripts* to his serious and sentimental letters, to which are tacked either a piece of prose, or some verses, of the most hyperbolic indecency. He himself says, that if "obscenity, (using a much commoner word) be the sin against the Holy Ghost, he most certainly cannot be saved." These letters are in existence, and have been seen by many besides myself; but would his editor have been "candid" in even alluding to them? Nothing would have even provoked me, an indifferent spectator, to allude to them, but this further attempt at the depreciation of Pope.

What should we say to an editor of Addison, who cited the following passage from Walpole's letters to George Montagu? "Dr. Young has published a new book, &c. Mr. Addison sent for the young Earl of Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die; unluckily, he died of brandy: nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath where you are." Suppose the editor introduced it with this preface: "One circumstance is mentioned by Horace Walpole, which, if true, was indeed *flagitious*. Walpole informs Montagu that Addison sent for the young Earl of Warwick, when dying, to shew him in what peace a Christian could die; but, unluckily, he died drunk, &c. &c." Now, although there might occur on the subsequent, or on the same page, a faint show of disbelief, seasoned with the expression of "the same candour," (the same exactly as throughout the book,) I should say that this editor was either foolish or

false to his trust; such a story ought not to have been admitted, except for one brief mark of crushing indignation, unless it were *completely proved*. Why the words "if true"—that "if" is not a peace-maker. Why talk of "Cibber's testimony" to his licentiousness? To what does this amount? that Pope, when very young, was once decoyed by some nobleman and the player, to a house of carnal recreation. Mr. Bowles was not always a clergyman; and when he was a very young man, he never seduced into as much? If I were in the humour for story-telling, and relating little anecdotes, I could tell a much better story of Mr. Bowles than Cibber's, upon much better authority, viz. that of Mr. Bowles himself. It was not related by him in my presence, but in that of a third person, whom Mr. Bowles names oftener than once in the course of his replies. This gentleman related it to me as a humorous and witty anecdote; and so it was, whatever its other characteristics might be. But should I, for a youthful frolic, brand Mr. Bowles with a "libertine sort of love," or with "licentiousness?" Is he less now a pious or a good man, for not having always been a priest? No such thing; I am willing to believe him a good man, almost as good a man as Pope, but no better.

The truth is, that in these days the grand "*primum mobile*" of England is *cant*; cant political, cant poetical, cant religious, cant moral; but always *cant*, multiplied through all the varieties of life. It is the fashion, and while it lasts, will be too powerful for those who can only exist by taking the tone of the times. I say *cant*, because it is a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon human actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided amongst themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this verbal decorum. This hysterical horror of poor Pope's not very well ascertained, and never fully proved amours, (for even Cibber owns that he prevented the somewhat perilous adventure in which Pope was embarking,) sounds very virtuous in a controversial pamphlet; but all men of the world who know what life is, or at least what it was to them in their youth, must laugh at such a ludicrous foundation of the charge of "a libertine sort of love;" while the more serious will look upon those who bring forward such charges upon an insulated fact, as fanatics or hypocrites, perhaps both. The two are sometimes compounded in a happy mixture.

Mr. Octavius Gilchrist speaks rather irreverently of a "second tumbler of hot white-wine negus." What does he mean? Is there any harm in negus? or is it the worst for being hot? or does Mr. Bowles drink negus? I had a better opinion of him. I hoped that whatever wine he drank was neat; or at least, that like the ordinary in Jonathan Wild, "he preferred punch,

the rather as there was nothing against it in Scripture." I should be sorry to believe that Mr. Bowles was fond of negro; it is such a "candid" liquor, so like a winy-washy compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water. But different writers have divers tastes. Judge Blackstone composed his "Commentaries," (he was a poet, too, in his youth,) with a bottle of port before him. Addison's conversation was not good for much till he had taken a similar dose. Perhaps the prescription of these two great men was not inferior to the very different one of a *soi-disant* poet of this day, who, after wandering amongst the hills, returns, goes to bed, and dictates his verses, being fed by a bystander with bread and butter during the operation.

In a defence of Mr. Campbell's 'Ship of the Line,' from an attack of Mr. Bowles, who asserts, that it derives all its poetry, not from 'art,' but from 'nature,' his lordship has the following beautiful passage:—

'I look upon myself as entitled to talk of naval matters, at least to poets;—with the exception of Walter Scott, Moore, and Southey, perhaps, who have been voyagers, I have *exam* more miles than all the rest of them together now living ever sailed, and have lived for months and months on ship board; and, during the whole period of my life abroad, have scarcely ever passed a month out of sight of the ocean; besides being brought up from two years till ten on the brink of it. I recollect, when anchored off Cape Sigeeum, in 1810, in an English frigate, a violent squall coming on, at sunset, so violent as to make us imagine that the ship would part cable, or drive from her anchorage. Mr. Hobhouse and myself, and some officers, had been up the Dardanelles to Abydos, and were just returned in time. The aspect of a storm in the Archipelago is as poetical as need be, the sea being particularly short, dashing, and dangerous, and the navigation intricate and broken by the isles and currents. Cape Sigeeum, the tumuli of the Troad, Lemnos, Tenedos, all added to the association of the time. But what seemed the most "poetical" of all at the moment, were the numbers, (about two hundred,) of Greek and Turkish craft, which were obliged to "cut and run" before the wind, from their unsafe anchorage, some for Tenedos, some for other isles, some for the main, and some it might be for eternity. The sight of these little scudding vessels, darting over the foam in the twilight, now appearing and now disappearing between the waves in the cloud of night, with their peculiarly white sails, (the Levant sails not being of "coarse canvas," but of white cotton), skimming along so quickly, but less safely than the sea-monsters which hovered over them; their evident distress, their reduction to flut-
tering specks in the distance, their crowded confusion, their littleness, as contend-

ing with the giant element, which made our stout forty-four's *teak* timbers, (she was built in India,) creak again; their aspect and their motion, all struck me as something far more "poetical" than the mere broad, hawling, shipless sea, and the sullen winds, could possibly have been without them.

'The Euxine is a noble sea to look upon, and the port of Constantinople the most beautiful of harbours, and yet I cannot but think that the twenty sail of the line, some of one hundred and forty guns, rendered it more "poetical" by day in the sun, and by night, perhaps, still more; for the Turks illuminate their vessels of war in a manner the most picturesque, and yet all this is artificial. As for the Euxine, I stood upon the Symplegades—I stood by the broken altar still exposed to the winds, upon one of them—I felt all the "poetry" of the situation, as I repeated the first lines of Medea; but would not that "poetry" have been heightened by the *Argo*? It was so even by the appearance of any merchant vessel arriving from Odessa.'

Mr. Bowles often compares Pope with Cowper. Lord Byron contrasts them with too much severity on the latter. After saying that 'Cowper is no poet,' and contrasting the translation of Homer by the two authors—poets, we must not call them both, it appears,—although few persons but his lordship will deny the title to Cowper, he proceeds:—

'And now that we have heard the Catholic reproached with envy, duplicity, licentiousness, avarice—what was the Calvinist? He attempted the most atrocious crimes in the Christian code, viz. suicide—and why? Because he was to be examined whether he was fit for an office which he seems to wish to have made a sinecure. His connexion with Mrs. Unwin was pure enough, for the old lady was devout, and he was deranged; but why, then, is the infirm and elderly Pope to be reproved for his connexion with Martha Blount; Cowper was the almoner of Mrs. Throgmorton; but Pope's charities were his own, and they were noble and extensive, far beyond his fortune's warrant. Pope was the tolerant yet steady adherent of the most bigoted of sects; and Cowper the most bigoted and despondent sectary that ever anticipated damnation to himself and others. Is this harsh? I know it is, and I do not assert it as my opinion of Cowper personally, but to show what might be said, with just as great an appearance of truth and candour, as all the odium which has been accumulated upon Pope in similar speculations. Cowper was a good man, and lived at a fortunate time for his works.'

His lordship is a much more enthusiastic admirer of Pope than we should have expected. He says,—

'The attempt of the poetical populace

of the present day to obtain an ostracism against Pope, is as easily accounted for as the Athenian's shell against Arisides; they are tired of hearing him always called "the Just." They are also fighting for life? for if he maintains his station, they will reach their own, by falling. They have raised a mosque by the side of a Grecian temple, of the purest architecture; and, more barbarous than the barbarians from whose practice I have borrowed the figure, they are not contented with their own grotesque edifice, unless they destroy the prior and purely beautiful fabric which preceded, and which shames them and theirs for ever and ever. I shall betold, that amongst those I have been (or it may be, still am) conspicuous—true, and I am ashamed of it. I have been amongst the builders of this Babel, attended by a confusion of tongues, but never amongst the envious destroyers of the classic temple of our predecessor. I have loved and honoured the fame and name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of the crowd of "schools" and upstarts, who pretend to rival, or even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better that all which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should—

'Line trunks, clothe spice, or, fluttering in a row,
Beside the rails of Bedlam or Soho!"

'There are those who will believe this, and those who will not. You, sir, know how far I am sincere, and whether my opinion, not only in the short work intended for publication, and in private letters which can never be published, has or has not been the same. I look upon this as the declining age of English poetry; no regard for others, no selfish feeling, can prevent me from seeing this, and expressing the truth. There can be no worse sign for the taste of the time than the depreciation of Pope. It would be better to receive for proof Mr. Cobbett's rough but strong attack upon Shakespeare and Milton, than to allow this smooth and "candid" undermining of the reputation of the most perfect of our poets, and the purest of our moralists. Of his power in the *passions*, in description, in the mock heroic, I leave others to descant. I take him on his strong ground, as an ethical poet: in the former none excel; in the mock heroic and the ethical, none equal him; and, in my mind, the latter is the highest of all poetry, because it does that in *verse*, which the greatest of men have wished to accomplish in prose. If the essence of poetry must be a *lie*, throw it to the dogs, or banish it from your republic, as Plato would have done. He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom, is the only true "poet" in its real sense, "the maker," "the creator"—why must this mean the "liar," the "feigner," the "tale teller?" A man

may make and create better things than these.

'I shall not presume to say that Pope is as high a poet as Shakespeare and Milton, though his enemy, Warton, places him immediately under them. I would no more say this than I would assert in the mosque (once Saint Sophia's), that Socrates was a greater man than Mahomet. But if I say that he is very near them, it is no more than has been asserted of Burns, who is supposed—

"To rival all but Shakespeare's name below."

'I say nothing against this opinion. But of what "order," according to the poetical aristocracy, are Burns's poems? There are his *opus magnum*, "Tam O'Shanter," a tale, the Cotter's Saturday Night, a descriptive sketch; some others in the same style; the rest are songs. So much for the rank of his productions; the rank of Burns is the very first of his art. Of Pope I have expressed my opinion elsewhere, as also of the effect which the present attempts at poetry have had upon our literature. If any great national or natural convulsion could or should overwhelm your country in such sort, as to sweep Great Britain from the kingdoms of the earth, and leave only that, after all the most living of human things, a *dead language*, to be studied and read, and imitated by the wise of future and far generations, upon foreign shores; if your literature should become the learning of mankind, divested of party cabals, temporary fashions, and national pride and prejudice; an Englishman, anxious that the posterity of strangers should know that there had been such a thing as a British epic and tragedy, might wish for the preservation of Shakespeare and Milton; but the surviving world would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people. He is the moral poet of all civilization; and as such, let us hope that he will one day be the national poet of mankind. He is the only poet that never shocks; the only poet whose *faultlessness* has been made his reproach. Cast your eye over his productions; consider their extent and contemplate their variety: pastoral, passion, mock heroic, translation, satire, ethics,—all excellent and often perfect. If his great charm be *melody*, how comes it that foreigners adore him even in their diluted translations?

Such a testimony as that of Lord Byron is not of slight value, but even it will fail in reconciling the disputants respecting Pope, for some of them would not be persuaded, though one arose from the dead. In conclusion, we must observe, that although there is much smartness and much truth in his lordship's letter; yet, that it will not add one iota to his literary reputation, which has been acquired by his poetical genius, and which must, by that alone, be maintained.

A Narrative of Travels in Northern Africa, in the Years 1818, 19, and 20, &c. &c. By Captain G. F. Lyon, R. N.

(Continued from p. 180.)

In our last, we left Captain Lyon and Mr. Ritchie preparing for the journey to Morzouk, which, in company with Mohammed el Mukni, they commenced on the 22nd of March, 1819. Nothing very particular occurred until the party arrived at Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan, which they reached in thirty-nine days from the time of their departure from Tripoli. On entering the town, the soldiers ran up a very broad street, firing and shouting, whilst the women uttered their shrill cry. On passing a large open space before they reached the castle and walls surrounding it, they were saluted from two six pounders. Nothing could be more fortunate than their travelling with the Sultan, who had hitherto shown them every attention. They always partook of his meals when in the towns; and, on the journey, they appeared to have fared alike. The author, in the account of their progress, says,—

'Our travelling pace was a walk of the horses, which generally got considerably in advance of the camels. At noon, or about that time, if we could find a tree, we stopped under it? if not, we sat under the shadow of our horses. The Sultan was grand victualler, and generally produced a bag of bread or dates, or the remains of his dinner of the day before. Each one then had a portion, not sufficient to be called a dinner, but to break his fast; and after eating, and drinking a few mouthfuls of water, stretched himself out, and slept until the camels came up; the party then mounted and rode on. These rests were very refreshing to the men and horses; but the loaded camels never made any stop, neither did the poor Negroes, who, with their wives and even little children, plodded on the whole day, over a burning soil, sometimes for twenty, and often for sixteen hours, whenever want of water made a forced march necessary. Several of the smallest of the black children, though probably not more than four or five years of age, walked for many hours with great strength in the early part of the day, having but a few rags to cover them, and when unable to proceed further were put on the camels for the remainder of the day. One of our party, a poor old man, totally blind, arrived safe at Morzouk, from Tripoli. He had walked all the way over the rocks and plains, led by his wife, and was kept alive by the hope of once more hearing the voices of his countrymen.

'When we stopped for the night, it was generally so contrived that we should

lie in some spot where bushes might be found for the camels to browse upon; but even though there might be no wood or herbage, a wadey was always preferred, as more sheltered. Our tents were pitched, if the ground was sufficiently soft to admit the pegs, and our bulwarks and chests so placed, as to form a shelter for those who had no tents; affording a bulwark against the wind and sand. The little resistance offered by any intervening objects to the winds of the desert, renders them very powerful, and the stillness of the night, in blowing weather, is particularly awful. The tents are no sooner pitched, than the camels are turned out to feed on the thin and scattered bushes, and parties go to collect wood; the horses are hobbled, watered from the skins, and then fed. Should there be no wood, camels' dung is an excellent substitute, as it burns like peat, and forms a very glowing fire. A hole is dug in the ground, and three stones so placed, as to support the little copper pot. Cuscusou, or Bazeen, is then prepared. The Sultaneses are no contemptible cooks, and they made, every evening, an excellent supper for their master. When no fire is to be had, zumeeta is prepared with water and oil, and so eaten. We usually managed, in an evening, to make a little coffee, of which Mukni always came and partook; and, as soon as he left the tent, his slaves and people generally succeeded him, wishing also to taste some.'

While at Morzouk, Mr. Ritchie and our author went to the Mosque, where they went through the religious ceremonies very well:—

'Morzouk is a walled town, containing about two thousand five hundred inhabitants, who are blacks, and who do not, like the Arabs, change their residence. The walls are of mud, having round buttresses, with loopholes for musketry, rudely built, but sufficiently strong to guard against attack: they are about fifteen feet in height, and at the bottom eight feet in thickness, tapering, as all walls in this country do, towards the top. The town has seven gates, four of which are built up in order to prevent the people escaping when they are required to pay their duties. A man is appointed by the Sultan to attend each of these gates, day and night, lest any slaves or merchandise should be smuggled into the town. The people, in building the walls and houses, fabricate a good substitute for stones, (which are not to be found in these parts), by forming clay into balls, which they dry in the sun, and use with mud as mortar; the walls are thus made very strong; and, as rain is unknown, durable also. The houses, with very few exceptions, are of one story, and those of the poorer sort receive all their light from the doors: these are so low, as to require stooping nearly double to enter them; but the large houses have a capacious

outer door, which is sufficiently well contrived, considering the bad quality of the wood that composes them. Thick palm planks, of four or five inches in breadth, (for the size and manner of cutting a tree will not afford more,) have a square hole punched through them at the top and bottom, by which they are firmly wedged together, with thick palm sticks; wet thongs of camels' hide are then tied tightly over them, which, on drying, draw the planks more strongly and securely together. There are no hinges to the doors; but they turn on a pivot, formed on the last plank near the wall, which is always the largest on that account. The locks and keys are very large and heavy, and of curious construction. The houses are generally built in little narrow streets; but there are many open spaces, entirely void of buildings, and covered with sand, on which the camels of the traders remain.

There are several pools of stagnant salt water in Morzouk, which contribute to the summer fevers and agues, which are so prevalent. Mr. Ritchie and Captain Lyon were taken ill, their stock of money was all expended, and the Sultan's treacherous plans now began to be apparent. For six weeks they were without animal food, subsisting on a very scanty portion of corn and dates. All their professed friends forsook them when they discovered their poverty; for—

'Who to th' unfortunate will kind appear—
The wretched are unwelcome every where.'

Many parties of the Tuaurick tribes came with their slaves and goods to Morzouk, while our travellers were there. Captain Lyon says,—

'They are the finest race of men I ever saw; tall, straight, and hand-some, with a certain air of independence and pride, which is very imposing. They are generally white, that is to say, comparatively so; the dark brown of their complexions only being occasioned by the heat of the climate. Their arms or bodies, (where constantly covered), are as white as those of many Europeans. Their costume is very remarkable, and they cover their faces as high as the eyes, in the manner of women on the sea-coast. Their original motive for so doing is now forgotten; but they say it must be right, as it was the fashion of their forefathers. This covering extends as high as half way up the bridge of the nose, from whence it hangs down below the chin on the breast, much in the same way (but longer) as crape or lace is hung to a lady's half mask. This cloth is generally of blue glazed cotton; but yellow, red, white, and many other colours are worn according to taste, or the ability of the wearer to purchase them. The beard is kept close clipped, so as not to interfere with the covering which is tied behind; their red caps are

generally very high, but some wear yellow or green ones, fitted close to the head: others have no caps at all, but leave their hair to grow, and plait it in long tresses. All wear turbans, which are never of any fixed colour: blue is the most common and cheap; but gaudy hues are preferred. A large loose shirt (having the sleeves the same size as the body), called *Tobe*, is the common dress; it is of cotton, generally blue or blue and white, and is of their own manufacture, although some wear those of Souidan, which are considered the best that are made. The merchants generally dress very gaudily while in the towns, wearing kaftans of bright red cloth, or very gay silk and cotton striped, which they procure from the Tripoline traders. A leather kaftan is also much worn, of their own manufacture, as are leather shirts of the skins of antelopes, very neatly sewed, and well prepared. Their trowsers are not made so full as those of the Moors, as they would in that case be much encumbered in riding their maherries: they rather resemble those called Cossack trowsers, and are made of cotton stuff, dark blue being the most common. Their sandals are the most elegant part of their dress, being made of black leather, with scarlet thongs to brace them to the feet. The ornamental needle-work on the inside of the sole is really admirable. They all wear a whip, hanging from the belt passed over the left shoulder by the right side. Their swords are straight and of great length, and they wield them with much ease and dexterity. From the left wrist is suspended a dagger, with the hilt towards the hand; it has a broad leather ring attached to the scabbard, and through this the hand is passed. No Tuaurick is ever seen without this appendage, and a light elegant spear, sometimes entirely of iron, inlaid with brass: others are of wood, but are also highly ornamented. These weapons are about six feet in length, and are thrown to a great distance. In making war, they have three longer and heavier spears, and a strong lance, which are fastened behind the saddle. A long gun is also generally carried; and these people are considered sure marksmen. They are, if possible, more superstitious than the natives of Fezzan; some of them being literally covered with charms against disorders and accidents, which they wear round their arms, legs, necks, across the breast, and, in fact, wherever they can find a place for them. Their spears and guns have also their due allowance, and in the folds of the turbans are always hidden a number of holy writings. Some wear large silver cases tied round the head, containing charms against the devil. Their language is the Berber, or original African tongue, still spoken in the mountains behind Tunis, in some parts of Morocco, and at Socka, where it is called *Ertana*. On a future occasion, I shall give a small vocabulary of it. They are very proud of the antiquity of their

language, which some have told me was spoken by Noah, in preference to any other. They never kiss the hand as other Mohammedans do, not even that of the Sultan himself, but advance, and, taking the hand, shake it, and then retire, standing erect, and looking him full in the face—a striking contrast of manners to that of the natives of Fezzan. No people have more aversion to washing than the Tuaurick generally have; some, after having equipped themselves in a new suit of blue, become so stained for a time as to appear of the same complexion as their garments. Even in performing their necessary purifications, which require that a man should wash in a particular way before his prayers, they avoid water, and make use of sand. Many attempts were made by us to discover the reason why they kept themselves in such a dirty state; but, to all our inquiries, we obtained nearly the same answers: "God never intended that man should injure his health, if he could avoid it: water having been given to man to drink, and cook with, it does not agree with the skin of a Tuaurick, who always falls sick after much washing." There are some, however, who do wash, and ridicule the dirty ones; but these are comparatively few.'

Our travellers gained great reputation and skill in medicine, and they were consulted by the halt, the lame, and the blind. The Sultan's own women wore continually little bottles, for something to cause them to bear children, and their emissaries sometimes whispered, whether it was a boy or a girl that was desired:—

'Purgatives were always despised in comparison with emetics. The allowance, which would suffice for a strong European, took no effect with them; but when a double dose was given, it pleased so much, that many requests were made for "just such another dose as was given to such a one, which made him so sick that he almost died." The prevalent disorder, when a man wanted medicine for novelty's sake, was being "ill all over."'

The Arabs were not singular in this, for we suspect that there are many excellent patients in England, who can give no better an explanation of their complaints than that of being 'ill all over,' and devour medicine also with as much avidity.

The Arabs have a most contemptible opinion of the Negroes, and believe, most religiously, that they were only created for their service. When at Hoon, a boy asked our travellers, if they were not going to collect slaves, and was answered, that they looked on slavery with horror. At this he expressed great contempt, exclaiming, 'd—n their fathers, the asses,' a common oath among the people, what

are they made for but to serve us? go then and take them, for they are Kafirs, and we cannot do without them.' When at Morzouk, a large kafflé of Arabs, Tripolines, and Tibboos, arrived from Bornou, with fourteen hundred slaves, mostly women, who were worn to skeletons by fatigue and hardships:—

'All the traders speak of slaves as farmers do of cattle. Those recently brought from the interior were fattening, in order that they might be able to go on to Tripoli, Benghazi, or Egypt: thus a distance of sixteen hundred or eighteen hundred miles is to be traversed, from the time these poor creatures are taken from their homes, before they can be settled; whilst in the interior they may, perhaps, be doomed to pass through the hands of eight or ten masters, who treat them well or ill, according to their pleasure. These devoted victims fondly hoping that each new purchaser may be the last, find, perhaps, that they have again to commence a journey equally long and dreary with the one they have just finished, under a burning sun, with new companions, but with the same miseries.

'The females are always considered as bearing fatigue much better than the males; perhaps, because their small allowance of food and water more easily suffices them. I have always observed that the men were more miserable in their appearance, and walked with more difficulty than the women.'

We pass over our author's conjectures as to the Niger, as they are not sufficiently explicit to entitle them to much reliance; nor are his opinions as to Mungo Park more satisfactory. We have, however, an interesting notice relating to Tombuctoo*, which is about ninety days' journey from Morzouk. These particulars were gathered by the author from the slaves and the slave merchants:—

'From the account given by mer-

* Robert Adams, the shipwrecked sailor, gives a more minute description of Tombuctoo; which Captain Lyon's account does not go far to confirm. Adams says,—'Tombuctoo is situated on a level plain, having a river about two hundred yards from the town, on the south-east side, named *Le Mar Zerek*. The town appeared to Adams to cover as much ground as Lisbon. He is unable to give any idea of the number of its inhabitants; but, as the houses are not built in streets, or with any regularity, its population, compared with that of European towns, is by no means in proportion to its size. It has no walls, nor any thing resembling fortification. The houses are square, built of sticks, clay, and grass, with flat roofs of the same materials. The rooms are all on the same ground, and are without any articles of furniture, except earthen jars, wooden bowls, and mats made of grass, upon which the people sleep. He did not observe any houses, or any other buildings, constructed of stone.'—REV.

chants, it appears that it is not so large a town as has been imagined; and, indeed, some agree in saying, that it is not more extensive than Morzouk. It is walled; the houses are very low, and, with the exception of one or two small streets, are built irregularly. Huts of mats seem to be in greater numbers than the houses.

'The merchants to whom I suggested the idea, generally agreed with me, that the immense population which is said to exist there, may be thus accounted for. Many of the kaffles from Morocco, Ghadams, Tripoli, and the Negro States along the banks of the Nil, are obliged to remain there during the rainy season, or until their goods are sold. During their stay, they find it necessary to build huts or houses, to shelter themselves and their merchandise. These buildings are got up in a few days; and thus, perhaps, ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants may, in the course of a month, be added to the population, which occasions Tombuctoo to be thought an immense town by those who are only there at the same time as other strangers; but when the causes which detain the travellers cease, the place appears (what in reality it is said to be) insignificant. Thus it is that the accounts of it differ so much.

'Kabra, which is its port, is situated south of it about twelve miles, and a person on foot may easily walk to and return from it in a day. It is, more properly, a collection of store-houses than a town; the few people residing there being employed to take care of the cargoes of vessels. Large boats from Jenne come and unload at this place. The river, called Goulbi, or Nil (the former name is Soudan, merely a generic term for all waters, and by no means applicable to the Niger alone), is here very broad, and flows slowly past from the westward. Many people agree in saying, that in the dry season, a camel may pass over it without swimming; but after the rains, it becomes very deep, rapid, and dangerous.

'Tombuctoo is governed by a King, or Sultan, who has but little power. The people are all blacks, and dress like the natives of many parts of Soudan; the better class in shirts and trousers, while the poorer order are nearly naked. Gold, cotton clothes, leather, and arms, are the principal manufactures of Tombuctoo and the surrounding villages.'

'The King of Tombuctoo is an old man, named Kaoo, which, I believe, means governor or master; his wife is an old woman, and he has many concubines. The Sultanship is hereditary.—Tombuctoo is distant from Downa, a large town or district on the banks of the Nil, one day and a half east. Arowan is north of the city seven days, and is a place of consequence. Ezawen is east twenty days, and is also a large town. Taudenny, from whence the large kaffles, who bring rock salt, come annually, is twenty-four days north of Tombuctoo. Telemsei, which is twelve days north of the latter, or

indeed half-way to Taudenny, is remarkable for a desert, having no water for ten days; thence, called Asheria, Mahrook is three days north of this place, ten days south of Taudenny, seven days east of Arowan, and eighteen days south of Awief, in Tuat.

'Sala is a place three days from Tombuctoo, on the Nil to the eastward.

'The Nil, Goulbi, Joliba, or Kattagum, runs from Tombuctoo, through Melli, in the country of the Fellata; thence to Kebbi, which is three days north of Noody; past this place or country, it runs to Yaowri, which is seven days east; from thence to Fendah, a Fellata country, S. W. of Kashna, which latter kingdom it passes at thirteen days south of the capital. It again makes its appearance at Kattagum, four days W. S. W. of the capital of Bornou, where it runs into a lake, called the Tsadi. Beyond this lake, a large river runs through Baghermee, and is called the Gambarro and Kamalakoo; the word Nil being also used for the same stream.—Thus far are we able to trace the Nil, and all other accounts are merely conjectural. All agree, however, that by one route or other, these waters join the great Nile of Egypt, to the southward of Dongola.'

Of the females of Soudan and Bornou, our author gives the following account:—

'The women of Soudan are much famed for their singing. They accompany themselves on a little instrument made of a gourd, with a skin stretched over it like a drum, having a handle and one string, which is played by a bow made with horse-hair. This instrument is called *erbab*. Their other instruments are drums, bagpipes, rattle cymbals, and a long gourd called *Zantoo*, which has a hole at each end, and is beaten against the calf of the leg, and stopped quickly by the hand.

'The women of Bornou have not so many attractions as those of Soudan. They are neither so handsome, well formed, clean, nor good-tempered; and, in consequence, the slaves from the latter country bring much higher prices. The costume of the women of both these places is very remarkable, particularly in the manner of dressing their hair: those of Soudan stretching it over a high pad raised like a helmet, and the Bornou girls plaiting it in some instances close to the head, and in others, letting it hang down like little bobbins. They wear a large shirt of cotton, or striped silk, and a wrapper in the form of a petticoat, called *zench*. Their silver ear-rings, bracelets, and anklets, form a very pretty contrast with their jetty skins. In their own countries they wear no shirts, but a long wrapper tied over the breasts and under the arms.'

The *soirées* of the natives of Morzouk (we beg our fashionable readers

parlour for applying this favourite phrase to an assembly of Arabs) afforded our author some little recreation :—

‘The people who formed these parties were generally of the lower class, although I once detected amongst them the religious old Kadi himself, in a state very far from sober, and listening to a woman playing the erbab : but I found, by occasionally mixing with them, that I became better acquainted with their language and customs, which I knew would be of essential advantage as I proceeded southward. I also acquired many friends who, as far as their power extended, were of much assistance to me. Mohammed descended to join in the dances, becoming always very much intoxicated, and I frequently remained the only sober person amongst them ; so that I was able to make observations, and to be much amused by my companions. As on all these occasions we were with closed doors, in an open court, the women placed to us on the erbab, and really produced a very pleasing, though a wild melody : their songs were pretty and plaintive, and generally in the Soudan language, which is very musical.

‘At some of our parties, a woman sang a song, which she said was much admired by the brother of the last Sultan, whose name was Sidi Montezor ; and from certain expressions in it, I discovered that it was the same mentioned by Horneiman ; and, what was singular enough, it was sung by the same woman : she recollected Wat-traveler, as having often been at the castle when she performed there. Some of these songs abound with poetical images ;—for example, a lover will compare his mistress to a young date just ripened ; the jetty hue of her skin, to the wing of a raven ; her teeth to pearls ; her eyes to the sun ; and her breath to the atar of roses ; her words to musk ; her voice to the erbab ; and her kisses to honey, or the sugar brought from Egypt. The Arab songs are also very pretty, and generally in the same style. A young man once took much pains to teach me one ; composed, as he said, by a relation of his own. He sang it, as is the Arab custom, in a voice low and monotonous, though far from disagreeable. The hero of the piece is one of the Waled Suliman ; he is riding to see a girl whom he admires, but who belongs to another tribe.—As nearly as I can recollect, the words ran thus :—

‘Here I am, well mounted, on a horse whose ears are like pens, who runs like an antelope, and knows none but his master. My new red cap becomes me well ; my sword is sharp, my pistols well cleaned, and my belt shines in the sun. As the heat of a pigeon beats when she finds she is robbed of her young, so will my love’s heart beat when she sees me. She will not allow the dog to bark, and she will leave the tent as if in search of

wood. Should her kinsmen see her with me, she shall not fall under their displeasure. I will lift her on my horse, and fly with her ; for my steed has ears like pens, he runs like an antelope, and knows none but his master. My new tagia becomes me well ; my sword is sharp, my pistols clean, and my belt shines in the sun.”

‘The natives have a variety of dances, of which two or three are peculiar to the country. The parties assemble on the sands, in the dusk of the evening, when a number of young men and women range themselves side by side, and dance to the sound of drums, to which they keep very good time. The men have a rude kind of iron cymbal in each hand, which opens and shuts : this they beat in the manner of castanets ; both sexes singing at the same time in chorus. The movements consist in stepping forward, the whole line at once, at a particular turn of the tune, as if to catch something with their two hands, which they hold out ; they balance themselves a short time on the advanced foot, and then step back, turning half round, first to one side and then the other. The whole line then moves slowly, in a circle, round the musicians who form the centre, and who all join in the dance.

‘There is nothing improper or immodest in this exhibition ; but, on the contrary, from its slowness and the regularity of its movements, it is extremely pleasing and elegant. Another dance is performed by women only, who form a circle round the drummers, and occasionally sing a lively chorus ; one advances, and with her arms extended, foots it to and from the drummers, two or three times, until a change of tune, when she runs quickly backwards, and falls flat down. The women behind are ready to receive her, and by a jerk of their arms, throw her again upright ; on which, she once more turns round, and resumes her place, leaving the one next in succession to her to go through the same movements, all of which are performed in the most just time ; the whole party occasionally enlivening the music, by their shrill and extraordinary cry of joy. The dancing in the houses is not quite so pleasing as that in public, and as for decency it is quite out of the question ; no man or woman standing up, unless to throw themselves into a variety of indelicate postures. The male slaves have many dances, in which great activity and exertion are requisite. One consists in dancing in a circle, each man armed with a stick ; they all move, first half and then quite round, striking, as they turn, the sticks of those on each side of them, and then jumping off the ground as high as they can. Another is performed by boys, and they have no drum, but keep chorus, by singing in a particular manner, *La ilah il’Alla*. “There is no God but God.”

Mr. Ritchie, who had scarcely enjoyed a day’s good health during the

journey, died on the 20th of November :—

‘Belford, as well as he was able, hastened to form a rough coffin out of our chests ; and a sad and painful task it was. The washers of the dead came to us to perform their melancholy office, and Mr. Ritchie’s body was washed, perfumed, and rubbed with camphor ; and I procured some white linen, with which the grave-clothes were made. During our preparations for the burial, the women, who are always hired to cry at the death of persons whose friends are able to pay them, proposed to perform that disgusting office in our house ; but I would not allow it, and very unceremoniously shut the door against them. While I was out of sight, either our servant or some of our officious visitors stole several of our effects, and I clearly saw that we were now considered as lawful plunder. The coffin being completed, I hired men to carry it with ropes, but one of them having suddenly gone away, poor Belford was obliged to take his place ; and then, attended by our small party of Mamalukes, we proceeded at a quick pace to the grave, at about ten o’clock. The clay below the sand was white, which was considered as a good omen ; and Belford and myself threw the first earth into the grave. During the night we had, unknown to the people, read our Protestant burial service over the body ; and now publicly recited the first chapter of the Koran, which the most serious Christian would consider as a beautiful and applicable prayer on such an occasion.

‘Having thus performed the last sad duties to our unfortunate friend, we returned home to pass a day of misery. It was necessary to distribute food to the poor who surrounded our door in great numbers, and we had no money even to purchase a morsel for ourselves ; Yusuf’s kindness again having supplied our wants, and I succeeded in getting the house a little more quiet. Within an hour after the funeral had taken place, a courier arrived from Tripoli, bringing a truly welcome letter, announcing that a further allowance of £1000 had been made by our government towards the expense of the mission. Had this letter reached us a little sooner, many of our troubles and distresses would have been prevented.’

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Fall of the Crescent ; the Buccanier ; and other Poems. By S. R. Jackson. 12mo. pp. 123. London, 1821.

We have, on a former occasion, spoken very favourably of Mr. Jackson’s talents, and the little volume before us confirms us in the good opinion we then expressed. ‘The Fall of the Crescent,’ which is the principal poem, celebrates a gallant naval achievement during the

late war, when his majesty's ship, the Sea-horse, encountered a Turkish frigate, of a superior force, and a corvette: after a severe engagement, in which the frigate lost upwards of three hundred men, she struck to the British flag, and the corvette was sunk. The progress of the action is very distinctly narrated in the poem, and due praise is given to the enemy, who appears to have fought with great gallantry. The feelings of the parties, on the eve of the engagement, are very naturally portrayed:

'All ready! all prepar'd they stand,
A crew, collected, dauntless band.
It was in truth a noble sight,
To view the fire advance to fight:
In silent splendour on they glide,
Their bows the yielding surge divide.
On their white sails the moon-beams fell,
As soft they rose in easy swell
To court the welcome wind,
And, sparkling with her silver light,
In many a merry circle bright,
The waters roll behind.
Say, Muse, what daring chieftain led
These vessels o'er the wat'ry bed,
With England's sons to fight?
All the Arab 'tis, I ween,
Whose form on yonder deck is seen,
Whose sabre gleams so bright:
But brighter than his gleaming blade,
From beneath his bow's appalling shade,
His eye-balls glare, in wrath array'd,
Terrific to the sight.
But, see! on yonder deck that group,
With bosoms shivering fear,
Their souls indignant scorn to stop,
Though Death, grim Death appear.
Mark, how their leader's eyes flash fire!
What glee's around, what desire,
Is pictur'd in his face!
Above his fam'd compeers in war
He stands, the hope, the guiding star,
The first in danger's place.
A silence awful as the tomb,
A stillness dread, a painful gloom,
Reign'd round the scene; through every breath
A chilling sadness ran:
Each seaman felt his heart oppress'd,
Ere yet the fight began.
View yonder youth, of British race;
What animation glows thy face!
In those blue eyes, that, glancing bright,
Gleam through the dark'ning cloud of night!
Glorious his bosom's thoughts employ:
For that delusive charm,
He sacrificed his youthful joys,
His home and kindred warm.
Yet blame him not, ye fearful few,
Who with alarm the ocean view;
For noble was his choice:
And base must be the frigid heart,
That trembling dares not take a part.
When call'd by Honour's voice.
But ye, who with the truly brave
Have war'd upon the briny wave,
Ye, whose proud souls have often known
The thro', which those can feel alone,
Whose bosoms, fir'd by valour's flame,
Unceasing glow with rage for fame—
'Tis you can tell how sad the mind,
Perchance when, on a sun-cor'd bed,
In painful wild suspension held,
And wist fond wish the heart has swell'd;

And well ye know, how soon 'tis o'er,
When first begins the cannon's roar:
Scarcely does the thick'ning smoke ascend,
Ere home, love, kindred, bosom-friend,
All vanish, scatter'd in the air,
And mingle with the breezes there.'

The description of the battle is written with great spirit, and we suspect the author to be a son of Neptune as well as a child of the muses. We quote the concluding passages of the poem:—

'Ne'er did the page of horror trace
Such slaughter in so short a space:
The Moslem's deck was cover'd o'er
With shatter'd limbs, and floods of gore;
And 'mid their guns the wounded lay,
Breathing in pain their souls away,
The wreck, that o'er her broadside hung,
Stall to the wounded rigging clung;
All, all, was in confusion thrown—
The stern chase guns were left alone.
Thus lay they, till the morning's glow
Ting'd with its red the wave below:
It rose not, as it late arose,
E'er met in fight these gallant foes,
In cheerfulness array'd.
Far different prospect now appears,
Far different aspect now wears:
Where gentle Peace sat smiling round,
Stern Desolation now is found,
Casting o'er all her shade;
While ruthless Death, with heart of steel,
Laughs at the ill he cannot feel;
Roll'd in the smoky clouds, he rides,
And umpire o'er the scene presides;
Immature yet, unclad with gore,
His fleshless lips still thirst for more;
Down from his car he rolls his eyes,
Again the shouts of battle rise.
Down on the foe the Britons bear,
And all for fight again prepare.
The Turkish chief, with fury stung,
Forth from the deck in madness sprung,—
As through the gloom his piercing eye
Mark'd the proud foe advancing nigh,
The action to renew.
The remnant of his war-worn band
No more in dull inaction stand;
At once with dagger, pike, and brand,
All to their quarters flew.
Frowning in deadly state, he strode
O'er heaps of seamen steep'd in blood,
Smiting each laggard in his rage—
Nought could his spirit's wrath assuage.
Again the busy clang of war
O'er the white surge resounds afar.
He seem'd to view, the prince of air,
When sternly rallying in despair,
His rebel angel host:
Hard struggling 'gainst his wayward fate,
Buoy'd up by rage, revenge, and hate,
E'er yet the field was lost—
Ere yet, unknowing how to fear,
He felt the force of Michael's spear.
And when he found his hopes were vain
To animate his flagging train—
When every firm attempt had fail'd,
And valour's arm no more avail'd,
By unrelenting foes assail'd—
He he by the prophet swore,
No hand should haul the crescent down,
Till victory his efforts crown,
Or life should be no more.
But who the chance of war can tell?
Or who the will of heav'n can compel?
Awhile, in confidence array'd,
Man wields on high the conqu'ring blade;

Awhile, in softer scenes, he proves
The hour of bliss with her he loves;
Till, borne on Exultation's tide,
He gains the pinnacle of pride;
Then far away the vision flies,
And, 'midst his air-built schemes, he dies.
Like a mere log upon the wave,
His late trim vessel lay;
Vain were the efforts of the brave,
Upon that fatal day.

Hark, to that crash, that dying groan,—
That bitter sigh, that painful moan,
From many a Turkish breast,
As 'twas heard her stern the Briton less,
And from her bosom the death-globe flies,
With steady aim address'd!
They could no more—their hopes were vain;
In deep despair the Moslem train
Haul'd their fam'd crescent down.
Where now, proud chief, 't' thy haughty boat,
Thy vaunted conquest—all is lost.
Where now is thy renown?
Then cease'd the fight—and o'er the sea
The smoky columns lay;
In silence, 'neath the vessel's lee,
They wing their length'ning way,
Till, wafing by the breezes light,
They vanish slowly from the sight.
The cannon's sound, the carnage o'er,
Their ready boats the victors lower,
And joyful board the well-earn'd prize,
And safe at anchor lie,
Till Luna from the wave arise,
And evening gilds the sky.'

'The Buccanier' is written to portray the feelings of a proud spirit under many and severe afflictions, and the author has succeeded in the task. The 'Stanzas on the Fate of the Poets,' describe, with much feeling, the miseries that are too often the concomitant of true genius. The following epitaph on Burns, records the poet's fame and his country's reproach:—

'And thou, too, Caledonia's pride,
What crime was thine, that those
Who o'er thy gentle number's sigh'd,
Deem'd lightly of thy woes;
Nor lent a fast'ning hand to save
Her brightest minstrel from the grave,
But let thine eye-lids close
In pangs of long-enduring pain,
Where the soul pineth, but in vain.'

The tribute to Falconer we think extremely happy:—

'Yet, ere this mournful theme we leave,
To ocean's fearless son
A moment give. 'Twas his to weave
The song that glory won:
While o'er the deep, with falcon wing,
And sides so gay and glist'ning,
Her course his vessel run,
He little thought the tale he drew
Would ask his blood to stamp it true.'

The minor pieces, consisting of Sacred Melodies, Elegiac Stanzas, &c. are some of them very pretty; they are, however, more distinguished by a chasteness of style than a vigour of sentiment. The author will do well to continue to court the muses, with whom he appears already to be a favourite.

The Favourite of Nature. A Tale.
3 vols. 12mo. London, 1821

THE heroine of this tale is Eliza Rivers, an orphan, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and possessed of many excellent virtues; but impatient of restraint and a victim to very ardent feelings and affections. When about the age of nineteen, the period at which the tale commences, chance introduced to her acquaintance two young men of very different habits and passions, each of whom became enamoured of her. One of them, Mr. Waldegrave, was a man of fashion, in the most refined meaning of the phrase,—an elegant scholar and an accomplished gentleman, moving in the best society, and enjoying an enviable reputation for his gallantry and politeness; in short, he was the man of all others most likely to prove a successful suitor to Miss Rivers. His rival, Mr. Durand, was a young clergyman of great piety and considerable talents, fully equal in learning and taste to Mr. Waldegrave, but deficient in those little peculiarities which distinguish the man of fashion, and are so eminently calculated to steal on the female heart. Circumstances, however, happened to call Waldegrave from the country, and our heroine, though recollecting with the liveliest emotions, the delight she had felt in his society, was so sensible to the pure and superior attachment of his rival, and was so strongly influenced by the fervency of his intreaties and her own admiration of his virtues, that she became engaged to him. But scarcely had she pledged her faith before she regretted it. Waldegrave returned, and Eliza still felt the force of the passion she had conceived for him: she allowed herself to be led into his company, and the events of a few months induced her to break off her engagement with Durand. After this, the narrative assumes a very melancholy cast: Durand, who had always been sickly, was broken-hearted at hearing of Eliza's apostasy, and, after a short illness, dies. Waldegrave, though at first much attached to Eliza on account of her talent and vivacity, becomes tired of her on more intimate acquaintance, and, in the sequel, marries another, a friend of her's, and a subordinate personage in the tale. Our heroine sinks under this accumulation of unhappiness, and the work closes with a long and pathetic description of her death.

This, though a rapid sketch of the main incidents, embraces but a very

limited number of the characters introduced in the work, the whole of which are sketched with much spirit and accuracy. We think, however, that the story, although certainly highly interesting and very well told, does not possess variety of incident sufficient for a work of three volumes; the plot moves on heavily, and there is too great a sameness in the minor incidents to reconcile us to the defect. The whole work is highly moral, and the nature of some of the characters has enabled the author to introduce a series of excellent reflections, which distinguish it very favourably from our ordinary stock of novels, and will introduce it into many circles where such productions are not generally read. As we wish to give a specimen of the author's style, we extract a description of a family groupe, with whom Eliza Rivers was on terms of acquaintance:—

‘Mr. Bartley was a man of independent fortune, acquired, like the independent fortunes of most of the gentry resident in provincial towns, either by the trading efforts of themselves, or their immediate predecessors. He was now, however, decidedly the first person in Belton; oftentimes serving the office of mayor, and always being a portly alderman. Few words may suffice to give a sketch of this worthy personage. At this period he had passed his seventieth year. As he did not marry till he was considerably turned of forty, he had the pleasant satisfaction of seeing himself in his old days surrounded by a family of young people, who, like the rest of their species, wanted to be merry when he wished to be grave; to make a noise when he liked to be quiet; to fill his house with company when he would have preferred going to bed; and dragged him to parties, and made him a beau in his dress, when he would have been more comfortable by his own fireside, in a flannel gown and night-cap.

‘But as he was a very good-humoured man, and of all things liked talking, or what is commonly called a *praise*, he endured his disquietudes with great composure; at all times satisfied if he could catch hold of any charitably disposed Christian, who would endure the martyrdom of being held by the button of his coat, whilst he recounted, and animated upon, the contents of the newspaper.

‘Mrs. Bartley was altogether a different sort of person. She was not to be made happy by talking, or by silence, or by any thing short of being, upon all occasions, of the greatest possible consequence to every body about her. If she could have made choice of any particular endowment for this purpose, she would have preferred the gift of beauty; both because it occasioned the least trouble, and also that, in her young days, it was

considered, jointly with money, as the only possible recommendation a woman could possess. But she was, unluckily, extremely plain in her person, and had no more money than she wanted for her own use: hence she anticipated the forlorn prospect of passing her days in solitude and single blessedness, unless she had the good fortune to strike out for herself some kind of attraction. Neither beauty nor wealth being propitious, there yet remained a chance—she might be a *bel esprit*.

‘She was deficient, sure enough, in taste and talent, and wit and judgment, but she was not aware of those deficiencies; and, mistaking a shrewd sort of cunning for profound discernment, a great share of envy for a noble emulation, and a pert flippancy of remark for a spirit of brilliant wit, she fancied that she really was a very superior person.

‘After having literally scared half the country with her ill-natured sarcasms, and gained the reputation of being vastly clever, but vastly satirical, fate decided that she should pass a summer in the society of Mr. Bartley, at the house of a mutual relation.

‘It has often been remarked, that the little god of love is a very perverse deity, and, in driving people to their destiny, commonly makes it, either first or last, very different from what they had expected; and this was the case with poor Mr. Bartley. Forty years had he lived ungoverned, uncontradicted, contented, and happy. A bachelor he was, and a bachelor he would have continued, with all the pleasure in the world, had not the little god—but no, the little god had nothing to do with it; it was all Miss Hobson's doing, and nobody's else. She dropt insinuations of tenderness which approached very nearly to assurances, before they penetrated the guileless unsuspecting heart of Mr. Bartley; and, by dint of talking to him, and at him, and representing, in lively colours, the “forlorn estate of a poor old man in his last days, without either clerk or child to care for him, a prey to some greedy rapacious housekeeper, or some wild, worthless, thankless, graceless nephew, who would very likely dance upon his grave the night he was buried,” she worked upon his feelings to such an excess, that, partly believing her statement, and supposing that the surest means of allaying her apprehensions on his account was to marry, and to marry *her*—he brought himself to propose the fatal question. He had not long to wait for an answer; indeed, that had been prepared some weeks before he had any idea of calling for it at all. The offspring of this illustrious pair consisted of four daughters and a son. The young gentleman was at this time twenty-one, and the elder of the young ladies twenty years of age; or, in her mother's reading, eighteen. This little error in calculation was never corrected; for, as Mrs. Bartley had three more damsels to dispose of, she wisely considered that it would better

facilitate their prospects to bring them out one at a time; and, like a good financier, always keep a stock in hand of an odd year or two, which plan would be sure to turn to account if they came to the doubtful era of five-and-twenty, without any establishment, either in possession or reversion.

"Though the three younger ladies, (the youngest turned sixteen,) would very often steal out to take a walk without her protection; and, with the assistance of an occasional present, slyly made by "pa," dress much snarlier than was at all agreeable to "ma;" yet, upon the whole, she manoeuvred vastly well; and, as no body cared any thing about their age, her complaints of the difficulty of "knowing what to do with girls who were too tall and womanly for the nursery, and much too young to be introduced into company," &c. &c. generally commiserated with great politeness, and heard with due indifference.

"The son was a little gentleman in his person, but not of the less consequence on that account. In the eyes of his family, he was considered as a sort of phenomenon; and having had the advantage of a three years' run at one of the universities, he was now returned home with the usual stock of intelligence which is generally brought away from those "seminaries of sound learning and religious improvement." In the interim of waiting for a living, which his father intended purchasing for him, he passed his time in making puns and making love; astonishing the ladies with the quickness and diversity of his wit, and provoking the gentlemen with the matchless extent of his impudence. And, but that he was really very good-natured, it being the fortunate fate of Mrs. Bartley's children to inherit that golden gift from their father, it is possible that his jests, however divested, as they certainly were, of all malice, and springing merely from the necessity he felt of pushing himself into notice, would not always have been fortunate enough to pass off with mere contempt.

"For the character of the daughter but few words will be necessary. "Harriet is eighteen," Mrs. Bartley would frequently observe; "it is high time, therefore, to pater on the back," she would say, and "give her a shove, and send her in the world, to see whether she finds any more shining than herself. But that diffidence, that silly want of dependence on herself, will, I fear, be her stumbling-block through life."

"With the consciousness of mediocrity, which frustrated her mother's intentions that she should be striking and impressive, poor Harriet felt the conviction that she never should fulfil the expectations of superiority which were continually excited on her account.

"But the faintest refusal to be called into notice, roused her mother's well-known irritable temper to such violence, that, yielding through fear, she gradually

endeavoured to assert her own dignity, and to make herself somebody in the eyes of the world.

"The great Lord Bacon, in one of his essays, has these words,—"Wonderful is the case of boldness in civil business: What first?—Boldness.—What second and third?—Boldness."

"Without having read, or, perhaps, heard of Lord Bacon, Mrs. Bartley instinctively made his maxim the rule and guide of her life; possessing, in an eminent degree, that decided confidence in her own powers, which Lord Bacon, in more simple language, denominates boldness; and, as it is the peculiar property of the quality his lordship alludes to, to occasion the proprietor of it no inconvenience, however it may stand in the way of other people, she had reaped such substantial benefit from the possession of it, that she was authorised with some justice to recommend it fervently to the use of her daughter. The young lady herself, finding that, in the ordinary run of society in a provincial town, it is not very difficult to raise a name for acquirements, particularly with the assistance of Lord Bacon's specific, did not eventually shrink from doing what she could to confirm to the multitude that she was, as her mother assured them, in spite of her excessive timidity, a girl of first-rate talents and endowments.

This extract is made without any selection, except as to its being more easily detached from the tale, and complete in itself. The work is dedicated to Mrs. Joanna Baillie, by her permission, and this, with most of our readers, will be a strong recommendation.

Foreign Literature.

Tablettes de la Reine D'Angleterre, &c.
Tablets of the Queen of England, &c.

(Concluded from p. 167.)

WE continue our extracts from this highly curious and interesting work. The two first are letters from Pergami

To the Marquis Ghisilieri.

Naples, 25th Dec.

"It is from the bed of sickness I write to you, to relate to you a horrid event, which will, no doubt, influence the rest of my life.

"A fortnight since, having received the Princess of Wales's orders, I was met in the hall of attendance by King Joachim: to stop, recognize, and interrogate, was for him one and the same act. "You are a brave fellow," said he, "I have seen you do more than your duty, I will recommend you to the Princess." I bowed and retired.

"I was invited to a hunting party, and returning home dreadfully fatigued, I asked for a glass of wine; the butler was absent,—the cloth was laid for the Princess, and the wine served; one of the ser-

vants poured me out a glass, and I drank it hastily to quench my thirst, and another, instantly after: I had introduced death into my stomach,—I soon felt the effects of a strong poison,—my face turned pale,—my knees sunk under me, and I was carried senseless to my room.

"The Princess learning the cause, sent Dr. Holland, who declared I was poisoned; the Princess bestowed on me the most generous cares; counter-poisons were administered, and, after forty-eight hours of horrible suffering, black blood, mixed with fetid matter, issued from every aperture of my body; I fell into a cold sweat, my eyes opened, and I breathed again.

"King Joachim had, according to his kind promise, related to the Princess some actions of my life, which, doubtless, awoke a greater interest in my favour; and he ordered his physician, Dr. Paibold, to attend me.

"The Princess felt aware that the poison was intended for her; she had seen, at Naples, Lieut B., who she knew was connected with the D****s, and she did not hesitate to express her conviction that the poisoning sprang from that source.

"B. PERGAMI."

Letter to the Marquis de Ghisilieri, at Milan.

Athens, 17 May, 1815.

"Marquis,—I know your taste for Grecian antiquities, and your profound knowledge in numismatics; thus, travelling over the country of Pericles, Alcibiades, and Themistocles, I collected a few rare objects, which I have taken the liberty of sending you. I have formed two collections: the first is destined for you, my generous protector; the second is for my family.

"You will, therefore, receive with this a cassette, inclosing some objects which are regarded as curious by the learned, at the head of whom I place the French consul at Athens, M. Fauvel; deign to accept this too feeble homage as a tribute of my gratitude, and be persuaded that I never can feel sufficiently able to testify it. Amongst those objects, you will find the faithful imprint of a medal, representing a great city, called Pergamo, on the reverse of which is found, with all their attributes and character, the arms of my family; nothing, certainly, is more extraordinary, how many men in my place, proud of a similar discovery, would fancy themselves descended from another Dardanus, and thus attribute to themselves a royal origin; I, more modest, or perhaps more reasonable, doubt and examine; I should like to tear the veil that covers past ages, not from personal pride, but the love of science and truth, remount to the foundation of a city of which there scarcely exists a trace of ruins, and whose power is passed like the glory of conquerors.

"However it may be, Marquis, the medal I possess bears the stamp of the most remote antiquity, and its authenticity

is acknowledged by the Greek antiquaries; taking these data as bases, it would seem that we may safely conclude, 1. That there existed a Greek city called Pergamo; 2. That it was founded, according to ancient custom, by a chief or prince, called Pergami; 3. That I descended from this chief or prince, because the arms that have been from time immemorial in my family, are the same as those on the reverse of the medal. Yet I do not pretend to decide this grand question.

Deign to make some researches, and give me your opinion. I fear nothing so much as the ridicule that attaches to foolish pretensions, but why should I disavow such a noble origin, if it can be proved that it is really that of my family,

B. PERGAMI.

To the Advocate Codazzi, at Milan.

'May I intreat you, my dear friend, to dispose of the little draft inclosed in favour of a virtuous family, living at Bufalara; I can do without the trifle, and I know that the worthy commandant C., his wife, and three children, are in want. My heart bleeds at this cruel idea; you cannot tell the consolation I received in the bosom of this interesting family in a moment of difficulty, and it is delightful to me to be able to acquit a part of the debt I owe it.

'The Commandant C. is very proud, and I should wish my offering to be made him by a friendly hand,—the respectable Curate of M. possesses his esteem, and seems to me the most proper person to induce him to accept, as a restitution, the trifle I send him.'

In various parts of these letters, constant allusion is made to repeated attempts on the life of the Princess; these, we confess, make us incline to fancy, that, though this work be original, yet that the whole of it has been written since the Queen's trial; for the letters appear entirely adapted to the evidence given in the affairs of Baron Ompteda; this is more manifest than in any other part, and though we are fully aware that his Majesty kept a sharp look out after the actions of his *cara sposa*, yet we repel with indignation, as we are sure every Englishman will, the insinuation that he wished her assassination. We are unable to examine the facts to be able to refute them, but we profess ourselves firmly to believe in their non-existence.

Original Communications.

SOMEBODY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—I am that unfortunate being named 'Somebody,' upon whom the world consider they are entitled to lay the blame of their misconduct

or misfortunes; it is a very common circumstance for me to hear persons exclaim,—'I have been robbed of my watch! Somebody must have stolen it.'—'Somebody's dead!'—'Somebody has been buried.'—'Somebody has been hung!' If any thing be lost or mislaid—'Oh! Somebody must have taken it, that's certain.' A few days since, two gentlemen met upon an affair of honour, which was occasioned by one of the party having been told, that the other had spoken disrespectfully of a certain female friend, at a fashionable watering-place; the seconds, as is usual, interfering, by way of making some arrangement, came to the following conclusion:—'That it was very evident, upon investigation, that no such words had been spoken by the gentleman present, but that "Somebody" had set the rumour afloat, to create mischief.' In short, Mr. Editor, I am suspected of saying things I never thought of, charged with committing crimes at places I never heard of,—and why? I know not. My family is most ancient, my connexions respectable and numerous, being related to 'Every-body' by my father's side; indeed, I may say on both sides, for my mother was a Somebody.

I appeal to you, Mr. Editor, for protection, hoping (should you favour me by inserting this memorial in the *Literary Chronicle*), that some portion of your readers, who hitherto have been my persecutors, will consider my case worthy of commiseration, and refrain transferring the blame from the real offenders to me; I hope this the rather, as I often solace the adventurer in the lottery, with the idea, that 'Somebody' must gain the prize of 20,000l. and why may his not be the lucky number. Again, at the commencement of a war or the falling of the stocks, it is a consideration that 'Somebody' must be a gainer; thus I do a great many actions for the benefit of mankind, who are unmindful of my endeavours to serve them. Under these circumstances, I have been induced to submit my sufferings to your perusal, and remain,

Sir, your most respectfully,

SOMEBODY.

The Family Trunk,

No. V.

BY MOSES VON MUCKLEWIT, GENT.

POPISH MIRACLES.

AMONG the studies to which my father was most hobbyhorisically inclined, (if I may use a Shandean expression,)

the pretended miracles of the Romish church held a distinguished place. He had collected all the histories and treatises of all the learned fathers and others upon this most important topic, and had, in process of time, made a voluminous arrangement of all that was most curious and edifying on the subject, under various heads and classifications, including a methodical list of the popish relics, known to exist in different parts of the world. I am far from inferring from all this, however, that my father had become an apo-the to popish abominations, or even that he was an implicit believer in all the mummeries he had thus compiled; Gal forbid I should charge his memory with so gross a slander. But, as it was said by a celebrated Roman, 'Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas,' so must I in conscience declare, that, however I may revere the fame of my father, Cadwalader Von Mucklewit, and, however I may admire the profundity of his erudition, I must still have a more holy regard to that veracity which belongs to the dignified character of an historian. Therefore it is that I confess, not without some feelings of regret, that my lamented progenitor was more credulous than I could wish on this point, and had actually resolved to publish a serious historical dissertation on the aforesaid miracles, for which purpose he had made the collection already described.

Death, however, which put an end to so many of my poor father's projects, defeated this also; and, accordingly, his 'Dissertation on Miracles' was found among the *opera interrupta* of his laborious life. For some years after his decease, I had indulged the hope of being able to complete what he had thus left unfinished; but the gradual increase of philosophical knowledge through this enlightened country, made it, at length, extremely problematical, whether the work would ever become popular. Accordingly, I never thought it worth my while to make an offer of the MS. to any of those accoucheurs in literature, vulgarly called publishers, who so humanely assist in relieving a labouring author of his progeny, and take it afterwards under their own fostering care,—though a friend, who is rather knowing in these matters, has assured me, that I might have some chance in Dublin of making a good bargain. But, as I have no wish at this moment to take a trip over the channel for the mere chance of squeezing a few pounds out of an Irish book-

seller, I have come to the determination of publishing my work in my own way,—that is, by offering some occasional extracts from the immense body of lore which my father had heaped together on this subject. To a few of these, therefore, my present paper shall be devoted; and my kind and courteous reader will, I am sure, pardon me, if I should not, on this occasion, pay that strict attention to the *lucidus ordo*, which Horace holds to be indispensable to an epic poem, but which, I do not think, he would ever have dreamt of prescribing to a treatise on Popish Miracles, even if it had been his good fortune to be born a monk instead of a poet.

Of all the saints in the Romish Calendar, none, it seems, stood in higher repute, as an enactor of miracles, than St. Martin, who flourished at the beginning of the fifth century. His life has been written by Sulpicius Severus and Gregory of Tours, both of whom ascribe divers wonderful exploits to the holy father, and in which they place implicit belief. Sulpicius, at least, who was his contemporary and disciple, seems to have had a full persuasion of his master's preternatural and divine qualities; for he declares, that he saw him ascend to heaven some time before he had heard of his death. Having no desire, however, to break a lance with Sulpicius, as to his veracity on this point, I shall now select two or three of St. Martin's miracles, as he has recorded them.

There was a place, it appears, near Tours, where some martyrs were traditionally reported to have been buried, in consequence of which, one of the Bishops of Tours had caused an altar to be erected on the spot, though neither the names of the martyrs, nor the time of their martyrdom, were known. St. Martin, who, on this account, had some doubts of the fact, and was desirous of discountenancing what he considered religious imposture, with respect to these martyrs, repaired, with a few attendants, to the altar, and made a solemn appeal to Heaven, beseeching that it might be disclosed to him whose remains were there buried. 'Immediately on turning aside,' quoth his biographer, whose words I shall now translate literally, 'he saw, on his left hand, an ill-clad ghost, of a wild aspect; he bids him tell his name, and what he had done. The ghost tells his name, confesses his crime, and says he is the ghost of a robber, who had been beheaded for his offences, and that the

people, being deluded, honoured him as a martyr, though he had nothing common with the martyrs, who enjoyed the glory of heaven, whilst he was in sufferings. What is surprising is, that those who were present, heard a voice, but saw nobody. St. Martin having reported what he had seen, caused the altar to be removed, and thus delivered the people from their superstition.' Notwithstanding the grave importance of this instance here recorded, the saint appears to have been, on some occasions, of a very jocular turn, and to have exercised his supernatural faculty for the diversion of the spectators. Several anecdotes of his good-humoured condescension in this respect, are narrated by Sulpicius, from which I shall extract the two following. On one occasion, he accidentally met some countrymen, bearing a corpse to the grave, and thinking it, no doubt, a seasonable opportunity to make a little mirth, he suddenly caused the party to stop. Upon their attempt, however, to pursue their journey, they were unable to move one step forward, but all turned round like so many statues, dancing upon a pivot. How St. Martin acted after this entertaining specimen of his wonder-working talents, we are not informed; but it cannot be doubted that he left the mourners and the corpse to shift for themselves, enjoying the pleasant joke he had played on them. At another time, he was solicited to free an unfortunate demoniac from his inward tormentor. The Devil, on St. Martin's arrival, earnestly intreated to be allowed to depart through the demoniac's mouth; the jest-loving saint, however, would listen to no terms, but obliged his unfortunate suppliant to make a hasty exit *au-dérrière*, to the no small amusement and gratification of the spectators.

In addition to the particular miracles recorded by Sulpicius, he observes, generally, that this 'great saint' held frequent converse with angels, whom he also heard discourse amongst themselves on many occasions. He does not appear, however, to have been on the same intimate footing with his infernal majesty, who was, on the contrary, wont to torment St. Martin, under various disguises, though, as Sulpicius affirms, (if such partial testimony may be credited,) the holy man always came victorious out of the contest.

It may be collected from various authorities, that miracles abounded most during the fourth and fifth centuries,

though it must not be concealed, on the other hand, that St. Chrysostom, who flourished within that period, flatly denies this, and says, in plain terms, that nobody wrought miracles in his time; nay, he even goes so far as to assert, that no one was sufficiently versed in the art, to understand the common juggle of casting out devils. And, in his 'treatise concerning the Christian priesthood,' he observes, that 'St. Paul had a faculty much more excellent than that of speaking; his presence was enough to frighten away devils. But, if all the Christians of our time should meet together, they could not do so much with all their prayers and tears as St. Paul's handkerchief did.' Now, with all due deference to St. Chrysostom, I cannot help thinking, (especially when we have the example of St. Martin, his contemporary, before our eyes,) that he was actuated by some jealousy in making this observation, because he was not, like his brother saint, gifted with this enviable faculty.

After the period of which I have been speaking, miracles appear to have grown somewhat out of vogue, save that the practice of exorcising by means of holy water was common through many centuries. Even so late as the reign of Edward VI. Bishop Gardiner wrote a treatise in defence of it, wherein he cites many instances of its miraculous virtues. Other miracles were also occasionally wrought; and those of St. Anthony, who lived in the thirteenth century, and whom his epitaph entitles the 'most powerful worker of miracles,' are well known, particularly his celebrated sermon to a congregation of fish, at Padua, of which Addison, in his travels, has given a translation. The sermon itself, to be sure, was no miracle; but the most sceptical in these matters must admit, that the pious behaviour of the finny audience at its conclusion, partook of a preternatural character. And the history, which every one at Padua reads with most religious devotion, adds, that several heretics were converted on the spot, as well they might be, by this signal instance of St. Anthony's power.

It is now time that I should bring my paper to a close; but I design, on some future occasion, to return to the subject, with respect to which many interesting and edifying particulars remain to be extracted from among the treasures of my FAMILY TRUNK.

PORTRAITS OF LIVING

Dissenting Ministers,

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

No. I.

'For emulation now who shall be nearest.'

Rich. 3, s. 3.

REV. W. JAY, BATH.

When he speaks, the air, a chartered liberty,
is still, and the mute wonder lurketh on
men's ears, and steals his sweet and honied
sentences.

Hen. 5, act 1.

REV. DR. WAUGH, WELL'S STREET.

Is wise and virtuous; well struck in years;
A bonny eye,—a passing pleasing tongue.

Rich. act 1.

REV. DR. BOGUE, GOSPORT.

You are the fount that makes small brooks
to flow.

Hen. 6, s. 8.

REV. GRIFFITH WILLIAMS, GATE STREET.

After my death, I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

Hen. 8, s. 2.

REV. DR. ADAM CLARKE, CITY ROAD.

I have laboured and with no little study,
that my teaching, and the strong course of my
authority might go one away, and safely; and
the end was ever to do well.

REV. DR. COLLYER, F. A. S.

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teach-
ers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
This man, so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
we
Almost with ravish'd listening could not find
His hour of speech a minute.

Hen. 8, s. 2.

REV. JOSEPH BENYON, CITY ROAD.

Now I have done a good day's work;
I, every day, expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to hea-
ven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on
earth.

Rich. 3, act. 2.

REV. J. CLAYTON, SEN., EAST CHURCH.

An old man and his three sons.

As You Like It, s. 2.

He is wont to speak plain and to the pur-
pose, like an honest man.—*Much Ado*, act 3.

His Sons.

Three proper young men, of excellent growth
and presence.

As You Like It, s. 2.

* Since the above quotation, the truth is ver-
ified in this minister's death.

REV. J. HYATT, TOTTENHAM COURT.

Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are
humble.

Rich. 3, s. 4.

REV. MR. COOPER, JUN., OF DUBLIN.

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too.
Rich. 3, s. 3. To SONG

Original Criticisms

ON

*The Principal Performers of the Theatres
Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.*

No. XVI.—MR. COOPER.

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,—
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear;
For none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on all.'—LLOYD.

LIVERPOOL has been extremely liberal to us this season, in surrendering its two best and most favourite tragic actors to our winter theatres. Of Mr. Cooper, it is our wish to think highly, as we feel well persuaded that he possesses no ordinary share of genius; but one glaring error we must take the liberty of noticing; we allude to his unnatural mode of recitation, and the frequent impropriety of his emphasis. Had not his Romeo been disfigured by two or three of these blemishes, and a few other badly contracted provincial habits, we should really prefer it to the admirable representation of Mr. C. Kemble. It was chaste, vigorous, feeling, tender, and abounding in fervent expression. The meeting with Juliet in the garden was replete with excellence; the memorable scene with the friar, in which he learns his doom, was admirably acted; and the contest with Paris was good; indeed, the whole of the last act is entitled to the warmest possible eulogy.

We should imagine that Mr. Cooper has spent much of his time in the study of declamation. He has, confessedly, formed himself on the models of the Kembles and Mr. Young; of this, his Othello will bear sufficiently strong testifications. The address to the senate was given with fine declamatory skill; his performance in the scene where Iago first excites his suspicion, was greatly applauded; it certainly was a fine exhibition of the gradual progress of jealousy, developing itself by internal writhing agony and marked variety of countenance. He gave 'O! now for ever farewell the tranquil mind,' &c., with considerable force and feeling, and the beautiful speech 'Had it pleased Heaven to try me with affliction, in a subdued tone, in which energy and pathos were ex-

quisitely blended. But his best effort was the last; indeed we have never heard the concluding passage of the play delivered with more deep and intense feeling, or more striking effect.

He made a good deal of the feminine hero Alonzo, and conceived the character of Marc Antony extremely well; but his badly-modulated, and strangely untractable voice frequently destroyed the effect of some of the scenes, and rendered the emphasis miserably incorrect. For instance, he metamorphosed the celebrated panegyric on Brutus, 'This was a man,' into 'this was a man,' thus making it a mere matter of fact; we likewise remarked two or three other gross improprieties of the same nature, which lessened, in a great degree, the merit of the performance.—He makes as much as possible of Richmond, though the character requires no very great share of genius, and is certainly unworthy of him.

We confess we are not enamoured of his performance of Arsenio, in the tragedy of 'Conscience'; there is, however, this excuse to be made, that old characters are not his forte;—still he was sometimes effective. He is easy and gentlemanly in Joseph Surface, but he has not the elegant air, or the smooth tongue and insidious demeanour of the courtly hypocrite.

We were about to compare his Edgar with that of the late Mr. Rae, but we desist;—'de mortuis, nil nisi bonum.' 'He is gone, and our idolatrous fancy must sanctify his relics.'

It is impossible to conceive, that the character of Carwin, in *Thérèse*, could be played more finely than it is by Mr. Cooper: he looks it to the life, and performs it imitatively; his short and pithy replies to Picard have great effect; his attitude, when *Thérèse* first meets his view, is very fine, and the scowl of contemptuous defiance which he darts on the Count de Morville is perfectly demoniacal. His interview with *Thérèse* in the cottage is excellently played; his agitation and his vain attempts to check the 'inward monitor,' conscience, are admirably described; his soliloquy, previous to the commencement of the judicial process, his dread of public exposure, and gradual self-composure, in recollecting that no person could by any chance be acquainted with his guilt, and the whole of the trial scene, merit the warmest eulogy. His reply to Fontaine, on being urged to touch the corpse of his supposed victim, the convulsive agony

which shakes his whole frame, on beholding what he imagines the spectre of Theresé, and the death, are all as fine as it is possible to imagine; indeed they are beyond all praise.

We could wish to see this gentleman more frequently, as he is certainly an actor of much promise; but 'the great lessee' takes care to keep all performers, excepting those of the operatic department, completely in the back ground. Mr. Cooper, however, has cause to be thankful for this, as it gives him time to amend his articulation, and to bring his inharmonious voice into better condition. We would, however, wish to address a word or two to the proprietor of Drury Lane: if his tragic company is so miserably bad (though, for our own parts, we are not inclined to think so very meanly of it) that he is ashamed to bring it forward, why throw his inimitable company of comedians into shade; the public, it is true, have given strong proofs how highly they esteem the musical talent of the theatre by nightly flocking in crowds to it, but the ardour is already abating, and we really do not see why we are to have operas crammed down our throats night after night without any intermission; let Mr. Elliston take this hint as it is meant, and profit by it; for he may rest assured, that if he proceed in his present course, the public will soon be satiated 'usque ad nauseam.'

W. H. PARRY.

Original Poetry.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN KEATS, THE POET.

Who died at Rome, 23 Feb. 1821. *Æt.* 25.

'O drop the briny tear with me!'—CHATTERTON.

If many kings and senators had died,
My heart could not have given mine eyes a tide
So strong and deep as that which drowns my
breath,

Departed spirit of Keats! to bathe thy death!
Like an ethereal mistle, born for love—

To give a forest of the joys above,

O! thou wert wondrous in thy gentle youth,
Giving delicious songs in lovely truth!

Nature thy guide—Simplicity thy aim,
Thou sang'st thy passage to the heaven of fame.

Like White, thy hollow'd ecstasies were zoned,
Celestial for the beauty which they toned;

Terrestrial ears were charm'd to hear thee sing,
And drank thy music from thy bells and spring.

Erewhile the fleeting pageantries of earth
Inspire Laureates to give *Vision* birth,

Thou, on the blossoms of thine own sweet leaves,
'Born with the very sign that silence heaves,'

Hast soon ascended to receive thy crown
Of fadeless joys eternal and renew.

Not like the mermaid that enchants the sea,
Then leaves the tar in hopeless destiny;

Not like the lark that goes to heavenly skies
And comes to earth again and songless dies;
Nor like the bird of night in thorns, that sings
To silent moonlight, form'd by shadow's wings;
Nor yet the cuckoo heralding the air
To love's companionship the lives that bear—

—Though in the worm's own mansion for mankind,
Though risen to rest, thy works are left be-
hind,—

These transcripts of thy fancy and thy heart,
With life will live, immortal as thou art!
The flatting and the vain will drop unwept,
And millions sleep with those who've centuries
asleep;

Ages will roll and empires sink to dust—
Ruins be traceless, though by victory nurs'd,—
But thy descriptive and pathetic page
Shall yield delight to each succeeding age,
Like thy lov'd Chaucer and thy Spenser, be
Time's choice memorial to eternity!
Islington Green, March 26, 1821. P.

LINES TO TYRO.

Has Rosa's eye, of heavenly blue,
Lost then so soon its magic power;—
Or has she ceas'd to smile on you,
That now you own dark Lelia's power.

Can Lelia's eye, tho' black as jet,
And sparkling with electric wildness,
Charm like young Rosa's blue eye,—wet
With tears of sympathy and mildness?

But Rosa's eye, of liquid blue,
Like ether thro' a summer shower,
No tender glance bestow'd on you,
And now you bend to Lelia's power.

The eye of jet may strike with awe,
But blue the truest passions move;
And Nature's never erring law,
Says black is hatred,—blue is love!

ABRANTANZA.

LE GASCON EN RUSSIE.

CORTE.

CERTAIN gascon réduit à vivre d'industrie
Sans posséder un sol se trouvait en Russie.
Que faire, disait-il? en cette occasion?

Il ne me reste plus que mon accent gascon.
Pour en tirer parti, voici comme il raisonne:
La Neva de tout temps fut loin de la Garonne,
Et les docteurs fourrés dont le russe fait cas
Ne distingueraient point l'accent de Pézénas;
Nul ne connaît ici notre langue gasconne;
Je puis donc hardiment plutôt qu'être un va-
rien

Donner en ce pays leçon d'italien.
Il dit: et son accent plut assez dans la ville,
Il eut des écoliers d'humeur assez docile,
Et qui dans quelque temps, ils étaient au moins
dix.

Prononçant assez bien *Cadibènes* et *Sandis*.
Le gascon triomphait, mais un revers baigna
Comportant un moment un succès assez rare.
Un avocat Toscan, un érudit fameux,
Vint chercher à son tour la fortune en Russie.
Tout rempli des trésors de l'antique Ausonie,
Il répétait partout des vers mélodieux,
Et portait avec lui la fleur de l'Italie.

Le Tasse, l'Arioste, à ses accords touchans,
Du tendre Métastase on retrouvait les chants;
Et la langue Toscane, en sa bouche Romaine,
Avait ce charme heureux dont la douceur en-
traîne.

Grand Dieu! s'écria-t-il en voyant son rival:
O Russes! réprimez ce désordre fatal!
Cet homme vous égare et n'a que de l'audace.
Il traduit en gascon tous les vers du Tasse.

Ecoutez un Romain, et par lui vous saurez
Les poèmes fameux qui nous ont illustrés.
Laisant à son rival le poids de sa science,
Le gascon plus adroit fit mainte révérence.
On s'assemble, on écrit, un jury disputa,
Et sur l'italien le gascon l'emporta.

PARODY.

On! slumber, my darling, beside thy warm bed,
Thy mother is watching, she pillows thy head;
Didst thou know in her breast what anxiety
has,

Thou'st dost close, in a moment, those innocent
eyes.

Oh! rest thee babe, rest thee babe, sleep on till
day.

Thy mother is mournful, thy father away.
Oh close those soft eyelids in slumber, my dear,
That sleep will be wanting thou spurnest at
here—

The light hours of youth, soon, too soon, will
be gone,

And the dark years of sorrow too quickly
come on.

Then, rest thee babe, rest thee babe, sleep while
you may—

Your mother is mournful, your father away.

SAM SPYRAL.

STANZAS TO —.

A LAY to thee—lay to thee,—
For earthly care, wild revelry,
And worthless joys which should not be,
Have weaned my thoughts a while from thee.

And yet I never knew such care—
Though many pangs 'tis mine to bear,—
I never felt such misery
As when bereft, dear one! of thee!

Nor in the gay and gallant crowd
Where fears are few, and joy is loud,
May there be sought so dear to me
As loved and lonely thoughts of thee.

And as for joys—the weak and vain
May prize what boundless riches gain—
Let me, to cheer my poverty,
Have treasured thoughts of thine and thee!

I love, at night's unroll'd hour,
To seek our melancholy bower,
And in each little floweret see
Something that only speaks of thee.

Nor love I less to view the scene
Which oft in happier hours has been
A spot of pure and heartfelt glee,
When love and pleasure dwelt with thee!

From thee the true and tender-hearted,
Dark and drear the hour which parted
Him, who whatever else he be,
Is fond and faithful still to thee.

O, in that hour the pangs I knew,
Were neither trifling ones nor few,
But yet it was a bliss to me,
To feel that they were shared with thee.

Thy tears fell fast—the accents faltered,
Which said thy love should be unaltered,
And whoso'er thy wanderings be,
I cannot choose, but think on thee!

In spite of all that I have borne
From hollow friendship—open scorn—
In spite of fate's unkind decree,
I still am blest with thoughts of thee!

Of the few joys with which I'm blest—
That I prize most and love the best,
Is the unfading memory
Of hours which I have spent with thee.

Amid the thoughts to ruin shaken—
Amid the wreck of hopes forsaken—
'Mid grief and gloom, 'tis sweet to see
A cheering, changeless light in there!

I would not give, for warrior's glory—
I would not give, to live in story,
'Mid pomp and pride and blazonry,
My last and lightest thought of thee!

For I am sad and lonely—thou
Art all that Fate has left me now!

And I can rise 'bove misery
While I am left the thought of thee!

Nov. 11th, 1820.

J. W. DALBY.

The Drama.

THE managers of the winter theatres are likely soon to render the office of a dramatic critic a sinecure, by the monotony of the performances. The most ardent admirer of music must now, we think get satiated; for tragedy and comedy are holding a '*Lenten fast*,' and opera alone predominates. 'If music be the *public wish*,' as the poet says it is the 'food of love,' we beg the managers to 'play on'; but if there is any truth in the assertion, that '*Est natura hominum novitatis avida*,' then we think the managers will not only consult the public taste, but, ultimately, their own interest, in diversifying their entertainments. Our friend, Mr. Pary, has already alluded to this subject in another part of this journal, and we fully agree with him in the opinions he has expressed. The manager of Drury Lane always goes to extremes. When he had Mr. Kean, he gave us nothing but tragedy, except the comedy of *Wild Oats*, which, out of the eighteen or twenty nights that it was played in one season, did not draw above two or three tolerable houses. Now tragedy is abandoned, for very good reasons;—his excellent company of comedians are *shelved*, except that we sometimes get a glance at one or two of them in a farce, or, perhaps, in some characters not well suited to them; and all this to force operas perpetually upon us, and that, too, in Lent, when two nights of the week are always devoted to oratorios.

All that we have to say of the theatres this week, may be comprised in a very few words: Miss Dance has repeated the character of Mrs. Haller, at Covent Garden, and with increased success. The *Duenna* has been also successfully repeated at Drury Lane; and the *Oratorios* at both houses have been very well attended. Some of the Royal Dukes have visited the theatres during the week. We are glad to see royalty thus dispensing its patronage to the drama.

Literature and Science.

Mr. Dufief's system of teaching languages, continues to make rapid progress. In Dublin, where it has been lately introduced, the young gentlemen taught on the plan, have given proofs of its value in acting some French plays at a public exhibition. Some scenes from Voltaire's *La Mort de César*, and Moliere's *Le Bourgeois gentilhomme*, were selected for the occasion, 'and these,' says the editor of the Freeman's Journal, 'were delivered in a pure accent, and delighted every body. It would seem, indeed, as if nothing but a powerful method of teaching, such as that of Mr. Dufief could have produced similar effects.'

The fine ostrich, at the Royal Menagerie of Paris, killed itself the other day, in attempting to swallow a piece of glass; it weighed upwards of 220 lbs. a part of it was dressed, which was delicious, and afforded a great treat to the epicures; it tasted very much like black venison and had upwards of 20 lbs. of fat surrounding the intestines.

The Bee.

'*Floriferis at apex in salubris omnia limant;*
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aures dicta.'

LUCRETIVS.

The Duke of Orleans, when regent, asked a stranger the characteristics of different nations, through which he had travelled. The best method of acquainting your R. H. with their character, (said the stranger) is to tell you the first question generally asked in each country.—At the first sight of a traveller, in Spain, they say, 'is that a grandee of the first order?' In Holland, 'is that a rich man?' In France, 'is he a courtier?' In England, 'who is that man?'

In an old poem on the Lord Mayor's Day, the writer, describing the gentlemen who walked in procession, says, they were—

'Like snails on a cabbage leaf crawling along;
Admird by their wives, and huzz'd by the throng.'

Abuse of the English Language.—A blacksmith, in the vicinity of Maidstone, lately made out a bill against one of his customers, in which a charge was intended to be made for *steeling two mattocks*; that is, putting steel to the iron points of the implements. But the son of Vulcan, who had been more accustomed to wielding a sledge hammer than studying Dr. Johnson, actually wrote the following item.—
'To stealing two mad ducks,'—2s.

*Advertisement stuck up at Charleston, Carolina, by a German, who had lost his horse:—*He is run away agen, mine little black horse, I rite him two tags en midle de nite, and ven he not will see shumting, he shumps as if te tivel vas int, an he trows me down. I have had sich fall since pefore I vast porrit. I buy him top on Jacob Shintel Clymer: he hav five vite feet pefore, mit von plack snip on his nose, von eye will look pluck, like glass. He is pranded mit John Keister, on his behind side, py his tail.—Whoever will take up de said horse, an bring him to me, top on mine house, near Congarce, shall pay me two tollars reward, an if dey will not bring me mine horse agen, I will put de law in force ginst all de peoples.

In the advertisement announcing the appearance of *Kemble and Lewis* at Dublin, in *Leon and the Copper Captain*, some years ago, there was the following passage:—'They never before performed together in the same piece, and in all *human probability* they never will again: this evening is the *summit* of the manager's *climax*. He has constantly gone *higher and higher* in his *endeavours* to delight the public; *beyond this it is not in nature to go.*'

The corporation of London, it is said, once wrote to a former Duke of Marlborough, to know the name of the doctor who prescribed to his grace to *eat often in the day*; for the purpose of appointing him physician to the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council.

A Hoax.—The inhabitants of a French town (Villers Cotterets), were finely tricked lately. A serjeant-major of a disbanded regiment was brought to the hospital of the place, afflicted with a palpitation of the heart. He then pretended to be overcome with grief at having been born a Protestant, and expressed an ardent desire to be made a Catholic. The good people of the town ran in crowds to see the convert. The priests prayed for him, and after his recovery he was publicly baptised. On the following day (Sunday), he went to church and formally abjured the Protestant religion. The pious Catholics were delighted; dinners were given on the occasion; and, on the 17th, a grand fête was appointed. The convert, however, turned; the company went in haste to fetch him, but he had decamped, taking with him a considerable sum, which he had borrowed from the credulous fools who had fallen dupes to his pretended conversion.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

An Important Document, translated by Sir Sidney Smith from the Arabic, in our next.

LONDONIANA, and several other articles intended for the present number, are unavoidably deferred.

Sam Spritsail, O. F., I. W., and Mr. Newman's Sonnet, in our next.

One or two of the articles sent by W. G. shall have insertion, not on account of his threat, for we despise all threats, nor should we consider the loss of his contributions irretrievable.

We admonish our adulatory friends to pay the postage in future; otherwise their hints cannot be received, much less attended to.

Mr. Dench and E. T. M. will find a letter at our Publishers.

The First Quarterly Part for the present year is now ready.

Albemarle Street, March 27.

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No. 99.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1821.

Price 6d.

Reviews of New Books.

The Works of the Late Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
2 vols. 8vo. pp. 806. London, 1821.

WHILE we view with pleasure the collected works of Mr. Sheridan, whose splendid talents were the ornament of his age and country, we regret very much that circumstances have prevented the editor, Mr. Thomas Moore, whose name need only be mentioned to give great value to his labours, from publishing, at the same time, the life of this great man, as had been announced. The very reasons for this delay increase our regret, as they have their origin in the half-voluntary, half-constrained absence of the bard of Erin from this country. The works now published, are limited to the dramatic productions of Mr. Sheridan, and they are unaccompanied by a single critical remark or observation; nothing further from the editor appearing, than an advertisement, apologizing to the public for sending forth the works without the life of the author, by which they were to have been accompanied. After noticing his absence from this country as the chief cause of delay, as it prevents him from an intercourse with the witnesses of Mr. Sheridan's career, and excludes him from those facilities of information which his most eminent contemporaries would have afforded, Mr. Moore hints at the difficulty in writing a political biography, where 'events yet recent, and persons yet alive, must be discussed and characterized with a degree of freedom, which investigation and reflection alone can justify.' The editor then has the following just remarks on Mr. Sheridan's character, and on biography generally:—

'In attempting, indeed, such a memorial of one who has but just disappeared from among us,—of whom all is remembered, both the evil and the good, and whose fame has not yet undergone that purifying process by which time removes such light and casual spots as may have fallen upon the shining names selected to adorn its annals—the biographer has a task of no common difficulty to perform.

Whatever advantages he may possess in the freshness and authenticity of his materials, derived either from personal knowledge or the many living sources to which he can refer, are heavily counterbalanced by that multitude of opinions and prejudices—still actively surviving the object of their variance—which he has to encounter and consult both in seeking and in speaking the truth. In many instances, too, he finds the memory, which he could wish to honour, (as Cicero found the tomb of Archimedes, "septem republiæ et dumetis,") beset with imputations which, however trifling, disfigure its grandeur, and which the hand of oblivion alone can gently and effectually clear away.

'There are also, perhaps, some further reasons why, in sketching the portraits of distinguished men, a biographer should not be too near his subjects. What he gains in minuteness and precision of detail, he may lose in the general effect of the whole; and, instead of that comprehensive delineation of character which entitles biography, even more than history, to be called "philosophy teaching by examples," his views may be limited, partial, and microscopic; he may dwell upon foibles till he becomes blind to virtues; and, in recording only the little-nesses of the great, he may resemble one who would give us a map of the narrow lanes and passages of Constantinople, instead of a splendid panorama of its seas, its temples, and its palaces.

'On the other hand, however, it is equally to be apprehended, that in endeavouring to generalize the features of character, or represent them in that softened light through which they will be seen at distance by posterity, too many of those small but precious lines, which mark the peculiarity of the individual, may be lost; and the picture want that air of reality, by which alone our sympathies can be awakened, or the love of fact, so natural to the human mind, be satisfied. This vagueness becomes, perhaps, still more objectionable, when it is assumed as the means of evading disagreeable truths; and when, like those painters who conceal their want of anatomical knowledge under fine superficial finish and abstract smoothness of form, the biographer timidly escapes from an analysis of conduct and of motives, into wide generalities of praise and misleading palliations of wrong. This charity to the dead, if carried too far, becomes injustice to the living; a sort of haze is thrown over the boundaries of

error, and the world is defrauded of one half of that lesson—as useful at least in warning as encouraging—which the history of genius and its frailties bequeaths to mankind.'

In speaking of the dramatic works of Mr. Sheridan in these volumes, Mr. Moore pays the following well-merited tribute to his splendid talents:—

'After all, however, let the biographer do his duty as he may, it is in the volumes which are here presented to the world, and in the record, however imperfect, of his parliamentary exertions, that the most durable memorials of Mr. Sheridan's name exist. By these he will be known in after-times, when all of him, but his genius and his patriotism, are forgotten; when alike the partiality, which would throw a veil over faults, and that depreciating spirit which judges of eminent men only by their defects, shall have yielded to the calm unerring estimate of posterity; and, as an orator, eloquent in the noblest of causes, as a statesman, steady in the most trying times, and as a dramatist, successful in every walk of his art, he will rank, perhaps, among the greatest that ever embellished any age or nation.'

It is impossible to advert to Mr. Sheridan as a dramatic writer, without being struck with the genius which he displayed, and the perfection which he attained at so early an age. The whole of his comic pieces were written before he reached his eight-and-twentieth year, and his excellent comedy of 'The Rivals,' when he was not more than three-and-twenty. His rapid career will be seen from the following list of his pieces, and the dates when they were produced. We must premise that Mr. Sheridan was born in October, 1651:—

'The Rivals': a Comedy, first performed at Covent Garden Theatre, 17th January, 1775.

'St. Patrick's Day': a Farce, ditto, ditto, November, 1775.

'The Duenna': a 'Comic Opera,' ditto, ditto, November 21, 1775.

'A Trip to Scarborough': a Comedy, first performed at Drury Lane Theatre, February 24, 1777.

'The School for Scandal': a Comedy, ditto, ditto, May 8, 1777.

'The Camp': a Musical Entertainment, October, 15, 1778.

'The Critic, October 30, 1779.
Pizarro, May 24, 1769.

Thus it will be seen, that in the short period of four years, Mr. Sheridan wrote three comedies, a comic opera, and three afterpieces. Of the merits of these works, it would now be almost idle to speak; they are among the most popular pieces on the stage even at the present day, and they will be read and admired as long as legitimate comedy is known in this country. That Mr. Sheridan was one of the first comic authors that ever adorned the English theatre, will, we think, be readily admitted. He possessed the comic humour and imitation of real character which distinguished Dryden and Wycherly, without their ribaldry; in brilliant similitudes and allusions, in action, in incident, and in all the great constituents of comic writing, he was equal to Congreve, but he never, like him, shocks by indelicacy. He had Farquhar's sprightliness, without his flippancy. To come to later times, Sheridan combined the correct and elegant taste of Murphy, with the skill of Cumberland in inculcating the connection between virtue and happiness, and the tendency of vice to misery. If there is any one dramatic writer in the English language, who combines the strongest and most brilliant wit with the chastest propriety; who displays the justest and most characterizing humour, without descending into grossness of idea or expression; who gives the comic force of the English character, and steers clear of its incidental improprieties—it is Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Sheridan's maiden production, 'The Rivals,' experienced some slight disapprobation when first produced, which was attributed to Mr. Lee Lewin's imperfect conception of the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Mr. Sheridan acknowledged his ignorance of the drama, in many respects, at this time, and says that, when he first submitted his play to Mr. Harris, it was double the length of a regular comedy. On the first night, however, he accurately observed the sentiments of the audience, and the parts which appeared objectionable, when he withdrew the piece for a time, and made such judicious alterations and corrections that it was soon after brought forward, and became, as it has since continued, a great favourite on the stage.

The greatest triumph of Mr. Sheridan was, however, the *School for Scandal*, a play, the appearance of which may be considered as an epoch in the history of English comedy. In point

of plot, character, incident, dialogue, wit, and humour, it very far surpasses any production of modern times. The author faithfully copies nature and existing manners. None of his personages are artificial, but in every character and in every scene, we feel ourselves among our fellow men. The incidents rise out of the story; they advance in a most probable manner; and the catastrophe is such as must have arisen from such characters and circumstances in real life. Scandal, in its various sources and modes, is portrayed with the nicest discrimination and exactness; and its various shapes of sneer, lampoon, affected apology, and direct calumny, are admirably presented in the Members of the Scandal Club.

The comedy of *A Trip to Scarborough* is not original; it is altered from *The Relapse* of Sir John Vanburgh, by Mr. Sheridan, who has preserved and improved the humour, but left out the indelicacy. The performers being very imperfect in their parts, it was not well received the first night, but was afterwards played with much applause to crowded houses. Of the *Duenna*, we have already recorded our opinion in a notice of its performance at Drury Lane Theatre. The farce of *St. Patrick's Day* was written expressly for the purpose of serving an actor, at his benefit—a Mr. Clinch, who had acted the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, very much to the satisfaction of Mr. Sheridan and the public. We have been informed that this farce was written in forty-eight hours; nor is the assertion in the smallest degree improbable; the powers of such a man, if closely exerted, could, in a shorter time, produce a much more valuable performance. It, however, shows the versatility of the author's talents, by his success in broad farce as well as the most elegant comedy. The musical entertainment of *The Camp* was the first work in which Mr. Sheridan called in the aid of fine scenery. It contained a most perfect representation of the encampment at Coxheath; yet the drama itself possessed a still higher degree of merit: all the tricks, impositions, distresses, intrigues, manœuvres, &c. peculiar to a camp, were described in the dialogue, or exhibited in the dumbshow of Mr. Sheridan's performance, which, for two seasons, was a great favourite with the public. Of the *Critic* and *Pizarro*, we need not to speak, as they have been the most popular pieces of the kind ever produced on the stage.

We must really apologize to our

readers, for, although we set out with declaring how unnecessary it was to criticise Mr. Sheridan's works, yet we have been betrayed into an eulogy on productions which all the world admires, and which, therefore, cannot require our feeble tribute of praise.

Mr. Moore's edition of Mr. Sheridan's works, contains all the pieces we have enumerated, with their prologues, epilogues, &c.; to which are added, the 'Verses to the Memory of Garrick, spoken as a Monody, at Drury Lane Theatre.' This edition is strictly confined to his dramatic productions; and neither his celebrated Verses to Miss Linley, nor any of his other poetic gems, of which many are in circulation, are here collected. For these, and for that justice to the transcendent genius of Sheridan, which Mr. Moore is so well able to do, we must wait for the Memoirs, which, we trust, will not be long delayed. In the mean time, these volumes must be read with interest, by every admirer of true genius, and must be regarded as an imperishable monument of the splendid talents of the first orator and the first dramatic writer of modern times.

Annals of the Coinage of Britain and its Dependencies, from the earliest Period of Authentic History to the End of the Fiftieth Year of the Reign of His Majesty King George III. By the Rev. Rogers Ruding, B.D. Vicar of Malden, in Surrey, F.S.A., &c. The Second Edition, corrected, enlarged, and continued to the close of the Year 1818. 5 vols. 8vo. With a 4to. vol. of Plates. London, 1819.

It is not a little remarkable that a work of such sterling value as the *Annals of the Coinage*, (we speak seriously, and do not intend a pun,) should have passed through two editions without being noticed by any reviewer, which we believe to be the case. It is not, however, from an anxiety to be the first in the field of criticism, on the present occasion, that we in some degree depart from our regular plan, and become retrospective reviewers; but the subject is one of so much interest, and is treated with so much ability by the author, that we flatter ourselves we shall be rendering an acceptable service to our readers by introducing it to their notice.

This work, which displays considerable erudition and indefatigable research, traces the progress of the coinage of Britain from the earliest period— from the shapeless brass and the iron

rings or plates of the ancient Britons, to the beautiful coins of that very eminent artist Simon, when it reached the highest degree of excellence, and from that time to the present, when the art has declined with a rapidity for which it is not easy to account. The work also contains an historical detail of the changes which have obtained, not only in the denominations, forms, weights, and fineness of the money, with the best accounts which could be gathered from very scanty materials, of the origin and continuance of the various places of coinage and exchange which once existed in these dominions.

The collecting of these materials has not merely been an object of antiquarian curiosity; the author has had a higher and more important view, that of shewing, from the experience of ages, the inadequacy of punishment, however severe, to prevent the commission of the crime of counterfeiting the money, whilst the temptation to it remains so powerful and the execution of it so easy. His words on this subject we quote, as not only applying to counterfeiting money, but also to a much more frequent crime, that of forgery; and we recommend them seriously to the attention not only of legislators, but of that Moloch at whose shrine so many victims are annually sacrificed,—the Bank of England. Mr. Ruding says, 'The long succession of penal statutes, and the innumerable lives which have been forfeited to them, seem to prove that the system is radically defective, and that the crime can be prevented only by counteracting and weakening the force of the temptation. If it be the duty of every legislature to attend to the prevention rather than the punishment of offences, the acts referred to are a reproach to our statute book.'

We shall now, without further exordium, proceed to notice such parts of this work as appear to us to possess the most interest. We shall not detain our readers with a long disquisition on the origin of money*. In the most early stage of society, when the wants of man were confined to the absolute necessities of life, barter was sufficient for every purpose of exchange. Civilization, however, introduced so many wants, that a more perfect medium of commerce became necessary,—something which, by general consent, should be received at a fixed value, in exchange for all other things. At

first, this medium was formed of some of the necessities of life. Cattle were sometimes used, whence the term *pecunia* is derived; for, in *Domestick-Book*, the word is used almost universally for cattle, and in a few instances for possession generally, but very rarely as denoting money. The inconvenience arising from this simple barter, suggested other means, and the precious metals were selected, and at a very remote period were given and received by weight. In more recent times, the wampum of America, the cowries of Africa, and the red feathers of the islands in the South Seas, have been used. None of these, however, can be considered as perfect money. Even the circulation of gold and silver by weight, which approaches the nearest to the convenience of coins, was soon found to be insufficient for the purposes of internal commerce, and a method was devised to ascertain the weight and gravity of the metal on bare inspection, by a stamp impressed upon it. The date of this invention cannot be accurately ascertained, but its high antiquity may be fairly inferred, and its origin placed anterior to all authentic prophane history.

Sir Edward Coke lays it down, that the money of England must be either gold or silver, and, at the time he wrote, no other metals had been coined by authority of the monarch; but copper coins were issued by Charles II. in 1672, under certain limitations. The materials of which the ancient Britons formed that medium of exchange which circulated amongst them when Cæsar first landed upon their shores, were brass and iron; but at a later period, during the reign of Cænobeline, they appear to have strack gold, silver, and copper. During the reigns of the Saxons and the Danes in England, silver and brass were only coined in their mints. The Norman kings rejected the latter, and silver became the sole material of coinage until the reign of Henry III., when gold was introduced into the Mint:—

From this metal, together with silver, were formed all the coins which, during several centuries, the monarchs of England permitted to be issued from their mints; to the great inconvenience of their inferior subjects, who required for their purchases money of smaller value than the penny, which seems to have been the lowest coin until the reign of Edward I. as no half-pennies nor farthings are known of any of the Anglo-Norman monarchs before his time. It has been supposed, by various authors, that in early times this

inconvenience was in a great measure obviated by the coinage of pennies with a cross deeply indented on the reverse, in order to facilitate their division into half-pennies and farthings; but such coins have never yet been found, nor is it credible that any prince would strike his money in such a manner as to insure the destruction of a great proportion of it.

The smallest pieces of silver, i. e. the farthings, were coined as long as the increased value of that metal would permit; but, at length, their size was of necessity so much diminished, that the making them totally ceased in the reign of Edward VI.

To supply their place, James the First caused farthing tokens of brass and copper to be struck, but at a value so much inferior to the rate at which they were issued, that it was not thought fit to recognise them as legitimate coins, and to enforce their currency, and, therefore, they soon sunk into contempt and disuse.

The first real copper money was coined by Charles II. in 1665; but it does not appear that it was ever made current, and therefore the commencement of a regular coinage of that metal must be dated in the year 1672.

Tin was likewise coined by him in 1684.

The necessities of James II. gave rise to the coinage of substances still more intrinsically worthless than even copper and tin; namely, gun-metal and pewter. Such coinages, however, are scarcely worthy of enumeration here, as they never were imitated, the practice ceasing with the ruin of the inventor.

Thus it appears that the more precious metals have been for ages, and still continue to be, used in this kingdom as the chief materials of coins.

From the account of the constitution of the Mint, which is amply detailed, we quote a short extract on the wages of the officers at an early period:—

In the 33th year of Henry III. the warden's salary was two shillings a-day.

In the 33d year of Edward I. the porter of the Mint and Exchange received nine pence a-day; and the same in the 9th of Edward II. and the 23d of Edward III.

The warden's salary in the 23d year was as before, two shillings a-day; at which time his clerk received nine pence, and the keeper of the dies six pence a-day.

In the 25th and 31st years of Henry VI. it was two shillings and sixpence; but I have not discovered when the rate took place.

In his 32d year, the engraver had twenty pounds per annum.

The person who held the offices of comptroller, exchanger, and assayer, in the first year of Edward IV. was to take the usual daily wages, amounting to 20l. 13s. 4d. per annum.

* For an interesting article on the origin and value of money, we refer our readers to No. 2 of the *Literary Chronicle*.—Ed.

'In the second year of the same King, the engraver's wages were, as before, twenty pounds per annum.

'And, in his sixth year, the salary of the warden's clerk was nine pence a-day.'

The salary of the warden of the Mint, is now 434l. 2s. and that of the engraver 500l.

The supply of the Mint with bullion was in early times considered to be a circumstance of too much importance to be trusted to natural means alone; and the aid of alchemy was, therefore, resorted to for that purpose. Thus the gold of which the nobles of Edward III. were formed, is said to have been produced by Raymond Lully:—

'Ashmole, in his notes upon Norton's Ordinal, and Hermes Bird, has given a very circumstantial account of the bringing of Lully into England, by Cremer, Abbot of Westminster; of his agreeing to make the King rich by his art, in consequence of that monarch's promise to enter into a war against the Turks; of his refusal to work any longer, when he found that Edward would not keep that promise; and of his being clapt up in the Tower in consequence.

'The gold,' he says, 'is affirmed (by an unprinted verity) to have been made by Raymond Lully, in the Tower of London; and besides the tradition, the inscription is some proof; for, upon the reverse is a cross fleury, with Lioneux inscribed, "Jesus autem transiens per medium eorum ibat;" that is, "as Jesus passed invisible, and in most secret manner, by the midst of the Pharisees, so that gold was made by invisible and secret art amidst the ignorant."

'That Edward was, in some degree, a believer in the powers of alchemy, and, therefore, not improbably the dupe of Lully, will, I think, appear from the following record. The patent roll of his third year states, that the King had been given to understand, that John le Rous, and Master William de Dalby, could make silver by art of alchemy; that they had heretofore made it, and still did make it; and that by such making of that metal, they could greatly profit the realm; he, therefore, commanded Thomas Cary to find them out, and to bring them before the King, with all the instruments, &c. belonging to the said art. If they would come willingly, they were to be brought safely and honourably; but, if not, they were to be seized, and brought before the King wherever he might be. All sheriffs, &c. were commanded to assist the said Thomas Cary. This belief in the creation, or, at least, transmutation of metals, was, in the reign of Henry IV. so firmly established, that we find, in his fifth year, a statute which solemnly "ordained and established that none from henceforth shall use to multiply gold or silver, nor use the craft of multiplication; and if any the same do,

that he incur the pain of felony in this case.'

Notwithstanding the disappointments which must have been perpetually experienced from the professions of these alchemists, it is certain that a reliance on the powers of their art, continued so late as the 17th of Edward IV. as appears by a warrant of that monarch, to John Frenah, affording him protection 'to practise a true and a profitable conclusion in the cunning or transmutation of metals.'

We conclude, for the present, with some judicious observations on the depreciation of money:—

'From the variations in the price of bullion, has arisen the necessity of reducing, from time to time, the actual weight and value of the coins; but their further depreciation, as to their effect in exchange for other commodities, has been influenced in a great measure by the increased quantity in circulation, which has reduced their value, in like manner as the same circumstance will reduce the value of any other article of exchange. That this is really the case, is amply to be proved from the progressive reduction of the interest of money. From the 5th chapter of the statute 3 Henry VII. it should seem, that, by an evasive process, twenty per cent. was sometimes paid. But it was not until the 27th year of Henry VIII. that the legal rate of interest was determined by statute, when it was ordained that not more than ten per cent. should be taken; and, after several reductions, at various times, it was brought down to five per cent. in the 12th year of Queen Anne; at which its legal rate has remained stationary until this present time.

'Its actual rate, however, has been perpetually, and necessarily, varying, through every period, since it first received a legal sanction.

'During a war, when the necessities of government create a powerful competition in the money market, it cannot be procured at the interest which the law has prescribed; and even government itself is obliged to exceed the established rate, either by an actual increase, or by a profit which the lender expects to make from the transfer of part of the securities given to him.

'When a few years of peace have brought back a portion of that wealth which the war had carried out of the kingdom, then the value of money begins to decrease, and it may be borrowed at less interest than five per cent., because the competition in the market is then on the contrary side to what it was before, and there exists a greater eagerness to dispose of money than to borrow it.

'From this, which is the natural course of things, we may learn how ineffectual, and consequently how impolitic, it is to attempt to fix, by legal restraints, that

which will ever be a matter of bargain, and consequently ever in a state of fluctuation.'

(To be continued.)

A Narrative of Travels in Northern Africa, in the Years 1818, 19, and 20, &c. &c. By Captain G. F. Lyon, R. N.

(Concluded from p. 199.)

AFTER the death of Mr. Ritchie, of which we gave an account in our last number, Captain Lyon determined to penetrate to the southward of Morocco. Having secured such of their effects as they intended to leave, our author, accompanied by Belford, set forward on the 13th of December. The itinerary presents many details of general interest, but we shall notice only some of the most prominent. At Zueia, where the inhabitants are nearly all white, very hospitable, and peaceable, our author was told of a remarkable fowl, which would greatly excite his surprise. The shrief had brought a cock and hen of the breed from Egypt, and what was most singular, they both *crowed*. These rare animals proved to be nothing more than geese. Arriving at Gatrone, on Mohammed's birth-day, every thing promised a gay meeting, and the young Tibboo girls were full dressed on the occasion. They are light and elegant in form, have aquiline noses, fine teeth, and lips formed like those of Europeans. Their costume is graceful; the hair is plaited on each side in such a manner as to hang down the cheeks like a fan. A piece of leather is fastened from the front to the back of the head, in the centre, and through this are passed twenty or thirty silver rings:—

'On each side of the head, they wear an ornament of gold and rough cut agate. And round it, above the ears, a bandeau of coral, cowrie shells, or agates; several light chains of silver, having round bells at the end of them, are attached to the hair, and, when dancing, produce a pleasing sound. Their necks are loaded with gaudy necklaces, and one-half of their well-formed bosoms is shown by the arrangement of their drapery; their arms are bare to the shoulders, having above the elbow neat silver rings of the thickness of a goose-quill, and on the wrists one or two broader and flatter. In the ear they wear three or four silver rings of various sizes, the largest in circumference hanging the lowest. Their most singular ornament is a piece of red coral, through a hole in the right nostril, which really does not look unbecoming. The dress is a large shawl of blue, or blue and white cotton, of which they have a variety of

patterns, fastened over the shoulders and across the bosom, and hanging in graceful folds, so as to show the back, right breast, and right arm bare. These dresses are very short, and exhibit the leg to the calf; but with all this display, their general appearance offered nothing offensive or immodest.

They tripped out all the evening to exhibit their finery, and were proudly pointed out by their mothers, who were visiting in our neighbourhood. As our hostess had a very pretty daughter, all the young people came to call on her, which afforded them a pretence for looking at the two new Mamlukes, who had just arrived. I sat on the sand, at the door, and was much gazed at, not in the Arab way, but by stealth, from behind their little shawls, and peeping through the palm bushes.

As it was the custom on this night, for the girls to dance through the town in every direction, I heard drums, bagpipes, and the usual accompaniment of tin-pots. At midnight I was called up to see them perform at our door. They were directed by an old woman, with a torch in one hand, and a long palm branch in the other, and sung, in chorus, verses which she recited to them. Three men sung and played on drums with their hands; and by their motions regulated the dancers, who were to advance or retreat accordingly. The tallest girls were placed in the centre, while the younger ones formed the wings, and they then danced in a circle, round their governess. The lookers-on had torches of palm leaves, and sung occasionally in chorus.

The chief object in the dance, seemed to be the waving, gracefully, from right to left, and in time with the music, a light shawl, which was passed over the shoulders, the ends being in the hands. They employed their feet, only to advance or retreat occasionally; but accompanied the change of time by movements of the head from side to side. At a given signal they all knelt, still going through the same motions of the head, and chanting their verse. They danced so exactly in time, and were dressed so much in uniform, that it appeared like witchcraft; when, on a sudden, every torch was extinguished, and the fairies vanished, to exhibit in some other part of the town.

We would gladly here finish the account of the Tibboo women, when it is so much in their favour; but justice requires us to add a terrible drawback on their charms—they are immoderately fond of tobacco, 'with a great portion of which every mouth is crammed.' On the 2nd of January, our traveller arrived at Tegerry, the southern limit of Fezzan. The castle walls, which formerly commanded the town, are about thirty feet thick at the bottom, and ten at the top; they are composed of mud, but are now in a ruin-

ous state. The date trees are in and close to the houses, and there are several stagnant pools of water near the castle. Of the natives of these parts we learn, that—

The Tibboo of Borgoo are all Kaffirs, but are quiet inoffensive people, living in houses made of palm-leaf mats, called booshi, which are so closely woven, that the rain cannot penetrate them. I have seen huts of this description at Gatrone and Tegerry, and consider them superior to the Fezzan houses in general. Very little corn is cultivated in Borgoo, the inhabitants subsisting chiefly on dates, which grow there in immense quantities, of an inferior kind, and on the flesh of their sheep, goats, and camels: they have also a small breed of black cattle, but these are chiefly used for milking. The arms of these people I have spoken of in a former page. Their dress has very little variety; and, except the skins of animals, they have only such coarse cloth as they sometimes obtain from their trading neighbours, which they wear, having a piece before and another behind, hanging down as low as the knees. Boys and girls are entirely naked, and few of the men have any other covering than a leather wrapper round the loins; all have the head bare. Marriage, according to the accounts of the Arabs, who vilify them in order to excuse their own cruelties, is unknown among them, and the women are in common; brothers and sisters live together, and confess it when asked. They have no knowledge of a God; they are, nevertheless, peaceable and neighbourly towards each other. One or two whom I questioned, admitted that there was a great Spirit, who made them; but laughed when I asked where he was to be found? They imagine thunder and lightning to be produced by their deceased friends, and are, therefore, very fearful during a storm. They eat the blood of camels when baked over a fire; and they also will eat animals which die a natural death. Lizari came and lodged with us; we provided him with clothes, and made him as comfortable as we could. Neither he, nor any of the Ghrazie, had for the last forty-two days, tasted any other food than dates; he was fat, however, and so were they all, which is a strong proof of the nutritious quality of that fruit.

On the 16th of January, Captain Lyon returned to Morzouk, and his seventh chapter contains such information respecting the country of Fezzan, as he has been able to collect. The soil is generally a sandy desert; little grain is produced, and the people derive their chief subsistence from the dates. Sheep and goats are too expensive for the poorer classes, and even among the opulent, there is no man who can afford to eat meat more than three times a week:—

Landed property is generally in the possession of the better classes, and is cultivated for them by the free servants and slaves, who work alike, and experience exactly the same treatment. Lands generally descend to the nearest relations at the decease of the owner; but if he dies without heirs, or is put to death for an alleged crime, the sultan claims them as his right; the owner, notwithstanding, can, if he pleases, buy or sell, without being bound by any sort of entail or clause, against parting with family property. Houses are held in the same way as the lands. When grounds are leased, or sold, the price is generally proportioned to the number of wells and date trees on the premises; it happens, however, not unfrequently, that the palms are the property of one man, while the land on which they grow belongs to another. The gardens are entirely cultivated by the paddle or hoe, and parcelled out into squares of about three feet, having little channels to them, for the purpose of irrigation. Much dung is used, and the sandy soil of old gardens almost assumes the appearance of earth. From the great labour requisite to keep these spots in order, it would not repay any non-resident to have lands in Fezzan; though I am confident that such possessions would be respected, as there are many absentees who have large groves of palms, which their relatives, or those employed by them, keep, and render up an exact account of. The difficulty of finding willing, honest, faithful, or contented workmen, is very great; and each master or agent is obliged to attend constantly to his own immediate property or charge; some gardens, however, are, and have been, attended for generations by the same family of labourers.

The government of Fezzan was once hereditary; and the office of kadi still continues so. Mukni's military force, if he presses the Arabs into his service, sometimes amounts to five thousand men. In Morzouk, the punishment of crimes is the same as at Tripoli, already noticed. The men drink freely, and are very good humoured drunkards, but hospitality, the Arab virtue, is unknown in Fezzan. Of slavery and the slave-trade, our author says,—

In Morzouk, about a tenth part of the population are slaves, though many have been brought away from their country so young, as hardly to be considered in that light. With respect to the household slaves, little or no difference is to be perceived between them and freemen, and they are often entrusted with the affairs of their master. These domestic slaves are rarely sold, and on the death of any of the family to which they belong, one or more of them receive their liberty, when, being accustomed to the country, and not having any recollection of their own, they marry, settle, and are conse-

quently considered as naturalized. All slavery is for an unlimited time, unless when a religious feeling of the master induces him to set a bondsman free on any great festival, on the occasion of a death, or, which not unfrequently happens, from a wish to show his approval of the slave's services.

"It was, when the people were more opulent, the custom to liberate a male or female on the feast of Bairam, after the fast of Rhamadan. This practice is not entirely obsolete, but nearly so. The slaves are procured from the inland traders, or on those lawless expeditions I have already mentioned.

"Respecting the offspring of slaves, it may not be uninteresting to observe the regulations existing in Fezzan, which are, as far as I can collect, the same as in all Moslem countries.

"A Khaled, or negress, bearing a child by her master, cannot afterwards be sold, but must be maintained for the remainder of her life by him, or any person to whom he may marry her; and her child is free, and equally entitled to support.

"A negress having a child by any man but her master, (even though the parties should be married,) is the mother of a slave, she herself not being free.

"Should the female slave of one man be with child by the male slave of another, the infant so born becomes the property of the master of the female, and can, as well as its mother, be sold.

"A child, the offspring of a free woman by a slave, partakes of its mother's state, and is free.

"It not unfrequently happens that masters allow family slaves to marry without liberating them; but their children are slaves, and can be sold, although it is not considered honourable so to dispose of them. These children, and, indeed, all those born in the country, are called Shushan.

On the 9th of February, Captain Lyon left Morzouk, to return to Tripoli. As this is ground on which we have already accompanied him, our further extracts will be very few, and rather desultory than otherwise. Our author was at Sockna on the 28th of February, and he says,—

"This morning being the first of their spring, and a day of general rejoicing, it is the custom to dress out little tents or bowers on the tops of the houses, decorating them with carpets, jereeds, shawls, and sashes. A gaudy handkerchief on a pole, as a standard, completes the work, which is loudly cheered by the little children, who eat, drink, and play during the day in these covered places, welcoming the spring by songs, and crying continually, "O welcome spring! with pleasure bring us plenty." The women give entertainments in their houses, and the day is quite a holiday. From the top of our house these little bowers had a very pretty effect, every roof in the town being

ornamented with one. They are called goobba."

Among the few notices of natural history which this work contains, we find the following:—

"A little blackish rat was brought to me, which was really very curious; it had a head resembling that of a badger, with the same peculiar marks by the side of the face; its tail was long, black, and rather bushy. Belford and myself contrived to make a cage for it, out of a tin canister, and I discovered that it had the power of clinging to the bars, and climbing with its back downwards; it was very fierce, but I had great hopes of being able to bring it home, as well as three other animals, called by the Arabs dthub, which resembled lizards in many respects, but were much more clumsily formed, and slower in their motions; their tails were broad, and covered with scaly spikes, and they could hang by their fore paws, which they had the power of closing on any object; their head and nose much resembling those of the hawk's-bill turtle, and, to a certain degree, they changed their colour as camels do."

Our author being unwell, was rubbed with an Arabic compound for the fever, by a white woman of Tripoli, of whom we learn, that—

"About eighteen months before this period, the bashaw, one evening, surprised his black wives and a party of their female friends, making merry, or, in other words, very drunk and noisy, and playing all sorts of extraordinary pranks; on sight of him they fled in all directions, leaving in his presence, his wife or wives, with this Tripoline woman and a negress slave. The latter had her throat cut immediately, in the presence of her mistress,—the wives were threatened with death, and the white woman, named Sleenia, the doctress above-mentioned, received five hundred bastinadoes; she was then allowed to depart, but the bashaw afterwards thought proper to send after her, with an order that she should be strangled. She was fortunate enough to escape, and after wandering about for some time, attached herself to Lilla Fatma, who was also exiled and given to Sheikh Barood, with whom she arrived safely at Fezzan. The poor woman, owing to severe illness, was on the brink of the grave during her stay at Morzouk, which made her determine on leaving the place, and braving every danger by a return to Tripoli. On my coming away, she put herself under my protection, and I promised to intercede with the bashaw for her pardon. As she was emaciated and very weak, I allowed her to mount my camels, and I fed her during the journey. She certainly was not a very interesting figure, being much marked with the small-pox, and resembling, in form and person, a little fat man; and I was well aware that I should not make a very beautiful or virtuous addi-

tion to the Tripoli ladies: feeling, however, great pity for her, I consented to take her under my charge. Lilla Fatma, whom this unfortunate female had served for a whole year, allowed her to come away without giving her even a shirt, or money to help her on her journey."

At Zleutem, our author says,—

"I was much amused by the songs of the Negresses while pounding wheat; they sang all their country airs in chorus, and there was in their wildness much beauty. Their Boori, or songs used in sorcery, were particularly striking, and they kept time to the music with their wooden pestles and glass armlets, which sounded like cymbals. One of the songs was thus explained to me: the three girls who sung it were pounding in the same mortar, and regulated their beating according to the circumstances of which they sung. At first she pounded slowly, one telling the other two that they must keep up their spirits, as the warrior would soon be at home, and their lovers would bring more trophies than any one else; they then increased their time, and sang a song of triumph, the warriors being supposed to have returned; when, suddenly, they beat without measure, singing in a very shrill and rapid manner as for one who was dead. They then ceased beating altogether, and sang a trio, in which two endeavoured to comfort the girl who had lost her lover, she appearing inconsolable. At length they agreed to have recourse to sorcery, to ascertain if he died nobly. A goat was supposed to be killed, each of them examining its entrails, and singing several incantations, until a happy sign was discovered, when they resumed their pestles, winding up with a very beautiful chorus. The master of the girls forbade their singing any more, even though I earnestly requested that they might be suffered to continue; he said it was unholy, and that they were as great Kaffirs now, as before they acknowledged our Lord Mohammed to be the Prophet of God."

We now take our leave of Captain Lyon, and, although he has not added much to our stock of information respecting Africa, yet we think he has furnished many useful hints and notices, which may be of considerable service to future travellers. One value this work certainly possesses—faithfulness; the author modestly narrates what he saw and what appeared to him of interest, without attempting to astonish his readers by marvellous adventures; and when we consider, that he may have trusted much to the notes of Mr. Ritchie, and did not, in the outset of the journey, expect to be called on to furnish a narrative, it is not surprising that it is in some parts less complete than could have been wished.

A number of lithographic plates,

drawn by Captain Lyon, illustrate and ornament the work.

A Practical View of an Invention for the better protecting Bank Notes against Forgery. Illustrated by various Specimens. By John Holt Ibbetson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 68. London, 1821.

So much has already been written on the prevention of forgery in a moral point of view, that it is scarcely necessary to notice it. It is, however, a subject on which the legislator, the merchant, and the moralist, must feel a deep interest. The numerous victims to a crime of recent date, declare either the inefficiency of capital punishments, or the wanton negligence of those who permit the crime to be so easily committed. The facility of forging Bank of England notes is the great temptation; and while they continue to be so wretchedly executed as to be imitated by any engraver's apprentice of one year's standing, that temptation will continue, even though the sacrifice of human life should increase a hundred fold. Of that sacrifice of late years, we have a melancholy proof in a return made to the House of Commons on the 15th of last month. It is a 'Statement of the Number of Persons convicted of any crime connected with the Forgery of the Notes of the Bank of England, in each of the years, from the year 1790 to the year 1820, both inclusive.' From this list, it appears that there were no convictions until the year 1797, the period when cash payments were suspended, and, we believe, one pound notes first issued. In that year there was only one capital conviction. In the year 1820, there were not less than 352 convictions! 77 capital, and 275 for what is termed the minor offence, that of having forged Bank notes in their possession. The total number of convictions, from 1797 to 1820 inclusive, have been 1581, of which 461 were capital. The Bank of England does not possess the means of stating or distinguishing the punishments inflicted for the said crimes; but, as forgery is the unpardonable sin, it would not, we believe, be exceeding the number, if we suppose, that not less than four hundred of our fellow-creatures have been executed in the last twenty-four years for forgery on the Bank of England.

This is a serious charge against some persons, and 'woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.' We shall, no doubt, be told that no persons are

more anxious to prevent forgery than the Bank Directors,—that commissioners have been appointed to investigate the subject,—and that immense sums have been expended to procure a note that cannot be imitated. To a certain extent we will admit all this; but, as perfection is not a plant of earthly growth, we must scarcely expect to attain it; and although there may not yet have been discovered a plan perfectly secure from imitation, yet several have been invented, which would render the imitation so difficult on the one hand, and so easy of detection on the other, that forgery would be nearly annihilated. In justice, however, to the Bank Directors, we copy the following article, which has appeared in some of the newspapers, containing an account of their latest labours:—

'We understand that the plan adopted by the Bank of England for the formation of a new bank-note, and which has for some time past been pursued with the greatest activity, has completely failed in its object, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary.

'In the first instance, a variety of specimens were exhibited to the Bank by some of the most eminent and ingenious gentlemen of the profession, none of which were deemed eligible. It is said that a plan was afterwards submitted by Sir Wm. Congreve, and was nothing more than a compound or a consolidation of the best features in the rejected specimens. 'This was accepted,' and immediately put into execution, under the management, we are told, of Mr. Applegath, on whom an annuity of a large amount had been previously settled for life, as a remuneration for his services, and his undertaking the sole management of this arduous and extensive concern. After notes to an enormous amount had been finished, the expense of which, together with the cost of machinery, including the sums paid to different artists, amounted in the whole to upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, an artist, in a few hours, made a *fac-simile* of the new Bank-note, which was so well executed, that the difference between the two notes could scarcely be discovered. It is supposed that each note that was manufactured, cost, on an average, three pence sterling. We have this account from a gentleman who had full opportunity of ascertaining the fact. We understand that the *fac-simile* was produced upon the lithographic system. To this statement, for the perfect accuracy of which we are not of course responsible, we may add the following fact from our own personal knowledge:—When the Bank Directors first determined to adopt the plan proposed by Sir W. Congreve, and which was a mere pilfer from the American mode of invention, specimens of various

notes manufactured by machinery in America were submitted to the celebrated wood-engraver, Mr. Branstion, in order to have his opinion as to the possibility of forgery. The machinery for one of these specimens was so bulky and complex, that two waggons would not contain it, and it required six weeks for the fixing. The other specimens were from a less complex, but still difficult and expensive progress. Mr. Branstion, in order to convince the Bank Directors of the folly of their undertaking, made perfect *fac-similes* (which we have seen) of every specimen, so as they could not possibly be distinguished from the originals. Some of the *fac-similes* did not occupy more than three or four hours each of the time of this able artist, and the two wagon-load specimen was equalled in less than twenty-four hours!

So much for the plans adopted or tried by the Bank of England: we now come to notice one which has been neglected by them—the plan submitted by Mr. Ibbetson, the author of the work before us. Those who have seen this gentleman's work on 'Eccentric Circular Turning,' need not to bemoan his ingenuity. It appears, that among the various plans submitted to the Bank Directors, Mr. Ibbetson sent one. Convinced that 'whatever is executed by the hand may be imitated by the hand,' Mr. Ibbetson's is confined to machinery engravings for letter-press work, and he says, he always considered that 'engravings of that description offered a protective power, and many advantages beyond engravings of any other sort.' In this opinion, he is confirmed by the Report of the Society of Arts. The machinery used by Mr. Ibbetson has been invented by himself, and his work contains abundance of specimens, which combine the utmost elegance and precision. Of these no description will afford any idea; they need only, however, to be seen to be admired. A few extracts from the work will convey a tolerable idea of the author's plan. He says,—

'The machinery which I have constructed, combines the principle of the geometric pen, with others of a still more fortuitous nature.

'I have before mentioned that the inventor of this pen enumerates no less than one thousand two hundred and seventy-three different curves, which, in its simple form, it is capable of producing; and every additional contrivance which is made to such simple form, necessarily multiplies that number. A different figure is the inevitable consequence, not only of every different combination of the whole number of curves, but also of every different adjustment of the machinery. I will not attempt to calculate the number

of figures that may be thus produced:—it may be considered to be endless; for it would take no less a period than 117,000,000,000,000 years to effect all the figures which might be produced from *only twenty-four curves*, supposing that ten figures were produced every minute.

The accompanying plate furnishes a specimen of the kind of figures this machinery produces; and I have no hesitation in saying, that if I was ever so desirous of executing a fac-simile engraving, I should despair, even with the same machine, of accomplishing it. Not having taken any memorandum of the adjustment of the machinery, by which the figures were produced, I consider that there is as little probability of my obtaining them again, as that I should produce corresponding curves by dropping a thread on the table. It may still be argued that the engraving might be copied by hand. To this part of the subject I have not been inattentive. I have submitted similar engravings to the opinion of the most ingenious and expert artists, some of whom were inclined, at first, to think they might be copied, but, subsequently, admitted the impossibility of effecting it by hand. I have, however, heard of one engraver who persisted in the possibility of their being copied, and that he himself would do it. I trust I shall be pardoned the digression, but I really cannot help saying, that I think the carver might as well be expected to imitate, with his chisel, an engine-turned snuff-box, as that the engraver should be expected to imitate machinery engravings without the aid of machinery. But, to proceed; if, contrary to the opinion of other artists, and to my expectation, that engraver were able to copy my machinery engravings, it would operate, I conceive, as a very trifling deterioration of my plan, when it became known that he was no other than the ingenious and exquisite artist, Mr. Branstion. I have no object for concealment, and will, therefore, relate the fact as it occurred.

In the course of last summer, Sir Wm. Congreve, (one of the commissioners for preventing forgery,) accompanied by Mr. Branstion, repaired to the shop of Mr. Stewart, ivory-turner, in Oxford Street, and purchased my book on Eccentric Circular Turning, with some of my machinery engravings, which Mr. Stewart had to dispose of. Mr. Branstion seemed to consider the figures were formed by circles. Mr. Stewart informed him that they were not. Mr. Branstion then observed, that, whether they consisted of circles or not, he was confident he could copy them. How far he may have been successful I do not know, but it is natural to conclude that he did not succeed; for, after what passed, I think, if he had, he would have sent Mr. Stewart an impression of his engraving. From the concurring opinion of other artists, I am, however, as confident that

Mr. Branstion cannot copy them, as he may have been to the contrary.

The four uppermost of the engraving, in the plate against fol. 28, formed a part of those which Sir Wm. Congreve purchased at Mr. Stewart's, and which Mr. Branstion said he could copy.

It may, however, be said, that although a perfect fac-simile may not be produced, either by machinery or by hand, yet the imitation may be sufficiently good to impose on the public. To prevent this, I introduce a test which will enable every one to detect any imitation that is any thing less than a perfect copy.

The engravings are so executed as to be imprinted in detached parts; and, in applying the test, the sides of the engravings which are opposite, when brought into juxtaposition, will perfectly coincide, line for line, and form perfect figures. This test, independently of its affording facility to the public at large of examining into and determining upon the genuineness of a note, constitutes an extraordinary degree of difficulty against imitation. It is not only necessary that the figure should be correctly copied, but also that the line of division should intersect the various curves, precisely in the same manner as in the original. The engraving here inserted affords an illustration of this test. If the edge of one part be folded down, and brought into contact with the edge of the other part, it will be instantly perceived that every line coincides, and that the two parts form a whole and perfect figure. This separation of the engraving I consider to be altogether fortuitous. I have never found it practicable to effect it twice in the same place; and supposing it otherwise possible to copy such a machinery engraving, the introduction of this line of separation would oppose an insurmountable difficulty.

Another modification of this test is, to imprint one part in black and the other part in red, in the manner represented in the accompanying plate; in which case the black and the red lines must every way coincide.

The rose engine has been named as affording the necessary protection in the execution of engravings. Mr. Ibbetson, however, rejects it. On the comparison of the rose engine with his own, he says,—

'Twenty years' experience in the contrivance, construction, and employment of machinery, taught me that the principle of the rose-engine was not sufficiently fortuitous for the object I had in view; and I was, therefore, led to the contrivance of the machine I have constructed. The result of the rose-engine depends on the will and skill of man, and is, consequently, within his control. The result of the engine I have constructed, depends on causes which are beyond the control of man, and which, consequently, place his will and skill at defiance. The relative protective power which different pro-

ductions may possess, is, I therefore consider, beyond the influence of individual opinion, and can only be decided by actual experiment—by substituting them for imitation to some artist of superior talents.

Mr. Silvester, an eminent engraver, residing in the Strand, when questioned by the Society of Arts, (as appears by their Report,) gave it as his decided opinion, that nothing could be engraved that might not be successfully imitated. Having, since he delivered this opinion, submitted to his inspection some of my specimens, he said, that the principle of them was new to him; that it was, clearly, impossible to imitate them by *copy* or *plate* engraving; nor, as he thought, could they, by any other mode of engraving, be successfully imitated *by hand*.

It is not a little singular that every engraver admits the total impossibility of copying Mr. Ibbetson's specimens *by hand*, but some think that they might be copied by machinery; and all the first rate mechanicians in London express their opinion as decidedly, that they cannot be copied *by machinery*, whilst some of them imagine they may be copied *by hand*. The conclusion which Mr. Ibbetson draws from these circumstances is, 'that a form of note may be contrived that cannot be successfully imitated.'

Whether this desideratum is attainable or not, we cannot determine, but Mr. Ibbetson appears to us to have made a very near approach to it; and, although the Bank of England has not adopted his plan, yet, as they appear to have failed with all the others, we hope they will give it a trial. At all events, it must be of great advantage to country bankers; and to them we recommend it, as we do the work to the ingenious, and to all who feel in the least interested in the prevention of forgery and in the progress of the arts.

The Lyre of Crispin, containing the Sorrows of Memory, and other Poems. By Two of the Craft. 12mo. pp. 120. London, 1821.

WHEN the names of Holcroft, Bloomfield, and Gifford, occur to our recollection, we cannot but feel some respect for the 'craft and mystery' of shoe making. We rejoice at every effort which tends to exercise the genius, and to better the condition of the adventurer, and we can even make great excuses for those who, mistaking the bent of their talents, often misdirect their studies. With these feelings, we took up the *Lyre of Crispin*. We did more, we read it—a task not easily accomplished, we confess, and

now that we are called on to pass judgment, we are sorry we can say nothing in its praise. Rhyme and reason, order and orthography, grammar and good sense, are all sadly outraged, and we feel that we have no chance of a single extract that will do the authors any credit. The 'Sorrows of Memory' is by far the best piece in the volume, and is intended as a contrast to the 'Pleasures of Memory,' by Rogers; the contrast of the subject is not, however, the only one, and we are sure we need not to point out the others. The 'Eulogie to the Memory of the Princess Charlotte;' the 'Epitaph on Mr. John Tindal, late Stockholder to the Western Division of Cordwainers;' and the 'Dream addressed to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, sen. bootmaker,' are among the minor productions. The two last may, perhaps, be interesting to some persons, but it will not be on account of their poetical merit certainly. In conclusion, we cannot but wish that the authors of this volume had attended to a maxim, with which they avow themselves acquainted, *ne auctor ultra crepidam*.

Foreign Literature.

CAPITULATION

GRANTED BY THE CALIPH OMAR
TO THE

CHRISTIANS OF JERUSALEM.

[We are indebted for the following important document to our illustrious countryman, Sir Sydney Smith, who has translated it from the original Arabic into French.—Ed.]

Translation of the original Arabic text of the Capitulation granted by the Caliph OMAR, the immediate successor of MAHOMET, to the Christians of Jerusalem and its dependencies, at the time of its conquest, in the 15th year of the Hegira.

IN THE NAME OF THE MOST GOOD AND MOST MERCIFUL GOD.

Let us praise the Lord who has educated us in Islamism, and who honours us with the true Creed, who has had pity on us, in sending us his Prophet Mahomet. May the peace and benediction of God be with him who purified our hearts, who granted us victory over our enemies, and dwellings in the country, and who inspired us with love for our brethren. Let God be praised by his servants for this grace and infinite mercy.

Behold the writing of Omar, the son of Catabb, which was given as a pact and a convention to the patriarch Zephryanus, revered by all his people, pa-

triarch of the royal orthodox sect of Jerusalem, on the Mountain of Olives.

This convention comprehends the subjects, the clergy, the monks, and nuns, and grants them surety in whatever place they may be.

'We, true believers, and our successors bind ourselves to guarantee surety to the Christian subject, if he fulfil his duties as subject.

'This convention shall only be broken by their fault, in case they try to throw off their obedience and submission.

'Let surety be equally accorded to their churches, their residence and property in the country, the places of their pilgrimage, as well within as without, that is to say, to the church *Ramane* (the holy Sepulchre), the place of the birth of Jesus, at BETHLEHEM, to the great church of the Caverni, with the three gates to the south, north, and west, as well as to the other Christians who may be in those places, to the Georgians and Abyssinians, Nestorians, Jacobites, and to those who belong to this prophet.

'They all merit kindness, because they were already formerly honoured by the prophet, with a document, sealed with his seal, by which he exhorts us to act kindly towards them, and accord them surety, on account of which we true believers are benevolently disposed towards them, to honour him who was benevolent towards them.

'They are hereby freed from all capitation tax, and from all duties in all the countries, and on all the seas of the Moslems. At their entrance of *Ramane* (the holy Sepulchre), and during the rest of their pilgrimage, nothing shall be exacted of them.

'The Christians who visit the holy Sepulchre, must deposit, for the patriarch, a drachma and an half of silver.

'The true believers of the two sexes must follow this law, (the sultans and chiefs not excepted) and submit to it, whether they be rich or poor.

'Given in presence of all the disciples of the prophet,—

'ABDALLAH, OSMAN, B. AFFAN, SAAD,
'ABDOR-RAHMAN, BEN-AUF.

'Let faith be given to this writing, which ought to rest in their hands, and may the benediction of God be accorded to the prophet and his disciples.

'Let us praise God, the king of worlds, on whom we repose, as on the prophet our advocate, the 20 *Ribuel*, Enel of the 15th year of the Hegira.

'He who reads this writing, and who acts in a manner contrary to it, from this day to the day of judgment, breaks the convention of God and his well-beloved Prophet.'

Besides the above document, we are indebted to Count *Italsinski* for another, in the Turkish language, by which the authenticity of the Arabic Convention mentioned in it, made between Mahomet and the Christians, is placed beyond all doubt. It is not pretended that this document is the original itself, but one of the three authentic copies of the original, which, by the orders of the prophet, were written by *Ali* (the second year of the Hegira) on the skin of a gazelle, and was signed by the most distinguished of the disciples and companions, and afterwards delivered to all the Christians in Arabia, as a letter of surety and safeguard.

Original Communications.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE

PLAGIARISMS OF LORD BYRON.

By W. B. L., Gent.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLER.)

It has now, I think, been proved most incontestably, that Lord Byron is no poet; and I am exceedingly rejoiced, that through the erudite exertions of contemporaneous writers, his lordship has been placed before the view of the too credulous world, in his proper characters.

I am not sufficiently versed in legal knowledge to determine with precision the exact degree and nature of the punishment which, by the law of England, is affixed to literary larceny. It was my intention, therefore, to have suggested to his Majesty's Attorney-General, the propriety of instituting proceedings against his lordship, but, recollecting that he (Lord Byron, and not the Attorney-general,) had very wisely removed himself out of the jurisdiction of our courts, I have, for the present, dropped all idea of it. For my own satisfaction, however, and for that of the curious, I have been engaged in collecting the law of the land thereon, and, for greater safety, I propose going into a proper course of reading, beginning with the Statutes at Large.

But this is a digression from my purpose.

I had long lamented that no competent mind had undertaken to remove the veil which had hitherto concealed

the truth from the public, (easy souls!) and to wrest from the unblushing brows of a mere plagiarist and poetaster, those laurels which are alone due to unimpeached originality.

Marvellously well pleased, therefore, was I, when, by the sapience and research of indefatigable commentators, this desirable result has been at length effected. And, although *myself* had been for some months engaged in a lengthy and voluminous writing upon his lordship's (literary) robberies, I felt an intensity of delight in being thus anticipated by authorities, (modestly speaking) so much more worthy of good credit!

In assistance to this laudatory consummation, I proceed to lay before the world a portion of *my* exertions; and if, in the course of my lucubrations, I, peradventure and by accident, adopt an obsolescence of language, I hope I may be forgiven by those whose labours have been less musty and moth-eaten than mine.

I opine, then, that his lordship has drawn more largely from antique sources than coteremporaries have admitted, and I am strongly borne out in this assumption, by the corroborative evidence (from the rare and remarkable books and manuscripts—illuminated and otherwise—presently in my possession) which followeth.

The volumes to which I propose, principally, to confine myself in the present article, are intitled:—1. *The Life and deite of Cocke Robbyn*, (whence, doubtless, that pathetic balled still extant in our nurseries. 2. *AUNTIENT LEGIENDES*, (black letter, very scarce.) 3. *The Historie of the Goode Kinge Pepin*, 1535. Imprinted by Iohanne Foneyrogue. 4. *A Tale of the Olden Time*, (a private manuscript of my own), from which copious pilferings have been committed by his lordship, albeit, that he hath never yet seen it. And 5. *The Parous Adventures of Master Quhatta*, telling howe thatte he wolde bee a grate critick, and howe thatte he was laught at veray moche for a foole, &c. &c.

I have been, now, for some hours, engaged in ascertaining to whom his lordship is originally indebted for the interjection 'Ah!' which is to be found so frequently in his productions, but am not yet able to make any positive asseveration on the point. I, therefore, find it impossible (inasmuch as it interfereth with my present research) to transcribe that quantity of quotation

with which I had proposed to illustrate the proposition of my learned coadjutors; and to forward to you, for the edification of the world. I must, consequently, bid an abrupt 'farewell' (a word of his lordship's frequent use, of which more hereafter) to yourself and to your readers, with the promise of supporting our hypothesis with an overwhelming quantum of lore by the ensuing week.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF 'NOBODY.'

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—It was with much concern, and not without some fellow-feeling, that I read the letter of 'Somebody' in your last number; for, although, in point of consanguinity, no two persons can be less allied than 'Somebody' and myself, there still is, as I think you will presently allow, some degree of similarity in the fates, to which we are respectively exposed. Thus, to adduce only one instance, *en passant*, 'if any thing be lost or mislaid,' to borrow 'Somebody's' own words, who so likely to have all the blame as myself? That 'Somebody' may often be charged with it, I do not mean to deny; but, let 'Somebody' or 'Anybody' be accused to their faces, and you will quickly find, how unceremoniously these worthies will shift the whole opprobrium upon poor Nobody, who is thus made the scape-goat, when there can be no doubt, that 'Somebody' must have been the real offender. But, in order to set this matter in a clearer light, as well as to give your readers some idea of my chequered fortunes, I purpose, with your permission, to lay before them a brief sketch of my life and adventures:—and, if they do not find them equally marvellous with those of the Guys, Arthurs, and Palmerins of romantic story, or even with those of the Seren Champions of Christendom themselves, I consent to be set down for the arrantest dunce, that ever drew the long bow at the target of fame.

In the first place, Mr. Editor, there is no doubt, that I may date my birth far higher than Adam, before whom both Jews and Christians, however they may have differed on other points, have always agreed, that Nobody was in existence. Nay, more than this I may even add, that the ancient 'gentlemen of Wales,' who are of such high authority in these matters, inasmuch as they invariably place the creation of the world in the middle of their Genealo-

gical Tree, have nevertheless agreed, and vote, in allowing, that Nobody could produce a higher pedigree than themselves. If the time of my birth be thus marvellous, the manner of it will be considered at least equally so; for, with all due deference to that Greek epigrammatist, who asserts, in round terms, that every one must have had a grandfather, I can boldly declare, that I had not even a father and mother, much less a grandfather and grandmother, or any other progenitor. And, should you doubt this, Mr. Editor, I beg of you to consult any philosopher or mathematician you choose, and he will prove to a demonstration, that Nobody has ever existed without parents. As I have thus lived from time immemorial, and have been born, if I may use the expression, out of the common order of nature, you will not be surprised to hear, that I am, like another St. Leon, or the wandering Jew himself, doomed to be immortal. So, whatever things may have an end, my joys and my miseries, my hopes and my fears, are destined to be interminable.

From what I have here premised, you may readily conceive, how far it would exceed the limits of your paper to enter into a minute detail of my 'life and adventures.' Your readers must, therefore, be satisfied with such of the most prominent features, as I can manage to compress into this brief portrait.

To the immortality and other strange peculiarities of my nature I have already alluded; to these I may now add my ubiquity. For, true it is, that, as I have lived in all times, so I have also lived in all countries, though under various names; and, to mention only the two most noted nations of antiquity, the Greeks called me *Oudeis* or *Outis*, and the Romans *Nemo* or *Nullus*. And, if you will but consult their most renowned authors, to say nothing of the writers of other countries, you will find with what wonderful and miraculous qualities I am endowed, and these, too, to make the matter more remarkable, often of the most opposite and contradictory nature. Thus, at one time, I am complimented with writing finer epics than Homer, and, at another, vilified with scribbling worse doggerel than even Bavius or Mævius. One author describes me as a paragon of virtue, and proclaims me without a single fault.—Take, for example, Horace, who says,

— *Vixit Nemo sine macula?* — Google

while, on the other hand, I am accused by some of his countrymen as being a greater monster of iniquity than a Caligula or a Nero. In a word, if my character were to be taken from the numberless writers, who have done me the honour to notice it, I might well say of it, in the words of the poet,—

— Nil fuit, unquam
Sic impar sibi!—

However, as every auto-biographer is justified in looking at the brightest side of the picture he represents, I will undertake to assert, that, in this country at least, I have invariably been placed above Shakespeare as a poet, above Newton as a philosopher, and above Wellington as a general; for every Englishman is ready to maintain, that Nobody has mused, philosophized, and fought better than these three. For the rest, I may refer to the current opinion of the world respecting my wisdom, which has, for the last two thousand years, passed into a proverb, as all know, who remember the Latin line,—

— NEMO omnibus horis sapit!—

which, for the benefit of the readers of the *Country Literary Chronicle*, I translate—'Nobody is at all times a sage.' I could add largely to these few particulars, concerning the supernatural excellence of my qualities, both mental and corporeal, did I not fear to incur the imputation of egotism. I will, therefore, merely state, that I have been regarded as surpassing the Admirable Crichton himself in the various and wonderful endowments which his biographers have ascribed to him, in which they have uniformly declared, that he was excelled by Nobody. What could I desire more?

Of my adventures, I could, as you may imagine, furnish you with such a list, as would more than satisfy the greatest gourmand in romance, and such as no former adventurer, from Hercules downwards, ever equalled. And, indeed, to go farther, even the most astonishing and marvellous feats, imputed to these very champions, were achieved by myself, as all the world agree. It is I only, that have descended into the infernal regions, that have climbed up to the moon, that have been swallowed by lions and come out alive,—that have conversed with whales at the bottom of the ocean, and that have been on a familiar footing with the whole tribe of—

— Gorgones, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.—

Nor is it of ancient romancers alone that I have to complain for thus de-

spoiling me of my legitimate fame: I have the same charge to make against many modern writers, especially travellers, who have ascribed to various persons, and sometimes to themselves, such wonderful acts, as it is well known to every unprejudiced reader, were performed by Nobody. This, Mr. Editor, I make bold to say, is something more than bare plagiarism: it is, absolutely, picking my pocket of my character (if I may borrow an Hibernian phrase)—it is, in plain words, to 'Rob me of that, which naught enriches them, And makes me poor indeed.'

Before I quit the subject of adventures, I cannot help noticing, what a scurry trick was played upon me of yore, by the renowned Ulysses, when in the cave of Polyphemus. Every one knows, that it was Ulysses himself, who, upon that occasion, put out the giant's eye (which, by the way, as being his only one, he could but ill spare); yet, had he the assurance to declare to Polyphemus, that it was I, calling me by my Greek name, *Outis*, who committed this piece of barbarity. As Ulysses, however, has been dead and buried some time, I have no wish to dwell on this old quarrel; but I hope, Mr. Editor, you will excuse me, if I mention a hardship, to which I am daily exposed in this country, and which might possibly be redressed, if made public through your means. It is well known, at least to philosophers who investigate such abstruse subjects, that there exists, in this kingdom, a certain race of people, who are denominated in Latin *Bastardi*, a name, for the etymology of which I must refer your readers to the learned Spelman, in his 'Glossarium Archæologicum.' It is, moreover, equally well known to the aforesaid philosophers, that these same *Bastardi* are a very numerous and increasing tribe, and that they are to be found in every nook and corner in the united kingdom. Now, the subject of my complaint (I am sure you will call it no trifle) is, that the law of England has, from time immemorial, styled these *Bastardi* 'filii Nullius,' or, in other words, 'Nobody's children,' although it is as notorious as the sun at noon day, or the moon at midnight (when at the full), that 'Somebody' is, in all cases, the father of this tribe. I appeal to you, therefore, Mr. Editor, and, through you, to an enlightened public, whether it be not a monstrous imposition, that this miscellaneous progeny, the unquestionable property of 'Somebody,'

should be laid to my account. Though it were even true, as some have asserted, that I had more wealth than Solomon, and more patience than Job, I could not submit much longer to this injustice, and which I feel the more keenly, as it is inflicted under the sanction of laws, which make, on all occasions, so much boast of their equity and humanity.

Having noticed this act of oppression, I will detain you no longer than to enumerate two or three minor grievances, to which I am subject in this and other countries, and from which I should sincerely rejoice to be liberated. I have already stated, at the commencement of this letter, that whatever mischief is done, is, in nine cases out of ten, laid on my shoulders, while I have seldom, if ever, the credit of doing any good, which 'Somebody' or 'Anybody' is always ready enough to claim. It is on a principle similar to this, that, whenever a maiden assize happens,—I am sure to suffer:—Nobody is imprisoned—Nobody is whipped—Nobody is transported—and, in fine, Nobody is executed, which, but for my fortunate faculty of living for ever, would be by no means agreeable.

And again, even when I can escape such an untoward fate, by procuring 'Somebody' to be incarcerated, flagellated, transported, or hanged, in my stead, I am sure to have a world of employment thrown on my hands, that never belonged to me since, according to the well-known proverb, I am obliged to take up 'Everybody's business,' though I never get as much as a 'thank you, sir,' for my trouble. I will only mention two other petty oppressions, which, as they owe their birth to authors and painters, you may have some influence in relieving. One is, that an immense number of books is almost daily published in this metropolis, the reading of which falls exclusively to my lot, though, as you may well suppose from what I have just said, I have but little time to spare for such matters. Thus, to mention only one instance, it is I only, that have to analyze the beauties and unravel the mysteries of Mr. Southey's new poem, (if you will allow the term) which 'Everybody' refuses to open, and which would be quite unintelligible to 'Anybody.' Consequently, the learned author may well exclaim, as it is said he has done, with the Roman poet,—

— Mea NEMO

Scripta legi!—

I have mentioned this instance only

as being one of the most recent; for, to particularize all the 'Peter Bellas,' 'Christabells,' and other *bells* of the same metal, which fall to my share and to mine alone, would weary, as Horace says, the 'loquacious Fabius' himself. I shall now pass, therefore, from poets to painters, and particularly to portrait painters, who do me the honour, on so many occasions, though quite unintentionally I will admit, of painting my likeness. For, who has not often heard it said of a portrait, that was designed, perhaps, to typify some celebrated general or cabinet minister,—'why, that is like Nobody.'—Now, with a due sense of the honour thus conferred on me, I must still protest against such common liberties being taken with my person, and the more so, as it sometimes happens, that the portrait is not very flattering. Most earnestly, therefore, do I conjure the whole tribe of portrait painters, that may enrich the approaching exhibition with the works of their pencil, to present the public with a likeness of 'Somebody,' or of 'Anybody,' rather than of
April 3rd, 1821. **Nobody.**

Londiniana,

No. XXVII.

ON THE ORIGIN

THE INNS OF COURT, &c. &c.

INNS OF COURT, (*Hospitia Curie*.)—were considered as colleges for municipal or common law professors and students; and, anciently, the word inn signified a nobleman's or bishop's, or, indeed, any other eminent man's dwelling; and was synonymous to the French word *hostel*; as we find, that Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, built himself an inn, or town-house, near Temple Bar, called Exeter Inn, afterwards Paget House, since that Leicester House, and, lastly, Essex House, (the site of the present Essex Buildings.) As to the origin of these inns, the common suggestion is, that after King Henry III. had the courts of law removed from his own palace into Westminster Hall, which then used to follow his household from one end of the kingdom to the other, and was held before the King's Capital Justiciary of England, in the 'Aula Regie,' or such of his palaces wherein his royal person resided; and passed the act called Magna Charta, which contained an article*, that the Common

Pleas should no longer follow the King's Court, but be held in some certain places; in consequence of which, the students of the municipal law, who were before dispersed about the kingdom, became at a better certainty where to exercise their functions, and began to form themselves into a kind of collegiate order. Being excluded from Oxford and Cambridge, they found it necessary to establish a new university of their own, where, as Spelman observes, they addicted themselves wholly to the study of the law, and settled in certain places, which they judged most convenient for their health and business, now called the Inns of Court and Chancery; here exercises were performed, lectures read, and degrees were at length conferred in the common law, as at other universities in the canon and civil; (the degrees were those of barristers, of which something further will be said hereafter.) And, for this purpose, the said King, in the 19th year of his reign, issued an order, directed to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London, commanding that no regent of any law schools within that city, should for the future teach law therein; and, likewise, King Edward I. appointed Meringham Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and the other judges of that court, that they should provide from every county in England, certain attorneys to serve his court and people, and that they, and no other, should transact the business therein; he supposing about one hundred and forty to be sufficient for that purpose; but the judges had a discretionary power reserved to them, to add to or diminish the number, at their pleasure; from which time, it is reasonable to suppose, the first settlements in the inns took place. In the reign of Henry VI. they so flourished, that there were, in each of the above inns, about two hundred students, and a student then expended, annually, 30*l.*, which would have been a considerable sum in the present day, as a Mr. Chamberlayne, who wrote on this subject in the middle of the sixteenth century, says, it amounted to the yearly sum of 200*l.* at his time,—for they usually kept servants, besides tutors to instruct them; and, therefore, says Sir John Fortescue, '*Ultra studium legum, sunt quasi gymnasia omnium morum;*' and the students were only, saith he, '*nobilium filii;*' that is, gentlemen at least; for that was the common acceptation of the word *nobilis*, then. And,

* Ne aliquis scholas regene de legibus in eadem civitate de castro ibidem leges doceat.

therefore, by command of King James, none were to be admitted into these colleges but gentlemen, by descent; as our ancestors thought those of an inferior rank would be rather derogatory than an ornament to the law.

There are, besides, two inns of sergeants, and eight inns of chancery. The two sergeants' inns are those where the common law student, when he had arrived to the highest degree of his profession, had his lodging and diet. These were called, '*sergentius ad legem,*' sergeants at law. They were also named *narratores*, in Latin, and in the French, *countours*, i. e. pleaders. The first mention made of sergeants, or countours, is in the Stat. of West. 1, 3d of Edw. I. c. 29, and in Horn's Mirror of Justices, c. 1. s. 10; c. 2. s. 5. c. 3. s. 1. in the same reign. But Mr. Paris, in his life of John II. Abbot of St. Albans, which he wrote in 1253, 39th Henry III. speaks of advocates of the common law, or countours, (*quos banci narratores vulgariter appellamus;*) as an order of men well known; and we have an example of the antiquity of the coif in the same author's History of England, A. D. 1259, in the case of one Wm. De Bussy, who, being called to account for his great knavery and malpractices, claimed the benefit of his orders or clergy, which till then remained an entire secret. And Sir H. Spelman conjectures, that coifs were introduced to hide the tawdry of such renegade clerks as were tempted to remain in the secular courts, in the quality of advocates or judges, notwithstanding their prohibition by canon. Sergeants may be compared to doctors in the civil law, only these have heretofore had precedence, *doctoris enim appellatio est magistris sergentis vero ministerii;* and, therefore, doctors of law were allowed to sit within the bar, in chairs, and covered, whilst sergeants stood without, bare-headed, only with coifs or caps on.

Out of the sergeants are chosen, by letters patent, under the seal of the chancery, all the judges of the King's Bench and Common Pleas; this accounts for the custom of their wearing the white linen coif, which is emblematical of a sergeant; and which they had liberty so to do, even in the King's presence. Although the sergeants at present are numerous, yet it happened in the reign of Edward VI. that Serjeant Benlowes was the only one in England; and when he had occasion to describe himself, he did it in the following manner. '*Solus Serviens ad Legem,*'

To these inns of sergeants belong the twelve judges, and all the sergeants; and Mr. Stowe, in his Survey of London, says they were built expressly for them.

The following are called inns of chancery:—Clifford's Inn, Clement's Inn, and Lyon's Inn, belong to the Inner Temple; New Inn, to the Middle Temple; Staple's Inn and Barnard's Inn, to Gray's Inn; Furnival's Inn and Thavies' Inn, to Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Stowe mentions* two other inns of chancery, viz. Scroope's Inn, near St. Andrew's Church, and Chester's, or Strand Inn, where Somerset House now stands; so called, says he, on account of its belonging to the bishop of Chester. These inns of chancery were inhabited chiefly by young students, to learn the elements of the law, who, as they became proficient, were admitted into the greater inns, called the inns of court; in these inns of chancery, the knights and barons, with other grandees and noblemen of the realm, used to place their children to be instructed in the law; and, in the reign of Henry VI. there were about two thousand students of this description in them. They were so called, says Fortescue, 'Quia studentes in illis, pro eorum parte majores, juvenes sunt.' Mr. Chamberlayne is of opinion, they were so named (chancery) because they were inhabited by clerks chiefly, that studied the preparing of writs, which regularly appertain to the cursitors, that are officers of the Court of Chancery. Christmas was a scene of great festivity and merriment, anciently, in the inns; they had feasting every day, singing, dancing, and music in their halls; and from All Saints' Day to Candlemas, each society usually had revels on holidays, (that is, music and dancing,) and one of the students was chosen to be master thereof.

The above societies are no corporations, nor have they any judicial power over their members, but have certain orders among themselves, which, by consent, have the force of laws. The expense of the house is chiefly defrayed by what is paid on admittances, and quit rents for their chambers.

Having noticed the origin of the inns of court generally, we shall, in our next, proceed to give a separate account of each inn of court and chancery.

E. S.

* The edition of his Survey to which we now allude, was published in 1633, before the fire of London.

Original Poetry.

TO SIR H— D—.

Occasioned by certain Hexameters.

Sir H—, give me leave to say,
You've done a thing you should be sorry
at;

Your heavenly witout acid gas
Has had such strange effects, alas!
That in a vision gone astray,
Our S—'s judgment's lost its way;—
And while I own with grief I feel it,
And the mouse blazes to reveal it,
Yet to avoid this sad suspense,
Which almost mad makes common sense,
You, dear Sir H—, and I'm sorry
To tell you such a painful story,—
You have deranged our poet laureate.

O. F.

STANZAS.

If we possess'd the richest vast
With which these isles abound,—
Would they atone for sorrows past,
Or heal a careless wound?

If we could claim these as our own,
Of what avail are they,—
Could they recall that spirit flown,
Or longer make its stay?

Could they retain her fleeting breath?
Could they prolong her hours?—
Ah! no—the insatiate hand of death
Defies all earthly powers.

Wealth cannot happiness redeem,
Or mitigate our woes;
But there's a fount, from whose soft stream,
Sweet soothing gently flow.

That fount—where sympathy and love
So tenderly combine—
In Harriet's breast is seen to move,
With purity divine.

J. W. JUN.

FRAGMENT FROM OSSIAN*,

VERIFIED.

Oh! Aido, chieftain with the heart of pride,
The rising King of Morven stern replied,
Shall I defend thee I shall my people stand
Against the injur'd King of Sora's land,
Who now, alas, will take them to their halls,
Or fast the strangers when the banquet calls;
Since Aido, of the little soul, has wrong'd
The King to whom his gratitude belong'd.
Hence, to thy native hills, and quit my sight,
For mournful is the battle we must fight.
Shade of the noble Trenmor, oh! declare,
When, when shall hapless Fingal cease to war;
In battle I was born, in battles bred,
Doom'd to behold my offspring round me dead;
E'en now the hostile spear I must resume,
And my steps move in slaughter to the tomb;
Yet this some consolation may bespeak,—
My hand hath done no injury to the weak,—
My bulchion never, 'mid the war's alarms,
Struck terror to the feeble race in arms.
Oh, Morven! all the tempests I discern,
Which shall thy stately mansions overturn,
When all my race in honour's field shall fall,
And none remain to dwell in helms of mail,—
Then shall the children of the feeble come
And search in vain;—they will not find my tomb.

My fame within the minstrel's bosom lies,
And, as a dream, to future times 't will rise.

SAR SPIRITALL.

* Battle of Sora.

SONNET.

The dark cloud is bow'ring o'er me,
The cold chill has seiz'd on my heart,—
The world, too, is sitting before me,
And a vision has bade me depart;
Has whisper'd, to quit a world like this,
For a region of pleasure—a realm of bliss.
Lov'd shade of my parent, why vanish,
To think that thou hast becom'd to me,
And all on this earth couldst thou banish,
To dwell but a moment with thee;
Yes, all on this earth—save one heavenly form,
Whose smile alone charms me thro' life's dark storm.
Thou smil'st, purest tenant of heaven,—
Thou smil'st, but it is in woe,
To think a loss there is given
By sorrow and anguish below;
To think the lov'd child of thy tender care,
Should now be the desolate son of despair.
And yet there is one, whose soft spirit
Is so like to thy virtues divine,
I can think her form the most beautiful
That purity harbour'd in thine—
Can think the Great Parent, to whom thou art
gone,
Has sent her to comfort thy heart-broken son.
There is that in thy radiance beaming,
Which holds me in region of bliss;
But the earthly one's soft lip is teasing
A sigh, as it covets the kiss:
And such is thy magical power o'er me,
It keeps me from heaven, from bliss, and thee.

J. D. NEWMAN.

Fine Arts.

BRITISH GALLERY.—No. IV.

'The child of fancy oft in silence bends
O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride.'—AKENSIDE.

It is with pleasure that we turn from the abortion of talent, upon which, in our last essay, we felt it our painful duty to advert, in order to take another view of those splendid efforts of national genius, which decorate the Gallery of the British Institution. Many of these are such as do credit, as well to the artist whose name they bear, as to the country in which they were executed, and to the judgment of those who have assigned them a place on the walls of this magnificent establishment. From these we shall select a few as the subject of our present remarks, confining ourselves, however, in this paper, to the consideration of those exhibited in the Middle Room. The 'View of the Church of Notre Dame, at Poitiers' (90), by G. Jones, is a beautiful piece, of that order, however, in which delicacy of execution predominates over daring sublimity of effect, though not destitute of a portion of that management which is requisite to combine the minutiae of the portraiture into a pleasing and attractive whole.—Two small finished

studies, by W. Payne, Nos. 96 and 104, are spirited and effective, though in the latter, 'A View of the Thames, looking towards Richmond Hill,' an inordinate and offensive degree of blue has been suffered to creep in, and chill the whole of the colouring.—An 'Evening Wood Scene,' by G. Barret, No. 91, is highly creditable to that artist, both with respect to the composition and the execution, more particularly as concerns the former. The waving character of the trees, agitated by the breeze, is remarkably well preserved; we cannot, however, but confess, that the general effect of colouring in this painting, a rawness, and disgusting crudity is but too observable among the generality of our younger artists. No. 105, 'Preparing for a masked Ball,' by J. Green, having been already exhibited at Somerset House, we shall content ourselves with merely mentioning it, observing, at the same time, that in spite of the general excellence of the picture, it might not unjustly be said to verge rather too much to the French school.—

* Where broad cloth breathes, to speak were
satius strive,
And all, but Sir or Madam, are alive.'

A blueish deadness pervades the flesh tints, which produces this effect, and which is carried to a still more excessive degree in the shadows.—Two 'Views near Twickenham,' by C. Deane, Nos. 109 and 136, are extremely beautiful; they are well chosen, and the former, an evening effect, is particularly correct in point of likeness, and the gleaming of the western sun behind the trees, is represented with extraordinary force and elegance; the latter, a moonlight scene, is, perhaps, rather deficient in that silvery light which characterizes effects of this nature, as well as in that indistinctness of hue, which does not give way to the borrowed beams 'of the pale arbitress of night,' obedient only to the great alchemist of colour, the beam of the eye of day.—No. 92, Grapes; by J. Platt, Jun., is a very beautiful specimen of art, possessing, in a high degree, that brilliant transparency, in which a similar subject, No. 116, by J. Barney, Jun., is miserably deficient.—No. 112, The 'Tournament of Ashby de la Zouche and the Crowning of Il Diadichado,' by Stephanoff. In this animated and faithful, though spirited sketch, we instantly recognized the hand of the artist whose name it bears. It is a piece replete with energy and descriptive genius; and we hope, and

trust that this will not be the last, the most extended, or the most finished form in which we shall have the pleasure of admiring this masterly though small production.—No. 114, 'A Composition,' from the Electra of Sophocles, though possessing great merit as an heroic landscape, is, nevertheless, lamentably imperfect as an historical scene; the figures are badly drawn, the composition slovenly, and the narrative void of pathos. We may add to this a fault which we have already commented upon as one of frequent occurrence, namely, a crudity and a want of finish discernible in the clouds, and the accidents of the picture.—No. 143, 'Conway Castle,' is one of the most interesting and picturesque views of this noble pile; it is by J. O. Tudor; the castle, seen as it is through a beautiful foreground, consisting of overarching trees, is, in a very great degree, superior in point of colouring and effect; though the foliage, &c. is, perhaps, rather too much inclined to a crude green, a colour to which the fashion of painting, a department certainly upon which the variable goddess has no right to intrude, seems, at present, rather too favourable, as that of the last age was a too great admixture of glowing and rich brown tints. A warm and vivid conception of Mr. Gandy's, being a landscape composition from Collins' Alva, almost tempts us to encroach still further on the patience of our readers, as well as a 'View of Lyons,' by Eliza Mastcall, No. 158; but our limits already admonish us to put the curb upon our inclinations, and we must pass to the 'View of Naples,' in a thunder storm, by T. Barker, No. 157, a piece equally remarkable for strength of composition and beauty of execution; for sublimity of subjects and pathos of description, in which the diligent observer of nature and the powerful embodiment of her most striking phenomena are equally discernible.—We would observe, on No. 152, 'A Bridge at Beckenham,' that it should rather have been entitled 'a bridge';—we do not mean to insinuate by this, that we required such a title to perceive that it was intended for such a structure, as we have no particular fault to find with it as a work of art, but merely that the dissimilarity between the copy and the original scene might be less glaring to those who, like ourselves, are acquainted with the identical object; indeed, we scarcely ever saw a stronger specimen of the abuse of the

liberty which a painter may possess of making his subject picturesque, and that too upon a subject sufficiently so of itself.—No. 155, 'The young Hero disarmed,' by Farmer; 169, 'The meeting of Penelope and Ulysses,' by Hilton; and Haines's 'Sappho,' 167, are all works of the highest merit, especially the first, which proves the artist to be a worthy competitor of W. Kidd, whom he strongly resembles in point of manner and subject. We must defer our remarks on the south room to our next and concluding paper on the British Gallery.

W. H. PARRY.

The Drama.

DREDDY LANE.—Operas still continue their 'triumphant success' but we are happy to find Mr. Hayne's tragedy of *Conscience* announced for Monday next, in consequence of numerous inquiries. This does not surprise us, for we should really almost be led to suspect the good taste of the public, if this tragedy was not much admired.

The *Oratorio* at this theatre, on Wednesday night, was an admirable selection, and attracted a crowded audience. The first act consisted almost entirely of pieces by Handel and Mozart, and concluded with *Bockan's Quartetto*, which was, as usual, endorsed. Mr. Kiesewetter played some popular airs of Mozart's on the violin, of which instrument he is a perfect master, as well in elegance as in brilliancy. The second act was chiefly from the *Così fan tutti* and *Figaro*. One of the eccentricities of the evening, was a duet between Braham and Pyne—a duet between Othello and Iago;—this is really too bad. Shakespeare is sadly treated at this house; his statue is turned out of doors, and placed in a most lamentable position on the portico; and his immortal productions are metamorphosed on the stage. Braham, Madame Comparse, and Mrs. Salmon, sung frequently, and were much applauded; and the *Oratorio*, on the whole, was the best of the season.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Wednesday night, Miss Dance appeared in the character of Belvidera, in Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, and did more than justify the expectations which her performance of Mrs. Haller had excited. In scenes of tenderness, as well as in several passages of strong sensibility, she produced a pleasing and

powerful impression. The well-known words to Jaffier,—"I know thou'll kill me," were spoken by her in the true tone of nature and feminine terror. The adieu, in the third act, 'Remember, twelve!' was uttered by Miss Dance with a tenderness of tone and a sweetness of inflexion, and even a novelty of manner, which left nothing to be wished for; and her whole performance of the character was such as to place her in the first rank in the tragic drama. C. Kemble played the love-sick, whining conspirator, Jaffier, with admirable truth and correctness. Mr. Macready was the Pierre of the evening, and we confess he disappointed us. It was a very unequal performance. The tragedy is to be repeated this evening, (Thursday,) when, we are told, 'all orders must be stopped at the doors;' this, we doubt not, will be the case, but, as Mr. Dibdin once said, in one of his humorous bills, 'the bearers will be permitted to walk up without any other check than that given them by the door keeper.' Miss Dance needs not the meretricious aid of puffing.

The *Daemna* has been produced at this theatre with great success, Miss Hallande, in Carlos, and Miss Stephens, in Clara, were admirable.

MR. MATHEWS AT HOME.—We are happy to find that this gentleman, who has contributed more to the amusements of the metropolis than any other individual, continues to attract crowded houses—a very satisfactory and conclusive evidence of the merits of the entertainments.

OURANOLOGIA.—The proprietor of the English Opera House is indefatigable in providing for the amusement and instruction of the public. Mr. Mathews goes through his adventures in the air, earth, and water, and the remaining three nights are most delightfully employed by Mr. Bartley, who has soared higher than Mr. Mathews, and exhibits the phenomena of the heavens. Of all the astronomical lectures which have been given in town, with orreries and eidouranions, that of Mr. Bartley is decidedly the best. The machinery is remarkably ingenious and accurate, and presents a complete view of the system of planetary motion, preserving the relative proportions of the different revolving bodies as to size, velocity, and distance from the sun. The satellites of the different planets are exhibited with the same precision, and the theory of the tides explained by the action of the moon. To the scientific student, and to young per-

sons, we particularly recommend this lecture, which, while it explains to them the wonders of the universe, will teach them to 'look from nature up to nature's God!'

SURREY THEATRE.—This theatre closed a very successful season on Thursday night last, when the performances were for the benefit of Mrs. Dibdin, who was deservedly honoured with a brilliant audience. A new piece was produced, as a rehearsal for the holidays, under the title of *Alonso and Imogen*. It is an interesting and magnificent spectacle. Mrs. Dibdin delivered an address in the character of Queen Elizabeth, in which she whimsically announced the preparations for the ensuing campaign. The friends of the Surrey, (and, they are numerous, even on our side of the water,) will be glad to hear that the house is undergoing an entire splendid decoration, previous to its opening on Easter Monday.

MISS MACAULEY.—This lady is attracting the fashionables at the west end of the town, to her little theatre, in King Street, which, notwithstanding its inconvenience for want of ventilation, is generally crowded with an elegant audience. It is honourable to the feelings of the public thus to patronize a lady of talents, who has thrown herself on their support.

M. ALEXANDRE.—'Last, not least, in our dear love' of amusement, comes M. Alexandre, who filled the great room at the Freemason's Tavern, on Saturday night, with elegant company, and delighted them by his vocal illusions: This gentleman's wonderful talents are calculated equally to interest and amuse the professor of natural philosophy and the votary of pleasure.

MR. KEAN IN AMERICA.—The highest compliment ever offered to dramatic genius and talents, has been paid to Mr. Kean, in Boston. Independent of paying the regular admission, the premiums for the sale of boxes, which amounted to a considerable sum, have been appropriated to charitable objects. The poor will long remember Mr. Kean.—*New York Paper.*

Literature and Science.

MR. W. D. Robinson has in the press, *Memoirs of the Revolution of Mexico*; with a *History of the Campaign of General Mina*; *Anecdotes of his Life*; and *Observations on the Practicability of uniting the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, by means of navigable canals.*

Colour of the Skin.—At a late meeting of the Royal Society, Sir Everard Home communicated some observations on the influence of the black substance in the skin of the Negro, in preventing the scorching operation of the sun's rays. As black surfaces become much warmer by exposure to the sun's rays than those which are white, or of paler tints, the cause of the black colour in the Negro has long appeared problematical to the physiologist. In this paper Sir Everard shows, that by exposing the back of the hand, and other parts of the body, covered with thin white linen, to the direct influence of the sun's rays, they become irritated and inflamed; small specks or freckles first appear: and these, on continued exposure, are followed by a vesicular separation of the cuticle: the same happens when the bare surface is exposed, which, in common language, becomes sun-burnt. When, however, the part of the body thus exposed is covered with a piece of black crape, though the temperature of such part, when exposed to the bright sunshine, exceeds that produced upon the bare skin, the scorching and blistering influence of the rays is entirely prevented; hence it appears, that the deleterious effects of the sun's rays are prevented by an artificial blackening of the surface of the skin; that perspiration becomes more copious, as is especially remarked in the Negro; and, in short, that the conversion of the radiant matter of the sun into sensible heat, which conversion is effected by the black surface, tends to prevent the scorching effects, and to promote the cuticular secretion.

American Academy of Language and Belles Lettres.—It is with pleasure (says a United States paper of the 11th of March) that we are enabled to announce the complete organization of this National Institution. The following is a list of the officers for the present year, and that of the private members is composed of names hardly less distinguished:—

President.—His Ex. John Quincy Adams, Sec. of State—Washington.

Vice Presidents.—Hon. Brockholst Livingston, Judge Supreme Court U. S. N. York; Hon. Joseph Story, do. do. do. Mass.; and Hon. William Lowndes, Member of Congress—South Carolina.

Corresponding Secretary.—William S. Cardell, Esq. New York.

Recording Secretary.—Rev. Alex-

Treasurer.—John Stearns, M. D. President N. York State Medical Society.

Councillors.—Hon. James Kent, LL. D. Chancellor of the State of New York; Hon. Daniel Webster, Boston—late Member of Congress; Rt. Rev. C. Brownell, LL. D. Bishop of Connecticut; Rev. John M. Mason, D.D. N. York; Hon. Joseph Hopkinson, New Jersey, late Member of Congress; Peter S. Du Pont, LL. D. Philadelphia; John Augustin Smith, M. D. President William and Mary College, Virg.; Hon. John L. Taylor, Chief Justice, North Carolina; Hon. Henry Clay, Kentucky; Washington Irving, Esq. now in London.

Honorary Members.—John Adams, late President of the U. S.; Thomas Jefferson, do. do.; James Madison, do. do.; John Jay, late Governor of New York; Hon. Charles C. Pinckney, S. Carolina; His Ex. James Monroe, President U. S.; and Hon. John Trumbull, LL. D. Connecticut.

The following gentlemen have been appointed, in behalf of the Institution, trustees to receive donations, and make such investments of them as they may deem 'most secure and productive for the permanent and important purposes of the institution.'—Col. Richard Varick; Hon. B. Livingston; Hon. C. D. Colden, Mayor of N. York, William S. Cardell, Esq.; and Dr. John Stearns.

A few days since, in Paris, a wag thought he would make some fun on the Boulevards, by cutting the string of a blind man's dog; but he had not long to rejoice at the success of his wit, for the blind man opened his eyes, followed the wag, at speed through the crowd, caught him, and belaboured his shoulders well with his oaken towel, to the great amusement of all present; then tranquilly returned to his dog, tied the string, closed his eyes, and went on as if nothing had happened, crying pity the poor blind, give a half-penny to the poor blind man.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The attention of Advertisers is particularly called to the peculiar advantages that must result from their Advertisements being placed in the columns of *The Literary Chronicle*, over any weekly or daily publication. Besides finding a station in a work of permanent interest and constant reference, it must be obvious that they come directly before the eye and under the immediate notice of the reader, who is looking for novelties in literature and subjects connected with the Arts and Sciences. Far different are the views of the readers of jour-

nal journals, where the news of the day is the principal object of pursuit, and where the crowded miscellaneous advertisements bury or exclude those for which a literary paper is evidently a fitter medium.

* * To insure immediate insertion, it is requested that Advertisements may be sent by Thursday, at the latest, the extent of the weekly impression of the *Literary Chronicle*, requiring that the work should go to press early.

In folscep 8vo. price 7s. in boards,
POEMS. By P. M. JAMES.

'Who, tho' his path day's brighter beams adorn,
Would wish unsung the melodies of morn?
O, when youth's joys down dark oblivion roll,
Would not recall the fading sparks of soul?'
Printed for John and Arthur Arch, Cornhill.

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SELECT FEMALE BIOGRAPHY, comprising Memoirs of eminent British Ladies, derived from Original and other Authentic Sources.
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This day was published, New and Improved Editions of

PINNOCK'S CATECHISMS OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES (Price Nineteen each.) These little works are recommended to the attention of every Parent and Teacher, as the most useful Series of Books that can be put into the hands of Young People, each book containing the principles of the Art or Science on which it treats, and written in so clear and easy a style, that it can be understood by the meanest capacity; viz.—on

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English Grammar	Natural History
Entomology	Navigation
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First Catechism	Perspective
General Knowledge	Poetry
Geography	Religious Denominations
Geometry	Rhetoric
Heraldry	Sacred Geography
History of England	Scripture History
History of Scotland	Trade & Commerce
History of Ireland	Universal History.

* Being led to look into these works, we have been pleasingly surprised at the variety and accuracy of the information they contain, within so small a compass, and in so excellent a form; and we must say, that more convenient, accurate, well arranged, and proper Publications, were never submitted to general observation.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

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John Bull.

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* He picked something out of every thing he read.—*Pilot.*

'The Aid to Memory,' is intended not only as a record of the extracts which may have struck the reader in his course of reading, but as a table of Reference to those passages, which will, in most cases, refresh the memory without the trouble of further reference. The 'Aid to Memory' we not only recommend to schools, but to the general reader, the arrangement being excellent, and quite new. For a further explanation, the student and the scholar are referred to the Preface, which may be had, gratis, of the publishers, Wetton and Jarvis, booksellers, 66, Paternoster Row, Chancery.

London.—Published by J. Limbird, 30, Abchurch Lane, two Hours of Kicker Changes; where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid), are to be addressed. Advertisers by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Churchyard; Chapman and Marshall, Stationer's Court; Chapple, Pall Mall; Grapel, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Bowell Court, Carey Street.

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This Paper is published every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 100.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Table Talk; or, Original Essays. By William Hazlitt. 8vo. pp. 400. London, 1821.

Let the world say what it will of Mr. Hazlitt,—and it has almost said as severe things of him as he has done of it,—he is a clever writer. Notwithstanding his strong prejudices, his eccentricity, his egotism, and his pedantry, there is a great deal of originality about him, and he has an honest bluntness, which calls things by their right names. This is observable in all his writings, whether they are on plays or politics, poetry or painting; and all these are favourite subjects with him, which he has often treated with great ability.

Although we deem 'Table Talk' a very incorrect title for 'Original Essays,' yet we will not quarrel with the author on this account, conscious that table talk is seldom half so interesting or instructive as a page or two of this volume. To us it appears, that if this work is not one of Mr. Hazlitt's best productions, it is one of the least exceptionable. There is less of politics in it, and even his prejudices and personalities are not so acrimonious as formerly. In succinctness of remark, and terseness of expression, these essays are equal to any of the author's former works.

The volume contains sixteen essays on the following subjects:—On the Pleasure of Painting—On the Past and Future—On Genius and Common Sense—Character of Cobbett—On People with one Idea—On the Ignorance of the Learned—The Indian Jugglers—On Living to One's self—On Thought and Action—Will-making—On certain Inconsistencies in Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses—On Paradox and Common Place,—and on Vulgarity and Affectation.

The essays 'On the Pleasure of Painting,' and 'On the Ignorance of the Learned,' have already appeared in periodical publications; we shall, therefore, pass them over, to notice some of

those which make their first appearance before the public in the present volume. In the 'Essay on the Past and the Future,' Mr. Hazlitt sets out with declaring he conceives that 'the past is as real and substantial a part of our being, that it is as much a *bona fide* undeniable consideration in the estimate of human life, as the future can possibly be;' and that, 'neither in itself, nor as a subject of general contemplation, has the future any advantage over the past.' With respect, however, to our grosser passions and pursuits, he admits that it has. He says,—

'As far as regards the appeal to the understanding or the imagination, the past is just as good, as real, of as much intrinsic and ostensible value as the future; but there is another principle in the human mind, the principle of action or will; and of this the past has no hold, the future engrosses it entirely to itself. It is this strong lever of the affections that gives so powerful a bias to our sentiments on this subject, and violently transposes the natural order of our associations. We regret the pleasures we have lost, and eagerly anticipate those which are to come; we dwell with satisfaction on the evils from which we have escaped, (*post-hæc meminisse iuvat*), and dread future pain. The good that is passed is in this sense like money that is spent, which is of no further use, and about which we give ourselves little concern. The good we expect is like a store yet untouched, and in the enjoyment of which we promise ourselves infinite gratification. What has happened to us we think of no consequence; what is to happen to us, of the greatest. Why so? Simply because the one is still in our power, and the other not,—because the efforts of the will to bring any object to pass, or to prevent it, strengthen our attachment or aversion to that object,—because the pains and attention bestowed upon anything, add to our interest in it, and because the habitual and earnest pursuit of any end redoubles the ardour of our expectations, and converts the speculative and indolent satisfaction we might otherwise feel in it, into real passion.'

In the essay on 'Genius and Common Sense,' there is a great deal of acute reasoning and smartness of observation, tending to establish what Madame de Staël has said in a very

few words; namely, that 'genius is nothing more than good sense intent upon new ideas;' or, as he himself expresses it, 'some strong quality in the mind, answering to and bringing out some new and striking quality in nature.' In this essay, Mr. Hazlitt gives a singular character of Mr. Wordsworth, whom he declares to be 'the greatest, that is the most original, poet of the present day, only because he is the greatest egotist.' This conclusion does not by any means satisfy us, and we can never consider egotism as a test or even a mark of genius or originality. Were this the case, our author's friend, Mr. Leigh Hunt, would be at once deemed the most original prose writer of the present day, Mr. Hazlitt himself not even excepted. In the distinction which our author draws between capacity and genius, we perfectly agree with him. He says,—

'Capacity is not the same thing as genius. Capacity may be described to relate to the quantity of knowledge, however acquired; genius to its quality and the mode of acquiring it. Capacity is a power over given ideas or combinations of ideas; genius is the power over those which are not given, and for which no obvious or precise rule can be laid down. Our capacity is power of any sort; genius is power of a different sort from what has yet been shown. A retentive memory, a clear understanding is capacity, but it is not genius; the admirable Crichton was a person of prodigious capacity; but there is no proof (that I know) that he had an atom of genius. His verses that remain are dull and sterile. He could learn all that was known of any subject; he could do any thing if others could show him the way to do it. This was very wonderful, but this is all you can say of it. It requires a good capacity to play well at chess; but, after all, it is a game of skill, and not of genius. Know what you will of it, the understanding still moves in certain tracts in which others have trod before it, quicker or slower, with more or less comprehension and presence of mind. The greatest skill strikes out nothing for itself, from its own peculiar resources; the nature of the game is a thing determined and fixed; there is no royal or poetical road to checkmate your adversary. There is no place for genius but in the indefinite and un-

known. The discovery of the binomial theorem was an effort of genius; but there was none shown in Jedediah Buxton's being able to multiply nine figures by nine in his head. If he could have multiplied ninety figures by ninety, instead of nine, it would have been equally useless toil and trouble. He is a man of capacity who possesses considerable intellectual riches; he is a man of genius who finds out a vein of new ore. Originality is the seeing nature differently from others, and yet as it is in itself. It is not singularity or affectation, but the discovery of new and valuable truth.

The sixth Essay is on the character of Cobbett, in which that versatile and unprincipled, but powerful writer, is painted to the life. The essay is much too long for insertion, and we must, therefore, content ourselves with a few extracts. Speaking of Cobbett, our author says,—

"He has been compared to Paine; and so far it is true there are no two writers who come more into juxtaposition from the nature of their subjects, from the internal resources on which they draw, and from the popular effect of their writings and their adaptation, (though that is a bad word in the present case,) to the capacity of every reader. But still, if we turn to a volume of Paine's, (his *Common Sense* or *Rights of Man*), we are struck, (not to say somewhat refreshed,) by the difference. Paine is a much more sententious writer than Cobbett. You cannot open a page in any of his best and earlier works, without meeting with some maxim, some antithetical and memorable saying, which is a sort of starting-place for the argument, and the goal to which it returns. There is not a single *bon mot*, a single sentence in Cobbett, that has ever been quoted again. If any thing is ever quoted from him, it is an epithet of abuse, or a nickname. He is an excellent hand at invention in that way, and has "damnable iteration in him." What could be better than his pestered Erskine year after year with his second title of Baron Clackmannan? He is rather too fond of the *sons and daughters of Corruption*. Paine affected to reduce things to first principles, to announce self-evident truths. Cobbett troubles himself about little but the details and local circumstances. The first appeared to have made up his mind beforehand to certain opinions, and to try to find the most compendious and pointed expressions for them; his successor appears to have no clue, no fixed or leading principles, nor ever to have thought on a question till he sits down to write about it; but then there seems no end of his matters of fact and raw materials, which are brought out in all their strength and sharpness, from not having been squared or frittered down, of vamped up to suit a theory—he goes on with his descriptions and illustrations as if he would never come to a stop; they have all the force of

novelty with all the familiarity of old acquaintance; his knowledge grows out of the subject, and his style is that of a man who has an absolute intuition of what he is talking about, and never thinks of any thing else. He deals in premises and speaks to evidence—the coming to a conclusion and summing up, (which was Paine's forte) lies in a smaller compass. The one could not compose an elementary treatise on politics, to become a manual for the popular reader; nor could the other, in all probability, have kept up a weekly journal for the same number of years, with the same spirit, interest, and untired perseverance. Paine's writings are a sort of introduction to political arithmetic on a new plan; Cobbett keeps a day-book, and makes an entry at full of all the occurrences and troublesome questions that start up throughout the year. Cobbett, with vast industry, vast information, and the utmost power of making what he says intelligible, never seems to get at the beginning or come to the end of any question; Paine, in a few short sentences, seems, by his peremptory manner, "to clear it from all controversy, past, present, and to come." Paine takes a bird's-eye view of things. Cobbett sticks close to them, inspects the component parts, and keeps fast hold of the smallest advantages they afford him. Or, if I might here be indulged in a pastoral allusion, Paine tries to enclose his ideas in a fold for security and repose; Cobbett lets his pour out upon the plain like a flock of sheep, to feed and batten. Cobbett is a pleasanter writer for those to read who do not agree with him; for he is less dogmatical, goes more into the common grounds of fact and argument to which all appeal, is more desultory and various, and appears less to be driving at a previous conclusion than urged on by the force of present conviction. He is, therefore, tolerated by all parties, though he has made himself by turns obnoxious to all; and even those he abuses read him. The reformers read him when he was a tory, and the tories read him now that he is a reformer. He must, I think, however, be *caviare* to the whigs."

'As a political partisan, no one can stand against him. With his brandished club, like Giant Despair, in the Pilgrim's Progress, he knocks out their brains; and not only no individual, but no corrupt system could hold out against his powerful and repeated attacks; but with the same weapon, swung round like a flail, that he levels his antagonists, he lays his friends low, and puts his own party *hors de combat*. This is a bad propensity, and a worse principle in political tactics, though a common one. If his blows were straight forward and steadily directed to the same object, no unpopular minister could live before him; instead of which he lays about right and left, impartially and remorselessly, makes a clear stage, has all the ring to himself, and then runs out of it, just when he should

stand his ground. He throws his head into his adversary's stomach, and takes away from him all inclination for the fight, hits fair or foul, strikes at every thing, and as you come up to his aid or stand ready to pursue his advantage, trips up your heels or lays you sprawling, and pummels you when down as much to his heart's content as ever the Yanguestan carriers belaboured Rosinante with their pack-staves. "He has the back-trick simply the best of any man in *Illyria*." He pays off both scores of old friendship and new-acquired enmity in a breath, in one perpetual volley, one raking fire of "arrowy sleet" shot from his pen. However his own reputation or the cause may suffer in consequence, he cares not one pin about that, so that he disables all who oppose, or who pretend to help him. In fact, he cannot bear success of any kind, not even of his own views or party; and if any principle were likely to become popular, would turn round against it to shew his power in shouldering it on one side. In short, wherever power is, there is he against it: he naturally butts at all obstacles, as unicorns are attracted to oak-trees, and feels his own strength only by resistance to the opinions and wishes of the rest of the world. To sail with the stream, to agree with the company, is not his humour. If he could bring about a reform in parliament, the odds are, that he would instantly fall foul of and try to mar his own handy-work; and he quarrels with his own creatures as soon as he has written them into a little vogue—and a prison. I do not think this is vanity or fickleness so much as a pugnacious disposition, that must have an antagonist power to contend with, and only finds itself at ease in systematic opposition. If it were not for this, the high towers and rotten places of the world would fall before the battering-ram of his hard-headed reasoning; but if he once found them tottering, he would apply his strength to prop them up, and disappoint the expectations of his followers. He cannot agree to any thing established, nor to set up any thing else in its stead. While it is established, he presses hard against it, because it presses upon him, at least in imagination. Let it crumble under his grasp, and the motive to resistance is gone. He then requires some other grievance to set his face against. His principle is repulsion, his nature contradiction: he is made up of mere antipathies, an Ishmaelite, indeed, without a fellow. He is always playing at *hunt-the-slipper* in politics. He turns round upon whoever is next him. The way to wear him from any opinion, and make him conceive an intolerable hatred against it, would be to place somebody near him who was perpetually dinning it in his ears. When he is in England, he does nothing but abuse the borough-mongers, and laugh at the whole system: when he is in America, he grows impatient of freedom and a republic. If he had staid there a little longer, he would

have become a loyal and a loving subject of his Majesty King George IV. He lampooned the French revolution when it was hailed as the dawn of liberty by millions: by the time it was brought into almost universal ill-odour by some means or other (partly, no doubt, by himself) he had turned, with one, or two, or three others, staunch Buonapartist.

Mr. Hazlitt, with an evident partiality for Cobbett, says, that he is 'a very honest man, with a total want of principle.' We leave our readers to reconcile this contradiction, for Mr. Hazlitt's solution of the 'paradox,' which he admits it to be, is by no means satisfactory.

The next essay is 'on People with one Idea,' and to prove that there are really such beings in the world, Mr. Hazlitt names three well known characters, Major Cartwright, Alderman Wood, and Mr. Owen. He commences with the Major:—

'There is Major C——: he has but one idea or subject of discourse, Parliamentary Reform. Now, Parliamentary Reform is (as far as I know) a very good thing, a very good idea, and a very good subject to talk about: but why should it be the only one? To hear the worthy and gallant Major resume his favourite topic, is like law-business, or a person who has a suit in Chancery going on. Nothing can be attended to, nothing can be talked of but that. Now it is getting on, now again it is standing still; at one time the master has promised to pass judgment by a certain day, at another he has put it off again and called for more papers, and both are equally reasons for speaking of it. Like the piece of pack-thread in the barrister's hands, he turns and twists it all ways, and cannot proceed a step without it. Some school-boys cannot read but in their own book: and the man of one idea cannot converse out of his own subject. Conversation it is not; but a sort of recital of the preamble of a bill, or a collection of grave arguments for a man's being of eccentricity in all this; but that is not the case. It is a political homily personified, a walking common-place we have to encounter and listen to. It is just as if a man was to insist on your hearing him go through the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges every time you meet, or like the story of the Cosmogony, in the Vicar of Wakefield. It is a tune played on a barrel-organ. It is a common vehicle of discourse into which they get and are set down when they please, without any pains or trouble to themselves. Neither is it professional pedantry or trading quackery: it has no excuse. The man has no more to do with the question which he saddles on all his hearers than you have. This is what makes the matter hopeless. If a farmer talks to you about his pigs or

his poultry, or a physician about his patients, or a lawyer about his briefs, or a merchant about stock, or an author about himself, you know how to account for this: it is a common infirmity, you have a laugh at his expense, and there is no more to be said. But here is a man who goes out of his way to be absurd, and is troublesome by a romantic effort of generosity. You cannot say to him, "All this may be interesting to you, but I have no concern in it;" you cannot put him off in that way. He retorts the Latin adage upon you—*Nihil humani a me alienum puto*. He has got possession of a subject which is of universal and paramount interest (not "a fee grief, due to some single breast")—and on that plea may hold you by the button as long as he chooses. His delight is to harangue on what nowise regards himself: how then can you refuse to listen to what as little amuses you? Time and tide wait for no man. The business of the state admits of no delay. The question of Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments stand first on the order of the day—takes precedence in its own right of every other question. Any other topic, grave or gay, is looked upon in the light of impertinence, and sent to Coventry.

Alderman Wood gets off easily; the author only supposing that he has 'talked of nothing but the queen, in all companies, for the last six months. Happy Alderman Wood!' The enthusiastic but benevolent Apostle of New Lanark, is painted with great truth; and, with his portrait, we must close for the present:—

'Mr. Owen is a man remarkable for one idea. It is that of himself and the Lanark cotton-mills. He carries this idea backwards and forwards with him from Glasgow to London, and expects to find it in the same state of purity and perfection in the latter place as at the former. He acquires a wonderful velocity and impetuosity in his undaunted transit. Resistance to him is vain, while the whirling motion of the mail-coach remains in his head.

"Nor Alps nor Apennines can keep him out, Nor fortified redoubt."

'He even got possession, in the suddenness of his onset, of the steam engine of the Times newspaper, and struck off ten thousand wood-cuts of the Projected Villages, which afforded an ocular demonstration to all who saw them of the practicability of Mr. Owen's whole scheme. He comes into a room with one of these documents in his hand, with the air of a schoolmaster and a quack-doctor mixed, asks very kindly, how you do, and on hearing you are still in an indifferent state of health owing to bad digestion, instantly turns round, and observes, "that all that will be remedied in his plan: that, indeed, he thinks too much attention has been paid to the mind, and not enough to

the body; that, in his system, which he has now perfected, and which will shortly be generally adopted, he has provided effectually for both: that he has been long of opinion, that the mind depends altogether on the physical organization, and where the latter is neglected or disordered, the former must languish and want its due vigour: that exercise is, therefore, a part of his system, with full liberty to develop every faculty of mind and body: that two objections had been made to his New View of Society, viz. its want of relaxation from labour, and its want of variety; but the first of these, the too great restraint, he trusted he had already answered, for where the powers of mind and body were freely exercised and brought out, surely liberty must be allowed to exist in the highest degree; and, as to the second, the monotony which would be produced by a regular and general plan of co-operation, he conceived he had proved in his 'New View' and 'Addresses to the higher Classes;' that the co-operation he had recommended was necessarily conducive to the most extensive improvement of the ideas and faculties, and where this was the case, there must be the greatest possible variety instead of a want of it." And, having said this, this expert and sweeping orator takes up his hat and walks down stairs after reading his lecture of truisms like a play-bill or an apothecary's advertisement; and, should you stop him at the door, to say, by way of putting in a word in common, that Mr. Southey seems somewhat favourable to his plan, in his late letter to Mr. William Smith, he looks at you with a smile of pity at the fatuity of all opposition and the idleness of all encouragement. People who thus swell out some rapid scheme of their own into undue importance, seem to me to labour under water in the head—to exhibit a huge hydrocephalus! They may be very worthy people for all that, but they are bad companions and very indifferent reasoners. Tom Moore says, of some one somewhere, "That he puts his hand in his breeches' pocket, like a crocodile." The phrase is hieroglyphical: but Mr. Owen and others might be said to put their foot in the question of social improvement and reform much in the same unaccountable manner.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Memoirs from 1754 to 1758. By James Earl Waldegrave, K. G. one of his Majesty's Privy Council, in the reign of George II. and Governor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. 4to. pp. 174. London, 1821.

THERE are many subjects to which we are more partial than the secret history of courts, or the intrigues of courtiers: the latter are events of such every day occurrence, that they scarcely can be

come matter of history, especially as the truth is seldom discovered until a lapse of years has deprived them of much of their interest. This is certainly the case with the *Memoirs of the Earl Waldegrave*, now before us, which, though detailing minutely the ministerial intrigues of the day, can scarcely be expected to possess much interest after a lapse of upwards of sixty years. 'Such memoirs, however, if not always interesting, are frequently instructive; and the noble earl, in the conclusion of his works, adds one more to the thousand confutations which the declaration of the wisest of men has received, that 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit.' Who can envy the dependents of a court; if the Earl Waldegrave, who was a constant favourite, was constrained to paint it as so wretched a life? In his concluding reflections, he says,—

'I have now finished my relation of all the material transactions wherein I was immediately concerned; and though I can never forget my obligations to the kindest of masters, I have been too long behind the scenes, I have had too near a view of the machinery of a court, to envy any man either the power of a minister or the favour of princes.

'The constant anxiety and frequent mortifications which accompany ministerial employments, are tolerably well understood; but the world is totally unacquainted with the situation of those whom fortune has selected to be the constant attendants and companions of royalty, who partake of its domestic amusements and social happiness.

'But I must not lift up the veil; and shall only add, that so man can have a clear conception how great personages pass their leisure hours, who has not been a prince's governor or a king's favourite.'

Although we have spoken rather slightly of works of this description, yet we are not insensible that they are of some value in enabling us to trace events to their causes, and thus are of some importance in the history of the period to which they relate. These *Memoirs* throw considerable light on the politics and the changes of administration, which occurred during the latter years of the reign of George II, and they may be depended upon for their fidelity.

From an address to the reader, we learn that Earl Waldegrave's grandfather married a daughter of James the Second, by Arabella Churchill, sister to the great Duke of Marlborough, and was created by that king a baron, but never took his seat in the House of Lords. The earl, whose work is be-

fore us, was born in March, 1714-15, and was, at an early period of life, well instructed in ancient and modern languages. Though the state of parties still rendered Catholic and Jacobite connexions (and such were those of the earl) very formidable barriers to promotion at court, yet Lord Waldegrave, gaining the personal favour of George the Second, surmounted them both very rapidly. In 1743, he was appointed a lord of the bedchamber, and, on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, he was made master of the stanneries. On the resignation or removal of the Earl of Harcourt from the office of governor to the Prince of Wales, (afterwards George III.) the king pressed the appointment on Earl Waldegrave, who accepted it with hesitation, and, during the four years that he retained the office, he neither acquired the confidence of his pupil nor succeeded in ingratiating himself with the princess dowager. New intrigues rendering a change again desirable, the earl resigned his office, and assisted the king in negotiating various new administrations at the commencement of the seven years' war. These events form the chief subject of his work, for, although he lived to the year 1763, yet he refused all appointments under the new monarch, and has not extended his *Memoirs* later than the year 1758. The work is printed from a MS. in the hand-writing of the author, which was found by his heirs after his death, and has remained ever since in the possession of the Waldegrave family. It has been evidently intended for posterity, though no injunction was left as to the mode or period of giving it to the public. The MS. had been communicated to Lord Orford, who speaks of it with great praise, in his printed correspondence, and has borrowed some remarks, and even expressions from it. The editor has given the *Memoirs* to the world as he found them. He says, 'not a syllable has been suppressed. Neither comment nor emendation have been deemed necessary.' Some marginal notes, and an appendix of original letters, principally from Mr. Fox, which elucidate some passages in the text, have been added; and these conclude the labours of the editor.

The style of the *Memoirs* is clear, plain, and perspicuous; and many of the reflections are rather those of a philosopher than of a politician or a courtier. Indeed, we think Lord Waldegrave was a very honest man, without sufficient ambition for a minister, and

wanting in the servility essential to a courtier.

The work commences with sketches of the principal political royal characters of the day, including George II, the Princess Dowager, his late venerable Majesty then Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, Earl of Bute, Lord Anson, Duke of Devonshire, Sir Thomas Robinson, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pelham, Lords Hardwick and Holderness, &c. The whole of these persons are gone to that tribunal where their characters will be more justly weighed than in the balance of public opinion, and the conduct and characters of many of them can scarcely now be deemed matters of interest. We shall, however, notice one or two of them.

George the Second is described as possessing 'a good understanding, though not of the first class; with a clear insight into men and things within a certain compass.' His great attention to money was his capital failing, but he was 'always just, and sometimes charitable, though seldom generous.' 'Upon the whole,' says his lordship, 'he has some qualities of a great prince, many of a good one; none which are essentially bad.' This we consider as no mean praise in a sovereign.

The reign of our late beloved monarch was so long and memorable, and his death so recent, that we yet feel considerable interest in every thing that relates to him. We, therefore, quote Lord Waldegrave's portrait of him, written in 1758, at length. He says,—

'The Prince of Wales is entering into his 21st year, and it would be unfair to decide upon his character in the early stages of life, when there is so much time for improvement.

'His parts, though not excellent, will be found very tolerable, if ever they are properly exercised.

'He is strictly honest, but wants that frank and open behaviour which makes honesty appear amiable.

'When he had a very scanty allowance, it was one of his favourite maxims that men should be just before they are generous: his income is now very considerably augmented, but his generosity has not increased in equal proportion.

'His religion is free from all hypocrisy, but is not of the most charitable sort; he has rather too much attention to the sins of his neighbour.

'He has spirit, but not of the active kind; and does not want resolution, but it is mixed with too much obstinacy.

‘He has great command of his passions, and will seldom do wrong, except when he mistakes wrong for right; but as often as this shall happen, it will be difficult to undeceive him, because he is uncommonly indolent, and has strong prejudices.’

‘His want of application and aversion to business would be far less dangerous, he was eager in the pursuit of pleasure; for the transition from pleasure to business is both shorter and easier than from a state of total inaction.’

‘He has a kind of unhappiness in his temper, which, if it be not conquered before it has taken too deep a root, will be a source of frequent anxiety. Whenever he is displeased, his anger does not break out with heat and violence; but he becomes sullen and silent, and retires to his closet; not to compose his mind by study or contemplation, but merely to indulge the melancholy enjoyment of his own ill humour. Even when the fit is ended, unfavourable symptoms very frequently return, which indicate that on certain occasions his Royal Highness has too correct a memory.’

‘Though I have mentioned his good and bad qualities, without flattery and without aggravation, allowances should still be made, on account of his youth and his bad education: for, though the Bishop of Peterborough, now Bishop of Salisbury, the preceptor; Mr. Stone, the sub-governor; and Mr. Scott, the sub-preceptor, were men of sense, men of learning, and worthy good men, they had but little weight and influence. The mother and the nursery always prevailed.’

‘During the course of the last year, there has, indeed, been some alteration; the authority of the nursery has gradually declined, and the Earl of Bute, by the assistance of the mother, has now the entire confidence. But whether this change will be greatly to his Royal Highness’s advantage, is a nice question, which cannot hitherto be determined with any certainty.’

Of Mr. Pitt, the great Lord Chamberlain, Lord Waldegrave says,—

‘Mr. Pitt has the finest genius, improved by study and all the ornamental part of classical learning.’

‘He came early into the House of Commons, where he soon distinguished himself; lost a cornetcy of horse, which was then his only subsistence; and in less than twenty years has raised himself to be first minister, and the most powerful sub-ject in this country.’

‘He has a peculiar clearness and facility of expression; and has an eye as significant as his words. He is not always a fair or conclusive reasoner, but commands the passions with sovereign authority; and to inflame or captivate a popular assembly is a consummate orator. He has courage of every sort, cool or impetuous, active or deliberate.’

‘At present he is the guide and cham-

pion of the people: whether he will long continue their friend seems somewhat doubtful. But if we may judge from his natural disposition, as it has hitherto shewn itself, his popularity and zeal for public liberty will have the same period: for he is imperious, violent, and implacable; impatient even of the slightest contradiction; and, under the mask of patriotism, has the despotic spirit of a tyrant.’

‘However, though his political sins are black and dangerous, his private character is irreproachable; he is incapable of a treacherous or ungenerous action; and in the common offices of life is justly esteemed a man of veracity and a man of honour.’

‘He mixes little in company, confining his society to a small junto of his relations, with a few obsequious friends, who consult him as an oracle, admire his superior understanding, and never presume to have an opinion of their own.’

‘His lordship’s character of the opposition of that day, would apply to the party at almost any period. A few unbenevolent patriots voted against the court; but their principle of dissatisfaction being thoroughly understood, those who had parts or activity to be dangerous, or even troublesome enemies, were soon quieted.’ The Princess of Wales was no favourite with his lordship, who hints at her so frequently imputed intimacy with the Earl of Bute. So far, however, as we may judge of her character by her conduct, we think the following portrait of her is correct:—

‘The Princess of Wales was reputed a woman of excellent sense, by those who knew her very imperfectly; but, in fact, was one of those moderate geniuses, who with much natural dissimulation, a civil address, an assenting conversation, and a few ideas of their own, can act with tolerable propriety, as long as they are conducted by wise and prudent counsellors.’

Mr. Murray, (afterwards Lord Mansfield,) is said by his lordship to have been ‘the ablest man, as well as the ablest debater in the House of Commons,’ and ‘so greatly superior to the rest of the profession, that he stood without a rival.’ We now come to his lordship’s appointment to succeed Earl Harcourt as governor to the Prince, and we cannot but admire the amiable and conciliatory conduct which he states himself to have adopted in this office:—

‘I found his Royal Highness uncommonly full of princely prejudices, contracted in the nursery, and improved by the society of bed-chamber women, and pages of the back-stairs.’

‘As a right system of education seemed quite impracticable, the best which could be hoped for was to give him true no-

tions of common things: to instruct him by conversation, rather than by books; and sometimes, under the disguise of amusement, to entice him to the pursuit of more serious studies.’

‘The next point I laboured was to preserve harmony and union in the royal family; and having free access to the closet, I had frequent opportunities of doing good offices; was a very useful apologist, whenever his Majesty was displeased with his grandson’s shyness, or want of attention; and never failed to notify even the most minute circumstance of the young prince’s behaviour which was likely to give satisfaction.’

‘On the other hand, the princess and her son seemed perfectly satisfied with my zeal, diligence, and faithful services; and I was treated with so much civility, that I thought myself almost a favourite.’

‘This continued near three years, till the time already mentioned, when they changed their plan, and began by their actions, without directly avowing it, to set the King at defiance.’

‘The governor’s apologies being no longer necessary, the best use they could make of me was to provoke me to some hasty imprudent action, which might oblige me to quit my station, and make way for Bute’s advancement.’

‘However, they could not find out the slightest pretence for shewing any public mark of their displeasure; and, though some hard things were said to me in private, I always kept my temper, giving the severest answers in the most respectful language, and letting them civilly understand that I feared their anger no more than I had deserved it; and though it might be in their power to fret me, I was determined not to be in the wrong.’

The intrigues on the part of the princess dowager, for the promotion of Earl Bute, induced his lordship to resign his office of governor to the prince, which he describes as a ‘most painful servitude,’ and one in which his spirits and patience were so much exhausted, that he could have quitted his Royal Highness, and have given up all future hopes of court preferment, without the least regret or uneasiness. His lordship, on his resignation, refused a pension of 2000*l.* a-year, but requested and obtained a reversion of the office of one of the tellers of the Exchequer. Lord Waldegrave had tendered his resignation, and which had been also accepted, before the prince knew it. His lordship, in relating a subsequent interview with his Royal Highness on the subject, says:—

‘I had not acquainted either the Prince or Princess of Wales with this transaction; who strongly suspected, that, notwithstanding the ill usage I had received, I might still have some inclination to continue in his Royal Highness’s

service; and having often perceived that I would not understand the most intelligible hints, they now resolved to explain themselves in the clearest and most precise manner.

'Accordingly, one day after dinner, the Prince of Wales began the conversation by desiring I would take nothing amiss; and then proceeded, with much hesitation and confusion, that he certainly should be exceeding glad to employ me hereafter, but that just at present he had very particular reasons against my continuing in his service; that it would be very improper for him to give me a negative; hoped I would not lay him under such a difficulty; and that he should esteem it a real obligation, if my resignation could have the appearance of being entirely my own act.

'I answered, that far from taking any thing amiss, I returned his Royal Highness my humblest thanks for the very gracious manner in which he had expressed himself. That as to my quitting his service, I had often proposed it to the King, who, though much averse to it, had at last given his consent.

'That this had long been my object; for that several months ago, when his Royal Highness had thought proper to tell me that he expected to have the nomination of the person who was to be at the head of the new establishment, it being necessary there should be a man in such a place whom he could thoroughly confide in; when he had added, that unless he was gratified in this particular, he should consider all those who were placed about him as his enemies; and when it was very apparent that I was not the person in whom his confidence was reposed, I should undoubtedly have resigned my employment the next morning, if I had not been apprehensive that it might have produced an immediate rupture; for I was determined, if there must be a quarrel between him and his grandfather, which I thought very probable, it should never be placed in my account. That I had persisted in doing all good offices, as long as they were practicable; that when it was no longer in my power to do any real good, I still had endeavoured to do as little harm as possible; and had made use of every opportunity to soften and alleviate whatever had been amiss; but, at the same time, the King having appointed me his Royal Highness's governor, I was accountable to his Majesty, and it was my duty to give information, as to some particulars, when he required it; or supposing it had been my intention to deceive the King, even in that case, it would have been absurd to have denied those things which might be seen at every drawing-room, and were the subject of conversation at every coffee-house.

'Those who had persuaded his Royal Highness to speak to me in the manner I have mentioned, had forgot to furnish him with a proper reply; possibly they did not expect that I should have presumed

to return so uncourtly an answer; he was much embarrassed, said little, and went immediately to his mother, to give an account of what had passed.

'In about two days I was sent for by her Royal Highness, who began by apologizing for her son's behaviour; telling me, that I certainly must have misunderstood him on several occasions, or that he had said more than he really intended; that he had a great regard for me, did not like new faces, and was very desirous that I should continue in his service; but that he had a very particular esteem for the Earl of Bute, and had set his heart on making him groom of the stole; that being master of the horse was equally honourable, and if I would accept that employment, every thing might be made easy, and the King and her son would be both satisfied.

'The Prince, who was present, assented to every thing she said, but entered no further into the conversation.

'I returned their Royal Highnesses my humblest thanks; assured them, that whether I quitted or whether I remained his Royal Highness's servant, I should always be desirous of doing every thing they should approve of, as far as was consistent with the superior duty I owed to the King; and that nothing could give me more real satisfaction, than to see perfect harmony and union in the royal family.

'Many compliments passed between us, without the least insincerity on either side; for we did not mean to deceive each other: but as we were soon to be divided for the rest of our lives, it seemed best to part with the appearance of good humour and civility.

'One of the compliments might, indeed, be somewhat equivocal; I told her Royal Highness that I had frequently taken the liberty of speaking to the King concerning Lord Bute's promotion; but had never obtained a serious answer; for that as often as I touched on the subject, he immediately laughed in my face.

'After this friendly conference, which was about a month before the new establishment took place, I was treated with the greatest politeness; and when his Majesty granted their request, he made choice of me to be the messenger of good news.'

The remainder of this volume chiefly relates to the employment of his lordship in negotiating administrations, which appears to have been as difficult a business then, as it was found a few years ago on the death of Mr. Percival. In an interview which his lordship had with the King, his Majesty expressed his dislike to Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, in very strong terms, the substance of which was, that—

'The secretary [Mr. Pitt] made him some very long speeches, which possibly might be very fine, but were greatly beyond his comprehension; and that his let-

ters were affected, formal, and pedantic. That as to Temple, he was a disagreeable fellow, there was no bearing him; that when he attempted to argue, he was pert, and sometimes insolent; that when he meant to be civil, he was exceedingly troublesome, and that, in the business of his office, he was totally ignorant.'

The Earl Waldegrave was, at the particular wish of his Majesty, appointed to the treasury, but he does not appear to have acted in the office. In one of his interviews with the King for forming the administration, his Majesty made the following observations on English politics:—

'That we were, indeed, a very extraordinary people, continually talking of our constitution, laws, and liberty. That as to our constitution, he allowed it to be a good one, and defied any man to produce a single instance wherein he had exceeded his proper limits. That he never meant to screen or protect any servant who had done amiss; but still he had a right to chuse those who were to serve him, though, at present, so far from having an option, he was not even allowed a negative.

'That as to our laws, we passed near a hundred every session, which seemed made for no other purpose but to afford us the pleasure of breaking them; and as to our zeal for liberty, it was in itself highly commendable; but our notions must be somewhat singular, when the chief of the nobility chose rather to be the dependents and followers of a Duke of Newcastle, than to be the friends and counsellors of their sovereign.'

With this extract we close the *Memoirs* by the Earl Waldegrave. The events to which they relate are limited to a period of four years, but it was a period of great political intrigue; and his lordship, having been behind the curtain, was enabled to observe the machinery by which the whole was directed. The incidents detailed by his lordship are not of themselves of a very prominent interest, but the work must be considered as a useful, if not a valuable contribution towards the history of the period to which it relates.

The Belvidere Apollo; Fazio, a Tragedy; and other Poems. By the Rev. H. H. Milman. 8vo. pp. 192. London, 1821.

MR. MILMAN's tragedy of *Fazio*, which fills the principal part of the volume before us, is too well known to the public, either on the stage or in the closet, to need a single comment. The other poems are the *Apollo Belvidere*, a prize poem, which was recited in the theatre at Oxford, in 1817; *Judicium Regule*, an Ode; Alexander

Tumulus Achillis invens, a Latin prize poem, of 1813; and Fortune, from the Italian of Guidi.

In the Belvidere Apollo, the poet pays a noble tribute to the matchless skill displayed in that splendid monument of antiquity; we insert the whole poem:—

‘Heard ye the arrow’s hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster’s deathful cry?
In settled majesty of calm disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heav’nly Archer stands—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A God in strength, with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through beaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror’s stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow’s fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fix’d his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks th’ impalpable and pathless sky:
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wanders on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle’s drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian†! with an eagle’s flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
View’d the bright concave of Heav’n’s blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a God:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bow’d before the work of man.
For mild he seem’d, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi’s haunted steep,
Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form in wild delicious trace
With more than reverence gazed the Maid of France.
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude;
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—so periah of despair.
Often as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smiled:
Oft breathless hat’ning heard, or seem’d to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she wand’r’d, and cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself besumb’d to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied;
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled and died.’

* The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which he slew the serpent Python.

† Argaine of Ephesus.

The foregoing fact is related in the work of Mons. Pinel sur l’Insanité.

The ode, ‘Judicium Regale,’ is a sort of ‘Vision of Judgment.’ We do not, by this remark, mean to say, that it is either absurd or impious, like that of Mr. Southey; but the subjects are not very dissimilar. The poet laureat brings George III. to Judgment. Mr. Milman brings Buonaparte; of course, their fates differ widely. We are always sorry when we see poets meddling with politics; they are very seldom either charitable in their opinions or correct in their judgment; and we really think, that a person of Mr. Milman’s fertile imagination, might have selected a better subject than that of Buonaparte, whom it is ungenerous to insult in his misfortunes; but, Shakespeare has told us, that—

‘This certain, greatness once fall’n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too; what the decline’d is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall.’

Mr. Southey could muster but two accusers against the sovereign of Britain, and these made a very pitiful charge. Mr. Milman has been more successful against Buonaparte, whom men and empires accuse. The description of Buonaparte, who is designated as the ‘Imperial Criminal,’ is forcibly drawn, and wants nothing but truth to recommend it. Mr. Milman thus portrays the fallen emperor:—

‘In that wan face nor ancient majesty
Left wither’d splendour dim, nor old renown
Lofly disdain in that and sunken eye;
No giant ruin even in wreck elate,
Frowning dominion o’er imperious fate,
But one to native lowliness cast down.
A sullen careless desperation gave
The hollow semblance of intrepid grief,
Not that heroic patience nobly brave,
That even from misery wrings a proud relief;
Nor the dark pride of haughty spirits of ill,
That from the lowering grandeur of their sin,
Wear on the brow triumphant gladness still,
Heedless of racking agony within;
Nor penitence was there, nor pale remorse,
Nor memory of his fall from kingly state,
And warrior glory in his sun-like course,
Fortune his slave, and Victory his mate.
Twere doubt if that dark form could truly feel,
Or were indeed a shape and soul of steel.’

We pass over the accusations of Prussia, Spain, the Italian States, and the Pope, &c. to quote the following passage relating to Great Britain:—

‘Whom saw I then in port and pride a Queen,
Come walking o’er her own obsequious sea?
I knew thee well, the valiant, rich, and free—
As when old Rome, her Roman virtue tame,
Gazed, when in arms that bold dictator came;
Startled to sight the fierce insulting Gaul—
Camillus of mankind! thy regal mien
Gladden’d all earth; the nations from their rest
Joyful upleap’d; with modest front elate,

Like one that hath proud conscience in her breast,
Thou breakest the blank silence—“Woe and hate
To this bad man for those my good and great,
That sleep amid the Spaniard’s mountains rude,
In the sad beauty of the hero’s fate.

To this bad man immortal gratitude,
For he hath taught, who slaves the free of earth,
Fettereth the whirlwind; hath given glorious birth
To deeds that dwarf my old majestic fame,
Make Blake and Marlborough languid sound
and tame

To Nelson and that chief to whom defeat
Is like an undiscover’d star—bath shown
More than the Macedonian victories vain
To rivet on the earth the oppressor’s chain;
As little will you sun’s empyrean throne
Endure a mortal seat, as this wide globe
Be one man’s appanage; or my fair isle,
That precious gem in ocean’s azure robe,
Cast freedom’s banner down, by force or guile
Master’d, and forfeit earth’s renown and love,
And her bright visions of high meed above.”

But France, ungrateful France, is brought in accusation against her idol. ‘This is the unkiindest cut of all.’ But what can France charge him with? Why first with making her the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. This passage is one of the best in the ode, and gives a powerful description of the once gigantic greatness of the French empire. France is made to say,—

‘High in the flaming arc of victory riding,
From Alp to Alp his chamails warriors guiding,
The pearl of wild Lod’s arch bestriding,
I saw yon chieftain in his morn of fame;
Cities and armies at his beck sank down,
And in the gaudy colours of renown
The fighting Orient vested his young name.
The bright and baleful meteor I adored,
Low bow’d I down, and said—“So thou my Lord!”

Like old and ruinous towers, the ancient thrones
Crumbl’d, and dynasties of elder time;
The banners of my conquest-plumed sons
Flouted the winds of many a distant clime:
On necks of vanquish’d kings I fix’d my seat,
And the broad Rhine roll’d wassal at my feet.
Turn’d did the indignant nations league their might,
Thrice the red darkness of the battle night
Folded the recreant terror of their flight.
Realms sack’d and ravaged empires sooth’d my toils,
And satrap chiefs were monarchs from my spoils.

In solitude of freedom that rich Queen
Sate in her sanctity of waves serene.”

The thousand-times repeated charge of murdering Wright and Pichegru is reiterated; and, when the whole of the charges are gone through, judgment on the culprit is thus invoked:—

“For yon dark chief of woe, and guilt, and strife,
O scepter’d judges! punish him with life.
Fear not he seek with the old Roman paid,
That weakness to the noble soul allied,
To die as Cato, and as Brutus died.

Fear not that in his abject heart he show
That martyr fortitude, that smiles in woe.
By him shall that great secret be betray'd,
Of what poor stuff are earth's dread tyrants
made.

Oh, let him live to be despised, to see
France happy, and the glorious nations free;
Death were delight to that deep misery!"

Then did that kingly conclave, with one voice,
Pass the dread sentence on the gloomy man;
In his son's icy deadness, he alone

By other's woes seemed harden'd to his own.
From land to land the penal tidings ran;
Earth lifted up her rich face to rejoice,
The bright blue heavens bade wintry warring
cease,

And spring came dancing o'er a world at peace.

With all due deference to the poet,
we think that Bonaparte, during his
five years' exile or imprisonment, has
given strong evidence that he *does* possess
the 'martyr fortitude that smiles
in woe;' and, however long his life
may be, we will guarantee him from
the supposed misery of living

— to see

France happy, and the glorious nations free.

The experience of every succeeding
day, gives some excuse to Bonaparte's
ambitious projects, by showing how
faithless were the parties with whom
he had to deal, and that the monarchs
who formerly so tamely succumbed to
his power, now are the worst parts of
his character without a particle of his
talents.

In taking leave of Mr. Milman,
which we must do somewhat hastily, as
we have a number of other authors to pay
our respects to, we cannot but think he
has been rather injudicious in the pub-
lication of these poems. They are un-
worthy of the talents of the author of
Fazio, Samor, and the Fall of Jerusa-
lem,—productions which have justly
gained him a high reputation. We
are far from saying that these less im-
portant pieces are without merit, for
they really possess many beauties, but
they are much inferior to the poems we
have mentioned, and we have too great
a respect for Mr. Milman, and admire
his talents too much, not to feel jealous
for his fame.

Annals of the Coinage of Britain and its Dependencies. By the Rev. R. Ruding.

(Continued from p. 212.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the assertion of
some antiquaries to the contrary, it
does not appear that Britain had any
coinage previous to the invasion of Ju-
lius Cæsar, who describes the Britons
as a people then just emerging from
barbarism, and no further acquainted
with commerce than to have discovered

that it could not be conducted by sim-
ple barter alone. The earliest coin
which can with the least appearance of
probability be attributed to any particu-
lar British monarch, bears upon it the
letters S E G O, probably for Segonax,
who was one of the four petty Kentish
monarchs that, by command of Cassi-
vellaun, attacked Cæsar's camp upon
his second invasion of Britain.

It was, however, during the reign of
Cunobeline, that the British coins were
improved in imitation of the Roman
money. On some of these coins the
name of the monarch is given with a
Latin termination; and the devices
which are impressed upon the others
are evident imitations of the coins of
Augustus Cæsar. Of many of the
coins of Cunobeline, (and nearly forty
varieties have been discovered,) a word
appears that has occasioned much con-
troversy, but without any elucidation
of its meaning, which still remains in-
volved in impenetrable obscurity.
This is the word TASCIO or TASCIA,
which has been supposed by some to
signify tribute; by others, to be the
name of the moneyer, with various
other conjectures equally unsatisfac-
tory.

It is probable that the British coin-
age closed with the money of Cunobe-
line, for, in a few years after his death,
the second subjection of Britain took
place, under Claudius, which was so
complete and severe, that the country
became rather a Roman than a British
island, and thus continued for nearly
four hundred years.

The coins of the Anglo-Saxons con-
sisted of the sceatta, in value about a
penny, and another, which was only
worth one fourth of a penny. It has
been attempted to be proved that the
Saxons had a gold coinage, but the ar-
guments to establish this fact are by
no means conclusive. In point of anti-
quity, the penny succeeds; the etymo-
logies of it are nearly as numerous as
the modes of spelling it; and it was
written in various ways,—as peneg,
peng, peninc, pening, penincg, pen-
ning, and pending; its most probable
derivation is from *penda*, to weigh.
The penny, the halfpenny, and the
farthing, all of which were of silver,
were Anglo-Saxon coins; they also had
the styca, two of which were equal to
one farthing. The Saxons had also
other monies, or rather denominations
of monies, the exact nature of which is
by no means determined; such as the
mancus, the mark, the shilling, the
thrima, and the ora. The mancus is

believed to have been only a certain
weight, equal to thirty pennies or six
shillings. The mark, which was a
Danish mode of computation, was,
early in the tenth century, estimated at
one hundred pennies; but, in the year
1194, at one hundred and sixty. The
scill, or scilling, a word of doubtful de-
rivation, appears at a very early period
in the Anglo-Saxon laws, some fines
having been regulated by it about the
middle of the sixth century; its value
was five and afterwards four pennies.
The thrima appears to have been equal
to three-fifths of the shilling of five
pence; and the ora was anciently reck-
oned at fifteen pennies. These are all
the coins and denominations of money
which appear to have been used by the
Anglo-Saxons.

It would lead us too much into de-
tail to notice the coinage of the dif-
ferent kingdoms of the heptarchy; in
which the kingdom of Kent claims the
precedence. During this period, and
the reigns of the sole monarchs, the
coins we have enumerated prevailed,
and there were also several others.
Mints were established in various parts
of the kingdom, and the names of the
money, and in many instances that of
the mint, were on the reverse of the
coins. Harold, during his short-lived
sovereignty, seems to have been stud-
ious to perpetuate his memory by
frequent coinages, for he had mints at
thirty-seven different towns, and his
coins are far from being uncommon.
These coins have, on the obverse, Har-
old's name and title as King of Eng-
land, and the reverse bears the money-
er's name, and the place of mintage.
All of them have PAX across the
centre, which has been supposed to allude
to the peace which Edward the Con-
fessor granted to him and to his father,
Earl Godwin, in 1052.

William the Conqueror, anxious to
persuade the English that he looked
upon them as his natural subjects, and
not as a conquered people, made no
innovation on the coinage. His coins
not only resemble those of Harold in
weight and fineness, but some of them
correctly imitated the type of that mon-
arch's pennies. This adherence to
the weight of the Saxon penny, will
appear to be very extraordinary, when
we consider that he introduced the
French mode of computation, by shil-
lings of twelve pennies; and can be
ascribed only to a refund policy,
which forbade an alteration, the effect
of which would immediately be per-
ceived by his new subjects. Of the

coins of William I. the penny is the only one which has descended to our times. These were extremely rare until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when, after a dreadful fire, which burnt many houses in Upper Ouse Gate, in the city of York, in the year 1703-4, a small oak box, containing about two hundred and fifty pennies of the two Williams, was discovered, on digging a deep fouloulation for a new building. Before this discovery, the utmost diligence of that indefatigable collector, Thoresby, could procure no more than two of them. The coins of William I. have, on the obverse, his name and title as King, with the addition of some of the leading letters of *ANGLO-RUM*; and on the reverse, the name of the moneyer, together with the place of mintage.

William Rufus coined but little money, and employed few of his father's moneyers. From the weight and fineness of his money, it seems that, notwithstanding his necessities, (for he soon dissipated his father's immense wealth,) he made no alteration in the standard. His coins bear on the obverse his name and title, except in one instance, where the legend is *WILLELMVS* only, and in another, which is inscribed *LIVLIVM DVO*. The reverses have the town and moneyer.

Henry I. made several important and beneficial regulations relative to the coinage. He denounced severe punishment against moneyers or other persons on whom counterfeit coins should be found. In his laws, it was ordained that falsifiers of the money should suffer the loss of a hand, without redemption. This penalty, dreadful as it may appear, was insufficient to prevent the crime of counterfeiting the coin; accordingly, Henry, on his return from Normandy, in 1105, added to the penalty of the loss of a hand, the further punishment of the loss of sight, and emasculation. Notwithstanding the severity of these ordinances, the money, in 1108, was so much corrupted, as to render a new coinage absolutely necessary:—

The strong hand of the law having proved ineffectual for the protection of the coins, the censures of the church were, in 1123, called into its aid. At a council which was holden at Rome in that year, when Callixtus the Second presided, some ancient statutes were revived, by which it was decreed, that whoever should knowingly make, or studiously circulate false money, should be separated from the congregation of the faithful as one ac-

curSED, an oppressor of the poor, and a disturber of the state.

1123. These ecclesiastical denunciations seem likewise to have been pronounced in vain, for, in about two years afterward, the King sent orders, from Normandy, for the punishment of all the moneyers in England, by inflicting upon them the severest sentence of the law; because the money was so corrupted that it would not pass in any market.

In compliance with these commands, Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, summoned them, throughout all England, to appear at Winchester against Christmas-day. When they arrived there, they were taken apart singly, and underwent the dreadful infliction. The whole was done within the twelve days before Christmas, and, indeed, (saith the chronicler,) most justly, for they had brought the greatest loss upon the whole nation, by the immense quantity of base metal which they had circulated. They were afterwards compelled to abjure the realm, and to go into banishment.

The English goldsmiths were at this time eminent for excellence of workmanship, and were sometimes invited to practice their art in foreign courts. The types of the coins of Henry I. are as various as those of any monarch in the English series. His name and title are variously written upon the obverse of his money. On some pieces *H. R.* only are found; on others, *HENRICVS*; on others, his name and title; and on some, his name and title as King of the English. The reverses bear the name of the mint and moneyer, which, in some instances, are placed within two concentric circles. One penny has *PAX* across the centre of the reverse.

The necessities of King Stephen induced him to diminish the weight which the penny bore in the reign of his predecessor. During this disturbed reign, several barons, particularly those related to the King, had coins struck. The coins of Stephen are almost invariably badly executed. They are scarce, yet a considerable variety of types is to be found. His name on the obverse is commonly wrong spelled, and occurs frequently without his title. When that appears, it is simply *Rex*, without any addition. The reverses bear, in general, the mint and moneyer; but it is peculiar to coins of this reign to exhibit reverses without any legend, the outer circle being charged with unmeaning ornaments.

The wretched state to which money had been reduced in the reign of Stephen, by adulteration and other methods, rendered a new coinage absolutely necessary, when Henry II. took

possession of the crown. A foreign artist, Philip Aymary, a native of Tours, was introduced into the Mint; but, as he was suspected to connive at the frauds of the moneyers, who were severely punished, he was soon dismissed. It appears, that there were at least two coinages in this reign, and that the same device was used on both. The name of Henry II, *HENRI* written, appears on the obverse, with his title of King of England; but, upon an Anglo-Gallic penny, struck in Aquitaine, it is *HENRICVS REX*. The reverse, as usual, have the name of the Mint and the moneyer. The coins of this monarchy were rare, until a large quantity of them was found at Royston, about the year 1721; and a still larger hoard, to the number of more than five thousand seven hundred, at Tealby, in Lincolnshire, in 1807. They are commonly very ill struck.

It does not appear certain, that Richard I. coined any money during his reign; at all events, if he did, none of his coins have come down to us. We are not, however, without specimens of his money, the produce of his Anglo-Gallic Mints, which bear his name as King of England, though they were struck by him either in the quality of Earl of Poitou or as Duke of Aquitaine.

King John, when very young, having been declared by his father Lord of Ireland, had mints in Dublin and Waterford, and his money struck with his name and title impressed on it. The coins are of peculiarly barbarous workmanship, bearing, on the obverse, a rude face, resembling the form in which the full moon is usually drawn, with his title *JOHANNES DOM*; and, on the reverse, the name of the moneyer and the place of mintage. On his usurpation of the crown of England, he made several regulations respecting money, particularly to stop the diminishing of the coins, which had been carried on to an alarming extent. Although he had mints in seventeen different towns in England, yet no coins from any of these mints have ever been discovered. The only specimens we have are his Irish coins, some struck before and others after his assuming the royal dignity. His title, upon the coins, is only *JOHANNES* or *JOHANNES REX*, without any notice of either England, or even Ireland, where they were minted. The reverse has the Mint and moneyer as usual, but with devices, which appears on his money only. The penny has a crescent and a blazing

star; and the half-penny, a crescent and a cross patée, with a small star in each angle of the triangle; the farthing has a blazing star only. The bust on the obverse, and these devices on the reverse, are placed within the triangle.

During the minority of Henry III, there was a coinage of pennies, half-pennies, and farthings, but only a few of the first have been preserved:—

'The alteration of type, which was introduced upon the money in this reign, forms a kind of æra in the Numismatic History of England. From the conquest until this time, with the exception of the coins of Henry II. and the obverse of those of John, a great variety prevailed in the impressions both of the obverse and reverse of the coins. The portraits of the monarchs were represented either in full or in profile; and the crosses were exhibited under almost every possible form. But the portrait of Henry III. is invariably full-faced; the cross consists of double lines; and the only difference between his earlier and later coinages is, that in the former the cross is bounded by the inner circle, and has four pellets in each quarter; whilst in the latter it extends to the outer circle, and the number of the pellets is reduced to three. To this description his gold penny forms the only exception.

'Rude as this ornament of the reverse may appear to modern taste, it however seems, for some reason or other, to have been highly satisfactory to those who conducted the operations of the Mint, for it kept entire possession of the coins until Henry VII. introduced heraldic bearings. It then began gradually to give ground, but was not entirely lost before the latter end of the reign of James I. at the termination of a period of nearly 400 years.'

His style upon his money is sometimes Henricus Rex only; at others the number III, TERC, or ANG, with Terc, on the reverse is added. The reverse, besides the rude impress described above, has generally the name of the Mint and the moneyer. The gold penny of this king is of a very different type from that of his silver money. On the obverse, the sovereign is represented crowned, and sitting on a chair of state; in his right hand is a sceptre, in his left a globe. The reverse has the long cross of his later coinage, with a rose and three small pellets in each quarter. It is the only gold coin which is stamped with the name of the Mint and the moneyer.

Henry the Third had mints in thirty-four different towns; and he also struck money in Gascony. There are also coins, apparently ecclesiastical, probably struck in his reign, with the history of which we are unacquainted.

(To be continued.)

High Birth, a Satire, addressed to a Young Nobleman; in imitation of the Eighth Satire of Juvenal. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1821.

THE object of this satire is good; it is to prove the truth of Pope's assertion, that—

'Honour and fame from no condition rise;

And that naught

— Can enoble slaves and cowards,
Not all the blood of all the Howards.'

Some personages of 'Highbirth,' well known in the fashionable circles, but who certainly would not do credit to any station in society, are justly reprehended; but the satire is destitute of one very essential quality—point. If there are any readers who deem this of no consequence, we think they may be pleased with 'High Birth' in every other respect.

EDUCATION.

1. *Conversations on English Grammar, in a Series of Familiar and Entertaining Dialogues, between a Mother and her Daughters; in which the various Rules of Grammar are introduced and explained, &c.* By Mrs. Williams. 12mo. pp. 213. London, 1821.

Mrs. WILLIAMS'S 'Conversations' not only contain a clear and intelligible explanation of the principles of English grammar, but are well calculated to convert what is generally considered (by young persons at least,) a very dry study, into an agreeable and pleasing employment. We know no better method of instilling knowledge than by this familiar *tête à tête* between the instructor and the pupil, who will thus insensibly acquire information, without feeling any of the repugnance which usually accompanies set tasks and formal lessons.

2. *A Grammar of Universal Geography, and of Elementary Astronomy. For the Use of Schools and Private Instruction.* By Alexander Jamieson, Author of a Treatise on the Construction of Maps, &c. 18mo. pp. 552. London, 1821.

This appears to us to be a very clever little work, embracing a great quantity of information admirably arranged; and we recommend it as well suited to teaching the first principles of geography and astronomy. The author truly observes, that he has traversed the globe to lay its treasures at the feet of his pupil, whom he now invites to take the same course, to prove to his own mind, that these riches are the common pro-

perty of all who will take the trouble to acquire them.

3. *The Mental Calculator; being a Compendium of Concise yet General Rules, for the ready Solution of various useful and interesting Problems in Astronomy; with Explanatory Illustrations. Forming an Epitome of the Elements of that Science. To which is added a Guide to the Constellations.* By P. Lovekin. 18mo. pp. 117. London, 1821.

This work at once forms a substitute for, and an assistant to, a pair of globes. The rules for solving a variety of astronomical problems, are so arranged as to be easily committed to memory, particularly as abstruse terms are avoided as much as possible. The 'Guide to the Constellations' will be of infinite service to youth, and may even be consulted by 'grown up children' with advantage.

4. *Stories from the Spanish History, for the Amusement of Children.* By Mrs. Jamieson. 18mo. pp. 140. London, 1820.

THIS is a pleasing collection of the most striking anecdotes and interesting events with which the history of Spain, so fertile in every thing romantic and entertaining, abounds. The selection is judicious, and made with that discrimination which distinguishes the works of this popular writer.

5. *Biographical Sketches of the Apostles, and the most Remarkable Characters mentioned in the New Testament.* 18mo. pp. 173. London, 1820.

A CONDENSED but a connected sketch of the principal events in the lives of the most remarkable personages in the New Testament, with biographical notices of the four primitive martyrs, can scarcely need any recommendation. No person who feels an interest in the religious instruction of youth, should remain unacquainted with this volume.

Original Communications.

ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD SHILLING.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—On turning over Richelet's French Dictionary, I found the following etymology, if so it may be called, of the word shilling:—'Schilling, in his Chronicle of Prussia, p. 67.—In Prussia, under the sixth master of the Teutonic order, Bernhard Schilling, citizen of Thorn, extracted from a mine of the town of Nicolas-Dorf,

the quantity of several pigs of silver; and, because there were great abuses in the money current, in Bohemia and Poland, Schilling was permitted to coin little pieces, which he called by his name. On referring to L'Art de verifier les Dates, the most important chronological work in existence, I find the Sixth Master of the Teutonic order was elected, A. D. 1244, and died 1253; perhaps some of your readers, fond of antiquarian lore, will tell us whether this authority is to be depended on.

I am, yours, &c. Y. Z.

THE NEWSMAN.

A Sketch from the Life.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

* Careless what he brings, his one concern is to conduct it to the destin'd inn :—
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy,
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect him—
Unconscious of them all.—COWPER'S TASK.

At about nine o'clock on a Sunday morning, just before the bells ring for church, this eccentric man may be seen, leaving London behind him, and speeding his way to the north. In height, he is about five feet, his age is sixty, and whoever has seen an out-pensioner of Greenwich Hospital, might identify him. He wears a blue coat, of coarse cloth, and made by a tailor, (I beg pardon) by a habit-maker of the last century; at a period when professional gentlemen gave their customers' cuffs without insult, and collars without being recognised as puppets. His waistcoat is of a pattern which resembles a fancy perfumer's morning dress. His breeches are leather, and being used as an accommodation to the palms and fingers, would make an excellent hone to set the wiry edge of a razor. His hose of worsted, are worn in relief, with a jagged tongue at the knee, which reposes on a scarlet garter, that is every evening be-nighted in his chamber. A pair of dirty half-boots embrace his ancles, and taper up to his calf to an exquisite point. His face looks like a veteran's that has passed through the storm, and his hair straggles over his shoulders like wi-

thering ivy over a yielding ruin. He wears a hat with broad brim and oval crown, round which a piece of whipcord is tied, and a pen slipped in—perhaps the very identical one that, the night previously, had been whirled into the office by some editor, because it did not shed ink away fast enough, and trace the blank paper with facility. However, whether this pen were rejected for its softness or hardness I know not,—it serves its present purpose to attract credit, which, unfortunately for its user, is not always creditable. And sometimes this newsman has to give fifty stamps with his foot for the one which he gives with his paper. To be prepared against the changes of the weather, he carries his umbrella under one arm and his newspapers in a case under the other. An old phial, fixed to his button hole, supplies him with ink; and, being visited with an internal complaint, his nose leaves his lips, always considerably in the rear;—hence, like the title of the paper in which I appear, he is very *chronical*. If I may judge of the state of his mind, from the moanings which he occasionally utters, I should conclude, like too many of his fellow-countrymen, his calling is one more of necessity than inclination. Let the slanderer then put his finger to his lip, and the rigid Christian contemplate, that the afflicted do not always choose that course which is most agreeable, nor tread twenty miles with that pleasure they would enjoy, if the iron rod of national affliction were not suspended over them. The bread of industry is often obtained with difficulty, while idleness in disguise riots in luxurious carelessness; but how glorious will be the reward of the one, and how painful the merited justice of the other.

IO SONO.

CRUELTY TO CHIMNEY SWEEPERS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—There seems to want an explanation of the coroner's suggestion to the jury, who sat very recently on the body of a boy only twelve years of age, that was jammed into a chimney, with rubbish, and, poor creature! suffered to remain there an hour, and then die!—Shocking inhumanity!—such unfeeling conduct merits the severest punishment. Now, sir, from the public prints, it appears, that the great reason for not extricating the sufferer from his situation was, because it would disfigure a part of the

chimney which had been repaired; as if the removal of a few bricks were equal to the life of a fellow-creature! Whoever the bricklayer is, that so greatly admired the works of his handicraft, he deserves more the name of a monster than a man, and whatever accommodation, or compromise of sympathy, might have been made by the parties concerned, a vote of censure is not sufficient to express that indignation for one so devoid of humanity. Day after day, delinquents are suffered to escape the meed of due punishment,—defenceless children perish under the pressure of cruelty, and yet, because it is 'not every body's business to interfere, it is nobody's.' Surely the 'Vice Suppression Society' might be here usefully and humanely employed to the greatest advantage, and with the most beneficial effect, seeing, that to save but one soul from an untimely fate, there will be 'great recompense of reward.' Actuated with the best motives, if you think the above desultory remarks deserving of a page in your impartial and instructive paper, I shall be happy to see them inserted, that the respectable coroner might be so kind as to throw some light on the melancholy catastrophe, for general satisfaction.

I am, sir,
With much respect,
March 24, 1831. PULVIS.

Original Criticisms

ON

The Principal Performers of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.

No. XVI.—MR. VANDENHOFF.

'We hate e'en Kemble thus at second hand.'

CHURCHILL.

PRECEDDED by the most enthusiastic eulogiums from all parts of the country, Mr. Vandenhoff has, at length, made his appearance. Every dramatic amateur will remember that this is the gentleman whose name made so conspicuous a figure in the play bills, during the first year of Mr. Elliston's management. What were the reasons that precluded his appearance, at that time, it is neither our object nor our wish to inquire; but this much we will say, that if, as we have heard it reported, Mr. Vandenhoff refused an engagement at Drury Lane, merely because he was to enact the second characters to Mr. Kean, his conduct savours very strongly of ridiculous self-conceit; as his pretensions, in our opinion at least, are very far from being of that high order which we had been

* By referring to the review of Ruding's *Coinage*, in the present number, our Correspondent will perceive, that the word shilling was applied to a piece of coin many centuries before the time fixed by Schreus, in his *Lexicon*.—Ed.

led to expect. Mr. Vandenhoff seems to have delayed his appearance, till the absence of Mr. Kean should have afforded him a fit opportunity for the display of his talents, but, in so doing, he appears to have forgotten that he had to contend with two most powerful competitors. The names of Macready and C. Kemble, gentlemen eminently adapted, both by nature and study, to attain the very summit of their profession, with highly cultivated and classic minds, and talents matured by experience, might have presented themselves to him, as probable obstacles to that pre-eminence his ambition prompted him to court. But, not to enter more fully into his motives, we shall content ourselves with observing that Mr. Vandenhoff appeared in King Lear, a severe test, as the character is universally allowed to be the most arduous throughout the whole range of the drama, and, as he has been found wanting, his selection bears the stamp, to use no stronger term, of folly and temerity. With regard to his performance of Lear, we shall only say, that after that of Kean it was bad indeed; it was even inferior to the representation of the little itinerant Booth. His performance was by no means correct; when he was expressing passages of the most frightful and tremendous vehemence, he was impatient and querulous; when, on the contrary, he ought to have been calm and soul-subdued, he launched forth into the other extreme. By a vain attempt at originality, he certainly struck out very many of Kean's beauties, but he inserted few others in their places. We will not, however, deny, that the performance had some merit: his declamation, at times, was excellent, and we are happy to say that he does not rant to the galleries. His scenes with Edgar, as Mad Tom, and his lowly submission to the raging elements were distinguished by a pathos that insinuated itself into the souls of the audience, and obtained considerable approbation. His Sir Giles Overreach was clever in parts, in others miserably tame; the effect of the concluding scene, which we have seen played by Kean with such heart-rendering excellence, was entirely destroyed by Mr. Vandenhoff's misrepresentation, but his instructions to Margaret were well given, and his manner of speaking of 'his honourable, his right honourable daughter,' excellent.

We are of opinion that his Coriolanus possesses more merit than any of

his other performances; the character was twice repeated with more unequivocal testimonies in his favour than either of the characters he had previously assumed; perhaps this may be owing to the part itself, which is more easily delineated than old Lear or Sir Giles Overreach, added to which, a more intimate acquaintance with his audience, of course, tended to diminish those restraints, and that alarm which a first appearance must necessarily produce. We cannot, however, refrain from observing, that the performance would have possessed double merit in our eyes, had it not resembled that of Kemble throughout, so very closely. Mr. Vandenhoff made but little impression in the earlier scenes of the play, but as it proceeded he entered with tolerable spirit into the various passions which agitate the soul of the hero of Corioli. His figure, however, though commanding, is deficient in grace; his countenance is unimpressive, and his voice is apt to sink into feebleness and hollowness of tone. He was not happy in sustaining the calm philosophic dignity of the hero, nor was his frown of that awful nature which would cause a plebeian rabble to retreat from him in dread and stupefied dismay. The lofty spirit, the overweening pride of the patrician, his indignation, his haughty bearing, and his revenge, are what Mr. Vandenhoff has not talent sufficient to express with force. He was also deficient in the sublimity which enshrines the haughty soul of Coriolanus; still he gave some passages with fine effect. In the last scene, by far the most dramatic, in the alternate struggles between revenge and compassion, filial and conjugal affection, he was highly successful. In the celebrated passage, 'I flattered your Volscians in Corioli,—alone I did it, Boy,' his voice was not equal to his conception, but he soon recovered himself, and his bursting indignation and astonishment were honoured with extreme applause. Mr. Vandenhoff is a striking proof of the fickleness of public taste: for the first week he was received with tumultuous approbation, whereas, in the rage for novelty of every description, he is now almost entirely forgotten. In the same manner as the sun on a hazy day, when his beams are obscured by a mass of clouds, suddenly flashes on our sight, and straight is seen no more; thus Mr. Vandenhoff, after blazing forth as a genius of the very first order, has, after a few faint struggles, fallen from

his high estate, and settled somewhere about the class of Mr. Booth. Well may we exclaim, 'O! what a fall is here,' on beholding the representative of old Lear, of the haughty Coriolanus, the wily Sir Giles Overreach, thrust into the Earl of Leicester (a miserably meagre sketch of a lightly finished portrait), in the melodrama of Kenilworth. We regret that Mr. Vandenhoff has not been more fortunate in the selection of his characters, as we think that if his abilities were directed to a proper line, he might still prove a very good performer. We should like to see him in such a character as Brutus, which, we are convinced, would be far more adapted to him, than any thing he has yet attempted. But, with all his faults, this gentleman may be called a valuable adjunct to the Covent Garden company: he has much to learn before he can fill, with excellence, the characters he has assumed; but, if he studies closely, we do not despair of seeing him all that his fondest hopes may desire; above every thing let him endeavour to form a school of his own: however excellent the style of Kemble may be, yet to follow it implicitly denotes a weak mind; an indifferent original, is, in our estimation, superior to the best imitation.

W. H. PARRY.

PORTRAITS OF LIVING Dissenting Ministers,

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

No. II.

Jul. In thy opinion which is worthiest?
Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show
my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Two Gent. of Verona, &c.

REV. JNO. TOWNSEND, ROTHERHAM.
O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweats for duty, not for meed:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times;
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having;—it is not so with thee!
As you like it, &c.

REV. T. RAFFLES, LIVERPOOL.

How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a talents power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in his lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret. T. of Athens, act I.

REV. JOHN STILES, D. D. BRIGHTON.
I'll write against them. I am a master of
my speeches. This is but a custom in your
tongue; you bear a giaver purpose, I hope.
For I have seen thee pause and take thy breath.
Cynd, and Triloch.

REV. MR. THOMAS, HIGHGATE.

My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you; but I give Heaven thanks and make so boast.
As you like it, act 4.

REV. JNO. GOODE, D. D. WHITE ROW.

A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness.
T. of Athens, act 1.

REV. MR. DAGLEY, KINGSWOOD.

I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised
nought
But beggary and poor looks.
Cymbeline, sc. 5.

REV. GEO. BURDER, FETTER LANE.

Thou hast that holy feeling in thy soul
To counsel me to make my peace with God.
Rich. 3, act 1.

REV. R. STONDART, LATE OF PELL STREET.

Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement.
Winter's Tale.

REV. MATT. WILKS, TABERNACLE.

Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain.—*Learn, a. 2.*

REV. J. HUGHES, A. M. BATTENSEA.

Thy tender-hearted nature shall not give
Thee over to harshness; for thou better know'st
The offices of justice and the effects
Of courtesy, the dues of gratitude.
Learn.

REV. T. CHALMERS, D. D. GLASGOW.

A natural philosopher.—
As You Like It.

They say miracles are past; and we have
our philosophical persons, to take modern and
familiar things; supernatural and causeless.

We understand it and thank heaven for you.
All's Well, a. 3.

REV. ROB. WINTER, D. D. CAREY STREET.

I have a strange infirmity; which is nothing
To those that know me.
Much. a. 3, s. 3.

But yet I know you'll do as I advise.
Pericles, a. 4, s. 4.
to SOW

Londiniana,

No. XVIII.

ON THE ORIGIN

OF

THE INNS OF COURT, &c. &c.

(Continued from p. 221.)

Inner Temple,—one of the four inns of court, was founded about the year 1133, by the Knights Templars, who, having their house in Holborn, took another habitation, which they called the *New Temple*, containing that space of ground between White Friars, east, and Essex House, west, and between

the buildings on the south side of Fleet Street, north, and the Thames, south. It is called the Temple from the above order of men, who had their mansion near the Temple of our Lord in Jerusalem*, and thence called Knights Templars; of this society there were then but nine, although they afterwards increased to that degree, that many of the nobility in most parts of Christendom, became of this fraternity, and that they had temples in many places in England; as at Canterbury, Cambridge, Bristol, Dover, &c.; but their chieftone was this at London, which they built after the model of that at Jerusalem.

They were at first so poor, that they had but one horse to serve two to ride on. (Vide their ancient seal.)

Their order was similar to that of the Canons Regular: they were habited in white, and their upper garment was of r-d cloth, worn cross-ways, to show that they were not ashamed of the doctrine of the cross; they are, for the same reason, portrayed and carved with their legs, and also the arms of some of them, forming a saltire cross. They professed not only to believe but to defend the Christian religion, the Holy Land, and pilgrims going to visit the Sepulchre of our Lord, for which reason they are represented in armour, like a rope, close twisted about their limbs and head, except the face, and also with swords in their hands.

This order was first founded about the year 1118; but, as their number increased, so did they in wealth; and, as in wealth, in vice, many being tried for heresy and other crimes, in England, who were condemned to perpetual penance in several monasteries; but those in France were used more severely, for their lands were seized by King Philip, and the knights, to the number of about sixty were burnt at Paris; so that, between the years 1308 and 1313, this order became utterly dissolved, and A. D. 1324, their lands, (lest the same should be applied to prophane uses,) were given by the crown to the Knights Hospitallers of the order of St. John the Baptist, or St. John of Jerusalem, who, soon after, demised the same for the rent of 10l. per annum, unto divers professors of the common law, who were supposed to have come from Thiaives's Inn, Holborn.

Wat Tyler and his rebels made great spoils of the records of this house in the 4th of Rich. 11. However, that they

* Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, gave them, in 1118, a residence in his palace.

were here settled in the time of Edward 111. is beyond dispute, and the number increased to that degree that they divided into two societies; that next the White Friars, standing farthest within the liberty of the city, was called the Inner Temple; and that between the west end of the church and Devereux Court, the Middle Temple; and without the city liberties, from the Middle Temple, westward, including part of the Bishop of Exeter's house, now Essex Buildings, was called the Outer Temple. These lawyers held, as tenants to the said Hospitallers, up to their dissolution, 30th Henry VIII., and afterwards from the crown, by lease, unto the 6th of King James I. when they had a grant thereof, by letters patent, dated at Westminster, August 13th, by the name of, *Hospitalia et capitula messuagiorum cognita per nomen de le Inner Temple, sive Novi Templi, Lond.*, unto Sir Julius Caesar, Knight, then Chancellor and under Treasurer of the said King's Exchequer. The treasurer, benchers, &c. of these houses, and their assigns, for ever, for lodgings, reception, and education of the professors and students of the laws of this realm, yielding and paying to the said King and his successors, viz. for the mansion called the Inner Temple, 10l. yearly, and for the Middle Temple, 10l. yearly, at the Feasts of St. Michael and Annunciation of our Lady. As to the buildings: the first foundation of the church is uncertain; some say it was founded a place of sanctuary, by Dunwallo Malmutus, a British King, about the year of the world 4748; but the best authors agree, that it was founded by the Knights Templars, in the year 1185, and dedicated to the 'Blessed Virgin.' In 1240, it was rededicated, being then, (as it is believed,) newly erected, and the structure, probably in substance, that which is now standing. In the church are monuments of the Knights Templars; the cross-legged ones denote those who made vows to go to the Holy Land, against the infidels, and the straight legged shew those that were not so bound; three of the cross-legged ones were succeeding Earls of Pembroke, from 1219 to 1241. The church narrowly escaped the great fire of London, in 1666, but was afterwards repaired, and a new screen put up, when Sir Thos. Robinson was trea-

* The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, went against the Turks, and took the Isle of Rhodes from them, but lost it in 1673, and finally settled in Malta.

suror of the Inner Temple, and Sir Francis Withens, treasurer of the Middle Temple. The hall is said to have been first erected in Edward the Third's reign. In 1554, or about this time, one Mr. Packington, treasurer, built Tanfield Court, so called from the chambers of Sir Lawrence Tanfield, chief baron being there, until which time it was known by the name of Packington's Court. The first treasurer of this house was appointed A. D. 1505; and the first reader, A. D. 1606. The badge of this society is the figure of a pegasus.

Middle Temple.—Another of the inns of court, so called from the said Knight Templars, the founders of the house, and because it is situate in the middle, between the *Inner and Outer Temple*, which last was part of Essex Buildings. (Vide preceding account of Inner Temple.)

The first treasurer was appointed 16th Henry 7th, and the first reader in the 17th Henry 7th, or, A. D. 1501. (The office of reader has been discontinued upwards of a century.)

As to the buildings—the Cloister Chambers were consumed by fire, A. D. 1678; re-erected in 1681; part of the building between Brick and Essex Court was also burnt; and rebuilt, A. D. 1704.

The hall is ancient; it appears to have been well repaired in 1699. Their armorial ensigns are, *Argent on a Cross Gules, a Holy Lamb, &c.*

Lincoln's Inn.—Also another of the inns of court, situate on the west side of Chancery Lane. In this place, Ralph Neville, Bishop of Chichester and Chancellor of England, built a house in the reign of Henry the Third, (as appears in the register of the house, vol. 6, fol. 361.) on ground which was given him by the king; and, after him, Richard de Wihts had his residence here; but, in the next age, it fell into the possession of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, whose inn or lodging, when in town, being here, gave it that name, which it has ever since retained; and he is said, about the year 1310, to have introduced the study of the law here; although leases have afterwards been let to the students by the Bishop of Chichester; Robert Sherborn, Bishop of that see, having conveyed it to one Syliard, a student of this house, for ninety-nine years; after which lease, Sampson, a succeeding Bishop of Chichester, did, by deed, dated July, 1836, pass the inheritance of the house and garden to the said William Syli-

ard, and Eustace, his brother; and Eustace surviving, his son Edward, by deed, 12th Nov. 1579, in consideration of 520l. conveyed to Richard Kingsmill, and the rest of the then bench, this house, garden, &c. in fee, and a fine was levied accordingly.

As to the buildings—The Hall was erected A. D. 1506; the great gate towards Chancery Lane, was finished 1518. In the year 1558, an order was passed for the building of a brick wall and gates, for the better inclosure of the inn, but it was not finished until about the year 1667, when also the chambers on the north side the quadrangle were erected, amounting to 415l. 11s. 11d. The chapel was finished, and consecrated A. D. 1623; Inigo Jones, the king's surveyor, estimating the charge at 2000l. raised by voluntary subscription of some, and a tax on other gentlemen. The west window contains several coats of arms; among which is that of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, from whom this inn had its name;—the arms are—*Or, a Lion Rampant Azure*. In the year 1663, the great terrace walk and wall, towards Lincoln's Inn Fields, were made, which cost about 1000l. A. D. 1697, Searl's Court was finished, the ground having been bought by Henry Searl, of this house, Esq. who began to build the same, but did not live to see it finished. The first reader of this house was appointed A. D. 1463, and the first governor (as he was then called) A. D. 1464; he went by the name of president in the 18th Elizabeth, and, lastly, treasurer.

This society has been honoured by several persons of very eminent learning, particularly Sir John Fortescue, Lord Chief Justice of England, William Lombard, and the learned antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, admitted 1585.

The readers of this house (as those of the other three) have been discontinued many years; it arose from the sergeants being called before they had been readers (a thing not formerly done); also the revellings and controllers have been laid aside. Their armorial ensigns are (according to Dugdale) similar to those of the Earl of Lincoln, in the church before described.

We hoped to have concluded the Historical Account of the Inns of Court in the present number, but find ourselves under the necessity of extending it to another article.

E. S.

Original Poetry.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE THOUGHT FROM TOM JONES.

A COUNTRY lad, in warm debate,
On some great point or other,
Alleg'd, if so and so we't case,
That such and such must follow.

By, at the time, a scholar said,
Who saw the blunder made,
He (tho' 'twas throwing pearls 'fore swine)
Called classics to his aid.

'Thy conclusion that,' said he, 'you draw
Don't follow the premises,
A nos sequitur, friend, it is,—
The other's choler rises.

His face, with rage and anger marked,
Assumed a fiery hue,
He loud exclaimed, 'Sir, I'm no more
A sequiter than you.' W. O.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL—my day of joy is o'er,

May ev'ry bliss be thine,—
And all on earth conspire to bless
A heart that once was mine.

Since first we pledg'd our mutual faith,
Thou' years have roll'd away,
Still do I love as at the first—
Still for thy welfare pray.

Oh! yes, tho' very false thou art,
I cannot with thee ill;
Thou' I have lost my peace of mind,
May thine be with thee still.

For well I know it is not meet,
A lowly maid like me—
With naught but virtuous love and truth,—
Should be a bride to thee.

Yet when in far distant lands,
Thou' fairs forms shalt see,—
Oh! sometimes in thy happy hours,
Bestow a thought on me.

For spring may bloom and summer come,
They will not charm me long—
Soon in the dark and silent tomb
This form will rest from wrong. ELIZA.

SONG.

TUNE—'Believe me if all those endearing young charms.'

Oh! trust not, my Stella, thy Strep'hon's
Bright eye,
It false as the mirror may prove,
Which reflects ev'ry fair form of whoe'er
passes by—
So faithless, so changeable is love.

Then, trust not, fair maiden, his false specious
brow,—
Oh! trust his soft whispers no more;
Thou' quietest calm, love, old ocean sleeps now,
His billows to-morrow may roar.

Yet still, if thy bosom fast heave at his name,
If still at his absence repine,
No longer endeavour to smother a flame
Which glows with an ardent divine;
For nothing can conquer love's once welcomed
power,
Thou' long it may absent have been;—
So Venus, tho' lost mid the day's noon-tide hour,
Bends bright when night curtains the scene.

ALPHOS.

TO ———

When amid the night's darkness red lightnings
are flashing,

Transforming the gloom to the brightness of
day;

When the rain and the hail 'gainst our casements
are splashing,

And the loud thunders fill every heart with
dismay;

Tu then,—midst this awful convulsion of nature,
We learn what a poor helpless being is
man;—

That the life and the strength of the noblest
creature,

Compared with the Deity, is but a span.

Yet, when the storm's hush'd, and the black
clouds are breaking,

And the far-distant murmur but faintly we
hear;

We hail the first dawn of the twilight awaking,
And calmness dispels every desperate fear.

As grateful survivors, escaped from the blast,
The thoughts of our mind roam with absolute
ease;

We look to the future, not grieve for the past,
And welcome the present, as token of peace.

Then thus, dearest ***** , the sky of our
wishes

By tempests afflictive of late has been torn;

Yet we, like the mariner who ne'er relin-
quishes

The last drifted plank, though a hope quite
forlorn.

Have clung to each other, 'midst woes all
uplifting;

While thy love through adversity mounted
to air,

And saved the poor wretch, from his pinnacle
falling,

Who, but for thy succour, had sunk to de-
spair.

But, now that our most poignant grief has sub-
sided,

And now that our darkest forebodings are
o'er;

Let me yield my heart's thanks to that love
which presided,

That love, which from mine shall be parted
no more;

What, though the noon-blaze of our joy yet be
wanting,

And the beams which are rising, at present,
seem weak;

To fix on one hope, is a joy so enchanting,
'Tis a gladness to me, which no language
can speak.

February 21st, 1821. L.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Haynes's tragedy of *Conscience* was performed, for the fifth time, on Monday night, to a crowded audience, who paid it the just tribute of unqualified applause. an approbation the more legitimate and valuable, as it is obtained by the beauty of the language and the continued interest of the story, and not by any clap-traps or stage artifices. The tragedy was much better acted than on the first night. Mr. Wallack, in the character of Lorenzo, made a consi-

derable impression, and delivered several of the striking passages which abound in the part, with much effect. Mrs. West is not equal to the part of Elmira, but she was effective in many of the scenes, and elicited much applause. Indeed, it would require the talents of a Siddons or an O'Neil to do full justice to the character.

A new after-piece, in two acts, called *Mistification*, was produced at this theatre, on Saturday night. It consists of a series of unintelligible and unmeaning hoaxes, with as little humour and ingenuity as possible. The piece was favourably received, and ample justice done to it by Messrs. Cooper, Harley, Russell, Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Orger, and Miss Povey, but their united talents will not be able to keep it long on the boards. Miss Povey had a pretty song, composed by Mr. T. Cooke, which was encored.

Oratorios.—The last oratorio for the present Lent, was performed on Wednesday night, to a most crowded and brilliant house. This is the last year of Sir George Smart's lease of the theatre, and the selection of Wednesday was well calculated to impress the audience with a lively sense of the loss that will be sustained in the retirement of this able and most liberal conductor. In addition to the rare combination of talent which had previously graced this house, we had, on this occasion, the gratification of hearing Angrisani and Ambrogetti, Miss Stephens, the Mademoiselles Corri, and Madame Vestris. A new ode, intitled *Peace*, in honour of the accession of his Majesty, the words by Mr. Bellchambers, the music by Bocha, was produced, and accompanied by the composer's pupils, on the harps; it possesses considerable merit, both as to its poetry and the music, and was received with great applause. M. Toulou, from the French Academy of Music, performed, for the first time in this country, on the flute. His style is much more remarkable for its exquisite softness than its power,—a circumstance which contrasts him very favourably with Drouet, and would, no doubt, if we could bear them in concert, add to the reputation of each. M. Toulou is evidently a complete master of his instrument, and he met with a very favourable reception.—Lindley on the violinello, Griesbach on the oboe, Williams on the clarinet, and Puzzi on the horn, had each a part in the concert, and it is hardly necessary to say, gave entire satisfaction. We were sorry to find the fine talent

of Kieswetter thrown away on a part in a quartetto that is infinitely beneath him. Indeed, we suppose it might have been very well played by any performer in the orchestra.—There will be another selection on Whitsun Eve.

COVENT GARDEN.—We are told that man is an imitative being, but he certainly never became so much so as at the present day; when the principal merit of our farces is to be made to consist in mimicry. We thought the town had got weary of this, or that, at least, nothing but the superior excellence of Mathews would induce the public to tolerate it. But we are mistaken, and a new after-piece, in one act, called *London Stars*, which was produced at this theatre, owed its success (and it was successful) to Mr. Yates's imitations of all the principal performers of the metropolis, including Emery, in Tyke; Macready, in *Virginius*; Farnen, Braham, &c. The dialogue is below mediocrity, but these imitations, with the excellent acting of Blanchard, Connor, and Mrs. Davenport, carried the piece through triumphantly.

Literature and Science.

New Printing Press.—The foreign journals state, that Mr. Hellfarth, a printer, at Erfurt, has invented a press to print eight sheets at a time. This machine, which may be made of any size, supplies 7000 copies of each sheet in twelve hours, making 56,000 sheets printed on both sides. The machine is put in motion by one horse, and three men are sufficient to supply it with sheets and take them away. Each sheet perfects itself.

Magnetism.—Professor Hanstein, of Christiana, has announced that he has ascertained that every perpendicular object, of whatever materials,—for instance, a tree, the wall of a house, &c. has a magnetic north pole at the foot, and a south pole at the top.

Scarlet Fever.—It is announced in the *Journal de Medecine Pratique* of Berlin, that the *Belladonna* is a preservative against the scarlet fever. The fact was first discovered at Leipsic, but it has lately been confirmed by several experiments.

Geography.—Count Romanzow has fitted out two new expeditions from Russia. In one, the adventurers are to endeavour to travel along the solid ice on the coast of Tschutski, from Asia to America; the other, to ascend one of the rivers on the north-west coast, in order to penetrate the unknown

space which is between Icy Cape and Mackenzie's River.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to hear again from L. L. D. The communications of Julian, B. W., O. T., W. I., and B. A., have been received.

The Family Trunk, No. VI., in our next. The arguments of our Northern correspondent, appear to us to have been anticipated in his former letter on the same subject.

'Kneilworth, or the Pageant of 1575,' has not sufficient general interest for insertion.

'The Parting' is under consideration.

C. P.—y puzzles us, for, with all our sagacity, we are unable to say how long an 'ignorant fool,' as he calls himself, would be in becoming well grounded in grammar, logic, mathematics, and Latin.

Errata, p. 205, c. 1, 2, for 'away' read 'way'; p. 220, c. 3, 1, 2, for 'Mr.' read 'Matthew'; 1. 45, for 'servients' read 'servientes.'

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No. 101.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1821.

Price 6d.

Reviews of New Books.

Narrative of the Chinese Embassy to the Khan of the Tourgouth Tartars, in the years 1713, 13, 14, and 15; by the Chinese Ambassador, and published by the Emperor's authority, at Peking. Translated from the Chinese, and accompanied by an Appendix of Miscellaneous Translations. By Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart. LL.D. & F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 330. London, 1821.

THE Embassy to the Tourgouth Tartars, the particulars of which are detailed in the volume before us, was certainly a singular and remarkable event in Chinese history. The appointment of a deputation, consisting of several official persons, with a suitable train, to proceed upon a laborious, and, in some degree, hazardous expedition, to a distance of some thousand miles, and through the territories of a powerful neighbour, with whom they had little previous intercourse, and that not always of the most amicable nature, certainly seems to bespeak the existence of a spirit of enterprise, and more enlarged and enlightened views, in the government of China at that period, than their subsequent history had taught us to expect. This spirit, in a considerable degree, attributable to the unusual energy which had been just infused into the administration of the Chinese government, by the then recent accession of the present Tartar dynasty, and the occupation of the throne by a monarch distinguished by his virtues and talents, and, comparatively speaking, by his enlightened liberality.

The Tourgouth tribes had separated from the kindred tribes of Eleuths, and migrated from their original place of settlement, in a more eastern division of Tartary, to that extensive tract of country which was granted them by the Russians, between the Volga and the Jaisk, in the vicinity of the Caspian Sea. One of the objects of the Embassy was to keep up the connexion between the Chinese and those expan-

triated Tartars, and to keep open the way for their abandoning their temporary connexion with Russia, upon the first favourable opportunity, and conferring on the Chinese Empire the gratifying homage of their voluntary return and final submission. This return and submission actually took place in 1771, when they returned to their former settlements in the neighbourhood of China, and the Tourgouths are no longer numbered among the tribes in Russia.

Notwithstanding the apparent minuteness with which the proceedings of the Embassy are narrated by Tu-li-shin, the envoy, yet they furnish very little matter for interesting extract, either relating to the Chinese themselves, or to the manners and customs of the people among whom they travelled. Of Udinsky, we are told,—

‘There is in this country a sort of stone, about the size of the palm of the hand, which wholly consists of laminae, or flakes lying over each other. It having been found that these flakes are very thin and transparent, the people of this country separate them from each other, and use them instead of glass or crystal. The casements in the windows of all the Russian houses are fitted with this material.

A Chinese Embassy differs much from an European one. With us an ambassador, who has the good fortune to be often employed, may amass a tolerable property in snuff-boxes, &c. which are presented to him, but ‘the officers of the Chinese Empire, when employed on service by their sovereign, dare not accept of the smallest present.’

Near Yeniseik,—

‘There is a species of deer, which is used both for riding and carrying burthens. It is called *go-lan*; its colour is white and brown; it has horns, and is about the size of an ass or mule.

‘In the woods is found the bird *ho-kec*, [probably a species of pheasant.]

‘In the very coldest parts of this northern country, a species of animal is found which burrows under the earth, and which dies if it is at all exposed at any time to the sun and air. It is of great size, and weighs ten thousand *kin*.’ Its bones are

‘A *kin* is one third more than the English pound.’

very white and shining, like ivory. It is not by nature a powerful animal, and is, therefore, not very dangerous or ferocious. It is found generally in the mud upon the banks of rivers. The Russians collect the bones of this animal, in order to make cups, saucers, combs, and other small articles. The flesh of the animal is of a very refrigerating quality, and is eaten as a remedy in fevers. The foreign name of this animal is Ma-men-tou va. We call it *Kee-shoo*.’

When the Embassy arrived at Tobolsky, they were well received by the Governor, General Kokolin (Prince Gagarin), who had previously sent a Russian officer, Yee-fan Go-fan Na-si-che, to meet them. Among other questions asked by this officer, he inquired, ‘what are the different ranks of ministers and great officers of state in China? Whom do you esteem amongst them the most honourable and exalted.’ To which Tu-li-shin answered,—

‘In our empire of China we have five ranks or orders, intitled *Tsin-ung*, *Kuan-ung*, *Pei-wei*, *Pei-tse*, and *Kuo-lung*, which orders are exclusively appropriated to the members of the imperial family, these personages being all considered as so many streams diverging from one and the same heavenly source. We have likewise other hereditary dignities; such as the *Kung*, *Heon*, *Pe*, and others, by which we enoble the sons and grand-sons of former distinguished ministers. As to the administration of the government, we have, in the interior department, great officers of state immediately attending on His Majesty's person (*Ling-shu-ku-ta-chia*), and we have colossals or ministers of state (*Ta-hio-Sue*). In the exterior departments we have the presidents of the several supreme tribunals (*Shang-shu*), and the generals and commanders in chief of the several detached corps of the army (*Tu-lung*, *Chin-fung*, *Tung-lung*, and *Hoo-king-tung-lung*). In the provinces we have Tartar generals (*Tsang-kun*), viceroys (*Tsang-too*), and Chinese generals (*Ti-too*). All the foregoing whom we have mentioned, are great officers of state, and hold the first rank in the empire.

‘Yee-fan Go-fan Na-si-che then said,— ‘In our Russian empire, the *Cha-han-Khan* has four great officers of state immediately attached to his person, who have power, whenever any business occurs, to transact and determine

selves, upon their own authority, and without making any previous communication on the subject to their sovereign; have you any such great officers of state in China? And among those your excellencies have already described, whom do you esteem the greatest and most honourable?"

"We said,—“In our empire of China, none of the great officers of state are empowered to transact state affairs upon their own authority; in respect to such affairs, no distinction is made between the greater, and the lesser. They must, on all occasions, be regularly submitted to his Majesty; his gracious pleasure must be solicited, and his conclusive decision respectfully awaited. When the latter is received, his Majesty's ministers may then reverently proceed to the execution of the same; but none can, on such occasions, so far presume as to do any thing of their own accord. Among the great officers we have mentioned, the six officers who attend on his Majesty's person, and the six ministers of state, are the most exalted in dignity; none in the service of the government can be held to be superior.”

"*Yee-jun Go-fan Na-si-che* then said,—“In our empire of Russia, when consultations are held upon great affairs of state, our *Chia-han Khan* personally attends and assists at the council. In China, when you have consultations upon state affairs, does your emperor attend in the same manner?"

"We replied,—“In China, when any important affairs of government are to be taken into consideration, the princes, and the other great officers of the state council, meet to consult, and also to decide thereon provisionally; they then report their proceedings to the Emperor, and await his conclusive determination. But in our country the Emperor has no such custom as that of assisting personally in deliberations of this nature.”

Of the Russian code at that period, we are told, that,—

"According to the laws of the Russian empire, all persons who have been found guilty of treason, rebellion, or any similar offences, are executed by dividing their bodies and limbs into four quarters. Those who are guilty of deserting in time of battle are beheaded. Those also are beheaded who rob or wound travellers upon the highways, or who at any time commit murder. Persons who kill or wound each other in an affray, are made to suffer an injury equal to that which they had inflicted. Those who kill in any case with a sharp weapon are put to death. Those who cut and wound others are punished by chopping off the hand. Those who are guilty of a theft of government stores, are punished more or less severely, in proportion to the value and amount of the property stolen: some have their ears or noses cut off, some are branded, some banished. Those who

counterfeit the current coin, are put to death by pouring melted metal down their throats. Those who sell wine or tobacco without licenses are severely beaten, and then banished with their families. In a case of adultery, aggravated by the subsequent murder of the husband, the wife is executed by being buried alive, with her head just above the ground; and the adulterer is hung on a tree. In common cases of adultery, the wife is severely beaten, and then returned to her husband, who cannot refuse to receive her. The adulterer, after being severely beaten, pays a fine to government. Young unmarried persons who cohabit, are severely beaten, and then compelled to marry.”

At Saratof, the Embassy was met by a deputation from the Khan of the Tourgouths, bearing presents from one of the Tourgouth Princes. The Embassy thence set out for the headquarters of the Tourgouths, upon the banks of the Lake Manuto, where they were received by the Khan *A-yu-ke* with suitable honours:—

"The *tai-kis* and priests (says the ambassador) were sent out by *A-yu-ke* to meet us upon the road, and so conduct us to the place prepared for our accommodation.—Accordingly, upon our approach, we found all the *tai-kis*, the priests, and the several chiefs of such of the *Mang-gou* tribes as are subject to *A-yu-ke*, drawn up in lines upon the road, together with their followers, to pay their respects to us. Their flocks and herds were also collected and displayed, and tables, covered with provisions, laid out before us. All the people had come out to a very considerable distance to meet us; great numbers of them even knelt down at our horses' heads, and in that posture offered their various eatables to our acceptance; and in all things they testified to us the utmost respect and attention.

"In the afternoon, *A-yu-ke Khan* sent *Ko-ra*, one of the priests who was immediately attached to his person, and others to wait upon us, and to say,—“Our *Khan* proposes to-morrow, it being a fortunate day, to have an interview with your excellencies, and to receive in form the edict of the most excellent Emperor.”

"Accordingly, on the 2nd day of the moon, we proceeded to wait on the *Khan*, taking with us the Imperial Edict, and followed by the *tai-kis* and priests of the Tourgouths in procession, and by our guard of Russian soldiers and officers. On arriving at *A-yu-ke Khan's* great tent of ceremony, we dismounted from our horses, and advancing with the Imperial Edict, delivered it in person. *A-yu-ke* received it kneeling; and then, turning towards the north, reverently wished the great Emperor of the East every felicity. This ceremony being concluded, we then proceeded to explain to him his Imperial Majesty's pleasure.

"“Our Emperor,” we said, “inquires, in his Edict, after the *Khan's* health. Being desirous of sending back to you your nephew *O-la-pu-tchu-cur*, and thus restoring him to the bosom of his family, he has ordered that the Russian merchant *Ha-mi-sa-cur* should be consulted with on the subject. He has already sent back four of *O-la-pu-tchu-cur's* attendants, and the arrangements for the prince's own return are now in progress agreeably to his Majesty's gracious intentions. The sincere and zealous attachment you have evinced by sending to our court your envoy *Sa-mo-tan*, with respectful inquiries and valuable offerings, his Majesty particularly notices and applauds; and, in consequence, specially depute the Eleuth *Shu-ko-mi-se* and us, to declare to you his imperial edict, and to deliver to you the presents which he sends you as marks of his favour.

"*A-yu-ke Khan* having expressed himself very grateful to his Majesty, invited us to sit down on his right hand; the music then began to play, and an entertainment was served up before us.

"*A-yu-ke Khan* having afterwards inquired of us respectfully concerning the venerable age of his Majesty, we informed him that our Emperor was born in the year *Kia-pu*, and was at this time in the 61st year of his age.

"*A-yu-ke Khan* then inquired, what was the number of the imperial princes, his Majesty's sons.

"We said, “those of his Majesty's sons who usually accompany him on his hunting excursions, some of whom are decorated with the titles of *Ching*, *Fang*, *Kien*, *Fang*, *Pei-le*, *Pei-tse*, are sixteen in number; how many more sons his Majesty may have, who, on account of their youth, have not yet gone beyond the precincts of the palace, we know not, as under such circumstances we can have no opportunity of seeing them.

"*A-yu-ke Khan* then inquired the number of the imperial princesses, his Majesty's daughters.

"We said, “We have heard that above ten of his Majesty's daughters are already settled in marriage; but, respecting the number of those who may be still within the precincts of the palace, we know nothing.”

"*A-yu-ke Khan* continued his inquiries by saying, “I have understood that his Imperial Majesty, in order to avoid the summer heats, visits, every year, his country residence, and there partakes of the diversion of hunting. What is the name of the place? how far is it from the capital? when does his Majesty proceed to it? and when does he return from it?”

"We replied, “the place which our Emperor visits, in order to avoid the summer heats, is called *Je-ho* or *Ko-la-jo-tun*. It is seven or eight days' journey from the imperial city. Every year, about the latter end of the 4th, or the beginning of the 5th moon, his Majesty sets out upon this journey. In the mid-autumn, or im-

mediately at the last day of deer-hunting, which occurs in the course of the 9th moon, his Majesty always returns to his capital."

A-yu-ke Khan further inquired respecting the mountains, rivers, trees, and other vegetable productions of that country. We added: "*Je-ha* is situated beyond the boundary line of the Great Wall. There are there both high mountains and great rivers. The water is peculiarly sweet and excellent. The woods, as well as all other vegetation, are extremely luxuriant. Various kinds of beasts and birds are also found there in great abundance."

A-yu-ke Khan continued his inquiries, saying: "how do the people plough and sow the earth in your Emperor's country? do the times of sowing depend on the rainy seasons; or are the fields overflooded artificially?"

We replied, "In the empire of China, we plant or sow all the five species of grain, and also the various kinds of vegetables. In some places the fields are overflooded by art, in others they are watered by the rains only, and sown accordingly."

After an exchange of civilities, and the business of the mission was accomplished, the Embassy set out on its return, under very favourable circumstances, as to the season, weather, &c. if the following description is at all correct:—

"At this season of the year, the golden winds played softly upon the luxuriant verdure. The trees had not yet lost their foliage. The hills encompassing our route displayed the various tints of azure, yellow, and red. The surface of the grounds sparkled with icicles. Ropy and brilliant skies illuminated the forests. The whole scene seemed to our eyes like a piece of beautiful painting."

Kakolin, already mentioned, speaking of the affairs of his country, and the character of the Tourgouth tribes, says,—

"I have lately been at *San-pi-ti-lipucur* (St. Petersburg), and have had an interview there with the *Cha-han Khan*. The district of St. Petersburg belonged formerly to the kingdom of Sweden; but my sovereign, the *Cha-han Khan*, having invaded and conquered it, has built and fortified a city there, which, after the *Khan's* name, is now called St. Petersburg. This city is laid out on a plan exceeding in extent the city of Moscow, and the *Khan* has now made it his established residence. This year the *Khan* has fought another campaign with the kingdom of Sweden, and has taken from the Swedes twenty-one ships, one general officer, and eight hundred soldiers. Just now, the French and the other nations have joined the Swedes, and are assisting them in the defence of their towns and cities. The soldiers of these nations are

all warlike and obedient to a strict discipline, so that when they march into action they always fight desperately, and never harbour a thought of retreating. But it is otherwise with the soldiers of the Tourgouths; they are lawless and disorderly. When they are brought into action they readily draw their bows and fire their guns, if the enemy is at a distance; but if the enemy is near them, they think of nothing but running away. There is no vigour or steadiness in their operations. If, by chance, they are at any time victorious, the only object they aim at is plunder. Ten years ago, our *Khan* engaged the services of ten thousand of the Tourgouth troops, and attached them to his army; but, although he opposed three thousand of them to a party of no more than three hundred Swedes, they were unable to gain the victory."

With this extract we close the Narrative of the Embassy, which might have been rendered much more interesting, if the Chinese names had not been so much retained as to render the narrative often unintelligible. The Appendix of translations has nothing to do with the subject of the Narrative, and is by no means calculated to give a good idea of Chinese literature, although, we presume, that was the view with which it was inserted.

General Index to the Gentleman's Magazine, from the Year 1787 to 1818, both inclusive. With a Prefatory Introduction, descriptive of the Rise and Progress of the Magazine, with Anecdotes of the Projector and his early Associates. By John Nichols, F. S. A. 8vo. Vols. III., IV., & V. London, 1821.

We dare say many of our readers, on seeing the title to the present review, will be as much surprised as a friend to whom we intimated our intention of making an Index the subject of a critical notice. 'What!' he exclaimed with a sneer, 'review an index! why I never heard of such a thing! you might as well review the Army List, the Court Guide, the Price Current, Lackington's new Catalogue, a Tavern Bill of Fare, the Ready Reckoner, or the London Directory. Review an index, and that, too, when works of so much value and interest are teeming from the press,—not to mention my own trifle, which, like a petition for Parliamentary Reform, was, on being presented, ordered "to lie on the table," where it has remained for more than two months unnoticed!' We were about to reply, (though not to retort about his 'trifle,' as he called a bulky

octavo of six hundred pages, on the balance of power, printed uniformly with the best edition of Hume and Smollett, to which he intends it as a supplement! when our friend interrupted us, by adding, 'well, I suppose you reviewers imagine, that you can—'

'Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

We were just permitted to hitch in that we would wish to do this,—when our friend hastily bade us good morning, and left us to make the best of our subject. We are not, however, insensible that an index does seem a very strange subject for a review; but, when our readers are told it is an index to a work which was the first of its kind in England,—a work which has enjoyed a high reputation for a period of ninety years,—and that the Index is prefaced by an historical narrative of the origin and progress of this work, they may then, perhaps, admit that we have had some reasons for making it the subject of a critical notice.

It has been well observed, that 'the periodical publications of every country are the archives in which the learned and philosophers hasten to deposit their discoveries and the result of their researches.' Such being the case, we shall take a very brief view of the origin of literary journals, before we proceed to notice Mr. Nichols's Preface.

Among the most laudable attempts of the seventeenth century, may be reckoned the plan then first adopted of acquainting the public, through the medium of a journal, with what passes in the republic of letters. This honour belongs to M. de Salles, Ecclesiastical Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris. His journal was received with universal applause, and was soon followed by others, on the same plan, in Italy and Germany. In 1682, Mr. Mencke began the *Acta Eruditorum Lipsiensis*, which was carried on several years with increasing celebrity.

When Bayle and Le Clerc fixed their residence in the Low Countries, the first at Rotterdam, and the other at Amsterdam, they were much surprised to find that in Holland,—which might then be called the mart of learning and the rendezvous of learned men, in consequence of the freedom of the press, the number of booksellers and immense libraries, public and private,—that, in such a country and with such advantages, no person had as yet thought of publishing a literary journal. M. Le Clerc immediately commenced

one, which he continued down to 1737. M. Bayle was so busily engaged in composing his Biographical Dictionary, that he was obliged to drop his periodical labours in a few years; but M. Beauval took it up and continued it under the title of *The Works of the Learned*. M. Bernard's *News from the Republic of Letters*, was well received, as well as the *Journal de Trevoux*: the latter, however, was considered as a partial production in matters of religion and politics, and was conducted by a party of Jesuits.

In 1710, M. de Pontchartrain, Lord High Chancellor of France, engaged some of the ablest pens in the Academy, to conduct a new journal: M. Fontenelle wrote the philosophical part, M. Du Pin laboured in theology with general approbation, and M. Vaillant was not less successful in antiquities, &c. In England, we had not a regular literary journal until the time of Mr. Edward Cave,—

'The first projector of the Monthly Magazines; To 'invention all admitt'd; and each how he To be th' inventor mis'd' &c.'

We come now to the preface of the veteran editor, Mr. Nichols, who gives an interesting account of the work he has long and so ably conducted. The Gentleman's Magazine was commenced in January, 1731, by Edward Cave, of whom Dr. Johnson, in his biography of him, has said 'few lives would have more readers, if all those who received improvements or entertainment from him should retain so much kindness for their benefactor as to inquire after his conduct and character.' The primary object of the Magazine at its commencement was to give a monthly view of all the pieces of wit and humour and intelligence daily offered to the public in the newspapers. The next object with Mr. Cave, was to publish the parliamentary proceedings, a rather dangerous practice, as the orders of the house were at that time against it. He had the plan some time in contemplation before he ventured to act upon it; at length he boldly dared, and began in January, 1732, by giving the king's speech only. In June, he gave two protests of the Lords, and in the Commons the Speaker's thanks to Lord Gage, May 31, 1732, with his lordship's reply. But in July, the Parliament being then prorogued, he ventured to introduce the 'proceedings and debates of the last session of Parliament,' which were given with the

initial and final letters of the names of the several speakers.

In order to obtain the debates, Cave used to take a friend or two with him into one of the houses of Parliament, and there privately take down notes of the several speeches. Thus furnished, he and his associates adjourned to a neighbouring tavern, where they compared and adjusted their notes. The reducing this crude matter into form was the work of a future day, and of an abler hand; Guthrie, the historian, a writer for the booksellers, was retained by Cave for the purpose. It appears from some letters of Mr. Cave, that Dr. Birch was one of the friends who sometimes accompanied him when taking minutes of the debates.

In 1734, Dr. Johnson, in a letter from Birmingham, tendered his assistance to Mr. Cave, and suggested that, besides the current wit of the month, the Magazine should admit not only poems, inscriptions, &c. never printed before, but also short literary dissertations in Latin or English; critical remarks on authors, ancient or modern; forgotten poems that deserve revival; and these he undertook to furnish on reasonable terms.

Mr. Cave now commenced offering prizes, sometimes of 50*l.* at other times of a gold medal, for the best poems on subjects that were fixed. The success that attended this work produced a number of competitors; but, of nearly twenty imitators, the London Magazine, which was supported by a powerful association of booksellers, was the only rival of any standing. It obtained a considerable sale for some years, and was continued until 1785, when it ceased to be published.

In 1738, Dr. Johnson transmitted his poem of 'London' to Mr. Cave, as the production of an author then 'under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune,' and calling on him to 'encourage learning and relieve distress by his usual generosity.'

Mr. Cave was the first publisher that engaged the pen of Johnson, and a lasting and intimate friendship subsisted between them. It is not a little remarkable, however, that the Doctor, on first coming to town, applied, among others, to Mr. Wilcox, then a bookseller of some eminence in the Strand. Mr. Wilcox, after surveying his robust frame with a significant look, said 'young man, you had better buy a porter's knot.' The great moralist was not offended at the advice given him, but when he used to relate the anecdote,

always added—'Wilcox was one of my best friends.'

Mr. Nichols inserts several of the Doctor's letters to Mr. Cave, by which it appears that his circumstances were far from flourishing. In one of them, dated April, 1738, in which he mentions having written a Greek epigram to Mr. Carter, who he says 'ought to be celebrated in as many languages as Louis le Grand,' he adds 'I would leave my epigram, but have not day light to transcribe it.' In another letter, dated October in the same year, he concludes 'I am, Sir, your, *impransus*, S. JOHNSON.' Though this letter concludes with a fair confession that he had not a dinner, yet his benevolent heart was not insensible to the necessities of a humble labourer in literature, Mr. Macbean, whom he strongly recommends to Mr. Cave, as having good materials for a military dictionary, which he would write at twelve shillings a sheet.

The earliest known communication of Dr. Johnson to the Magazine was a copy of Latin verses to the editor, in March, 1738, and several other articles with the preface to that year's volume were from his pen. The ability and nice adaptation with which he could draw up a prefatory address was one of his peculiar excellencies, and the preface of this year was a striking proof of his talents in that line.

The parliamentary debates continued to form a regular part of the Magazine, until there was a rigid order of the house on the 13th of April, 1738, to prohibit it. Some expedient was now become necessary, and the caution of Cave suggested to him a popular fiction. In June, 1738, he prefaced the debates by what he chose to call 'An Appendix to Captain Samuel Gulliver's Account of the famous Empire of Lilliput; and the proceedings in Parliament were given as 'Debates in the Senate of Lilliput,' sometimes with feigned denominations of the several speakers, sometimes with designations formed of the letters of their real names, in the manner of an anagram. Dr. Johnson now became the conductor of Guthrie in writing the debates, and, in 1740, had the sole management of them, which he continued for some time. Mr. Nichols, speaking on this subject, says:—

'Six days only before his death, this incomparable friend requested to see the present writer, from whom he had previously borrowed some of the early volumes of the Magazine, with a professed intention to point out the pieces which he

* Inscription beneath a portrait of Mr. Cave.
—Eu.

had written in that collection. The books lay on the table, with many leaves doubled down, particularly those which contained his share in the Parliamentary Debates. And such was the goodness of Johnson's heart, that he solemnly declared, "that the only part of his writings which then gave him any compunction, was his account of the debates in the Gentleman's Magazine; but that at the time he wrote them, he did not think he was imposing on the world.—The mode," he said, "was to fix upon a speaker's name; then to make an argument for him; and to conjure up an answer." He wrote those debates with more velocity than any other of his productions; or often three columns of the magazine within the hour. He once wrote ten pages in a single day, and that not a long one, beginning, perhaps, at noon, and ending early in the evening.

In addition to the parliamentary debates, Johnson wrote a variety of articles for the Magazine, on almost all subjects, and the prefaces for many years were by him; and yet, with all his talents and his industry, and he was extraordinary in both, he had to struggle hard for a very humble maintenance, and he was now and then applying to Cave for a guinea, with all the submissiveness of poverty.

In 1747, complaint having been made in the House of Lords, against Mr. Cave, for printing an account of the trial of Lord Lovat, in the Magazine, he was taken into custody, reprimanded by their lordships, and imprisoned some time. Dr. Johnson's time now became too much occupied with his Dictionary, the Rambler, &c. to contribute much to the Magazine. Mr. Cave was the publisher of the Rambler, the sale of which was very inconsiderable, and seldom more than five hundred; it is remarkable, and a curious trait of the age, that the only paper which had a prosperous sale, and may be said to have been popular, was one which Dr. Johnson did not write. This was number 97, which was said to have been written by Richardson.

In 1751, a material change took place in the compilation of the miscellaneous part of the Magazine. Selections from other periodical publications were gradually laid aside, and the miscellany was rendered in a great degree an original work. Cave continued to improve his Magazine until his death, in 1754. It had been his favourite and his most successful speculation. He had it much at heart, and it has been said of him, that he never looked out of his window but with a view to

benefit his magazine. If he heard of the loss of a single customer, he would say, 'let us be sure to look up something, taking of the best, for the next month.'

Among the early friends and correspondents of the Magazine, during Cave's life, was the ingenious but unfortunate Samuel Boyse, author of a poem, entitled, 'The Deity,' of whom the following melancholy particulars were related to Mr. Nichols, by Dr. Johnson, not long before his death:—

'By addicting himself to low vices, among which were gluttony and extravagance, Boyse rendered himself so contemptible and wretched, that he frequently was without the least subsistence for days together. After squandering away, in a dirty manner, any money which he had acquired, he has been known to pawn all his apparel. Dr. Johnson once collected a sum of money to redeem his clothes, which, in two days after, were pawned again. "This," said the doctor, "was when my acquaintances were few, and most of them as poor as myself. The money was collected by shillings." In that state he was frequently confined to his bed, sitting up with his arms through holes in a blanket, writing verses, in order to procure the means of existence. It seems hardly credible, but it is certainly true, that he was more than once in that deplorable situation, and to the end of his life never derived any advantage from the experience of his past sufferings. Mr. Boyse translated well from the French, but by the time one sheet of the work was done, he pawned the original. If the employer redeemed it, a second sheet would be completed, and the book again be pawned; and this perpetually. He had very little learning; but wrote verse with great facility, as fast as most would write prose. He was constantly employed by Mr. Cave, who paid him by the hundred lines, which, after awhile, his employer wanted to make what is called the long hundred. A late collector of poems, (Mr. Giles,) says, he was informed by Mr. Sandby, the bookseller, that this unhappy man was found dead in his bed, with a pen in his hand, and in the act of writing, in the same manner as above described. This circumstance Dr. Johnson assured me was not true; it being supposed, that in a fit of intoxication, he was run over by a coach; at least, he was brought home in such a condition, as to make this probable, but too far gone to give any account of the accident.'

The usual signature to Boyse's communications in the Magazine, was either Y. or Alceus. Mr. Nichols has preserved a letter from him to Mr. Cave, dated from a spunging-house, in Grocers' Alley, in the Poultry, requesting half-a-guinea to pay for his lodging, and get him some victuals, as

without it, his coat would be taken from his back, and he sent to the Compter naked. His letter commences with the following:—

'Inscription for St. Lawrence's Cove.

Modie, teste celo summo,
Sine panno, sine nummo,
Sorte positus infestè,
Scribo tibi dolens moratè:
Pame, bile tumet jecur,
URBANE, mitte opem, precor;
Tibi enim cor humanum
Non a malis alienum;
Mibi meus nec malè grata.

Pro à te favore data

ALCEUS

'Ex gehennâ debitorû, vulgò domo spongiatorid.'

On the death of Cave, the Magazine came under the immediate guidance of Mr. David Henry, who had married a sister of Mr. Cave, and a nephew of the original projector. In 1778, Mr. Nichols purchased a considerable share of the proprietorship, and in January, 1783, the Magazine was enlarged and advanced in price, and some of the early volumes were reprinted. In 1790, the price was raised to eighteen-pence, and in 1809, to two shillings, at which price it has since remained. Mr. Nichols, in his preface, has principally confined himself to the history of the Magazine, previous to the time that he became its editor, speaking with due modesty of its subsequent career. He has, however, given a list of its contributors in its latter period, which includes almost every name in the least distinguished in the annals of science and literature: and, notwithstanding the numerous and very able competitors with which the Gentleman's Magazine has had to struggle, it still maintains its rank and its reputation.

We have hitherto only noticed the preface; and we shall now say a few words of the Index, which appears to us to be copious, and distinct, and systematically arranged. There are four indexes; the first is to the essays, &c.; the second to the poetry; the third to the names of persons; and the fourth is an index to the engravings.

Annals of the Coinage of Britain and its Dependencies. By the Rev. R. Rading.

(Continued from p. 234.)

DURING the turbulent reign of Henry III. various abuses had accumulated, of which none was more injurious than the adulteration of the coins, for its mischievous effects extended even to the lowest of his subjects. The regulated produce of his mints was clipped and diminished to less than half its le-

gual weight, so that foreign merchants would not bring over their commodities, and every thing that was sold became very dear. On the accession of Edward I. he hastened to repair these evils, and began by inflicting severe punishment on all those who deteriorated the coin. He was particularly severe on the Jews, whom he seized in every city and burgh in England on the same day, the octave of St. Martin, 1278,—their goods were forfeited to the King, and many of them executed.

A new coinage took place in 1279; exchanges of money were appointed in various places, and the currency of clipped money strictly forbidden. Several other regulations were also made respecting the coinage, which were in some cases very oppressive. The style of Edward, upon the obverse of his coins, is *Rex Anglie, Dominus Hibernie*, which latter title he first introduced upon the money of England, though it had appeared upon the great seal of our monarchs from the accession of King John. The reverse of his money is ornamented, if that term be applicable, with the unmeaning cross and pellets. His Irish money is distinguished from the English by the triangle, which encloses the head. His Anglo-Gallic coins have on the obverse, his name, spelled EDWARDVS, or EDOARDVS, with the addition of *REX* only. They were all struck, as appears from the inscription on the reverse, in his Earldom of Ponthieu. The custom of stamping the moneyer's name upon the coins, began to grow into disuse in this reign.

Edward II. ordered that the money should be current at the proper value which it bore in the reign of his predecessor. He also made some severe regulations respecting clipped and base money, which, however, still continued to multiply. The style which this monarch used upon his coins differs from that of Edward I. merely in the manner in which the name is written, which is either EDWA or EDWAR. In every other respect his English money is exactly similar to that of his father, as is also his style upon the great seal. The same remark applies to his Anglo-Gallic money.

One of the first measures of Edward III. was to enforce the ordinances of his father and grandfather, relative to the corruption of the lawful coins, and the introduction of base money by foreigners. He issued a proclamation, that no moneyer, or officer of the Mint or Exchange in London, should go

abroad without the King's special license, and prohibited the exportation of good money, on pain of death and the forfeiture of goods. The melting of money to make vessels, &c. by goldsmiths, was also restrained. In the year 1331, it was determined that halfpennies and farthings should be coined, with one-sixth of alloy, or 3s. 4d. in 20s. Notwithstanding these regulations, the scarcity of money continued. A gold coinage was made in the year 1343, the only one for a period of ninety years. It was of three sorts; that is, one coin with two leopards*, each piece to be current for six shillings, and to be of equal weight with two petit florins of Florence of full weight. Another piece of one leopard, and another piece of one Helm, being respectively the half and quarter of the larger coin, and of proportional value. The type presented upon the largest of his coins, an impression allusive to the royal arms of England; whilst the half bore a mantle on which his shield was displayed, quartering the arms of France and England; and the smallest piece was stamped with his crest. It was soon discovered that this money was rated too high, and it was generally brought into the Mint, and recoined into nobles, Maille nobles, and Ferling nobles. The value of the coins was frequently altered during the long reign of this monarch.

On the English coins of Edward III. his name is variously written. His gold money gives it EDWA. EDWAR, or EDWARD; his silver, sometimes EDWARD, but more usually EDWARDVS. After his conquest of France, he added the title of that kingdom to those of England and Ireland; but, at the ratification of the treaty of Bretigny, in 1360, he agreed to relinquish his claim to that crown, and accordingly his coins appear without the title, until he again resumed it, in 1369, when the peace was broken by the Dauphin, Charles, then regent. On his Anglo-Gallic money his name is sometimes abbreviated to *Ed*.

The words *DEI GRATIA* appear now for the first time on the English money. They were inscribed upon his earliest gold coins, and afterwards upon the groats, but never upon the small pieces of silver. It is remarkable that these emphatic words should not have obtained a place upon the coins at a much earlier period, as they are found upon all the great seals after the reign

* These, though called leopards, were really lions.—REV.

of William I. They were used as early as the latter end of the seventh century, by Ina, King of the West Saxons, in the introduction to his laws.

Edward the Black Prince had the principality of Aquitain and Gascony conferred on him, with the privilege of coining monies. Under the authority of this grant, he struck various coins of gold and silver. On these coins he invariably styles himself, *Primogenitus Regis Anglie, et Princeps Aquitanie*.

The power of coining was also granted by King Edward to his fourth son, John, King of Castile and Leon, Duke of Lancaster, but of his money nothing satisfactory is known.

In the reign of Richard II. the warden, master, and other officers of the Mint, were examined before the Lords of Parliament, as to the state of the coinage, when they severally delivered their opinions at length. The result was a proclamation to prevent the export and encourage the import of money. The current value of the Scottish money was reduced one half, but the 'poor commons,' as they styled themselves, petitioned that it might be banished the realm altogether. The melting of money was prohibited; but, in 1396, a singular grant was issued to Margaret, Countess of Norfolk, and D. B. Goldsmith, of London, licensing them to melt down groats, half groats, and sterlings, to the amount of one hundred pounds, and to make thereof a silver vessel, for the use of the said Margaret, notwithstanding the statute.

The representation of Richard II. upon his coins does not differ from the busts of his three immediate predecessors. His name is written *RICARD*, or *RICARDVS*, with the title of *REX ANGLIE ET FRANCIE*, and *DOMINVS HIBERNIE ET ACQUITANIE*. The last title appears only on his gold coins. On the reverse of his silver money, is given the place of mintage.

During this reign, the Irish are said to have had little money, and to have merchandized chiefly in cattle. When Mac Murrough, an Irish chief, met the Earl of Gloucester, Richard's commander-in-chief, he was mounted on a horse which cost him, as it was said, four hundred cows.

Henry IV. repealed many of the statutes of his predecessor, relative to the coinage. The coins which he struck before his thirteenth year, were of the same weight as those of the preceding reign, but the subsequent coins were of

diminished value. His name is written HENRIC or HENRICVS, with the title of REX ANGLIE ET FRANCIE DOMINVS HIBERNIE ET AQUITANIE.

Henry V. continued the reduced standard adopted by his father as to the weight and value of the coins; and, in consequence of a petition from the Commons, it was enacted that all manner of Scottish money of silver should be put out, and not be current in future for any payment in the realm of England. It was also enacted, that clipping, washing, and filing of money should be deemed and incur the pain of treason.

The English coins, both of gold and silver, of Henry V. are of the same weight with those of his successor, and cannot be distinguished from them; his Irish coinage is involved in equal obscurity. Some of his Anglo-Gallic money can, however, be satisfactorily ascertained: such as the Mouton, before the letter H. was placed in the centre of the reverse, in the year 1419, and likewise the Salute, with HERES FRANCIE.

No very material alteration in the coinage took place during the long reign of Henry VI. and although he had mints at several places, yet there is nothing in his coins to distinguish them from those of his predecessor.

In the fourth year of the reign of Edward IV. a new coinage took place; when the gold coins were reduced to twenty pounds sixteen shillings and eight pence, being the pound weight by tale; that is, there were to be made out of each pound of gold, fifty nobles, to be current at eight shillings and four pence; the silver was likewise reduced to thirty-seven shillings and sixpence the pound weight, by tale. In the following year, the monies were still further reduced, and the new nobles were called rials. The new species of money, called the angel, being of the value of the old noble, was called a noble-angel:—

On the reverse, the noble was distinguished by a sun, (which was the impress of Edward, and by him first introduced upon the coin,) surmounted by a rose, the badge of the house of York. This impress he adopted in commemoration of an extraordinary appearance in the heavens, immediately before the battle of Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire, where three suns were seen, which shone for a time, and then were suddenly conjoined in one. As Edward was then victorious, he from that time took a sun for his impress, which afterwards stood him in good stead at the battle of Barnet; when Warwick's cognizance, a star streaming

with rays, being mistaken in a fog for Edward's sun, occasioned some of King Henry's soldiers to attack each other, and thus drove the Earl of Oxford, who suspected treachery, with the forces under his command, from the field.

Edward IV. does not appear to have made any alteration in the general type of his coins, only by the name, or the weight, or by the Mint marks; and he was the first English monarch who used the royal badge, a flaming sun, for that purpose. On his English silver coins, he is styled EDWARD DEI GRATIA REX ANGLIE ET FRANCIE. The reverse of the groats bears this inscription,—*POSUI DEUM ADIUTOREM MEUM*, with the place of Mintage, in an inner circle. The half-groats have as much of the legend as their size will admit. The penny, half-penny, and farthing, have the name of the Mint only on the reverse. His gold coins have the addition of DOMINVS HIBERNIE, to his title.

It is said by Ross, of Warwick, in his *Historia Regum Anglie*, that Edward V. actually struck money, but as none of these coins have yet been ascertained, it is probable that they were struck with his father's dies, which appears to have been the common practice on the accession of a new monarch.

Richard III. continued the same unvaried type and legend upon his coins, which differed from those of Edward IV. only in the name, and some few trifling distinctions.

Among the enactments of Henry VII., respecting the coinage, was one which made it treason to counterfeit the foreign coins of gold and silver, then permitted to be current in England, a crime of which many persons had been guilty, because they perceived that the forging them was neither felony nor treason. Although this monarch made no alteration in the standard of the coins, he introduced, during his reign, several variations from the usual type. He first placed upon them an arched crown, with a globe and cross on the arch. This, upon most of the coins, is only a single arch added to the old crown flure, but upon some few, there appear two lesser arches besides. In his 19th year, the type of his silver coins was totally changed. His portrait was then given on them in profile, with a crown of one arch only, a form in which it had not appeared upon the coins since the reign of King Stephen. On some of his groats and half-groats, he added to his name, either *Septimus* or the Roman numerals VII., a practice which had

been disused ever since the reign of Henry III., on whose coins alone, of all our monarchs, from the earliest times, numerals or any other distinction of the kind had appeared. On his silver money, he is styled—HENRICUS DEI GRATIA REX ANGLIE ET FRANCIE; to which is added, upon his gold coins, DOMINVS HIBERNIE, in like manner as upon those of his predecessors.

The type of the usual gold money was continued nearly as before, but his new coin, the sovereign, bore on the obverse, the monarch seated in state, upon his throne, from whence it derived its name; and, on the reverse, a double rose, alluding to the union of the two Houses of York and Lancaster, with the royal arms in the centre. It is not known in what part of his reign these coins were first struck.

Henry VIII. stands recorded with infamy as the first of our English sovereigns, who debased the sterling fineness of the coins. In the beginning of his reign, the money resembled his father's in type, weight, alloy, and is now to be distinguished from it only by the Roman numerals VIII., being apparently struck from dies made with his punches. At an early period of his reign, private tokens were used to supply the want of silver coins. In the 39th year of his reign, he restrained the interest of money to ten *per cent.* and reduced the coins to the lowest degree of fineness which ever disgraced the English Mint, excepting a small quantity of silver in the 5th year of Edward VI. The gold was now brought down to twenty carats fine, and four carats alloy, and the silver to four ounces fine, and eight ounces alloy.

The gold coins of this king consisted of the double sovereign, sovereign, half-sovereign, George, noble, angel, angelet, crown, and half-crown. His style upon his English silver coins, before he assumed the title of King of Ireland, was HENRICVS VIII. DEI GRATIA, REX ANGLIE ET FRANCIE; and, on the reverse was inscribed, either the place of Mintage, or *POSUI DEUM ADIUTOREM MEUM*. Hereafterwards added to his title, HIBERNIE REX. The harp first appeared on the Irish money in this king's reign. The value of the sovereign was reduced to twenty shillings in the 36th year of his reign.

The universal complaints of the debased state of the coin, induced Edward VI. to adopt various measures to

reform it. The current coin was reduced in value, so that a shilling circulated for nine-pence only, which created great distress among the poor people: the Irish groat passed only for two-pence. The ameliorations planned by Edward VI. he did not live to complete, but they were brought to a conclusion by Queen Elizabeth.

On his silver coins he is styled 'Edwardus VI. Dei Gratia Anglie et Francie et Hibernie Rex.' In addition to the mottos on the reverse of his father's coins will be found, 'Timor Domini Fons Vite,' and 'Inimicos ejus induam confusione.'

His gold coins bear the same style, but have, either on the obverse or reverse, 'Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat,' or 'Scutum Fidei proteget eum;' or 'Per crucem tuam salva nos Christe Redemptor,' or 'Lucerna pedibus meis verbum tuum.'

(To be continued.)

Table Talk; or, Original Essays. By William Hazlitt.

(Concluded from p. 227.)

We had almost read and written ourselves into a very favourable opinion of 'Table Talk,' notwithstanding the author's contradictions respecting Cobbett's honesty and Wordsworth's genius, when we met with a passage at which we paused and stumbled, and stumbled and paused again. In an 'Essay on the Indian Jugglers,' in which various characters are discussed, from Michael Angelo and Napier of Merchiston, down to Jedediah Buxton and John Cavanagh, the celebrated five-player of St. Giles's, Mr. Hazlitt has made a singular discovery—no less than that Sir Humphry Davy is not a great man. But, as the author's opinion on greatness contains much that is true, we give him the benefit of a full quotation. He says,—

'Greatness is great power, producing great effects. It is not enough that a man has great power in himself, he must show it to all the world in a way that cannot be hid or gainsaid. He must fill up a certain idea in the public mind. I have no other notion of greatness than this two-fold definition, great results springing from great inherent energy. The great, in visible objects, has relation to that which extends over space; the great, in men alone, has to do with space and time. No man is truly great, who is great only in his life-time. The test of greatness is the page of history. Nothing can be said to be great that has a distinct limit, or that borders on something evidently greater than itself. Besides, what is short-lived and pampered into mere notoriety, is of a

gross and vulgar quality in itself. A Lord Mayor is hardly a great man. A city orator or patriot of the day only shew, by reaching the height of their wishes, the distance they are at from any true ambition. Popularity is neither fame nor greatness. A King (as such) is not a great man. He has great power, but it is not his own. He merely wields the lever of the state, which a child, an idiot, or madman can do. It is the office, not the man we gaze at. Any one else in the same situation would be just as much an object of abject curiosity. We laugh at the country girl, who having seen a King, expressed her disappointment by saying, "Why, he is only a man!" Yet, knowing this, we run to see a king as if he was something more than a man. To display the greatest powers, unless they are applied to great purposes, makes nothing for the character of greatness. To throw a barley-corn through the eye of a needle, to multiply nine figures by nine in the memory, argues infinite dexterity of body and capacity of mind, but nothing comes of either. There is a surprising power at work, but the effects are not proportionate, or such as take hold of the imagination. To impress the idea of power on others, they must be made in some way to feel it. It must be communicated to their understandings in the shape of an increase of knowledge, or it must subdue and overawe them by subjecting their wills. Admiration, to be solid and lasting, must be founded on proofs from which we have no means of escaping; it is neither a slight nor a voluntary gift. A mathematician who solves a profound problem, a poet who creates an image of beauty in the mind that was not there before, imparts knowledge and power to others, in which his greatness and his fame consists, and on which it reposes. Jedediah Buxton will be forgotten; but Napier's bones will live. Lawgivers, philosophers, founders of religion, conquerors and heroes, inventors and great geniuses in arts and sciences, are great men, for they are great public benefactors, or formidable sources of mankind. Among ourselves, Shakespear, Newton, Bacon, Milton, Cromwell, were great men, for they shewed great power by acts and thoughts, which have not yet been consigned to oblivion. They must needs be men of lofty stature, whose shadows lengthen out to remote posterity. A great farce-writer may be a great man; for Moliere was but a great farce-writer. In my mind, the author of *Don Quixote* was a great man. So have there been many others. A great chess-player is not a great man, for he leaves the world as he found it. No act terminating in itself constitutes greatness. This will apply to all displays of power or trials of skill, which are confined to the momentary individual effort, and construct no permanent image or trophy of themselves without them. Is not an actor then a great man, because "he dies and leaves

the world no copy?" I must make an exception for Mrs. Siddons, or else give up my definition of greatness for her sake. A man at the top of his profession is not, therefore, a great man. He is great in his way, but that is all, unless he shews the marks of a great moving intellect, so that we trace the master-mind, and can sympathize with the springs that urge him on. The rest is but a craft or mystery. John Hunter was a great man—that any one might see without the smallest skill in surgery. His style and manner shewed the man. He would set about cutting up the carcass of a whale with the same greatness of gusto that Michael Angelo would have hewn a block of marble. Lord Nelson was a great naval commander; but for myself, I have not much opinion of a sea-faring life. Sir Humphry Davy is a great chemist, but I am not sure that he is a great man. I am not a bit the wiser for any of his discoveries, nor I never met with any one that was. But it is in the nature of greatness to propagate an idea of itself, as wave impels wave, circle without circle.'

This is really too much. We could much more readily admit, what Mr. Hazlitt asserts, that compared with Mr. Wordsworth's lines, 'Lord Byron's stanzas are but exaggerated commonplace, and Walter Scott's poetry old wives' fables,' or that Mr. Cobbett is 'a very honest man with a total want of principle,' than that Sir Humphry Davy is not a great man. That Mr. Hazlitt is 'not a bit the wiser for any of his discoveries,' is not the fault of Sir Humphry, who, great as he is, has not discovered the art of converting base metals into gold. To enumerate the discoveries of Sir Humphry Davy, is not necessary to refute Mr. Hazlitt, —the safety-lamp alone will suffice. Bacon could say with truth, at the time when he wrote, that science could hardly boast of a single experiment which had served to increase the power, to diminish the suffering, and to augment the happiness of mankind. How different is the discovery of the safety-lamp, which is a complete protection against the fire-damp, which had created explosions of late years so frequent and so disastrous, that, in one single instance, more than a hundred persons perished at once. But the safety-lamp, the *Davy*, as the miners with pride and gratitude call it, makes the fire-damp itself give warning of the danger which it threatens. This formidable enemy has not only been conquered by science: it is forced to serve; it becomes a sure guide, a submissive slave. An eloquent writer, (we believe the late Professor Playfair,) speaking of the safety-lamp, says, 'this is ex-

actly such a case as we should choose to place before Bacon, were he to visit the earth, in order to give him, in a small compass, an idea of the advancement which philosophy has made, since the time when he pointed out to her the route she ought to pursue. The great use of an immediate and constant appeal to experiment, cannot be better evinced than in this example. The result is as wonderful as it is important. An invisible and infallible barrier made effectual against a force, the most violent and irresistible in its operations, and a power that in its tremendous effects seemed to emulate the lightning and the earthquake, confined within a narrow space, and shut up in a net of the most slender texture—are facts which must excite a degree of wonder and astonishment, from which neither ignorance nor wisdom can defend the beholder. When to this we add, the beneficial consequences, and the saving of the lives of men, and consider that the effects are to remain as long as coal continues to be dug from the bowels of the earth, it may fairly be said, that there is hardly in the whole compass of art and science, a single invention of which one would rather wish to be the author. It is little that the highest praise, or even the voice of national gratitude, when most strongly expressed, can do for the happiness of one who is conscious of having done such a service to his fellow men.

We are very far from expecting to convince Mr. Hazlitt that Sir Humphrey Davy is a great man, but we wished to contrast the opinion of a real practical philosopher with his flippant assertion. Mr. Hazlitt, after attacking a variety of persons, somewhat ungratefully, we think, makes war upon the public; for, although the *Quarterly Review* ruined the sale of one of his works, yet the public has accorded him a due share of patronage and support:—

‘If,’ says he, ‘I had sufficient provocation to rail at the public, as Ben Jonson did at the audience in the prologues to his plays, I think I should do it in good set terms, nearly as follows. There is not a more mean, stupid, dastardly, pitiful, selfish, spiteful, envious, ungrateful animal, than the public. It is the greatest of cowards, for it is afraid of itself. From its unwieldy overgrown dimensions, it dreads the least opposition to it, and shakes like isinglass at the touch of a finger. It starts at its own shadow, like the man in the Hartz mountains, and trembles at the mention of its own name. It has a lion’s mouth, the heart of a hare, with ears erect and sleepless eyes. It

stands ‘listening its fears.’ It is so in awe of its own opinion, that it never dares to form any, but catches up the first idle rumour, lest it should be behind-hand in its judgment, and echoes it till it is deafened with the sound of its own voice. The idea of what the public will think prevents the public from ever thinking at all, and acts as a spell on the exercise of private judgment, so that, in short, the public ear is at the mercy of the first impudent pretender who chooses to fill it with noisy assertions, or false surmises, or secret whispers. What is said by one is heard by all; the supposition that a thing is known to all the world, makes all the world believe it, and the hollow repetition of a vague report, drowns the “still small voice” of reason. We may believe or know that what is said is not true; but we know or fancy that others believe it—we dare not contradict, or are too indolent to dispute with them, and, therefore, give up our internal, and, as we think, our solitary conviction to a sound without substance, without proof, and often without meaning. Nay more, we may believe and know not only that a thing is false, but that others believe and know it to be so; that they are quite as much in the secret of the imposture as we are; that they see the puppets at work, the nature of the machinery, and yet if any one has the art or power to get the management of it, he shall keep possession of the public ear by virtue of a cantphrase or hack-name; and by dint of effrontery and perseverance, make all the world believe and repeat what all the world know to be false. The ear is quicker than the judgment. We know that certain things are said; by that circumstance alone, we know that they produce a certain effect on the imagination of others, and we conform to their prejudices by mechanical sympathy, and for want of sufficient spirit to differ with them. So far, then, is public opinion from resting on a broad and solid basis, as the aggregate of thought and feeling in a community, that it is slight and shallow and variable to the last degree—the bubble of the moment—so that we may safely say the public is the dupe of public opinion, not its parent. The public is pusillanimous and cowardly, because it is weak. It knows itself to be a great dunce, and that it has no opinions but upon suggestion. Yet it is unwilling to appear in leading-strings, and would have it thought that its decisions are as wise as they are weighty. It is hasty in taking up its favourites, more hasty in laying them aside, lest it should be supposed deficient in sagacity in either case. It is generally divided into two strong parties, each of which will allow neither common sense nor common honesty to the other side. It reads the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and believes them both—or if there is a doubt, malice turns the scale. Taylor and Hessey told me that they had sold nearly two editions of the

Characters of Shakespeare’s Plays in about three months, but that after the *Quarterly Review* of them came out, they never sold another copy. The public, enlightened as they are, must have known the meaning of that attack, as well as those who made it. It was not ignorance, then, but cowardice that led them to give up their own opinion. A crew of mischievous critics at Edinburgh, having affixed the epithet of the *Cockney School* to one or two writers born in the metropolis, all the people in London became afraid of looking into their works, lest they, too, should be convicted of cockneyism. Oh, brave public!—This epithet proved too much for one of the writers in question, and stuck like a barbed arrow in his heart. Poor Keats! What was sport to the town, was death to him: young, sensitive, delicate, he was like—

“A bud bit by an envious worm,
Ere he could spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun!”

and unable to endure the miscreant cry and idiot laugh, withdrew to sigh his last breath in foreign climes. The public is as envious and ungrateful as it is ignorant, stupid, and pigeon-livered—

“A huge-sized monster of ingratitude.”

It reads, it admires, it extols only because it is the fashion, not from any love of the subject or the man. It cries you up or runs you down out of mere caprice and levity. If you have pleased it, it is jealous of its own involuntary acknowledgment of merit, and seizes the first opportunity, the first shabby pretext, to pick a quarrel with you, and be quits once more. Every petty caviller is erected into a judge, every tale-bearer is implicitly believed. Every little low paltry creature that gaped and wondered only because others did so, is glad to find you (as he thinks) on a level with himself. An author is not then, after all, a being of another order. Public admiration is forced, and goes against the grain. Public obloquy is cordial and sincere; every individual feels his own importance in it. They give you up bound hand and foot into the power of your accusers. To attempt to defend yourself is a high crime and misdemeanour, a contempt of court, an extreme piece of impertinence. Or if you prove every charge unfounded, they never think of retracting their error, or making you amends. It would be a compromise of their dignity; they consider themselves as the party injured, and resent your innocence as an imputation on their judgment. The celebrated *Bub Doddington*, when out of favour at court, said, “he would not *justify* before his sovereign; it was for Majesty to be displeased, and for him to believe himself in the wrong!” The public are not quite so modest.—People already begin to talk of the Scotch novels as overrated. How, then, can common authors be supposed to keep their heads long above water? As a general rule, all those who live by the

public starve, and are made a bye-word and a standing jest into the bargain."

We like to have Mr. Hazlitt's opinion on public men, even where we differ from him, and we therefore quote his portrait of Lord Castlereagh, without portraying ourselves for its faithfulness:—

'Lord Castlereagh is a man rather deficient than redundant in words and topics. He is not, (any more than St. Augustine was, in the opinion of La Fontaine,) so great a wit as Rabelais, nor is he so great a philosopher as Aristotle; but he has that in him which is not to be trifled with. He has a noble mask of a face, (not well filled up in the expression, which is relaxed and dormant,) with fine person and manner. On the strength of these he hazards his speeches in the House. He has also a knowledge of mankind, and of the composition of the House. He takes a thrust which he cannot parry on his shield; is "all tranquillity and smiles" under a volley of abuse; sees when to pay a compliment to a wavering antagonist; soothes the melting mood of his hearers, or gets up a speech full of indignation, and knows how to bestow his attentions on that great public body, whether he wheedles or bullies, so as to bring it to compliance. With a long reach of undefined purposes, (the result of a temper too indolent for thought, too violent for repose,) he has equal perseverance and pliancy in bringing his objects to pass. I would rather be Lord Castlereagh, as far as a sense of power is concerned, (principle is out of the question,) than such a man as Mr. Canning, who is a mere fluent sophist, and never knows the limits of discretion or the effect which will be produced by what he says, except as far as florid common-places may be depended on.'

In an 'Essay on Will-making,' we have an anecdote that is new to us, and accompanied by deductions still more novel:—

'There was a Sir Thomas Dyot in the reign of Charles II. who left the whole range of property, which forms Dyot Street, in St. Giles's, and the neighbourhood, on the sole and express condition that it should be appropriated entirely to that sort of buildings, and to the reception of that sort of population, which still keeps undisputed undivided possession of it. The name was changed the other day to George Street, as a more genteel appellation, which, I should think, is an indirect forfeiture of the estate. This Sir Thomas Dyot I should be disposed to put upon the list of old English worthies—as humane, liberal, and no flincher from what he took in his head. He was no common-place man in his line. He was the best commentator on that old-fashioned text—"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head."

We have been much misinformed as to the population of Dyot Street, if it is such as an English worthy would wish perpetuated.—The last essay, on 'Paradox and Common Place,' appears to us both common place and paradoxical; but the two preceding ones on 'some inconsistencies in Sir Joshua Reynolds's discourses,' possess much merit. Mr. Hazlitt combats very successfully the two chief points aimed at by Sir Joshua; namely, that excellence in the Fine Arts is the result of pains and study rather than of genius, and that all beauteous, grace, and grandeur are to be found, not in actual nature, but in an idea existing in the mind. Mr. Hazlitt is a painter, we believe, and he treats the subject not only professionally, but also metaphysically.

Although we have felt it our duty to beseech on some parts of Mr. Hazlitt's work, yet we confess there is much in it that we admire. Mr. H. is a clever essayist, and there are few authors of the present day that we read with more pleasure.

Original Communications.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE

PLAGIARISMS OF LORD BYRON.

By W. B. L. Gent.

(Continued from p. 218.)

In the latter portion of my Poem, (vide *Literary Chronicle*, page 217,) I adverted to the frequent occurrence of interjections in Lord Byron's poems, with the pledge of a sequent notice. In order to redeem this pledge, I have gone fully into the point, conserving my memoranda as I travelled on. I began with the last new novel of 'Mistress Dolly Fogh,' written by Mrs. Ratcatcher, and followed out a regressive line till I got to Roger Bacon's *Idylls* (1312); I then stepped into the *Latin*, pursuing the path from Procopius of Cæsaria, up to the sonnets of Diogenes (Laertius), and thence to the epics of Plutarch, in all of whom I collected a sufficiency of these expletives to satisfy me (and consequently all beside) that they could not hold one grain of originality in Byron.

I now proceed to more important heads, but, as these assisting observations are merely meant to mark the many manglings of his macilent muse, I do not propose to confine myself to prescriptive detail, but rather to remark, extract, abuse, and be facetious, (a quality of which I am possessed in

no mean degree), upon such occasions as it best besemeth me.

The character of his lordship's writing (under favour) and the beauty (if any there be) bear—I sigh to say it—in too many instances a strong omology to mine own, and one example will illustrate this doctrine more pointedly, perhaps, than any which for the present I can adduce, *ex. gr.*

BYRON.

'He sue for mercy! He dismayed
By wild words of a timid maid!
He wronged by Venice, &c.'
Siege of Corinth.

SELF.

*I think of thee! I think of thee!!
How silly such a doubt must be,—
Indeed, it quite surprises me,—
I think of thee!!! I think of thee!!!!*

His lordship, too, has been mightily beheld upon the sayings of the times, and the trite and pithy observations which are (periodically) discoverable to argue organs; and many of these disreputations have been effected in those places where men are most wont to congregate; and as it becometh not me (liberally speaking) to indulge in stultiloquence nor to advance criminatory charges without the proof, I subjoin one or two extractions (from divers), by the which the justice of my appointments may be very certainly evinced, *ex. gr.*

BYRON.

'None of my pure race shall be
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
Come on!' *Siege of Corinth.*

—Now for the bread-basket, come on!—
The Gas-light man.

BYRON.

'Save that it seems 'e'en duller than repose,'
&c.—Corsair.

—and stands as dead as ditch-water.—
Billing-gate.

This, peradventure, may be considered remote, but a moment's meditation will lead the learned into proper deductions.

There are also some very beautiful little 'detached thoughts' of mine, which have at times appeared in a clever two-penny periodical (you may know it by its canary-coloured coverlid), from which his lordship has transcribed many sweet ideas in his *Child Harold*; these, however, I shall not produce, lest the world think me a vain man and an egotist; nonetheless, I regret the loss which it will sustain by what (I deem) may be considered an overstrained diffidence.

A very barefaced plagiarism is discernable in the *Corsair* (I quote from memory), *ex. gr.*

BYRON.

'What eye beheld that hero's fall,' &c.

'Who sawe himme dye,
I, sede the die
With mie littel sie,
Ande I sawe him dye.'

Life and death of Cocke Robbyn.

Again, equally palpable,—

BRON.

'The fall of waters,

The rush of waters,

The bell of waters'—*Childe Harold*,
(Canto 3. qn.)

Nowe, as littel Redde Ry lyng-hood cometh unto the wode, shee hearth shoute way the falle of waters, and so shew is veray troublelle, ande theereth three begynneth for erie, &c.—*Historie of Littell Redde Rydinge Hood.*

But I must now for the present take leave, in the hope, that my comparisons may be perfected in speedy time for the public eye; independently of which, I project the publication of a handsome octavo (my good friend Murray—a sweet civil gentleman, and comports withal—promieth Davison's purest pica,) wherein will appear sundry shrewd and ingenious speculations on poesy, more particularly as toucheth the above subject, and which I adventure to declare will edify and delight all nations of the earth—so sweet reader for present whiles adieu. Farewell until—

By the bye, I had well might forgotten this pretty dissyllable.

The search for precedents cost me seven hours and thirty-five minutes, and would have occupied haply as many more, but a friend—a mutual friend, I mote have said (though his lordship once acted very scurvily in sneering at my proffered civilities, I quite accidentally assured me that the noble poet (poet!) once cast his hawk's eye upon a radiant Quaker damsel, who ultimately bade him 'farewell,' the impression of which, as it may be seen, still liveth in his lordship's memorie.

ANCIENT COIN FOUND IN SPA FIELDS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

Sir,—Your excellent and highly interesting review of the 'Annals of Coinage,' has induced me to place in your pages, the particulars of a coin recently found among some rubbish in Spa Fields. Its size is that of our present halfcrown, but as thin as a wafer, and its quality nearly resembles gold. Each side has a circle approaching the rim, between which there are characters in old English scarcely legible. The obverse side appears to have *ad a noza*, &c.—the last word I think is twice or

thrice, at least it seems so. A cross divides the centre,—each point of which has a *fleur de lis*; and in each division there are three more. On the reverse side are twelve *fleurs de lis* without a cross. If any of your antiquaries can oblige me with a definition of this apparently curious and ancient coin, I shall be much gratified, and I remain, I. Green. Sir, your's respectfully, P.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

THE custom of crying 'hot cross buns' in London and in many parts of England, on Good Friday, is thought to have had its origin, anterior to the solemn event of which this day is kept in commemoration. The Greeks were accustomed to present to the gods a kind of consecrated bread, purchased at the gates of the temples. One species of this bread is said to have been called by them *boun*, which Hesychius describes as a kind of *cake with horns*; and another ancient author describes its composition to have been of fine flour and honey. The prophet Jeremiah notices this kind of offering, when speaking of the Jewish women falling into idolatry in Egypt.

Formerly, a cake was in much request on this day, called *water cakes*, composed of water and flour only; but, to compensate for the want of flavour, the tops of the cakes were smeared with turmeric, which made them of a fine yellow colour. These have given way to the sweet *cross-buns*.

Although the custom of having hot cross-buns for breakfast, on Good Friday, prevails in some parts of the country, yet it is in London that it is most rigidly adhered to; and poor, indeed, must that family be, that is doomed to pass the day without the accustomed treat. The pastry-cooks never think of selling any thing else but buns on Good Friday, and from break of day until midnight, the cries of—'one a-penny bun; two a-penny bun; one a-penny, two a-penny, hot cross bun,' re-echoes through the streets of the metropolis. The grand mart, however, is at Chelsea; the *Bun-House* there, on Good Friday, affords quite a treat to the cocknies, and is recommended to all strangers as one of the 'sights of London.' The shop is literally besieged the whole day, and, notwithstanding the presence of a number of constables to keep order, it requires the utmost exertion to get near enough to the window to obtain a supply of the favourite cakes. These

buns have afforded a competency, and even wealth to four generations of the same family; and it is singular, that their delicate flavour, lightness, and richness, have never been successfully imitated. In this house are preserved, mementos of domestic events, in the first half of the last century. The bottle conjuror is exhibited in a toy of his own age; portraits are also displayed of Duke William and other noted personages. The model of a British soldier, in the stiff costume of the same age, and some grotto works, serve to indicate the taste of a former owner, and were, perhaps, intended to rival the neighbouring exhibition at Don Saltero's.

The present proprietor of the Chelsea-Bun House relates, with exultation, that George the Second had often been a customer at the shop; and that his late majesty, when Prince George, and often during his reign, had stopped and purchased his buns. The late Queen, and all the princes and princesses have also been among his occasional customers.

The Family Trunk,

No. VI.

BY MOSES VON MCKLEWIT, GENT.

LENT DIET.

THE interest of late excited by the Catholic question, and the present season of the year, have tempted me to collect from my FAMILY TRUNK a few of the important facts and observations which my father had amassed on the subject of Lent food, which, as we all know, occupies a great share of consideration in the Catholic world. My father, as I have observed on a former occasion, had been under the painful necessity of wading through a variety of sage and learned authorities on the article of diet, in order to be the better enabled to contend against his old, and finally triumphant enemy, the gout. In the course of these, his recondite researches, the interesting and elaborate works of Drs. Hecquet and Andry, upon the subject of Lent food, published at Paris about a century before, fell in his way, and took my father's fancy so prodigiously, that he devoted a whole week to their thorough digestion, making a practical experiment of some of the tenets contained in them, by fasting almost during the whole time, until my mother, becoming naturally alarmed for the consequences of such severe lucubrations, threatened to commit the popish vogle

lumes to the flames, if my father would not immediately betake himself to more solid and nutritive studies. It was during this period of self-mortification, that the learned Cadwalader Von Mucklewit had stored up in his ancient repository the valuable researches, from which I now offer to the world the following gleanings.

The first work, published on this important subject, was one by Dr. Hecquet, entitled *Traité des Dispenses de Carême*, in which the learned author's principal aim appears to have been to prove that a Lent diet had a natural agreement with the human constitution, and that it was the most nourishing, the most fattening, and in every respect the most wholesome that could be devised. Dr. Andry, on the other hand, holding opinions of a more worldly nature, and being moreover, perhaps, one of the flock of Epicurus, enters the lists, *totis viribus*, against Dr. Hecquet, and accordingly publishes two volumes, of which the titles are shortly *Régime de Carême* and *Traité des Alimens de Carême*, in which he most heretically combats the Pythagorean dogmata of his rival. To these answers of Dr. Andry his opponent enjoins in a second edition of his work 'considerably enlarged and improved.' And upon this state of the case issue is joined between the parties.

Among the many interesting points of this controversy, none seems, at the time, to have made a stronger impression upon the Parisian Scavans, who are represented to have been all alive to the subject, than the 'important question,' as it is called, 'whether the use of sea-ducks and tobacco ought to be prohibited in Lent?' and, as I doubt not, but all my readers will duly appreciate the momentous concern of this inquiry, I shall devote my present paper to a concise and impartial statement of the arguments used on each side by these learned antagonists.

Dr. Hecquet, who appears to have been a staunch Catholic, had taken the liberty of asserting, that the eating of a sea-duck, as not being *bond fide* a fish, according to the rash opinion of some naturalists, was inconsistent with the due observance of Lent; and, accordingly, he exhorts all good Catholics, who have a proper regard for their souls, to abstain from sea-duck, as well as all other amphibious animals, turtle included, during this holy season. And he assigns, as his reason for making this charitable exhortation, that amphibious animals abound more than

all others with those volatile juices, which are totally at variance with the chaste propriety of conduct indispensable during Lent, and which even our Court of Aldermen themselves, had they lived in Popish times, would have been obliged to study, at the expense even of the same mortifying privations.

In reply to all this, Dr. Andry flatly denies that the question, as stated by his adversary, is, whether a sea-duck be fish, flesh, or fowl, but whether it sufficiently partakes of the nature of fish, to come under the denomination of Lent food; and upon this point he asserts, 'that whoever will take the trouble of analysing the blood of a sea-duck, will find it as different from that of any other duck, as a turtle's is from a calf's. And he further insists upon the propriety of eating sea-ducks during Lent, as Dr. Hecquet himself had admitted the same indulgence in favour of frogs, which, he still allowed, were no fish.

I come now to the more serious question concerning tobacco, which Dr. Hecquet discusses at some length, and comes finally to the conclusion, that the practice, whether considered as a pleasure or a nutriment, was equally destructive of that orthodox abstinence, which ought to be observed during this season. And he says, the question briefly resolves itself into this—'whether fasting be inconsistent with taking any thing that is vaporous?' And this, he adds, is undeniable for several reasons. 1. Because the Jews and Turks abstain from the use of odours on fasting days. 2. Because odours may be nourishing, as ought to be inferred from what Pliny says of some Indian nations, that live only on odours,—from what is recorded of Democritus, who lived three days by breathing only the vapour of hot loaves, and from what we read of some others, who kept themselves alive only by the smell of honey. The doctor allows, however, that when tobacco is necessary as a remedy, it may be taken on fast-days, at an appointed time, and immediately before meals.

On the other side, Dr. Andry undertakes to prove, that there is no ground whatever for his opponent's objections, which he examines with much minuteness, but, as I humbly conceive, without overturning the weighty arguments of Dr. Hecquet against the use of tobacco, whether by smoking or otherwise, in Lent; which I, therefore, hope, will be hereafter avoided by every good Catholic under whose eyes

this lucubration should happen to fall.

It does not appear from any records, now extant, how this celebrated dispute terminated; but it is too probable, when we consider the frailties of our nature, that the *gourmands* of Paris continued to devour sea-ducks, and enjoy the fumes of tobacco, as before, without much respect to the truly pious exhortations of Dr. Hecquet, encouraged as they were, too, in their profane proceedings, by the heterodoxy of his antagonist. For, well may they have exclaimed,—

'Non nostrum tantas componere lites.'

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

I shall conclude this short paper with an extract from Addison's *Travels*, which relates an anecdote, that my father had treasured with the rest of his *collectanea* on this subject. The place, to which it relates, is Fribourg, in Switzerland.

'At the Capucins,' says Addison, 'I saw the *Escargatoire*, which I took the more notice of, because I do not remember to have met with any thing of the same nature in other countries. It is a square place, boarded in, and filled with a vast quantity of large snails, that are esteemed excellent food, when they are well-dressed. The floor is strewed about half a foot deep with several plants, among which the snails nestle all the winter season. When Lent arrives, they open their magazines, and take out of them the best meagre food in the world; for there is no dish of fish, that they reckon comparable to a *ragout* of snails.'

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, AT KEW.

Extract of a Letter dated 1st September, 1814, from Sir Joseph Banks to George Harrison, Esq., recommending the appointment of two Botanical Collectors at the Cape of Good Hope, and other distant parts abroad, for the Royal Botanic Garden, at Kew.

In obedience to the commands of Lord Liverpool, communicated to me by you, I beg leave to state to you, for his lordship's information, such remarks as occur to me on the subject of the Royal Botanic Garden, at Kew, as well as the means that appear, in my judgment, the most likely to continue to that establishment the superiority it has hitherto held over all similar institutions, in the opinion of foreigners as well as of Englishmen, and which, in fact, it still continues to hold, though somewhat impaired by the interruptions of commerce during the last war; or rather by the necessity of convey, the uncertainty and delays of which has for

some years past, rendered the transport of living plants all but impossible, and induced the king to desist almost wholly from sending out collectors, as his Majesty had before been used to do.

The only Botanic Garden that has hitherto held any competition with the Royal Gardens at Kew, is that of the emperor, at the imperial palace, at Schonbrunn, near Vienna. This collection of plants was raised at an expense more suited to the pleasures of an emperor than to the sober expenditure of public money; ships were freighted for the sole purpose of bringing home living plants from both the Indies, and men of education, some of whom have since become eminent as naturalists, were sent abroad, with salaries adequate to their station in life; hot-houses and conservatories were built, on a scale in which magnificence was more consulted than economy; and yet the Royal Garden at Kew, where that well-considered economy for which our ever-revered monarch was ever so highly respected, was never for a moment forgotten, in a short time excelled those at Schonbrunn, and, at present, is considerably richer in more rare, curious, and interesting plants.

The plan of collecting, at Kew, as established by his Majesty's commands, has hitherto been, to employ those young gardeners, educated in the garden, who showed the most inclination to, and made the greatest proficiency in botanical pursuits, and were best skilled in the scientific arrangements of the plants in the garden. Among the many young men who work there in the hope of being recommended to gentlemen's families as gardeners, when they have learned the art, some were always to be found whose dispositions led them to the study of botany, and whose talents enabled them to excel in it; among these, the best were selected, and it is remarkable, that I do not recollect one instance of a man well acquainted with the plants in the garden who did not feel an ambition to be employed as a collector.

The establishment of a new collector was, forty years ago, one hundred a-year as wages, and he was allowed to draw bills for travelling expenses and board wages to the amount of two hundred more; but this he was not allowed to exceed; in fact, it was in almost all cases enough, and was never exceeded, without a satisfactory explanation being given. In no one instance, as far as I recollect, has censure been passed on any one of these collectors.

As the value of money is now so much greater both at home and in our colonies than it was forty years ago, when the establishment of a collector for Kew Gardens was first arranged, I beg leave to propose, that in case Lord Liverpool should decide upon employing such young men at present, their salaries may be fixed at 180*l*. a-year; of this they will be expected to save 150*l*. at the least, to accumulate at home, for their ultimate reward

and provision on their return; the remaining 30*l*., it is presumed, will be quite sufficient to furnish them with clothes, and pocket-money enough, to render them respectable among their equals.

This plan of economy, I have no doubt, they will follow nearly, if not exactly; if they do not, their conduct abroad will be disapproved, and they will either be recalled, if it proves at all incorrect; if not, they will, on their return, have no claim on government in any shape, for they will have had the power of saving, if they continue ten years abroad, a sum quite sufficient to enable them to gain admission into the firm of some respectable nursery garden, the best possible provision a man educated as a gardener can look up to.

Some incidental expenses to government will, no doubt, be incurred, in providing for passages by sea; but these cannot be considerable, if the collectors are allowed, on all possible occasions, to be sent on board king's ships. Former collectors have, in this case, been allowed to mess with the warrant officers, whose mess extraordinaries are, of course, very moderate, and this will be the whole of the charge.

What the expense of living in and travelling over the countries to which they may be sent, I am utterly unable to calculate. That every thing is now much dearer in all our distant dependencies than it was twenty, or even ten years ago, cannot be doubted. In order, however, to reduce as much as may be the amount of these extra charges, the collectors must be directed by their instructions not to take upon themselves the character of gentlemen, but to establish themselves, in point of board and lodging, as servants ought to do; and if the governors of the places they visit are instructed to supply them with the use of slaves, bullocks, waggons, &c. from the public stores, and, above all, to grant them the use of the bullocks, &c. which the peasants of the Cape of Good Hope are obliged to provide gratis for those who travel on the account of government, neither the cost of living, nor the charge of travelling, can amount to any serious sum. The better to check all unreasonable expenditure, I am willing, if Lord Liverpool thinks it would be advantageous to the undertaking, to audit the accounts sent home by the collectors, and certify them to the treasury, when sent there for their lordships' approbation.

If by these expedients the amount of the board-wages and travelling expenses can be kept within 220*l*. a-year, as fairly may be expected, the whole of the regular annual expense of each collector, which was formerly 300*l*. a-year, will not exceed 400*l*.; which, it is hoped, will not be deemed unreasonable, as the persons employed are not allowed to have any claim upon government for their services, when they shall have been completed.

If Lord Liverpool shall honour this arrangement with his approbation, and direct it to be carried into execution, I beg leave to propose two persons, Allan Cunningham and James Bowie, who are ready to undertake the business of collectors,—indeed, anxious in the extreme to obtain the appointment; both of the men are, in Mr. Aiton's opinion, perfectly qualified to execute the business; they have both been educated at Kew, where Cunningham still continues; Bowie lives at present in a gentleman's service as gardener, but is ready to quit it at the shortest warning, should he be so fortunate as to succeed.

It is proposed, in the first instance, to send these two persons together to the Cape of Good Hope, where two people may, for one season, be advantageously employed in collecting such plants as have formerly been in the Royal Gardens, and whose names still remain in the printed catalogues, though they have died from old age before the means of increasing them could be discovered; most of these will be found near the Cape Town, and it is hoped, that in searching for them other novelties will be met with.

When this business of replacing plants that have been lost is ended, the one of the collectors may be sent to New South Wales, and the other may commence his journey to the distant parts of the Cape country, where, especially on the southern and south-eastern shores, there still remain vast tracts of unexplored country, the plants of which may be kept in this climate without the expense of hot-houses, and are, of course, more applicable to ornamental uses, and more suitable to foreign trade, than those intertropical productions whose existence depends on a strong degree of heat; these, of course, seldom flower well, and when they do cannot be placed in our rooms, if the weather is cold, without the greatest hazard of their entire destruction.

In New South Wales an infinite number of curious and beautiful plants, seen and described by Mr. Brown, naturalist in the voyage of the Investigator, are still wanting in our gardens; these also are cultivated in conservatories and green-houses, none of them requiring a stove. In the case of Van Diemen's Land, where many beautiful plants are found, we have every reason to hope that most of them will bear the cold of our winters, and become the ornaments of our open gardens.

Although it is but a few months since our friendly relations with the continent have been resumed, the following applications for plants from the Royal Gardens have already been made.

To his Royal Highness the Prince Regent:

From the King of Bavaria.
From the Duke of Saxa Weimar.

To the Queen:

From the Dowager Empress of Russia.
From the Queen of Württemberg.

To his Majesty's Ministers:
From the University of Leyden.

To the Superintendent of the Gardens:
From the Imperial Gardens at Schonbrun.
From the Teylerian Society at Leyden.

From the University of Erfurt.
On this latter head I shall consider it as my duty to regulate the correspondence between the superintendent of his Majesty's and those of foreign gardens, in such manner as to prevent the direct intercourse between the superintendent of Kew Garden, and the persons who correspond with him, from being so advantageous to the gardens where plants are received, as those to which collections are sent by command of the Queen, or the Prince Regent, or under the orders of his Majesty's ministers.

The commerce of living plants is at present of some importance, and promises in time to improve; the orders already received from the continent are not inconsiderable, and but for the extreme poverty of the whole of Europe, would, before this time, have become an object worthy consideration. This commerce must continue to improve, if new plants that are beautiful and interesting continue to be introduced into England; when sovereigns have obtained such plants from the Royal Gardens, their subjects will seek to procure them from our nurseries.

The domestic trade of plants, supported far above its natural level by the use of growing plants in all expensive entertainments, so much patronized by the regent, maintains a race of sober, healthy, and industrious population, daily on the increase. This also will be maintained and increased by the introduction of beautiful novelties. These considerations, it is hoped, will induce his Majesty's ministers, to foster an establishment, Kew Gardens, I mean, which does honour to the science of the country, promotes, in some degree, its commerce, aids its population, and enables the sovereign and his ministers to make acceptable presents to crowned heads, without incurring any expense in providing them.

Whitehall Treasury Chambers,
2nd April, 1821.

S. R. LUSHINGTON.

Original Poetry.

THE FUNUS PASSERIS OF CATULLUS. (TRANSLATION.)

Weep soft joys and gentle loves,
And whose'er with beauty moves;
The sparrow of my girl is dead,
The sparrow of my darling maid—
Which more than e'en herself she lov'd,
For honey sweet to her it prov'd;
And well her beauteous form could trace,
As the young girl her mother's face—
Nor from her bosom would it stir,
But hopping round—now here, now there,

To charm her, bade its little throat,
For her alone, pour forth each note.
Gone, now, to Pluto's drear domain,
Whence nouse e'er return again.
Sud-bede, dark shades, thine every hour,
Who thus whate'er is fair devour!
Who bade to hell my sparrow speed—
Poor sparrow! oh, accursed deed!
For loss of thee, ah! see how red
The eyelids of my weeping maid.

ALPHEUS.

HOPE.

THERE is a star that oft will dart a ray
Thro' the soul's darkness, and its portals ope;
To meet the cheering beams of mental day—
It is the heavenly morning star of Hope.
Sad is the heart that never felt its beams,
Its waking reveries and sleeping dreams;
No morning rises clad in rich delight,
For it no season wears ecstatic bloom,
Within, without, around is cheerless night,
Which shews no comfort e'en beyond the tomb;
But resting all its tide of sorrow there,
Drinks at the fount of woe the currents of despair.
G. A. N.
Box, April 9, 1821.

THE PAST.

'Let us not rashly quit our hold upon the past,
When, perhaps, there is little else left to bind us to existence. Is it nothing to have being and to have been happy or miserable? or is it a matter of no moment to think whether I have been one or the other? Do I delude myself, do I build up a shadow or a dream, do I dress up in the gaudy garb of idleness or folly, a pure fiction, with nothing answering to it in the universe of things, or the records of truth, when I look back with fond delight, or with tender regret to that which was at one time to me MY ALL, when I receive the glowing image of some bright reality.

The thoughts of which will never from my heart!

HAZLITT'S Table Talk.

What cannot fortune grieve away
Or into darkness cast?
What sheds on life a cheering ray?
The memory of the past.

What will remain to cheer us still
When joys are fleeting fast?
What blunts the sting of present ill?
The pleasures of the past.

What makes us aye with fondness dwell
On dreams which would not last?
It is the witchery and spell
Which hallows all the past.

What makes us cheerful and content
While treading life's dull waste?
Dear thoughts that, with our sorrows blend,
Tell of bright moments past.

What doubles all the bliss of love,
Making it boundless, vast?
Memory of pangs all pangs above:
Fears, doubts, that now are past.

If aught can make fair friendship's stream
Of heav'n more deeply taste,
It is that soft and soothing beam—
The sunshine of the past.

And how could being's cold cares be
Reluctantly embraced,
Did they not form eventually
The treasures of the past?

Who would this little hour outlive
That flies with so much haste,
Could he not all its value give
To valued moments past?
O, life would be a desert drear
Were all we've known effaced—
Could we not still, in fancy, hear
The loved voice of the past!
I'd rather shun in the cold grave
Misfortune's biting blast—
Than live, and living, cease to have
The memory of the past?

J. W. DALRY.

Fine Arts.

REVELLI'S PICTURE OF THE QUEEN'S TRIAL.

DISMISSING from our minds every political consideration respecting the Queen's trial, and avoiding every remark as to the similarity of subjects chosen by Mr. Revelli, who lately exhibited a picture of the Inquisition, we shall notice his present painting merely as a work of art. Having been in the House of Lords more than once during the important investigation, and being acquainted with the persons, at least, of most of the noblemen and other personages who had a prominent share in this memorable trial, we visited Mr. Revelli's picture with the hope of recognizing many old friends. By the help of the exhibitor and the description together, we did find them, indeed; but they were old friends with new faces, and out of the two hundred portraits which the picture is said to contain, we were not able to identify more than a dozen, and very few, even of this limited number, were good likenesses.

If the artist had not assured us that the picture was 'an accurate representation of the interior of the House of Lords, as it appeared on that memorable occasion,' and introduced himself very prominently in the act of taking sketches, we should have suspected that the picture had been painted without ocular inspection of the scene. The grand outline is by no means a faithful representation of the house, and neither the positions of the peers, nor their dresses have been attended to. The Dukes of York and Gloucester are represented as dressed in military costume, although it is notorious that they wore plain clothes on the occasion. Of the counsel on both sides, whose persons and portraits are very familiar to the public, it would be very difficult to identify more than three, and these only with a good stretch of imagination. The best likenesses in the whole picture are the portraits of

Lord Holland, Sir Robert Dallas, the Duke of Wellington, Lady Anne Hamilton, and the Marquis of Lansdowne. The *coup d'œil* of the picture is rather pleasing, notwithstanding the harshness of the colouring, which is often very injudicious.

WIVELL'S PORTRAITS.

As forming a striking contrast to M. Revelli's picture, we must notice a series of portraits of the counsel employed on both sides in the Queen's trial, sketched in the House of Lords, by an artist of the name of Wivell, whose name was heretofore unknown to us, but who cannot long remain in obscurity. The engravings are plain and cheap; but some of them are the best likenesses we ever saw. Every passion and feeling of which Sir Robert Giffard is capable—his whole mind and character seem embodied in Mr. Wivell's sketch of him. It is a portrait from which Lavater would have found no difficulty in describing the man. The portrait of Sir John Copley is scarcely less happy; and Mr. Bronghiu, who is represented as giving vent to one of his strong exclamations, is drawn to the life. The portraits of Dr. Lushington, Messrs. Denman, Williams, and Parke, are also very good. We feel happy in bearing testimony to the merits of a young artist, whose talents give him so strong and so legitimate a claim on the liberal and extensive patronage of the public. To the engraver, Mr. Wright, who has done the sketches of Mr. Wivell so much justice, no ordinary praise is due, and we congratulate him on his fidelity of execution.

R.

Literature and Science.

Extraordinary Atmospheric Phenomenon at Montreal.—The following account of the singular, we might almost say terrific darkness which overspread the town of Montreal in the early part of November, 1819, contains many interesting particulars of this remarkable phenomenon not generally known. We extract it from the *Canadian Courant* of November 10, 1819:—

'Remarkable Obscurity.'—To those, who are in the habit of anticipating a dreadful catastrophe from singular appearances, yesterday must have been an awful day. Even those blunt minds, the excursions of which seldom deviate from the routine of usual occupation, seemed for once to be withdrawn from the beaten path, and to contemplate

with a mixture of astonishment and terror an appearance for which no one could account, and which it was therefore impossible to pronounce to be either the precursor or follower of preternatural disaster.

"On Saturday last the weather was bright and unclouded, but at eight o'clock in the evening the sky became surcharged with heavy black clouds from the N. W. and snow fell in large flakes. The next morning these clouds were diffused over the sky, and there descended a heavy shower of blackish rain, which, upon examination, was found to contain a substance resembling to the eye, the taste, and the smell of soot. Towards evening, however, the weather cleared, and yesterday morning was ushered in by a large frost.—This gradually relaxed, until the influence of a weighty damp vapour, which descended from a thick stratum of clouds that seemed progressively to deepen in colour and density, and at noon the darkness was so great, that candles were burning in the Court-house, the banks, and in most of the offices in this city. The gloom alternately increased or diminished, according to the ascendancy of the wind, which during the day was fitful and changeable, till three o'clock, when a formidable body of clouds from the N. E. hurried over the town, and brought the obscurity to its climax. At this moment there certainly reigned a very general awe. Nature had, from the morning, seemed sullen and dejected, as if aware of impending calamity, and the crisis appeared to have arrived. While the inhabitants were expressing to each other their surprise, and exchanging opinions on the probable cause of an appearance so unusual, they were almost electrified by a brilliant flash of lightning, succeeded by a clap of thunder that was echoed and reverberated for many seconds after its causes had past.

"This was followed by some others, rain again fell, and there seemed a good prospect of fair weather; but it was of short duration, for the clouds again accumulated from the N. E. and at four o'clock it was nearly as dark as before.—Those who had felt alarm, now became, by the continued contemplation of the subject of terror, tranquil, and were reposing after their recent inquietude, when, suddenly, the tocsin was tolled by every bell in the city, and the streets resounded with the cries of fire!! Montreal, certainly, at this moment, exhibited a

scene which it has, we believe, never before presented, and which had a most appalling and wild effect. The sky was veiled in gloom—the place d'armes was crowded, was continually swelling by the floods of people who poured in from all the adjacent streets; and, towering over the heads of the throng, was to be seen the steeple of the French parish church, with its ball, blazing like a meteor, and throwing out, from the foot of the cross, with which it was surmounted, radiations of sparks, rendered lurid by the incumbent and surrounding haze. Never was there shewn a greater zeal than was exhibited on this occasion. The different engines were in a moment on the spot; lines were formed almost involuntarily; and every one seemed to think alone on the means of preserving the holy edifice. The ball continued to burn for a long time, being inaccessible to water; the tin, however, with which the steeple was covered, retarded its progress, and the wind was fortunately very gentle.

"By the activity of the people an engine was raised to the belfry, from which water was conveyed, through a trap-door, into the interior of the steeple, to prevent the extension of the flames. The fire was happily extinct by half-past eight in the evening. It had, however, a quarter of an hour before, consumed the timber in which the cross was inserted, so that it fell on that part of the wall above the principal entrance, and broke into many pieces, the largest of which descended on the pavement of the corner of the house of Mr. Bernard, the milliner. Thus terminated the events of this day, which will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Montreal, and be classed with the dark Sunday of 1785. We have omitted to state that the rain which descended yesterday was similar to that of last Sunday; but contained more of the sooty ingredient, and carried on its surface, as it flowed through the streets, a dense foam resembling soap-suds.

"We have been informed that many persons crossed to the other side of the river, expecting the accomplishment of a traditional prediction, that the island of Montreal is to be swallowed up by an earthquake. For the truth of this information, however, we will not vouch.

"At this moment (Wednesday morning, seven o'clock,) the sky is almost as clear, and day-light as strong, as is usual at this hour of the day, at this season of the year."

The Bee.

'*Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimus aurea dicta.*'
LUCRETIVS.

Anagram.—The French, who are very happy at making anagrams, have discovered that *La Sainte Alliance* is neither more nor less than *La Sainte Canaille*.

Music.—The various chords of sound which an octave will produce, have been calculated at eight thousand one hundred and ninety-one.

A house, in Fleet Market, in the possession of an undertaker, being lately advertised to be disposed of, the following label was fixed on a coffin, before the next door:—"This tenement to be let on a lease for three lives."

Advertisement in a London newspaper, in 1783:—"To be let, a beggar's stand, in a good charitable neighbourhood, bringing in about thirty shillings a-week. Some good will be required." N. B. A dog for a blind man to be disposed of.

Medical Quackery.—Dumoulin, one of the first medical practitioners in France of his time, observed at his death, that he left behind him two great physicians: "Regimen and River Water."

Singular Notice.—There is painted on a board near Middleton, Lancashire, the following laconic and terrific caution:—"Whoever is found trespassing in these grounds, will be shot dead without further notice."

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B. L.'s Letter, 'Fashions,' 'Encouragement,' 'Lines to Harriet,' 'The Pleasures of Spring,' and 'Loudiniana, No. XIX,' in our next.

Wilfred's 'Dramatic Sketch,' &c. 'The Parting,' and H. A.'s Sonnet, in an early number.

To J. R. P. our best thanks.—Once more! As 'Emma' and her admirer appear to be quite happy in each other's love, they can no longer need our columns as a vehicle for expressing it.

We thank G. B. for his polite offer, but it is not necessary to avail ourselves of it to notice the subject he mentions.

Errata: p. 234, c. 3, l. 20, for 'possible' read 'possible'; p. 235, c. 2, l. 27, for 'lips' read 'hips.'

This day was published, in Four Volumes 8vo. price 2s. 12s. 6d. boards,

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April 20.

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No. 3 will be published on Saturday, April 28; and a Number on each succeeding Saturday, till completed. The whole will be comprised in six Numbers. Being closely printed, and in small type, this Work will contain more than is usually to be found in volumes of three times its size. In the Sixth and last number, the Title, Table of Contents, Preface, List of Errata, &c. will be included.

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Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

LORD BYRON'S TRAGEDY.

Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice: an Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts, with Notes. The Prophecy of Dante, a Poem. By Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 261. London, 1821.

Is the production of a new tragedy was in former times an occurrence that was so eagerly looked for, and so fully chronicled, it will readily be conceived that a tragedy from the distinguished pen of Lord Byron, must, even in these days, excite no common interest. Indeed, of all the productions of his lordship's pen, we know not one, the publication of which was watched with so much anxiety, or which, now that it has appeared, is read with so much avidity. The well known talents of his lordship and the present state of the stage united to create a powerful interest, and to raise a hope that we should now have a play, worthy of the brightest period in the annals of the drama.

In the preface to the tragedy, his lordship has some severe reflections on the taste of the public, which he unjustly censures. Speaking of his motives for writing the tragedy, he says—

"I have had no view to the stage: in its present state it is, perhaps, not a very exalted object of ambition; besides I have been too much behind the scenes, to have thought it so at any time. And I cannot conceive any man of irritable feeling putting himself at the mercies of an audience:—the sneering reader, and the loud critic, and the tart review, are scattered and distant calamities; but the trampling of an intelligent or of an ignorant audience on a production which, be it good or bad, has been a mental labour to the writer, is a palpable and immediate grievance, heightened by a man's doubt of their competency to judge, and his certainty of his own imprudence in electing them his judges. Were I capable of writing a play which could be deemed stage-worthy, success would give me no pleasure, and failure great pain. It is for this reason that, even during the time of being one of the committee of one of the theatres, I never made the attempt, and never will. But surely there is dramatic power some-

where, while Joanna Baillie, and Milman, and John Wilson exist. The 'City of the Plague,' and the 'Fall of Jerusalem,' are full of the best material for tragedy that has been since Horace Walpole, except passages of Elfwald and De Montfort."

Now with all due deference to his lordship, we not only think to be the author of a good tragedy a very exalted object of ambition, but have also a very different opinion as to the public, whose decisions in the theatre have afterwards invariably been confirmed out of doors.

The conspiracy of the Doge Marino Faliero, on which this tragedy is founded, is, as his lordship well observes, 'one of the most remarkable events in the annals of the most singular government, city, and people of modern history.' The story, as particularly detailed in the 'Lives of the Doges,' by Mariu Sanuto, is given by his lordship in the appendix; and, as it will make the reader fully acquainted with the subject of the tragedy; we shall give a sketch of it.

Mariuo Faliero, a man of talents and courage, and who had distinguished himself both as a warrior and a statesman, was chosen Doge of Venice, on the 11th of September, 1354. After he had held the office six months, he gave a feast where a circumstance occurred which laid the foundation of his fatal project; we give it in the words of the chronicler:—

"Now to this feast there came a certain Ser Michele Steno, a gentleman of poor estate and very young, but crafty and daring, and who loved one of the damshels of the Duchess. Ser Michele stood amongst the women upon the solajo; and he behaved indiscreetly, so that my Lord the Duke ordered that he should be kicked off the solajo; and the esquires of the Duke flung him down from the solajo accordingly. Ser Michele thought that such an affront was beyond all bearing; and when the feast was over, and all other persons had left the palace, he, continuing heated with anger, went to the hall of audience, and wrote certain unseemly words relating to the Duke and the Duchess, upon the chair in which the Duke was used to sit; for in those days the Duke did not cover his chair with

cloth of sendal, but he sat in a chair of wood. Ser Michele wrote thereon:—"Marin Falier, the husband of the fair wife; others kiss her, but he keeps her." In the morning the words were seen, and the matter was considered very scandalous; and the Senate commanded the Avogadori of the Commonwealth to proceed therein with the greatest diligence. A largesse of great amount was immediately proffered by the Avogadori, in order to discover who had written these words. And at length it was known that Michele Steno had written them. It was resolved in the Council of Forty that he should be arrested; and he then confessed, that in the fit of vexation and spite, occasioned by his being thrust off the solajo in the presence of his mistress, he had written the words. Therefore the Council debated thereon. And the Council took his youth into consideration, and that he was a lover, and therefore they adjudged that he should be kept in close confinement during two months, and that afterwards he should be banished from Venice and the state during one year. In consequence of this merciful sentence the Duke became exceedingly wroth, it appearing to him that the Council had not acted in such a manner as was required by the respect due to his dual dignity; and he said that they ought to have condemned Ser Michele to be hanged by the neck, or at least to be banished for life."

The day after this sentence had been pronounced on Steno, the admiral of the arsenal went to the Doge to complain that a gentleman had struck him, and prayed for heavy punishment on him:—

"What wouldst thou have me to do for thee?" answered the Duke:—"think upon the shameful gibe which hath been written concerning me: and think on the manner in which they have punished that rascal Michele Steno, who wrote it; and see how the Council of Forty respect our person."—Upon this the admiral answered:—"My Lord Duke, if you would wish to make yourself a Prince, and to cut all those cuckold gentlemen in pieces, I have the heart, if you do but help me, to make you Prince of all this state; and then you may punish them all."—Hearing this, the Duke said:—"How can such a matter be brought about?"—and so they discoursed thereon.

The Duke called for his nephew Ser

Bertuccio Faliero, who lived with him in the palace, and they communed about this plot. And without leaving the place, they sent for Philip Calendaro, a seaman of great repute, and for Bertuccio Israello, who was exceedingly wily and cunning. Then taking counsel amongst themselves, they agreed to call in some others; and so, for several nights successively, they met with the Duke at home in his palace.

It was concerted that sixteen or seventeen leaders should be stationed in various parts of the City, each being at the head of forty men, armed and prepared; but the followers were not to know their destination. On the appointed day they were to make affrays amongst themselves here and there, in order that the Duke might have a pretence for tolling the bells of San Marco; these bells are never rung but by the order of the Duke. And at the sound of the bells, these sixteen or seventeen, with their followers, were to come to San Marco, through the streets which open upon the Piazza. And when the noble and leading citizens should come into the Piazza, to know the cause of the riot, then the conspirators were to cut them in pieces; and this work being finished, My Lord Marino Faliero the Duke was to be proclaimed the Lord of Venice. Things having been thus settled, they agreed to fulfil their intent on Wednesday, the fifteenth day of April, in the year 1355. So covertly did they plot, that no one ever dreamt of their machinations.

The plot was, however, discovered by one Beltramo Bergamasco, who mentioned it to Sir Niccolò Lioni, one of the senators, whose life he wished to preserve. The Council of Ten, and the Great Council were assembled, Beltramo was brought before them, and, ascertaining the truth of his statement, measures were taken to counteract the conspiracy. The tolling of the bells was prevented, and the principal conspirators all seized, most of whom were condemned to death by the Council of Ten, and afterwards executed:—

On Friday, the sixteenth day of April, judgment was also given, in the Council of Ten, that My Lord Marino Faliero, the Duke, should have his head cut off, and that the execution should be done on the landing place of the stone staircase, where the Dukes take their oath when they first enter the palace. On the following day, the seventeenth day of April, the doors of the palace being shut, the Duke had his head cut off, about the hour of noon. And the cap of estate was taken from the Duke's head before he came down stairs. When the execution was over, it is said, that one of the Council of Ten went to the columns of the palace over against the place of St. Mark, and that he showed the bloody

sword unto the people, crying out with a loud voice:—"The terrible doom hath fallen upon the traitor!"—and the doors were opened, and the people all rushed in, to see the corpse of the Duke, who had been beheaded.

Such are the materials on which Lord Byron has founded his tragedy, and in no material point has he deviated from historical correctness. In his preface he states that he had once thought of making jealousy the motive which stimulated the Doge to engage in the conspiracy, but that the advice of Sir William Drummond and the late Monk Lewis dissuaded him from it. In speaking of this last production of his lordship's brilliant and prolific muse, we must not forget that it was not written for the stage, and therefore judge of it rather as a tragic poem than an acting tragedy, for which it is too long by at least one-half. Having detailed the story so amply, it will now be unnecessary to go through it in the tragedy, and we shall therefore notice some of the scenes as appear to us most worthy of attention; and to which it will be seen his lordship has often given the most powerful interest and effect. We ought to premise that, in order to preserve a near approach to the unity of the play, his lordship has represented the conspiracy as already formed, and the Doge acceding to it; whereas, in fact, it was of his own preparation, and that of Israel Bertuccio. The tragedy commences just before sentence has been passed on Steno, and the Doge is anxiously waiting the result. When it is made known to him that he has only been sentenced to a month's imprisonment, he breaks out into a violent rage, throws down the ducal bonnet, and wishes the enemies of Venice at the gates that he might do them homage. The whole of this scene between the Doge and his nephew is admirable; we quote a few passages:—

'Doge. Venice! Duke!
Who now is Duke in Venice? let me see him,
That he may do me right.

Bertuccio Faliero. If you forget
Your office, and its dignity and duty,
Remember that of man, and curb this passion.
The Duke of Venice—

Doge (interrupting him.)

There is no such thing—
It is a word—nay, worse—a worthless by-word:
The most despised, wrong'd, outraged, helpless
wretch,

Who begs his bread, if 'tis refused by one,

May win it from another kinder heart;

But he, who is denied his right by those

Whose place it is to do no wrong, is poorer

Than the rejected beggar—he's a slave—

And that am I, and thou, and all our house,

Even from this hour; the meanest artisan
Will point the finger, and the haughty noble
May spit upon us: where is our redress!

Ber. Fal. The law, my prince—

Doge (interrupting him.)

You see what it has done—

I ask'd no remedy but from the law—
I sought no vengeance but redress by law—
I could do no judges but those named by law—
As sovereign, I appeal'd unto my subjects,
The very subjects who had made me sovereign,
And gave me thus a double right to be so.
The rights of place and choice, of birth and service,

Honours and years, these scars, these hoary
hairs,
The travel, toil, the pains, the fatigues,
The blood and sweat of almost eighty years,
Were weigh'd 'gainst the balance, 'gainst the foolish
scales,

The grossest insult, most contemptuous crime
Of a rank rash politician—and found wanting!
And this is to be home!

The deep sense of the wrong that
had been done him by the imputation
on his wife, never leaves the Doge;
speaking of Steno, he says—

'Doge. You know the full offence of this
born villain,

This creeping, coward, rascal, acquitted felon,
Who threw his sting into a poisonous life,
And on the honour of—Oh God!—my wife,
The nearest dearest part of all men's honour,
Left a base slur to pass from mouth to mouth
Of loose mechanics, with all coarse foul com-
ments,

And villainous jests, and blasphemies obscene;
While anering nobles, in more polish'd guise,
Whisper'd the tale, and smiled upon the lie.
Which made me look like them—a courteous
witto,

Patience—ay, proud, it may be, of dishonour.'

And in an interview afterwards with
Israel Bertuccio, the chief of the assassins,
alluding to the words—

'foul words,
That have cried shame to every ear in Venice,'
He says:—

'Ay, doubtless they have echo'd o'er the as-
sena,

Keeping due time with every hammer's clink
As a good jest to jolly artisans;
Or making chorus to the creaking oar,
In the vile tune of every galleys' slave,
Who, as he sung the merry song, exalted
He was not a shamed dolt like a Doge.'

The second act is very heavy, particularly the scene between the Doge and Angelina his wife, and it appears to us highly improbable. That an old man should marry a young and beautiful wife, is, if not very natural, at least very common, but that he should marry her from such motives as his lordship assigns him, is extremely improbable. The Doge addressing his wife is made to say—

'I knew my heart would never treat you
harshly.'

I knew my days could not disturb you long;
And then the daughter of my earliest friend,
His worthy daughter, fere to choose again,
Wealthier and wiser, in the ripest bloom

Of womanhood, more skilful to select
By passing these probationary years;
Inheriting a Prince's name and riches,
Secured, by the short penance of enduring
An old man for some summers, against all
That law's chicanery or envious kinsmen might
Have urged against her right; my best friend's
child

Would choose more fitly in respect of years,
And not less truly in a faithful heart."

The following passage is very spirited. Angiolina, in allusion to Steno,
says,—

"Angi. Oh! had this false and flippant li-
beller

Sped his young blood for his absurd lampoon,
Ne'er from that moment could this breast have
known

A joyous hour, or dreamless slumber more.

Doge. Does not the law of Heaven say blood
for blood?

And he who *taints* kills more than he who
sheds it.

Is it the pain of blows, or shame of blows,
That make such deadly to the sense of man?
Do not the laws of man say blood for honour?
And less than honour for a little gold?

Say not the laws of nations blood for treason?
Is it nothing to have fill'd these veins with poi-
son

For their once healthful current? Is it nothing
To have stain'd your name and mine—the no-
blest names?

Is it nothing to have brought into contempt
A prince before his people? to have fail'd
In the respect accorded by mankind

To youth in woman, and old age in man?
To virtue in your sex, and dignity

In ours?

Bertram, one of the conspirators,
not having completed the number of
men that he was to bring, is suspected
by Calendario, who intimates his fears
of him to Israel Bertuccio, but says, he
has no ties of kindred to make him
fear. Bertuccio replies,—

Is Ber. Such ties are not
For those who are call'd to the high destinies
Which purify corrupted commonwealths;
We must forget all feelings save our purpose—
We must reign all passions save our purpose—
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,
And draw down freedom on her evermore.

Calen. But if we fail—

Is Ber. They never fail who die
In a great cause: the blood may soak their
gore;

Their heads may sadden in the sun; their
limbs

Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though
years

Eclipse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping
thoughts

Which o'power all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom: What were we,
If Brutus had not lived? He died in giving
Rome liberty, but left a deathless lesson—
A name which is a virtue, and a soul

Which multiplies itself throughout all time,
When wicked men wax mighty, and a state
Turns servile: he and his high friend were
styled

"The hat of Romans!" Let us be the first
Of true Vesuvians, sprung from Roman sires."

There is a fearful grandeur in the
following soliloquy of the Doge, when
on his way to meet the conspirators:—

"I am before the hour, the hour whose voice,
Pealing into the arch of night, might strike
These palaces with ominous tottering,
And rock their marbles to the corner-stone,
Waking the sleepers from some hideous dream
Of indistinct but awful augury
Of that which will befall them. Yes, proud
city!

Thou must be cleansed of the black blood
which makes thee

A last-house of tyranny: the task
Is forced upon me, I have sought it not;
And therefore was I punish'd, seeing this
Patrician pestilence spread on and on,
Until at length it smote me in my slumbers,
And I am tainted, and must wash away
The plague-spots in the healing wave. Tall
fame!

Where sleep my fathers, whose dim statues
shadow

The floor which doth divide us from the dead,
Where all the pregnant hearts of our bold blood
Moulder'd into a mite of ashes, hold
In one shrunk heap what once made many
heroes,

When what is now a handful shook the earth—
Fame of the tutelary saints who guard our house!
Vault where two Doges rest—my sire! who
died

The one of toil, the other in the field,
With a long race of other lineal chiefs
And sages, whose great labours, wounds, and
state

I have inherited,—let the graves gape,
Till all time aises be peopled with the dead,
And pour them from thy portals to gaze on me!
I call them up, and them and thee to witness
What it hath been which put me to this task—
Their pure high blood, their blazon-roll of gio-
ries,

Their mighty name dishonour'd all is me,
Not by me, but by the ungrateful nobles
We fought to make our equals, not our lords—
And chiefly thou, Ordelfo the brave,
Who perish'd in the field, where I since con-
quer'd,

Battling at Zara, did the Hecatombs
Of time and Venice's foes, there offer'd up
By thy descendant, merit such acquaintance?
Spirits! smile down upon me; for my cause
Is your's, in all life now can be of your's—
Your fame, your name, all mingled up in mine,
And in the future fortunes of our race!

Let me but prosper, and I make this city
Free and immortal, and our house's name
Worthier of what you were, now and hereafter!"

Bertram, in an interview with Calen-
dario, inquires if there are not some
among the senators whose age and quali-
ties might mark them out for pity.

Calendario replies in the following pas-
sage, which is bold, and the idea we
consider original:—

"Yes, such pity
As when the viper hath been cut to pieces,
The separate fragments quivering in the sun
In the last agony of venomous life,
Deserve and have. Why, I should think us
scorn

Of pitying some particular frog which made
One in the jaw of the swollen serpent, as

Of saving one of these: they form but links
Of one long chain; one mass, one breath, one
body;

They eat, and drink, and live, and breed to-
gether.

Revel, and lie, oppress, and kill in concert,—
So let him die as one!"

The scene in the third act, in which
the Doge is introduced to the senate,
is highly dramatic, and we quote the
principal passages:—

"Conspirators. Most welcome.—Brave Ber-
tuccio, thou art late—
Who is this stranger?"

Calendario. It is time to name him.
Our comrades are even now prepared to greet
him.

In brotherhood, as I have made it known
That thou wouldst add a brother to our cause,
Approved by thee, and thus approved by all,
Such is our trust in all thine actions. Now
Let him unfold himself.

Is Ber. Stranger, step forth!
(The Doge discovers himself.)

Cons. To arms!—we are betrayed—it is the
Doge!

Down with them both! our traitorous captain,
and

The tyrant he hath sold us to!

Calen. (drawing his sword.) Hold! Hold!
Who moves a step against them dies. Hold!
hear,

Bertuccio—What! are you appall'd to see
A lone, unguarded, weaponless old man
Amongst you?—Israel, speak! what means
this mystery?

Is Ber. Let them advance and strike at their
own bosoms,
Ungrateful suicides: for on our lives
Depend their own, their fortunes, and their
hopes.

Doge. Strike!—If I dreaded death, a death
more fearful

Than any your rash weapons can inflict,
I should not now be here!—Oh, noble courage!
The eldest born of fear, which makes you brave
Against this solitary hoary head!

See the bold chiefs, who would reform a state
And shake down senates, mad with wrath and
dread

At sight of one patrician—Butcher me,
You can; I care not—Israel, are these men
The mighty hearts you spoke of? look upon
them!

Calen. Faith! he hath shamed us, and de-
servedly.

Was this your trust in your true Chief Bertuc-
cio,

To turn your swords against him and his guest?
Smother them, and bear him!

Is Ber. I disdain to speak.

They might and must have known a heart like
mine

Incapable of treachery; and the power
They gave me to adopt all fitting means
To further their designs, was never abused.

They might be certain that whoever was brought
By me into this council, had been led
To take his choice—as brother, or as victim.

Doge. And which am I to be? your actions
leave

Some cause to doubt the freedom of the choice.

Is Ber. My lord, we would have perished
here together,

Had these men now proceeded; but, behold,
They are ashamed of that mad moment's im-
pulse,

And drop their heads; believe me, they are such

As I described them—Speak to them.

Calan Ay, speak;

We are all listening in wonder.

To Ber. (addressing the conspirators.)

You are safe,

Nay, more, almost triumphant—listen, then, And know my words for truth.

Doge. You see me here,

As one of you hath said, an old, unarmed, Defenceless man; and yesterday you saw me Presiding in the hall of ducal state, Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles, Robed in official purple, dealing out

The edicts of a power which is not mine, Nor yours, but of our masters—the patricians.

Why I was there you know, or think you know; Why I am here, who hath been most wrong'd, He, who among you, hath been most insulted,

Outraged and suddenly on, until he doubt If he be worm or no, may answer for me,

Asking of his own heart what brought him here? You judge my recent story, all men know it,

And judge of it far differently from those Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on scorn

But spare me the recital—it is here, Here at my heart the outrage—but my words,

Already spent in unavailing plaints, Would only shew my feebleness the more,

And I come here to strengthen even the strong, And urge them on to deeds, and not to war

With woman's weapons; but I need not urge you.

Our private wrongs have sprung from public vices

In this—I cannot call it commonwealth, Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince nor people,

But all the sins of the old Spartan state, Without its virtues, temperance, and valour.

The lords of Lacedæmon were true soldiers, But ours are Sybarites, while we are Helots,

Of whom I am the lowest, most enslaved, Although drest out to head a people, as

The Greeks of yore made drunk their slaves to form

A posture for their children. You are met To overthrow this monster of a state,

This mockery of a government, this spectacle, Which must be excoriated with blood, and then

We will renew the times of truth and justice, Condemning in a fair free commonwealth,

Not rash equality, but equal rights, Proportion'd like the columns to the temple,

Giving and taking strength reciprocal, And making firm the whole with grace and beauty.

So that no part could be removed without Infringement of the general symmetry.

In operating this great change, I claim To be one of you—if you trust in me;

If not, strike home, my life is compromised, And I would rather fall by freemen's hands,

Than live another day to act the tyrant As delegate of tyrants; such I am not,

And never have been—read it in our annals; I can appeal to my past government

By many lands and cities; they can tell you If I were an oppressor, or a man

Feeling and thinking for my fellow men. Happy had I been what the senate sought,

A thing of robes and trinkets, disend'd out To sit in state as for a sovereign's picture;

A popular scourge, a rarely sentence signer, A stickler for the senate and "the Forty,"

A sceptic of all measures which had not The sanction of "the Ten," a council-swearer,

A tool, a fool, a puppet,—they had me.

Foster'd the wretch who stung me. What I suffer Has reach'd me through my pity for the people;

That many know, and they who know not yet Will one day learn less: meantime, I do devote,

Whate'er the issue, my last days of life—My present power, such as it is, not that

Of Doge, but of a man who has been great Before he was degraded to a Doge,

And still has individual means and mind; I stake my fame (and I had fame)—my

breath— (The least of all, for its last hours are nigh)

My heart—my hope—my soul—upon this cause! Such as I am, I offer me to you

And to your chiefs, accept me or reject me, A prince who fain would be a citizen

Or nothing, and who has left his throne to be so.

Although the Doge goes fully into the conspiracy, yet he is not altogether free from compunction:—

Doge. Bear with me! Step by step, and

slow on blow, I will divide with you; Think not I waver:

Ah! no; it is the certainty of all Which I must do, doth make me tremble thus

But let these last and lingering thoughts have way,

To which you only and the night are conscious,

And both regardless; when the hour arrives, 'Tis mine to sound the knell, and strike the

blow, Which shall unpeople many palaces,

And hew the highest genealogic trees Down to the earth, strew'd with their bleeding

fruit, And crush their blossoms into barrenness:

This will I—must I—have I sworn to do, Nor ought can turn me from my destiny;

But still I quiver to behold what I Must be, and think what I have been! Dear

with me.

Is. Ber. Re-man your breast; I feel so such remorse,

I understand it not; why should you change? You acted, and you act on your free will.

Doge. Ay, there it is—you feel not, nor do I, Else I should stab thee on the spot, to save

A thousand lives, and, killing, do no murder; You feel not—you go to this butcher-work

As if these high-born men were steers for slaughter.

When all is over, you'll be free and merry, And calmly wash those hands incarnadined;

But I, outdoing thee and all thy fellows In this surpassing massacre, shall be,

Shall see, and feel—oh God! oh God! 'tis true—

And thou dost well to answer that it was "My own free will and act," and yet you err,

For wilt do this? Doubt not—fear not! I Will not resign your most unmerciful accomplices!

And yet I act no more on my free will, Nor my own feelings—both compel me back;

But there is left within me and around, And, like the demon who believes and trembles,

Must I abhor and do. Away! away! Get thee into thy fellows, I will hit me

To gather the retainers of our house. Doubt not, Saint Mark's great bell shall wake

all Venice, Except her slaughter'd senate; ere the sun

Be broad upon the Adriatic, there Shall be a voice of weeping, which shall drown

The roar of waters in the cry of blood! am resolved—come on.

Bertram, who is guilty of weakness rather than treachery, goes to his friend and patron Lioni, and cautions him not to go forth on the day of the intended massacre. Lioni, unable to gain the secret, secures Bertram. There is one passage in this scene which strikes us as peculiarly happy, and we quote it. Bertram says,—

'I come

To save patrician blood, and not to shed it! And thereunto I must to speedily, for

Each minute may lose a life; since Time Has changed his slow a-the for the two-edged sword!

And is about to take, instead of sand, The dust from sepulchres, to fill his hour-glass.'

We cannot omit noticing another fine soliloquy of the Doge, which is when he has despatched his nephew to commence the dreadful work, and is waiting the issue:—

'Doge (solus.) He is gone,

And each footstep moves a life—'Tis done Now the destroying angel hovers o'er

Venice, and pauses ere he pours the vial, Even as the eagle o'erlooks his prey,

And for a moment, poised in middle air, Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,

Then swoops with his unerring beak—'Tis done!

That slowly walk't the waters! march—march on—

I would not smite t' the dark, but rather see That no stroke err. And you, ye black waves!

I have seen you dyed ere now, and deeply too, With Genoa's, Saracen, and Hunnish gore;

While that of Venice flow'd too, but victorious! Now thou must wear an unmix'd crimson; no

Barbaric blood can reconcile us now Unto that horrible incarnadine,

But fiend or foe will roll in civic slaughter. And have I lived to fouscore years for this?

I, who was named Preserver of the City? I, at whose name the million's caps were flung

Into the air, and cries from tens of thousands Rose up, imploring Heaven to send me blessing,

And fame, and length of days—to see this day? But this day, black within the calendar,

Shall be succeeded by a bright millennium. Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers

To vanquish empires, and refuse their crowns; I will resign a crown, and make the state

Renew its freedom—but oh! by what means! The noble end must justify the means—What

Are a few drops of human blood? 'tis false, The blood of tyrants is not human; they,

Like to incarnate Moloches, feed on ours, Until 'tis time to give them to the tombs

Which they have made so populous—Oh world!

Oh men! what are ye, and our best designs, That we must work by crime to punish crime?

And slay as if Death had but this one gate, When a few years would make the sword superfluous?

And I, upon the verge of th' unknown realm, Yet send so many heralds on before me!—

I must not ponder this. (A pause.)

Mark! was there not A murmur as of some distant voices, and

The tramp of feet to martial music? What phantoms even of sound out white

raise!

It cannot be—the signal hath not rung—
Why pauses it? my nephew's messenger
Should be upon his way to me, and he
Himself perhaps even now draws grating back
Upon its ponderous hinge the steep tower
portal,
Where swings the sullen huge circular bell,
Which never knells but for a princely death,
Or for a state in peril, pealing forth
Tremendous bodements; let it do its office,
And be this peal its awfullest and last.
Sound till the strong tower rock!—What! silent still?

I would go forth, but that my post is here,
To be the centre of re-union to
The oft discordant elements which form
Leagues of this nature, and to keep compact
The wavering or the weak, in case of conflict;
For if they should do battle, 'twill be here,
Within the palace, that the strife will thicken;
Then here must be my station, as becomes
The master-mover.—Hark! he comes—he comes,
My nephew, brave Bertuccio's messenger.—
What tidings! is he marching? hath he
sped!—
They here! all's lost—yet will I make an effort.

The Doge is arrested and brought before the Great Council, where he confesses the accusation against him. His wife, Angiolina, intercedes that his life may be spared, but the Council condemn him to immediate death. The scene in which this is described we quote at length:—

'The Court of the Ducal Palace: the outer gates are shut against the people.—The Doge enters in his ducal robes, in procession with the Council of Ten and other Patricians, attended by the Guards till they arrive at the top of the "Giant's Staircase," (where the Doge takes their oath); the executioner is stationed there with his sword.—On arriving, a Chief of the Ten takes off the ducal cap from the Doge's head.

Doge. So now the Doge is nothing, and at last

I am again Marino Faliero:
This will be to me, so though but for a moment.
Here I was crown'd, and here, bear witness,
Heaven!

With how much more contentment I resign
That shining mockery, the ducal bauble,
Than I received the fatal ornament.

One of the Ten.
Thou tremblest, Faliero!

Doge. 'Tis with age, then.
Ben. Faliero! hast thou aught further to command,

Compatible with justice, to the senate?

Doge. I would commend my nephew to their mercy,

My consent to their justice; for methinks
My death, and such a death, might settle all
Between the state and me.

Ben. They shall be cared for;
Even withoutstanding these unheard-of crimes.

Doge. Unheard-of! ay, there's not a history
But shows a thousand crow'ded conspirators
Against the people; but to set them free
Once sovereign only died, and one is dying.

Ben. And who were they who fell to such a cause?

Doge. The King of Sparta and the Doge of Venice—

Agio and Faliero!

Ben. Hast thou more
To utter or to do!
Doge. May I speak?
Ben. Thou may'st it;
But recollect the people are without,
Beyond the compass of the human voice.
Doge. I speak to Time and to Eternity,
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.
Ye elements! in which to be resolved
I have; let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore my
banner,
Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you loved
it,
And fill'd my swelling sails as they were wafted
To many a triumph! Thou, my native air,
Which I have bled for, and thou foreign earth,
Which drank this willing blood from many a
wound!

Ye storms, in which my gore will not sink, but
Reek up to Heaven! Ye skies, which will re-
ceive it!
Thou sun! which shinest on these things, and
Thou!
Who kindest and who quenchest suns!—At-
test!

I am not innocent—last are these guiltless:
I perish, but not unavenged; far ages
Flout up from the abyss of time to me,
And show these eyes, before they close, the
doom

Of this proud city, and I leave my curse
On her and her's for ever!—Yes, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day,
When she, who built against Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield
Unto a bastard Attila, without
Shedding so much blood in her last defence
As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding her,
Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire, petty town
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senators,
Beggars for nobles, pandars for a people!
Then, when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
Walks o'er thy mast, and smiles on it for his;
When thy patricians beg their bitter bread
In narrow streets, and in their shameful need
Make their nobility a plea for pity;
Then, when the few who still remain a wreck
Of thy great fathers' heritage, shall fawn
Round a barbarian Vice of King's Vice-gerent,
Even in the palace where they sway'd as sove-
reigns,

Eyes in the palace where they slew their sove-
reign.

Proud of some name they have disgraced, or
sprung

From an adulterous boastful of her guilt
With some large gondoller or foreign soldier,
Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph
To the third spurious generation; when
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,
Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquish'd by the vic-
tors,

Despised by cowards for greater cowardice,
And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vice
As in the monstrous grasp of their conception
Defy all eodes to image or to name them;
Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject king-
dom,

All this inheritance shall be her shame
Brought on thy less virtuous descendants, grown
A wider ground for worse prostitution;—

When all the ill of conquer'd states shall cling
thee,

Vice without splendour, sin without relief

Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er,
But in its stead coarse huts of habitude,
Furient yet passionless, cold studied lewdness
Depaving nature's frailty to an art:—
When these and more are heavy on thee, when
Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without
pleasure,
Youth without honour, age without respect,
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of woe
Gaiest which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st
not murmur,
Have made thee last and worst of peopled de-
serts:

Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amidst thy many murders, think of mine!
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of
princes!
Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom!
Thou I devote thee to the infernal gods!
Thee and thy serpent seed!

[Here the DOGE turns and addresses the Executioner.]
Slave, do thine office!
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as thy
curse!
Strike—and but once!

[The DOGE throws himself upon his knees, and as the Executioner raises his sword the scene closes.]

The great length to which we have extended our extracts leaves us little room for critical remarks. The tragedy is certainly a noble production, and worthy of the pen of its distinguished author. The characters of Marino Faliero and Israel Bertuccio, are powerfully drawn, and throughout the whole tragedy there is a vigour and a tone of eloquence which leaves modern tragedies at an immeasurable distance. One of the characters, that of Bertram, will remind the reader of Jaffier in Venice Preserved; nor is that the only thing which will often remind him both of Otway and Shakespear. The hunters after plagiarisms will, we don't not, be again at work, and like those who would deny the glory of the sun because it has spots, will seek to nibble at the fair fame of the public author, because a similarity of sentiment may happen between him and an earlier writer.

The 'Prophecy of Dante,' which follows this tragedy, consists of four cantos on the exile of the poet, the author intending to continue the subject in some future canto. Dante is supposed to address the reader in the interval between the conclusion of the divina commedia and his death, and, shortly before the latter event, foretelling the fortunes of Italy in the ensuing centuries. The whole poem, which possesses many beauties, is so connected that it is difficult even to detach a passage; we shall, however, select a portion of the last canto, which alludes to Michael Angelo, and the building of St. Peter's at Rome:—ogle

‘Alas!

Despair and Genius are too oft connected.
Within the ages which before me pass
Art shall resume and equal even the sway
With which Apelles and old Phidias
She held in Halla's forgotten day.
Ye shall be taught by Ruin to revive
The Grecian forms at least from their decay,
And Roman souls at last again shall live
In Roman words at last again shall live
And temples, loftier than the old temples,
Give
New wonders to the world; and while still
stands
The austere Pantheon, unto heaven shall soar
A dome, its image, while the base expands
Into a base surpassing all before,
Such as our flesh shall flock to kneel in: ne'er
Such sight hath been unfolded by a door
As this, to which all nations shall repair
And lay their sins at this huge gate of hea-
ven.
And the bold Architect unto whose care
The daring charge to raise it shall be given,
Whom all arts shall acknowledge as their
lord,
Whether into the marble chaos driven
His genius bid the Hebrew, at whose word
Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
Or bides of hell be by his pencil pour'd
Over the dimm'd before the Judgment throne;
Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
Or fancies he built of grandeur yet unknown,
The stream of his great thoughts shall spring
from me,
The Ghibelline, who traversed the three
realms
Which form the empire of eternity.
Amidst the clash of words, and clang of helmets,
The age which I anticipate, no less
Shall be the Age of Beauty, and while whelms
Clammy the nations with distress,
The genius of my country shall arise,
A Order towering o'er the Wilderness,
I live in all its branches to all eyes,
Fragrant as fair, and recognized afar,
Wafting its native essence through the skies.
Sovereign shall pause amidst their sport of
war,
Wean'd for an hour from blood, to turn and
gaze
On canvas or on stone; and they who mar-
At beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,
Shall feel the power of that which they de-
stroy;
And Art's mistaken gratitude shall raise
To tyrants who but take her for a toy
Emblems and monuments, and prostitute
Her charms to pottiffs proud, who but em-
ploy
The man of genius as the meanest brute
To bear a burthen, and to serve a need.
To sell his labours, and his soul to boot:
Who tells for nations may be poor indeed
But free; who sweats for monarchs is no
more
Than the gilt chamberlain, who, clothed and
free'd,
Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his door.
Oh! Power that rulest and inspirest! how
Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power
Is likeliest to be in heaven in outward show,
Least like to thee in attributes divine,
Tread on the universal necks that bow,
And then assure us that their rights are thine?
And how is it that they, the sons of fame,
Whose inspiration seems to them to shine
From high, that whom the nations oft name,
Must pass their days in penury or pain,

Or step to grandeur through the paths of
shame,

And wear a deeper brand and gaudier chain?

This poem opens a fine field for his
lordship's talents, and when he comes
to detail the more recent events in the
history of Italy, he will have a noble
theme for his muse. In conclusion, we
cannot but think, that high as his lord-
ship's reputation already stands, it will
be considerably raised by the volume
before us. We confess that we did
not think he would have succeeded so
well in a dramatic effort. We expected
many beautiful and striking passages
and much originality; but we did not
think that the unity and connection of
the incidents would have been so well
maintained. The tragedy has already
been produced on the stage, for an ac-
count of which we must refer to our
dramatic review.

*Memoirs of the Life of the Right
Honourable William Pitt. By George
Tomline, D. D. F. R. S. Lord
Bishop of Winchester. 4to. Vols.
I. and II. pp. 1203. London, 1821.*

There is, perhaps, no power on earth
so despotic as that of the critic; he
brings the whole world to the judg-
ment seat, passes sentence on kings
and princes with as little concern as
on the meanest of their subjects, and will
condemn an emperor with as much
composure as the pope, in the heyday
of his power, would feel in putting his
foot on the neck of a rebellious prince.
Already have we in the present num-
ber passed judgment on a lay peer,
and now a spiritual one is brought be-
fore us, and that a prelate of one of the
richest sees in the country.

The life of Mr. Pitt, who directed
the counsels of Great Britain during
the most eventful period of its history,
must at all times be interesting; but
it becomes doubly so when the rank,
talents, and opportunities of his present
biographer are considered. The Bishop
of Winchester superintended Mr. Pitt's
education at the University; he after-
wards became his confidential secre-
tary, and, during his whole life, kept
up a constant communication with him
upon all matters connected with his
official situation, having lived with him
from the beginning of their acquaint-
ance to the hour of his death, in the
most unreserved and uninterrupted in-
timacy; and lastly, having, as one of
his executors, access to all his papers.

These are advantages rarely united
in the biographer, and give to the pre-
sent work a value which memoirs sel-

dom possess. Indeed, it perhaps may
be said that Mr. Pitt's life was so iden-
tified with the events of the time, that
little of him remains to be known to
the public; but to an individual, who,
like the Bishop of Winchester, has been
behind the curtain, and 'through her
loop-holes of retreat' has 'peeped at
such a world,' there must have appear-
ed much that was kept from public
view. The two volumes now published
only form a portion of the work, and
bring the life of Mr. Pitt down to the
declaration of war by France in 1793,
a remarkable epoch in the life of the
premier, and in the history of his
country. The remaining portion, it is
expected, will be comprized in one vo-
lume, 'for which,' says the right re-
verend author, 'I reserve what relates to
Mr. Pitt's private life, and arduous
as has been the task of describing his
ministerial conduct, I foresee far
greater difficulty in giving a just notion
of his manners, temper, and disposi-
tion, which I always considered as
constituting the most extraordinary
part of his character.'

The religious and political prin-
ciples of the Bishop of Winchester are
well known; in the former, his rank in
the church indicates his orthodoxy, and
in the latter, it must be expected that
the friend and companion of Pitt was
an advocate of his principles. In ad-
vocating these, however, our author
has not departed from that liberality
which ought to guide every discussion.
We now close our remarks to take a
hasty review of the life of this distin-
guished individual.

Mr. Pitt, the second son of the great
Lord Chatham, was born on the 28th
of May, 1759. In his youth he made
rapid progress in his learning; in the
year 1773, his father designing the
law to be his profession, sent him for
the completion of his education to
Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; but, on
account of his tender age, and the ex-
treme delicacy of his constitution, his
former tutor, Mr. Wilson, afterwards
canon of Windsor, lived with him in the
college apartment; his studies were,
however, under the direction of his pre-
sent biographer. At this early age,
Mr. Pitt's proficiency in the learned
languages was so very great, that in
Latin authors he seldom met with dif-
ficulty, and it was no uncommon thing
for him to read into English six or seven
pages of Thucydides, which he had not
previously seen, without more than two
or three mistakes and sometimes with-
out even one. Nor was it in learning

only that Mr. Pitt was so much superior to persons of his age. 'Though a boy in years and appearance, his manners were formed and his behaviour manly. He mixed in conversation with unaffected vivacity; and delivered his sentiments with perfect ease, equally free from shyness and flippancy, and always with strict attention to propriety and decorum.' While at college, he was regular in his studies and habits, and in the discharge of his religious duties, never omitted to attend chapel morning and evening. When a child, he had been taught to read the Bible by his father, and he appears never to have forgotten it:—

'I had frequent opportunities of observing Mr. Pitt's accurate knowledge of the Bible; and I may, I trust, be allowed to mention the following anecdote: In the year 1797, I was reading with him, in manuscript, my Exposition of the First of the Thirty-nine Articles, which I afterwards published in the Elements of Christian Theology. There were several quotations from Scripture, all of which he remembered, and made no observation upon them. At last, we came to a quotation, at which he stopped and said, "I do not recollect that passage in the Bible, and it does not sound like Scripture." It was a quotation from the Apocrypha, which he had not read.'

It was not only in language, but also in mathematics and philosophy, that Mr. Pitt's attainments were considerable. He was a great admirer of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding; he had an elegant taste for the beauties of the English poets, and, when young, occasionally wrote verses. In May, 1778, Mr. Pitt lost his father: this illustrious statesman saw, with 'prophetic ken,' the future greatness of his son. This, as well as his affectionate heart and amiable character, appear in the following letters. The first is written by Lord Chatham to Mr. Pitt upon his going to the University in 1773:—

'Burton Pynsent, Oct. 9th, 1773.

'Thursday's post brought us no letter from the dear traveller. We trust this day will prove more satisfactory; it is the happy day that gave us your brother, and will not be less in favour with all here, if it should give us, about four o'clock, an epistle from my dear William. By that hour, I reckon, we shall be warm in our cups, and shall not fail to pour forth, with renewed joy, grateful libations over the much wished tidings of your prosperous progress towards your destination. We compute, that yesterday brought you to the venerable aspect of alma mater; and that you are invested to-day with the toga virilis. Your race of manly virtue, and useful knowledge is now begun, and may

the favour of heaven smile upon the noble career!

'"Little ——— was really disappointed at not being in time to see you—a good mark for my young vivid friend. He is just as much compounded of the elements of air and fire as he was. A due proportion of terrestrial solidity will, I trust, come, and make him perfect. How happy, my loved boy, is it, that your mamma and I can tell ourselves, there is at Cambridge one, without a beard, and all the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up, and say, this is a man." I now take leave for to-day, not meaning this for what James calls a regular letter, but a flying thought, that wings itself towards my absent William. Horses are ready, and all is birth-day.

'Bradshaw has shone, this auspicious morning, in a very fine speech of congratulation; but I foresee, 'his sun sets weeping in the lowly west'; that is, a fatal bowl of punch will, before night, quench this luminary of oratory. Adieu, again and again, sweet boy; and if you acquire health and strength every time I wish them to you, you will be a second Sampson, and, what is more, will, I am sure, keep your hair.

'Every good wish attend your kind fellow traveller and *chum*; nor will be forgot in our flowing bowls to-day."

'To this interesting letter, Lady Chatham added the following postscript:

'If more could be said expressive of feelings, my dearest dear boy, I would add a letter to this epistle, but as it is composed, I will only sign to its expressive contents,

'Your fond and loving mother,

'HESTER CHATHAM.'

In another letter, dated a few days afterwards, he recommends his son, then in a bad state of health, to let his ardour be kept in until he is stronger, when he 'will make noise enough.' As every thing relating to Lord Chatham is interesting, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting two more of his letters to his son:—

'Hayes, Sept. 2, 1777.

'I write, my dearest William, the post just going out, only to thank you for your most welcome letter, and for the affectionate anxiety you express for my situation, left behind in the hospital, when our flying camp moved to Stowe. Gont has for the present subsided, and seems to intend deferring his favours till winter, if autumn will do its duty, and bless us with a course of steady weather; those days, which Madame de Sevigné so beautifully paints, *des jours filés d'or et de soie*.

'I have the pleasure to tell you, your mother and sisters returned perfectly well from Bucks, warm in praises of magnificent and princely Stowe; and full of due sentiments of the agreeable and kind reception they found there. No less than

two dancings, in the short time they passed there. One escape from a wasp's nest, which proved only an adventure to talk of, by the incomparable skill and presence of mind of Mr. Cotton, driving our girls in his carriage with four very fine horses, and no postillion. They fell into an ambuscade of wasps more fierce than Pandours, who best these courtes of spirit not inferior to Xanthus and Pordages, and stung them to madness; when disdaining the master's hand, he turned them short into a hedge, threw some of them, as he meant to do; and leaping down, seized the bridles of the leaders, which afforded time for your sisters to get out safe and sound, their honor, in point of courage, intact, as well as their bones: for they are celebrated not a little on their composure in this alarming situation. I rejoice that your times passes to your mind, in the evacuated seat of the Muses. However, knowing that those heavenly ladies (unlike the London fair) delight most, and spread their choicest charms and treasures in sweet retired solitude, I won't wonder that their true votary is happy to be alone with them. Mr. Preytmann will by no means spoil company, and I wish you joy of his return. How many commons have you lost of late? Whose fences have you broken; and in what lord of the manor's pound have any strays of science been found, since the famous adventure of catching the horses with such admirable address and alacrity? I beg my affectionate compliments to Mr. Wilson, and hope you will both beware of an inclosed country for the future. Little James is still with us, doing penance for the high living so well described to you in Mr. Pam's excellent epistle. All loves follow my sweetest boy in more abundance than I have time or ability to express.

'I desire my best compliments to the kind and obliging mother, who loves Cicero and you."

'My readers will be sorry to learn, that the following is the last letter of Lord Chatham, which I am able to submit to their perusal; it was written only seven or eight months before his death.'

'Hayes, Sept. 27, 1777.

'How can I employ my reviving pen so well as by addressing a few lines to the hope and comfort of my life, my dear William? You will have pleasure to see, under my own hand, that I mend every day, and that I am all but well. I have been this morning to Camden-place, and sustained, most manfully, a visit, and all the idle talk thereof, for above an hour by Mr. Norman's clock; and returned home, untired, to dinner, where I eat like a farmer. Lord Mahon has confounded, not convinced, the incorrigible sol-disant Dr. Wilson. Dr. Franklin's lightning, rebel as he is, stands proved the more innocent; and Wilson's nobis must yield to the pointed conductors. On Friday, Lord Mahon's indetachable spirit is to exhibit another incendum, to lord mayor,

foreign ministers, and all lovers of philosophy and the good of society; and means to illuminate the horizon with a little bonfire of twelve hundred faggots and a double edifice. Had our dear friend been born sooner, Nero and the second Charles could never have amused themselves by reducing to ashes the two noblest cities in the world. My hand begins to demand repose;—so, with my best compliments to Aristotle, Homer, Thucydides, Xenophon, not forgetting the civilians, and law of nations tribe, adieu, my dearest William.

“Your ever most affectionate father,
“CHATHAM.”

Mr. Pitt was called to the bar in June, 1780, and went the Western Circuit that year. At the general election in that year, he was an unsuccessful candidate to represent the University of Cambridge in parliament; but, in January, 1781, he was returned for the borough of Appleby in Westmoreland. Mr. Pitt's public life was at a very critical and important moment. The country was engaged in war with North America, France, Spain, and Holland, without a single ally to assist her. In India, the native powers had entered into a formidable confederacy to expel the British from the country. At home, affairs were not more favourable; repeated failures in our naval and military operations had lowered the spirit of the people and weakened their confidence in government; trade was in a depressed state; there was a deficiency in the revenues, and the resources of the country were considered as nearly exhausted. How vast these resources still were, Mr. Pitt afterwards proved:—

“On the 20th of February, a circumstance of a very remarkable nature occasioned Mr. Pitt to make his first speech in the House of Commons. The subject of debate was, Mr. Burke's bill for economical reform in the civil list. Lord Nugent was speaking against the bill; and Mr. Byng, member for Middlesex, knowing Mr. Pitt's sentiments upon the measure, asked him to reply to his lordship. Mr. Pitt gave a doubtful answer; but in the course of Lord Nugent's speech, he determined not to reply to him. Mr. Byng, however, understood that Mr. Pitt intended to speak after Lord Nugent; and the moment his lordship sat down, Mr. Byng, and several of his friends, to whom he had communicated Mr. Pitt's supposed intention, called out, in the manner usual in the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt's name as being about to speak. This, probably, prevented any other person from rising; and Mr. Pitt, finding himself thus called upon, and observing that the house waited to hear him, thought it necessary to rise. Though

really not intending to speak, he was from the beginning collected and unembarrassed; he argued strongly in favour of the bill, and noticed all the objections which had been urged by the noble lord who immediately preceded him in the debate, in a manner which greatly astonished all who heard him. Never were higher expectations formed of any person upon his first coming into parliament, and never were expectations more completely answered. They were indeed much more than answered; such were the fluency and accuracy of language, such the perspicuity of arrangement, and such the closeness of reasoning, and manly and dignified elocution—generally, even in a much less degree, the fruits of long habit and experience—that it could scarcely be believed to be the first speech of a young man, not yet two-and-twenty.

On the following day, Mr. Pitt, knowing his anxiety upon every subject which related to him, with his accustomed kindness, wrote to me at Cambridge, to inform me, that “he had heard his own voice in the House of Commons;” and modestly expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which his first attempt at parliamentary speaking had been received.”

Mr. Pitt spoke three times in the course of that session, and appears to have made a considerable impression. Mr. Fox estimated his talents from the first. Of this we have the following evidence:—

“After the close of the session in which Mr. Pitt made these three speeches, a friend of Mr. Fox told me, that upon his saying to Mr. Fox: “Mr. Pitt, I think, promises to be one of the first speakers ever heard in the House of Commons.” Mr. Fox instantly replied, “He is so already.” From this and other testimonies, it appears, that Mr. Fox was very early impressed with a high idea of Mr. Pitt's talents. It ought to be mentioned, to the mutual credit of these two great men, that in future life, when they were the leaders of two opposite parties, and the supporters of different systems of politics, they always in private spoke of each other's abilities with the highest respect. Mr. Fox, at a late period of Mr. Pitt's first administration, said, that “he had been narrowly watching Mr. Pitt for many years, and could never catch him tripping once; and in conversation with me, I always noticed, that Mr. Pitt considered Mr. Fox as far superior to any of his opponents, as a debater in the House of Commons.”

On the circuit in that year, he was employed in several election causes of great interest; and of his forensic talents we have the following account, furnished the author by a gentleman who was very intimate with Mr. Pitt:—

“Among lively men of his own time of life Mr. Pitt was always the most lively and convivial in the many hours of leisure

which occur to young unoccupied men on a circuit; and joined all the little excursions to Southampton, Weymouth, and such parties of amusement as were habitually formed. He was extremely popular. His name and reputation of high acquisitions at the university, commanded the attention of his seniors. His wit, his good humour, and joyous manners, endeared him to the younger part of the bar. In some bribery causes from Criclade, he was retained as junior counsel; but even in that subordinate character, he had an opportunity of arguing a point of evidence with extraordinary ability. I remember, also, in an action of crim. con. at Exeter, as junior counsel, he manifested such talents in cross-examination, that it was the universal opinion of the bar, that he should have led the cause. During his short stay in the profession, he never had occasion to address a jury; but upon a motion in the court of king's bench, for an *habeas corpus* to bring up a man to be bailed, who was charged with murder, Mr. Pitt made a speech which excited the admiration of the bar, and drew down very complimentary approbation from Lord Mansfield. When he first made his brilliant display in parliament, those at the bar who had seen little of him, expressed surprise; but a few who had heard him once speak in a sort of mock debate at the Crown and Anchor tavern, when a club, called the Western Circuit Club, was dissolved, agreed, that he had then displayed all the various species of eloquence, for which he was afterwards celebrated. Before he distinguished himself in the House of Commons, he certainly looked seriously to the law as a profession. The late Mr. Justice Rooke told me, that Mr. Pitt dangled seven days with a junior brief and a single guinea fee, waiting till a cause of no sort of importance should come on in the court of common pleas. At Mr. Pitt's instance, an annual dinner took place for some years at Richmond Hill, the party consisting of Lord Erskine, Lord Redesdale, Sir William Grant, Mr. Boud, Mr. Lyster, Mr. Jekyll, and others; and I well remember a dinner, with Mr. Pitt and several of his private friends, at the Bear's Head in Eastcheap, in celebration of Shakespeare's Falstaff. We were all in high spirits, quoting and alluding to Shakespeare the whole day; and it appeared, that Mr. Pitt was as well and familiarly read in the poet's works as the best Shakespeareans present. But to speak of his conviviality is needless. After he was minister, he continued to ask his old circuit intimates to dine with him, and his manners were unaltered.”

In all the debates which took place for the removal of Lord North and his colleagues from office, Mr. Pitt took a very prominent part. He frequently suggested modes of proceeding when difficulties occurred; he constantly replied to the principal

speakers on the opposite side; and though he had been scarcely twelve months in parliament, and was not yet twenty-three years of age, he answered their arguments and objections with the readiness and exactness of the most experienced debater, and in a style of oratory so dignified and brilliant that, at this early dawn, he was compared to his illustrious father in his meridian splendour.' In the Rockingham administration, Mr. Pitt was offered several situations, but he refused them, and soon afterwards publicly declared that he would never accept an office which did not entitle him to a seat in the cabinet. In noticing Mr. Pitt's motion for a Reform in Parliament, his biographer gives us his opinion on this much agitated question, which not only contains a good deal of feasible argument, but also exhibits so much candour that we cannot forego the pleasure of quoting it, as illustrative of the truth of a preliminary remark we made as to the liberality of the author. He is speaking of the fate of Mr. Pitt's motion, which was lost by a majority of twenty:—

'It is not to be inferred from this majority, that no defect was supposed to exist in the present construction of the House of Commons, and no departure to have taken place from the original plan of representation. The ground on which the motion was opposed was this, that it may be wiser to submit to certain deviations and irregularities in an established form of government, rather than, by attempting to correct them, to hazard the safety of the whole fabric. A practice may indeed prevail, utterly indefensible in theory, and irreconcilable with the design of the framers of a political institution, and yet, from the changes, to which time subjects every community, may not be mischievous in its nature, and may even be productive of beneficial effects. It is, for instance, a principle of our House of Commons, that its members should be chosen by the unbiased votes of their constituents. But the fact is, that a considerable number of the members are chosen through the influence of persons, who, from private connexions or various other causes, happen to have weight with the voters; and that seats in parliament, to a certain extent, are obtained through pecuniary means, as was acknowledged without scruple in the debate upon Mr. Pitt's motion. This, it will be admitted on all hands, was never in the contemplation of our ancestors, but still no material harm seems likely to result from it, while confined to its present bounds; and, perhaps, upon the whole, the good may preponderate. The two things chiefly to be desired in the House of Commons are, that it should be open, first, to persons of ex-

tensive property of every species, who, from their large stake in the country, will be most studious to consult and provide for its real interests; and, secondly, to men, who, by possessing superior talents, will be best able to promote the welfare, and raise the glory, of the nation. Members of the former description, who have been truly independent, and of the latter, who have been highly distinguished, have been introduced into parliament, by means of what are called close and rotten boroughs, among whom may be reckoned Lord Chatham, Lord North, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Pitt. View the question in another light: it is the duty of the House of Commons, both to direct the concerns of the kingdom at large, and to watch over and protect the particular interests of all those various classes of persons, of which the community consists; and the present diversity of the elective franchise affords an opportunity to men of all the liberal professions and respectable situations in life to become members of the House of Commons; men of landed property, monied men, merchants, bankers, officers in the army and navy, lawyers, civilians, diplomatists, and those who, from consciousness of ability, are ambitious to serve their king and country in some political department. Hence, not only every order in society has its guardians in the great council of the nation to prevent any partially oppressive or injurious measure, but the House of Commons has among its members persons, who can, from their own knowledge and experience, give information upon any point under deliberation, and suggest proposals upon subjects to which they have directed their attention, and in which the public good may be concerned. This great variety of characters in the members, is of itself attended with important advantages; and were they entirely or principally chosen from any single description of men, the worst consequences must inevitably ensue. Whatever defects, therefore, there may be in the present system of representation, and however short it may fall of ideal perfection, it seems no wonder, that the House of Commons, as now elected, should have been considered well calculated for all the practical purposes of one branch of a free government; and that it should have been decided, that there was no benefit in view sufficient to justify the risk, which must have been incurred by any alteration.'

(To be continued.)

THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

THE brothers Percy appear to calculate largely, and we suspect justly, on the avidity of the public for anecdote; as they still pour out from their abundant stores, their monthly portion, and still succeed in finding variety to the collection. Of the whole series, which

has already reached seventeen parts, the last number, which is devoted to *Anecdotes of Genius*, appear to us not only the most interesting, but we suspect, presents as strong a claim to originality as any of its predecessors. By originality, we must not be understood to assert that the facts illustrative of genius are entirely new to us, but that they are generally such as have not been detached as anecdotes or not very generally known. The subject is one that affords much variety of incident, and this volume presents genius in almost all its shapes, and often under peculiar circumstances of peculiar interest. The following are extracts:—

'*Tourneur*.—Monsieur de Tourneur, the elegant translator of Young's *Night Thoughts*, sold the version for the trifling sum of twenty-five louis d'ors, to a Madame de C—, who at least made sixty thousand livres of the work! While de Tourneur was translating Young, and adding new energy to his native language, he was seldom indulged with a bed to repose his wearied limbs on; being often obliged with his wife to leave Paris before night, to seek the most convenient and hospitable hedge in the environs of the capital, under which they might wait the dawn of the succeeding day, fraught with equal misery.'

'*Lovelace*.

'"Dinnerless the polish'd Lovelace died."

C. DVEN.

'Colonel Sir Richard Lovelace was an amiable and accomplished man, who lived in the time of the civil wars: by the men, respected for his moral worth and literary talents; by the fair sex, almost idolized for the elegance of his person, and the sweetness of his manners. He was author of a collection of poems, intitled *Lucasta*, printed in 1649; and which possess great merit. Being a great loyalist, he was appointed by the people of Kent to deliver their petition to the House of Commons for the restoration of Charles, and for settling the government. The petition giving offence, he was committed to the Gate House, Westminster, where he wrote that well-known and elegant little song, "Loyalty Confined," beginning thus:—

"When Love with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine *Altiva* brings,
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered in her eye;
The birds that wait on in the air,
Know no such liberty."

'After a few months' confinement, he obtained his liberation; but having, by that time, consumed all his estate, partly by furnishing the king with men and money, and partly by assisting ingenious persons of every description in difficulties; he became himself, not long after, involved in the greatest distress, and fell into a

deep melancholy; which brought on a consumption, and made him as poor in person as in purse, till he became the object even of common charity. The man, who, in the days of his gallantry, wore cloth of gold, was now naked, or half covered only with filthy rags! he who had thrown splendour on palaces, now shrunk into obscure and dirty alleys; he who had associated with princes, had banquetted on dainties, been the patron of the indigent, the admiration of the wise and brave, the darling of the chaste and fair, was now fain to herd with beggars, gladly to partake of their coarse offals, and thankfully receive their twice given alms:—

“To hovel him with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw.”

‘Worn out with misery, he at length expired in 1658, at a very mean and wretched lodging, in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, and was buried at the west end of St. Bride’s Church, Fleet Street.’

‘*Crebillon*.—When *Crebillon* was composing his tragedy of *Cataline*, a friend called on him, and was surprised to see four large ravens sitting at his elbow. “Walk gently, my good friend,” said the poet, “walk gently, or you will put my conspirators to flight.”

“In his last illness, *Crebillon* expressed great regret that he should not live to finish the play which he had in hand, having gone through two acts of it only. The physician who attended him, begged that he would bequeath him the two acts. *Crebillon* turned to him, and, with a smile, repeated a line from one of the acts:—

“*Shall the assassin be the dead man’s heir?*”

‘*Moods of Writing*.—Aristotle mentions a poet, who never wrote to well as when his poetic fury hurried him into a kind of phrenzy. The admirable pictures we have in Tasso’s *Armida* and *Clorinda*, were drawn at the expense of a disposition he had to real madness, into which he fell before he died. “Do you imagine,” says Cicero, “that *Pacuvius* wrote in cold blood? No; it was impossible. He must have been inspired with a kind of fury, to be able to write such admirable verses.”

“In the modes which have been taken of exciting the mind to particular temperaments, there is a strange contrariety. Dryden used to ply himself with physic and phlebotomy before sitting down to any important work; Blackstone never penned a line without a bottle of old Port at his elbow; while Dr. Johnson, a very dray-horse in literary drudgery, used to laugh at all such preparatives, and to contend that a man was worth nothing, who could not write equally well at all times and under all circumstances.”

‘*Walter Scott*.—It is not generally known, that there was a poet of the name of *Walter Scott*, before the present cele-

brated bard. He lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, and describes himself as—

“An old souldier and no scholler;
And one that can write none
But just the letters of his name.”

“On the death of his grandfather, Sir Robert Scott, of Thirlstone, his father having no means to bring up his children, put this Walter to attend cattle in the field; “but,” said he, “I gave them the short cut at last, and left the kine in the care; and ever since that time, I have continued a souldier abroad and at home.” He left a poem written at the age of seventy-three, dedicated to two gentlemen of the name of Scott, which he thus concludes:—

“—Broom my book, stretch forth thy wings
and fly

Amongst the nobles and gentility;
Thou art not to sell to scavengers and clowns,
But given to worthy persons of renown.
The numbers few I’ve printed in regard,
My charges have been great, and I hope reward;

I caused not print many above twelve score,
And the printers are engaged that they shall print no more.”

The part is dedicated to Mr. Southey, and contains a very neat portrait of the poet laureat. We presume that the brothers Percy had not seen the ‘*Vision of Judgment*,’ when they selected its author *par excellence*, as the representative of genius.

Original Communications.

LETTER FROM W. B. I.

TO THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR —.—In the name of all that is heavenly, how long dost thou intend to winter in that vilest of all vile abodes—London? Of a verity, thine abiding hath alarmed me much; and, did I not perceive thy head and hand impressed upon the pages of thy periodical, I should imagine thou wert a subject for some city Galen.

Thy last epistle to me, my right good friend, beareth date in January last; albeit, I have replied thereunto three several times, and yet have I received no rejoinder. Now, in sober solemnity, this is too bad,—and I should have felt in my heart to have ‘cut’ thee quite, but that I have pondered on thy avocations,—independently of which, too, my affectionate rib hath whispered into mine ear, that the month of thy wonted sojourning approacheth, and the remembrance of thy exquisite jocundity foreth a smile upon the lips that were almost resolved upon eternal compression to thee.

However, as I propose to place thee upon trial once (mind, only once) more,

I shall e’en forget and forgive past misconduct, and t. l. l. thee, that on May-day, at four a. m. all eyes from ——— Lodge will be directed whither the park, towards the King’s highway, and the first machine-hauling quadruple of quadrupeds we behold—look that thou be with them; if not, ———

This being dispatched, now for some inquiries as touching thee and thine, (*idelicet*,) the *Chronicle*; but, per-adventure, I should first tell of internal impressions. It makes a marvellous stir in the country round abouts, I promise thee. But, to the bar of all jesting, my dear fellow, I must very heartily congratulate you upon your extensiveness and extending influence;—your sale in this quarter is absolutely astounding, and there is some talk of the establishment of paper-mills upon the strength of it here—trusting to the advantage of my brotherhood to thee; but of this, more anon.

By the by, who is this ‘W. H. PARRY,’ that writes such flaming articles in you? He is, certes, a devilish shrewd dog—none of your milk and water men—one who knows how to enjoy a delicious garden without shoving his proboscis into every hole and corner, to find out weeds and dandelions—and can smell a rose as he should do, without pricking his fingers. I must know this Mr. Parry—do get him to come down with you. I see the name of one ‘SAM SPIRITSAIL,’ too—he’s no fool let me tell you; I wish he would take some appellation less villainous,—I never see it without thinking of Wapping—a place of all others—but you know Wapping; you may shake hands with him for me, if you please, but say nothing of the invitation to Parry, (Sam’s a good fellow, and I should be loth to hurt his heart;) but my place, you know, is more of a box than a castle, and I should not find room for all your clever contributors.

Our friend ——— will be there—he promises to give you some extracts of his projected work, for which I beg to say you must thank my exertions. That will certainly make a buzz in the world, I suspect; when you notice it, try to restrain your admiration, and speak with the coldest equanimity. You recollect when I exhibited to you his paragraph on the ———, intimating that it was the prosing of old Parson S. (as great a blockhead, you know, out of the way of drinking and rabbit-shooting, as ever took orders.) I thought you would go mad—you swore ’twas excellent—absolutely

divine—and when I introduced you to each other, good Lord! what lore and logic followed—faith, I thought half-a-dozen of such heads would set the world in flames, in a month, (lunar,) and I am not *now* sure that *seven* would not do the job.

I have a strong idea of publishing some of my doggerel; Longman and his host of adjuncts have offered me £50l. but I refused—not from vanity, (no, 'pon my honour,) but I wish to stand upon my own merits, and challenge the true opinion of the world.

An Oxford friend of mine (a M. A.) spoke to me the other day about your paper,—hinting, that if you had any wish to retire from the conduct of it, a 'cool' £2000. would be at your service,—muttering something about advances on a contingency; I almost think I affronted him, for I laughed in his face,—I made the *amende honorable* as well as I could, however, by mentioning its high solicitation over the water.

But I must, *pro tempore*, hold my peace, for the Bath vellum is (are not you?) exhausted, and your friend D. is attending to his duties, near St. Stephens, so that I have not a frank for it; therefore, my dear ———, believe me,

Thine absolutely and for ever,

W. B. L.

P. S. I fancy I must soon borrow a coltman or two in your paper, for the purpose of doing a good deed. There happen to be sundry worthy literati whose knuckles require to be rapped, and as I have had a rod in my pickling jar for some time past, I shall speedily make an application of it; you *guess* to whom I am making allusion,—therefore *mum*.

ANCIENT COIN.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—I am ashamed to be so troublesome to you and your readers, but since I sent my letter, which appeared in your last *Chronicle*, I have discovered that on the reverse side of the coin, found in Spa Fields, are these letters,—D A V D. As it may throw much light on the information which I have already communicated, I trust you will indulge me with this note's insertion. Your's, &c. P.

Londiniana,

No. XIX.

THE INNS OF COURT, &c. &c.

(Concluded from p. 237.)

Grays Inn.—A nother and last of the inns of court; so named from the an-

cient and noble family of the Grays having resided here from A. D. 1315, until the latter end of the reign of King Henry the Seventh. But notwithstanding this residence of the Grays, it is observed from good authority, that the students of the law held this house by lease from the Lord Gray of Wilton, in King Edward the Third's reign; and, about eight years after, a bargain and sale of the manor of Port Pool (or Grays Inn), made to Hugh Denys, the prior and monks of Sheene, near Richmond, got licence to purchase lands in mortmain to the value of 100l. per annum; and, accordingly, they had granted to them the said manor with the appurtenances, four messuages, four gardens, one croft, eight acres of land, and which the said prior and monks of Sheene possessed, and which they devised to the students of the law for the rent of 6l. 13s. 4d. per annum, as appears by the register of the house, and which they so held until the general dissolution of monasteries by Parliament, 30th Henry VIII.; which then coming to the crown was granted to them soon after by the said king in fee, in the 32d Henry VIII.; the said rent of 6l. 13s. 4d. was paid to the king's use for one whole year as per the accounts of the treasurers. *Vid. Orig. Jur.* p. 172. and this has continued ever since.

The first reader of this house was John Spelman, Esq. A. D. 1516, first treasurer, A. D. 1530.

There are several coats of arms in the hall, among which are those of Lord Gray of Wilton; Sir Nicholas Bacon, keeper of the great seal; Sir Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam; and Sir John Spelman, one of the judges of the King's Bench.

As to the buildings,—the chapel is supposed to have been erected soon after the inn was established: it is of the Gothic order, and appears to have undergone a thorough repair in 1699; there are no burials in it, nor, consequently, any monuments. The roof of the hall is finely built of oak timber in the manner of Westminster Hall.

Serjeant's Inns.—Are two, the one situate on the south side of Fleet Street, opposite Fetter Lane; the other in Chancery Lane, on the east side, and near the end adjoining to Clifford's Inn.

Mr. Stow says these inns were intended solely for the use of the judges and serjeants.—(Vide prefatory remarks to these inns).

The one in Fleet Street was de-

stroyed by fire on the 1st January 1702, and rebuilt A. D. 1703. There is in each a hall and chapel.

Barnard's Inn.—An inn of chancery belonging to Gray's Inn, situate on the south side of Holborn, near Castle Street; it was anciently called Mackworth's Inn, as given by the executors of John Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln, A. D. 1453, about which time it is believed to have been made an inn of chancery.

Clement's Inn.—Also an inn of chancery, situate near St. Clement's Church, (not so called from the well,) but both the church, inn, and well from the pope to whom the church was dedicated, Clement,—a word signifying mild, and of which name there have been one bishop and many popes of Rome; it is believed that the church was dedicated to Clement the First, who was (according to Dr. Heylin's Catalogue of the Bishops and Popes of Rome,) the first after St. Peter, who had the charge of the Christian church about the year of Christ 94. Mr. Stow says, the word Danes was annexed because Harold*, a Danish king, and other Danes were here buried. It is supposed the students of the law had their inns or lodgings here about A. D. 1478. It is said to have descended to the Earls of Clare from Sir William Hollis, lord mayor of London, A. D. 1539, who had it from one Cantlow, about the year 1528.

Clifford's Inn.—Another of the inns of chancery, situate on the north side of Fleet Street, by Saint Dunstons Church, and so named as being the city residence of the honourable family of the Cliffords (from whom the Earls of Cumberland descended,) Robert de Clifford having the inheritance thereof by grant from King Edward the Second, A. D. 1309, to hold by the service of one penny paid into the exchequer at Michaelmas; and it came to the king for certain debts due to him from one Malcolm de Harley, pledge to Edward the First, on this side the Trent; and the widow of the said Robert demised it, A. D. 1337, to students in the common law for the rent of 10l. and afterwards by a grant thereof to Nicholas Sulyard, Esq. principal of this house, and other seniors, in consideration of 600l. and 4l. per annum, which is most probably continued to the lawyers ever since.

* Harold's body was taken up and thrown into the Thames by order of Hardicanute, and was afterwards found by a fisherman and buried in this church-yard.

Furnival's Inn.—Another of the inns of chancery, situate on the north side of Holborn, almost opposite Fetter Lane. It was given the name of Furnival from having been the house of the family of the Lord Furnivals, and was at last let out in tenements to lawyers, who it appears resided here A. D. 1407.

Lyon's Inn.—Also an inn of chancery, situate on the south side of Wych Street, has been known as an inn ever since the year 1420, its foundation being uncertain.

New Inn.—An inn of chancery, situate on the north side of Wych Street, to which place this society is supposed to have removed from Sea Coal Lane, to be for their convenience nearer to the other inns of court and chancery.

This place was before their removal a common hostery, or inn known by the sign of the 'Blessed Virgin,' and was procured from Sir John Fineux, sometime Lord Chief Justice of England, for the rent of 6l. per annum, and they were to be considered as tenants at will.

Staple's Inn.—Another inn of chancery, situate on the south side of Holborn, a little eastward from Middle Row. It appears by tradition to have been so called from its being formerly a stall where wool merchants used to meet (wool being one of the four staple commodities mentioned by the statutes).

It likewise appears to have been an inn of chancery in A. D. 1415, and probably long before that time; and was held by lease, and the inheritance granted by John Knighton and Alice his wife, to the ancestors of Gray's Inn, about 10th Henry 8th, by the name of all the messuage or inn of chancery called Staple Inn.

Thavie's Inn.—Also an inn of chancery, situate on the south side of Holborn, almost opposite Hatton Garden, called Thavie's from one Mr. John Thavy, whose house it was in the reign of Edward the Third, and at the same time an hostel or inn for the apprentices (says his will) of the law; and coming afterwards into the possession of Gregory Nichols, citizen and mercer of London, he, in the year 1549, granted it to the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, and their successors, who demised it to the principal and fellows of this house for 3l. 6s. 8d. with the like privilege as at Furnival's Inn, as to the gentlemen's admission.

Simmond's Inn.—Situate on the east side of Chancery Lane, is not an inn

of Chancery: its origin is dubious; it is chiefly occupied by attorneys, &c.
E. S.

Original Poetry.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

To—

My love,—'t'other day, as we stray'd
O'er meads where wild flowers were growing,
'Mongst others that beauty display'd,—
One sweet little flow'et was blowing;
How pensive it hung its small head,
How modest its charms were display'd,
It shrank from the sight as with dread,
That the day had its beauty expos'd.
Forget-me-not, plaintive I sigh'd,
Is the name of the delicate flow'r!
'Forget me not!' sweet you replied,
'Forget me not,' while in your power.
Our eyes then our feelings impart,
And all that was ever express'd
By language, was felt in each heart,
And vented in sighs from each breast.
My love, this same sweet little flow'r,
Whose name will be dear to me ever,
A lesson has taught from that hour,
No time from my bosom can sever;
'Forget me not,' should we ere part,
Is the bosom's soft language of each,
Thus the little blue flow'r to the heart;—
Tells all that whole volumes can teach.

O. F.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

INSCRIBED TO ELIZA *.

WHoso'er the youth that hath left thee so lone,
That thy love is sunk deeply from melody's tone;
Far, far, may he wander o'er ocean and land,
And be toss'd on the waves, and be wreck'd on the sand;
May his heart-strings be wither'd, his prospects decay'd;
If he listen not back to his desolate maid;—
If the strings of conviction, with sorrows that burn,
Do not check his career, and inspire his return.
Oh die not, thou feminine sufferer, in love!
There are trials and traits that their sweetnessness prove;
After storms there are rainbows of sunshine so bright,
That the cloudy-hued morn rests in beauty at night;—
There are flowers, that were sinking to earth in despair,
Updrawn by the gentle compassionate air:—
So thy grief into comfort and life may be sigh'd,
And thou be his happy and delicate bride!
Is thy heart not o'erpress'd when remembrance portrays,
In the sadness of fancy, the past of thy days?
Is the present not gloomy, because of thy tears?
Will the future be more so,—impeded by fears?
Imagine new pleasures, tread angelic benights,
And entwine thy white brow with a fanciful wreath;
Whence thee not yet on the tomb and grave up,
While one drop of affection remain in Hope's cup.

J. R. F.

* See 'Farewell,' in *Literary Chronicle*, p. 238.

Fine Arts.

BRITISH GALLERY.—No. V. (Concluded.)

'The cunning painters that with curious care
Limning a landscape, various, rich, and rare,
Have set to work, in all and every part,
Invention, judgment, nature, use, and art.'

ANON.

THE south room of the gallery of the British Institution, upon which we now intend to offer our concluding observations, contains, we think, more to like, less to disappoint us, and less to admire, than either of the preceding divisions. There are fewer failures and a greater proportion of respectably executed pictures, than we find either in the north or middle compartments of the exhibition, while there is comparatively much less of excellence to attract the attention or gratify the judgment. This is, perhaps, owing, in a great measure, to the superabundance of pictures of still life, dead game, and subjects of a similar nature, which we meet with in this room; subjects which, although they admit of great excellence in their several walks, are yet incapable of that strong and almost preternatural superiority with which performances, on a loftier stage of art, are, by the magic of genius, worthy of being invested. They ought, perhaps, in general, rather to be considered as the common places of the imitative arts, useful, indeed, as studies for the acquisition and treasuring up of knowledge and of skill, for the more important branches of design, and not as objects worthy of the sole and exclusive, or even of the principal care of the professor. We have, perhaps, run to too great a length upon this point, but we could not avoid digressing in some degree, for the purpose of warning the lovers of art against a practice which, we are afraid, is gaining ground in our present 'ton of painting. There are, however, some splendid exceptions in the room now under consideration; we believe we need only mention the names of Singleton and the late E. Bird to confirm our opinion. From the pencil of the former we were extremely gratified in recognizing 'the Conversion of the Jailor, by Paul and Silas.' It is a performance replete with intelligence, character, and beauty of composition, not unattended by a considerable degree of practical skill. The character of Paul, energetic and enthusiastic, during the period of his zealous attachment to Judaism, embodied as it is, in the sky scaling glance and rapturous exclamation of triumph, is nobly con-

trasted with the milder and less strenuous faith of Silas, which finds its vent in the startling emotions of wonder. The sketch for his 'Chevy Chase,' by Mr. Bird, is a strong and vigorous effort of his genius, rough, like the tumult of departed heroism, yet containing, within its unpolished exterior, the remains of the heart that was daring to design, and of the hand that was strong to execute. We were also highly delighted with the 'Satan and Ithuriel,' of the former of these artists: a performance, of which it may be said with justice, that it breathes the very soul of Milton, striking the soul back upon itself in the fearfulness of sublimity, and charming the attention by the exquisite tone of fancy which breathes throughout. The Titanian form of 'Hell's mighty Paramount,' and the angels 'severe in youthful beauty,' are delineated and grouped with exquisite felicity, and the colouring and chiaroscuro of the piece are accordant to the strain of sublimity which ennobles it. The figures of the mortal Dramatis Personæ have, perhaps, hardly enough of the beau ideal to bring to our recollection the state of unalloyed happiness before the fall. 'Jack Cade entering London,' by J. Cawse, is a spirited and effective piece; it brings back to our remembrance all that 'soul of him' which characterises the story as told by our own beloved Shakespeare. The bonnet rouge forming the standard of the ragged and tumultuous troop; the mock majesty, and down-glancing dignity of the ignorant and upstart demagogue; the 'hail Mortimer,' and doffed bonnet of his obsequious companions, are all represented with an infinite vein of humour, which cannot be traced but by ocular scrutiny. There is, perhaps, not quite enough of the disgusting concomitants which are met with in scenes of this nature; it is more like a representation of such an occurrence in a masque of the Elizabethan age, where the characters are supported with all the humour and animation necessary, yet without infringing on those rules of decorum, the absence of which would have converted the palace of a maiden queen into a parallel with the precincts of Thames Street. The 'Quarrel between Pistol and Pym' needs no stronger commendation than merely observing, that it is by the same artist, and well worthy of him. We could not but be delighted with Mr. Hayter's 'Cleopatra'; it is a very pleasing production, and is possessed of much more of

mixed excellence than his 'Venus and Mars.' The style of beauty is perfectly national, though of such a nature, that no person could wish it less so; we did indeed 'see Helen's beauty in a bow of Egypt,' understanding the words, however, in a different sense from what was intended by the great master from whom the expression is extracted. For the eye which gives the great fascination to this exquisite painting, we must say to the reader—

'Go, gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well.'

Enchanting, however, as is Mr. Hayter's Cleopatra, she is not the classical Cleopatra of antiquity; she is not the Cleopatra, whose style of beauty has been transmitted to us on the imperishable medal; we miss 'the Lion Port, the awe-commanding face,' before which the unconquered soul of a Cæsar could bow in vassalage, enchain'd by a sublimity of beauty worthy of his own nobility of spirit, and not by the luxurious glance of an engaging syren. The Queen of Egypt and the enslaver of the world's enslaver was, we believe, the Cleopatra of Shakespeare, of Beaumont and Fletcher, and not the Cleopatra of Dryden. Having now gone through most of the best pictures in the British Gallery, we shall take our leave of the Institution, merely observing, that with all its excellencies, and with all the good which we know it has been the means of producing in the professional world, we could have wished that it had been rather more exclusively confined to the higher branches of painting. W. H. PARRY.

EXHIBITION OF ENGRAVINGS

BY

LIVING BRITISH ARTISTS.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist as to the state of the Fine Arts generally in England, it must be acknowledged, that in the particular branch of Copper-plate Engraving, we have, during the last half century, made the greatest advancement, if not reached the highest pitch of which it is capable. This improvement has diffused itself universally, and its advantages are felt, not only in perpetuating prints from the best paintings, but even in all works where embellishment or ornament is wanted. Our magazines no longer contain heads of individuals 'curiously engraved,' as they were formerly announced, but good portraits, finished in a style which was then quite unknown. Impressed with this conviction, we have long felt that while the

painter and the sculptor had galleries in which their works were exhibited, there was no place where the engraver could display the productions of his talents, save in the window of a print-shop. This defect is now remedied, by the public-spirited exertions of Mr. Cooke, who has opened a splendid gallery in Soho Square, where upwards of four hundred of the best productions of living artists are displayed. We have not, at present, room to notice the prints separately, which we defer to a future number, but we most warmly recommend the exhibition to every amateur and patron of the Fine Arts. We quote an extract from the address prefixed to the catalogue, and have much pleasure in adding, that the exhibition is under the immediate patronage of his Majesty:—

'The degree of perfection which the Art of Engraving has attained in this country, will, it is presumed, fully sanction any attempt at bringing the productions of living British engravers more immediately under the notice of an enlightened and generous community.'

'The professors of this interesting and highly useful art, have long felt the necessity of establishing some means of direct communication with its patrons and admirers, and have to regret the little opportunity hitherto afforded to the members of the profession in general, of becoming acquainted even with the nature, much less with the merit and excellence of numerous contemporary works, the display of far the greater number of their productions being necessarily confined to the libraries of the affluent, the folios of the collector, and the private studies of the artist.'

'Impressed with these feelings, the engravers, whose names are herein mentioned, have united for the purpose of bringing their works more immediately before their patrons and the public at large, and have invited their brethren in the profession to co-operate with them, by sending their works to be exhibited.'

M. BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

M. BELZONI, to whose enterprising exertions we are indebted for some curious and highly interesting discoveries in Egypt, has prepared an exhibition of a very novel character, which represents two of the principal chambers in the Egyptian tomb, in which he was the first European that ever penetrated. Having been invited to M. Belzoni's private view, on Friday, we cannot, though at so late a period, pass it over without a slight notice, promising to resume the subject. The two apartments M. B. has selected for represent-

ing, give a grand idea of the splendour of the whole sepulchre. The figures are cast in plaster of Paris, from impressions taken on the spot, and painted with great exactness and fidelity, from drawings made at the same time. In examining this curious monument, it is as impossible not to observe the rudeness of the figures, as it would be unjust and unreasonable to compare the paintings which have decorated its walls for nearly three thousand years, with the finer specimens of modern art. We cannot now enter into details, but one of the finest painted groups in the whole sepulchre, consists of four figures, and represents the reception of some distinguished personage, by Osiris, the great divinity of the Egyptians. Osiris is seated on his throne of state, supported by pillars, on feet; he holds a book in each hand, and in his left the flail also. King Psammis, with his name on his belt, is presented to him by the Egyptian Apollo Areuris, who has the head of a hawk. Behind Osiris is a female figure, supposed to be the goddess Buto, with a cage and bird over her head.

The whole tablet is surmounted by the winged globe. But the most remarkable feature of the whole embellishment, is a procession of captives; consisting of red men, white men, and negroes. The red men are supposed to be Egyptians, the black-bearded men as Jews, and the tattooed as Persians. Among the Egyptian curiosities, of which M. B. has collected a large quantity, are varieties of idols of stone and wood; a mummy, opened in England a short time ago, and which is the most perfect that has been discovered—the mummy of an Egyptian priest; and a manuscript on Papyrus, measuring twenty-three feet. These are a few of the varieties in this very interesting exhibition, which affords ample conjecture to the curious, elaborate research and study to the antiquary, and abundance of moral reflection to the philosopher.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—With a promptitude 'honourable to the industry,' at least (as the play-bills term the production of the new melo-drama) of this establishment, Lord Byron's tragedy of *Marino Faliero* was produced at this theatre, on Wednesday night. Those who have read his lordship's preface or our notice of the play, will have seen the wish of his lordship, that his

tragedy should not be acted, and may, perhaps, judge of his feeling when he hears how very soon his declared wishes have been frustrated. The circumstances to which this has given rise are, we believe, new in the history of the drama, and are likely to afford much occupation to the Lord Chancellor and the gentlemen of the long robe. The question is, whether a published play can be legally brought on the stage without the consent, or rather in defiance, of the author. We are unwilling to anticipate the decision of the law, but we suspect that it may be acted, although the acted play cannot certainly be published without an invasion of copyright. At an early hour on the evening that the tragedy was produced, hand-bills were plentifully distributed through the theatre, of which the following is a copy:—

'The public are respectfully informed, that the representation of Lord Byron's tragedy, *The Doge of Venice*, this evening, takes place in defiance of the injunction of the Lord Chancellor, which was not applied for until the remonstrance of the publisher, at the earnest desire of the noble author, had failed in protecting that drama from its intrusion on the stage, for which it was never intended.'

The circulation of this bill excited considerable surprise, and the fact which it disclosed tended to account for the lateness of the hour at which the curtain rose. The plot of the tragedy has been so amply detailed in our review, that we have now no occasion to re-state it. It has been much criticised for the stage; and the curtain-movements have not been judiciously made. The manager seemed to be aware of this, as in the bills of that and preceding evenings, there was the following apology:—

'Those who have perused "*Marino Faliero*," will have anticipated the necessity of considerable curtain-movements, aware that conversations or soliloquies, however beautiful and interesting in the closet will frequently tire in public recital. This intimation is due to the ardent admirers of Lord Byron's eminent talents, and will, it is presumed, be a sufficient apology for the great freedom used in the representation of this tragedy on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre.'

It has not been merely to conversations and soliloquies that the pruning knife has been confined, but the tragedy has been much shorn of its poetical beauties. The following is a list of the *dramatis personæ*:—

Bertuccio Faliero, his Nephew, Mr. Thompson
 Marino Faliero, the Doge, Mr. Cooper
 Lioni, a noble Patrician and Senator, } Mr. Foote

Benintende, Chief of the Council of Ten,	} Chief Conspirators,	Mr. Powell
Michael Steno, a young Patrician,		Mr. Willmot
Israel Bertuccio,	}	Mr. Wallack
Philip Calendario,		Mr. Bromley
Dugolino,		Mr. Meredith
Bertram,		Mr. Barnard
Angiolina, wife of the Doge,		Mrs. W. West
Marianna,		Miss Smithson

We have seldom regretted the loss of Kean so much as on the present occasion, for the character of the Doge is as much in his peculiar line as if it had been written for him, and in his hands would have created a powerful effect. Mr. Cooper, however, sustained it very creditably, and displayed considerable judgment in the part; in many of the scenes he merited and received much applause; and in the delivery of one passage, the cheers were three times repeated; we are, however, aware that this was principally owing to the sentiment; the passage we allude to was in the last scene, when the Doge is brought to execution, and he is reproached with his unheard-of crime; he replies—

—'There's not a history
 But shows a thousand crown'd conspirators
 Against the people; but to set them free—
 One sovereign only died, and one is dying.'

Mr. Wallack, as the chief conspirator, played the character well, and gave some of the fine passages of the noble bard with good effect. Mrs. West supported the character of Angiolina very ably, and displayed much pathos in the scene before the senate, where she pleads for the life of her husband. Messrs. Barnard, Bromley, and Thompson, were also entitled to praise; indeed, all the performers exerted themselves to the utmost. The tragedy was not received with the enthusiasm we had anticipated, and there was some slight disapprobation. We almost suspect this was owing to our national prejudices, for which we have been so much reproached, that of having murders and executions exhibited before us on the stage, while, in other countries, they are always done behind the scenes. In this tragedy, the curtain falls when the executioner has raised his sword to give the fatal blow. At the conclusion, Mr. Russell came forward and addressed the audience as follows:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—In respect of certain legal proceedings now pending, this property abstains from the pleasure of announcing this tragedy for performance to-morrow evening, but hope very soon to have the honour of announcing its repetition.'

Here the matter rests at present, and

most rest until the Lord Chancellor decides the question, which we hope he will soon do, as it involves a question of the utmost importance as to literary property.

On Tuesday, a new drama in three acts was produced, entitled 'Mother and Son,' from the pen of Mr. Moncrief. It is founded on a very trivial incident, and is not rendered very interesting in the way in which it is managed. Harley had a bustling character, which he, of course, played well, and Miss Smithson gave a good support to the piece, which was well received.

COVENT GARDEN.—One of the most splendid melo-dramatic spectacles we have ever seen was produced at this theatre on Monday evening. It is entitled *Udine, or the Spirit of the Waters*, and is founded on a German fairy romance of that name, by the Baron de la Motte Foque, which has been translated by Mr. Soane. The following is an outline of the story:—*Udine* is a Naiad, whom Kuhlborn (Farley), the King of the Waters, had stolen from her father's care in her infancy, and placed in the cottage of a fisherman. There she grows up to be a blooming beauty, apparently 'born to blush unseen,' for Kuhlborn, by his power, fills the surrounding forests with spirits and goblins, which deter all access. Sir Huldibrand, a chivalrous knight, however, penetrates the forest, and, after various adventures, arrives at the cottage, where he beholds and loves the fair *Udine*. He succeeds in rescuing her from his thralldom, in spite of the exertions of the Water King and his chief goblins, and conveys her safe to the castle. The subject affords a fine opportunity for the scene painter, and Grieve and Pugh made the most of it. The submarine grotto of Kuhlborn, the colonnade of the palace, and the chrystal palace itself, which is afterwards converted into a temple of the free philosophers, are matchless efforts of scenic art. The characters were well sustained by Farley, Abbot, Grimaldi, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Dennett; the piece was received with the loudest approbation.

In the course of the evening another novelty was exhibited; that of the Sieur Davoust, who presented the audience with a *March Aurienne*, traversing the cone of the proscenium with his head downwards. In performing this extraordinary feat, Davoust seemed perfectly at ease. He threw a line down on the stage, and then drew up a drum, on which he

played a tune; he also took up, by the same means, a table, two flags, a basket containing a bottle, and a glass. The two last articles he placed on the table, helped himself to a couple of glasses of wine, and then drank the remainder from the decanter. He then waltzed, and, with the most perfect self-possession, kept time with the music. He finished by placing the toe of one foot in his mouth, while suspended from the top of the proscenium by the hook and staples which attached his other foot to it. In this fearful exploit he received much applause, not unmixed with dread and anxiety.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mr. Dibdin commenced his summer campaign on Monday; and, although the house has only been closed three weeks, yet he has been so industrious, as to have entirely changed its face, by elegant and chaste decorations. The proscenium presents a beautifully reeding balustrade, supporting trophies which surround the royal arms, backed by a bright horizon.—The ceiling forms the concave of a perforated dome, through which a clear sky apparently lights the whole structure; the prevailing hues of which are pale violet, stone colour, blue, and silver, with a light-blue drapery round the side of the galleries.—The upper boxes and gallery-fronts are embellished with alternate fancy patterns of trophies, scroll work, and Arabesque ornaments.—The dress circle is elegantly fronted with groups, in relief, of stone colour, hatched with silver, executed in a masterly and classic style, expressing in compartments *en-suite*, the stories of Venus and Adonis, Hypomenes and Atalanta, Pao and Apollo, Judgment of Paris, Daphne, Acteon, Phaeton, Dancing Nymphs, Satyrs, &c. The spandrels of the dome and architecture of the ceiling are also relieved with silver hatchings. These, however, are not the only attractions of the Surrey Theatre, which has always had superior patronage, even when its inferiority as to decoration was manifest. The performances of the evening were the terrific and eventful melo-drama of 'Fifty Weddings and Nine and Forty Murders,' an interesting melo-dramatic spectacle, intitled 'Alonso the Brave and the Fair Imogene,' and founded upon Monk Lewis's celebrated poem. After which, a new comic burletta was produced, intitled 'The Two Gregories,' in which Fitzwilliam, Mr. Watkins, who has been re-engaged at this

theatre, and Miss Copeland, displayed their comic powers to much advantage. Several novelties are said to be in preparation, among which is included, a novel melo-drama, founded on Lord Byron's tragedy, which, from the known talents of Mr. Dibdin, we doubt not, he will dramatise very successfully.

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—The performances at this theatre, on its opening, were of that popular cast which are well calculated to ensure a continuation of the patronage it has long enjoyed. The house has been splendidly decorated, and opened with two new pieces and the much admired melo-drama of the *Secret Mine*.

SADLER'S WELLS commenced its season on Easter Monday, with three new dramatic pieces: the first, a ballet, *Leon and Lisette*, does much credit to the taste of Mr. St. Albiu; the dances were elegant and chaste, and executed with graceful skill by the performers. The second piece, a melo-drama, called *The Mountain Hut, or the Tinker and his Son*, translated from the French, excites a lively interest, and is well sustained by a very competent company, many of them from the theatres royal. The third, an extravaganza, called *Easter Hunting, or the Johnny Newcomes at Epping*, is a very laughable burlesque upon cockney sportsmen. The company is too numerous for individual remark, yet we cannot pass over in silence Mr. Keely's Clemmy, a pauper apprentice, which he played with much truth and most divertingly. Mr. G. Smith, Mr. Paine, and Miss Johnstone, are among the vocal performers, and the very great exertions of the new manager, Mr. Egerton, in every department, merit, and will, no doubt, receive the support of the dramatic public.

COBURG THEATRE.—This house, which has also received considerable decorations during the recess, opened with new pieces, which appeared to give much satisfaction to the audience.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

The length to which we have extended the review of Lord Byron's tragedy, and the Bishop of Winchester's Life of Fiat, must be our apology for the omission of several articles prepared for the present number.

A G. on the Plagiarisms of a popular living poet, 'Mr. Pury's Criticism on Miss Dance,' and 'Portraits of Living Dissenting Ministers,' No. III. in our next.

The favours of L., J. R. P., G. A. N., and others, have been received.

The review of Ruding's Coinage will be resumed.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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No. 103.

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Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

A Journal of a Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions, in his Majesty's Ships Hecla and Griper, in the years 1819 and 1820. By Alexander Fisher, Surgeon, R. N. 8vo. pp. 320. London, 1821.

THE public has waited with no small degree of anxiety during the last three months for the long-promised account of the last Voyage of Discovery, from the pen of Captain Parry, the enterprising commander of the expedition. Of the reasons which have delayed that publication, we know as little as we do why Surgeon Fisher's twelve shilling volume has stolen into the world, as, except for such persons as ourselves, it would steal out of it,—without notice. In the whole course of our critical labours, we never met with a work so likely to create disappointment as this journal, which appears to be a diary of all the circumstances unworthy of notice that occurred during the voyage. In trifling and silly remarks it strongly reminds us of the cocknies' journal on the first of September; and did we not learn from the title and introduction, that the author is a 'Surgeon, R. N.,' who accompanied Captain Parry in his voyage, and that he is gone out in the new expedition, we should have taken him for a dandy amateur of science.

With the nature and object of Capt. Parry's expedition our readers are already sufficiently acquainted, and were they not, the information is not to be gained from the work before us. The author, whose minuteness about trifles is as ridiculous as his negligence in noticing the most important facts is censurable, sets out with telling us, that the ships left Deptford at half-past eight o'clock, on the 4th of May, 1819, and reached Northfleet at half-past twelve, by the aid of the Eclipse steam-boat. He then tells, what of course is quite new to us, that the country along the banks of the river was, at this time, extremely beautiful, particularly on the right side; he next gives us a wood engraving of Morven

Hill in Banffshire, which just conveys as correct an idea of it, as the Queen's portrait at the top of a half-penny ballad does of the features of her majesty. As he proceeds, he makes new discoveries, in the sagacity of a whale going down tail foremost, when, if it had gone otherwise, probably its tail would have been entangled in the ice. On getting to Baffin's Bay, he is quite delighted to find that arctic foxes are cunning, but that the one which was caught in a trap was not likely to escape for all 'his wily tricks,' and he promises that if Reynard displays any peculiarities deserving of notice, he shall take an opportunity of mentioning them hereafter. The fox, however, did escape before Mr. Fisher could learn any more of his 'wily tricks.' A work in the form of a journal is most convenient, as it enables an author to display so much sagacity. This is done, first, with suggesting an idea, then, a few pages afterwards, being strengthened in the opinion, and, lastly, discovering its reality, on which the author congratulates himself for the pre-science he has displayed.

Most gladly would we wish to give our readers some account of this important voyage, but we despair of doing it from Mr. Fisher's work; we will, however, try what can be done. We have already stated that the expedition sailed on the 4th of May from Deptford; at seven o'clock on the 4th of September, Captain Parry accomplished the first portion of the discovery of the north-west passage in crossing the meridian of 110° of longitude west of Greenwich. The day following, Captain Parry told the ship's company of their success, and congratulated them on it, as they were thus entitled to the Parliamentary reward of 5000l. On the 23d they got within three quarters of a mile of the entrance of Coppermine Harbour, and, after cutting through the ice of a canal, a distance of two miles and one-third, which occupied three days, the ships were warped to the top of the canal, when the men, in the usual way in which British seamen express their joy,

gave three hearty cheers! This place was selected for wintering, and was called 'Winter Harbour.' On the 3d of November, the first number of a weekly Newspaper was commenced, called 'The Winter Chronicle, or New Georgia Gazette;' and, three days after, notwithstanding the thermometer outside the ship stood at zero, and within as low as the freezing point, yet two hours were spent very happily on the quarter deck in witnessing the performance of the force of 'Miss in her Teens' by the officers. The theatre was opened by an appropriate address, written by Mr. Wakefield, and two songs by the same gentleman were sung in the evening. An attempt was made to construct ice guns, but they were all shattered to pieces on the first fire. Mercury was frozen into a solid mass, by being four hours exposed in the open air, at the temperature of 36 degrees below zero; and four parus- lenze, or mock-moons, were discovered in the evening of December, each at the distance of about 21° from the moon. On the 21st of December, Mr. Fisher says—

'This being our shortest day, or, more properly speaking, the day on which the sun is farthest from us; several of the officers went out on the ice at noon with books, to determine whether it was possible to read by the twilight, and, surprising as it may appear, yet we found that the smallest print could be read by it. The book that I took was a small (pocket) Common Prayer-Book, (which was the smallest print I could find,) and, by facing it very towards the south, I could read it very distinctly. As the portion of it that presented itself by chance on this occasion contains a good moral lesson, I hope it will not be considered an idle or impious thing to quote the sentence that happened to be the subject of experiment. It was the first verse of the forty-sixth Psalm: *God is our hope and strength; a very present help in trouble.* In addition to what has been said, I ought also to mention, that the weather at the time was rather cloudy, so that very few stars could be seen, and the moon's declination was about 15° S., consequently below the horizon; therefore the twilight was the only source from which we could receive any light at the time. My object in being so

minute in detailing this circumstance is simply to give an idea of the degree or quantity of light that we still receive from the sun. It must not be understood, therefore, that I mentioned it as any thing extraordinary or unexpected; for even if such were my design, I should be only exposing my own ignorance, since it is known to every person that the twilight does not cease until the sun is eighteen degrees below the horizon, or passed the imaginary line called the crepusculum.

Two days afterwards, the officers performed 'The Mayor of Garrat,' and a new piece, written by Captain Parry, called the 'North West Passage, or the Voyage Finished.' This play was a great favourite with all the crew, who extolled its merits loudly; and the boatswain said, that it was 'in fact real philosophy.' So intense was the cold, that brandy, on being exposed on deck, congealed in half an hour, to the consternation of Hénay; and, on the 15th of February, our author says,—

"As I considered this day to be one of the coldest that we are likely to have this winter, I made an experiment, which, although trivial, deserves to be mentioned, as it exemplifies, in a very simple manner, the rapidity with which water is frozen in such a temperature, as we have had to-day. The experiment in question is thus: I took a quart bottle, full of fresh water, to the main-top, and there poured it through a small cullander, when it was found, that by the time the drops of water had fallen to the roofing over the ship, they had congealed into irregular spherical masses. The height between the main-top and the place on which they fell was forty feet eight inches."

On the 3rd of February, the ship's crew saw the sun after an absence of ninety-two days:—

"During the time the sun was above the horizon, a vertical column of a beautiful red colour extended from it towards the zenith; the colour of it was most brilliant near the sun, and diminished gradually as it went upwards. It was observed also, that it was not always of the same brilliancy, but that it twinkled so that the upper part of it vanished altogether for a moment; it then instantaneously brightened up as splendid as before: this twinkling went on in quick succession, during the whole time the column appeared. Its breadth was about equal to the sun's diameter, and its height, or altitude, when in its greatest splendour, was between four and five degrees."

Of the severity of the cold, we have other instances. The house on shore caught fire, and was materially injured, but—

"Considerable as the fire was, its influence or heat extended but a very little way, for several of the officers and men were frost-bitten; the two men in particu-

lar, who were in the house at the time the fire commenced, suffered very severely; one of them, indeed, is in great danger of losing some of his fingers, for, notwithstanding every effort was, and is still making to restore them to life, most of them are, as yet, without the least sensation. Some idea may be formed of the state they were in when he came on board, from this circumstance, that when they were immersed in a small tub of cold water for the purpose of thawing them, the cold they communicated to the water was so great that a thin film of ice was immediately formed on its surface. This may appear to some to be so extraordinary, as to be almost incredible, and I have no doubt that I should be apt to disbelieve it also, had I not been an eye-witness of the thing myself; but this was certainly one of the coldest days I ever experienced, for it blew very fresh, and the thermometer was at the time we were out at 43° below zero; what must, therefore, be the effect such a cold on a man having his bare hands exposed to it for an hour, as was the case with the man in question?"

And a few days afterwards,—

"One of the men, who was frost-bitten when the house was burnt a fortnight ago, had a part of three fingers of the left, and two of the right hand, amputated to-day, in consequence of what he suffered at that time, having destroyed life in the joints that were removed. Whatever the process is that destroys vitality by means of cold, its effects on the parts that are destroyed are very different from that produced by sphacelus, or mortification of any other kind, that I remember having ever seen; for neither the size, nor the texture of the parts in question, were in the least altered, except that the skin and nails came off a few days ago."

"The destruction of the skin, or rather the detachment of it, has almost invariably taken place in every case of frost-bite that has occurred since the beginning of the winter. Of the mode of treating them, although our practice has been very considerable, I am not aware that we can throw any additional light on the subject. Friction, with snow at first, and afterwards immersion in cold water, until sensation is restored, appears to be the best applications to begin with; and when cold applications did not subdue in a short time, the inflammation that afterwards occurred, I always observed that cataplasms were the most efficacious remedies."

On the 1st of June, the land expedition, consisting of five officers and seven men, set off to explore Melville Island, and returned on the 16th. In the course of their travels, little of interest occurred. Several reindeer were seen, and some ptarmigans were shot. Small pieces of granite, quartz, and felspar, were frequently met with, and vegetation was in a flourishing condition. On the 15th, says Mr. Fisher,—

"After taking a few hours' rest, we all turned (at two o'clock) to build a monument on the top of 'Table Hill', which we finished by six. It is of a circular form, ten feet in diameter at the base, and about eleven feet high. In the centre of it we deposited an empty Doukin's meat-canister, containing a slip of parchment, on which was written the same brief notice that was on the pieces that we left at the other places that I have already mentioned, viz.:—"This was deposited here by a party from his majesty's ships Hecla and Griper, who wintered on this island in 1819 and 1820."

On the 30th of June, William Scott, the boatswain's mate, died, and he was interred on a plain, between two and three hundred yards from the beach. On a slab of sand-stone an inscription was cut, and the stone placed at the head of his grave. Many relics were placed in Winter Harbour, and its geographical position has been determined accurately:—

"The latitude of the spot where the ship lay since the 20th of September, 1819, 74° 47' 13" N."

"Longitude of ditto, by lunar observations, 110° 48' 30" W."

"Variation of the compass, as found on shore, clear of the ship's attraction, 13° E."

On the 1st of August, the vessel quitted Winter Harbour. A manxox was killed, of which the following is a description:—

"The hair on different parts of the body was of different lengths, and of various colours: the prevailing colour, however, was black, and the longest hair was, as above stated, on the rump and hind quarters. He had a thick mane extending from the head to the top of the hunch; the colour of it was of a pale russet. Immediately behind the hunch there was a saddle, or bed, of short hair, of a yellowish white colour, about a foot and a half in length, along the ridge of the back, and nearly of the same breadth. The legs, as far as the knee-joint, were of a dirty white colour, and the hair on them this far was no longer than that on an English ox. At the root of the long hair, there was a finer kind, of an ash colour, which was indeed as fine as any wool, and would certainly, if manufactured, make as fine cloth as any English wool. Mr. Pentan, indeed, mentions, in his description of the musk-ox, that a man of the name of Jeremie had stockings made of the wool, or hair, of that animal, which were equally as fine as

"As this hill is a conspicuous object at a very considerable distance, its geographical position deserves to be mentioned. It was obtained from observations made at the monument that we erected on the top of it, viz.:—Latitude, by meridian altitude, 74° 48' 33" N.; longitude, by chronometer, 23° 04' W. of the ships; variation of the compass, 13° 16' 0" E."

any silk stockings. It would seem, that the animal casts this fleecy covering annually, for, in the thick part of the mane, and on each side of the neck, there was a layer of this wool quite detached from the body of the animal, and only prevented from falling off, from being interwoven amongst the long hair. The hair on his forehead was all matted into small lumps with earth, and the roots of the horns were also covered with it, from which it would appear, that he was in the habit of tearing up the ground with his head; of this, indeed, we were ourselves eye-witnesses in one instance, for after we had surrounded him, so as to prevent his escape, he began rubbing his head against the ground, as if threatening us with destruction if we approached nearer, and I have no doubt, that to any animal that inhabits these regions, he would be a formidable antagonist, not excepting the bear itself. His flesh tastes a good deal of musk; but not so much so, as to be disagreeable; on this point, however, I ought to pay some deference to the opinion of a few persons amongst us who think differently. With regard to the heart and liver, it was agreed by all parties, that they were not very palatable; and those who ate the kidneys say, that they tasted more musky than any other part. To conclude the subject, I have no doubt that people living a little more sedentary than we have been for some time past, would not relish the best part of it very much at first, but it is a taste which, like many others, I think might easily be acquired.

The musk-ox measured six feet ten inches from the snout to the tail, was four feet eight inches high, and weighed seven hundred and fifteen pounds. In the month of October, the vessels reached the Shetland Islands, having lost but one man during the voyage.

Mr. Fisher concludes by saying, that if they have not discovered the North West Passage, they have at least proved its existence. That such may be the case, we will not deny, but we have no evidence of it in his volume, which is as meagre and contemptible a production as has issued from the press for many years. The author's notice of the few objects of natural history that were met with is tediously minute. This is confined to an account of walrus, a white bear, narwhals, and white whales. Two maps, one showing the course of the ships from Baffin's Bay, and the other tracing the routes of the land expedition on Melville's Island, are the only things worthy of notice, and we almost take shame to ourselves for having devoted any portion of our time to a work which has so ill requited our labour.

Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution; including a Narrative of the Expedition of General Xavier Mina. To which are annexed, some Observations on the Practicability of opening a Commerce between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, through the Mexican Isthmus, in the Province of Oaxaca, and at the Lake of Nicaragua. By William Davis Robinson. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 717. London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH there have been several volumes published on the South American revolution, and the events that have occurred are in general very familiar with the public, yet this has not been the case with the revolution in Mexico, the most important of the Spanish possessions in the new world, whether considered with respect to the extent of its fertile territory, the richness of its mines, its population, or its advancement in the arts of civilized life. The melancholy fate of the unfortunate patriot, Mina, who, after contributing to the liberties of his parent country, embarked in the cause of emancipating South America, is known; but we are little aware of the feeble tenure by which Spain retains possession of Mexico. Mina, with a small band, at no time exceeding three hundred and eight in number, advanced from Soto la Marina; fought his way into the interior of Mexico, beating on different occasions large bodies of troops sent to oppose his advance, and succeeded in forming a junction with one of the revolutionary bands. Though this romantic achievement was not crowned with success, yet it must be read with interest, even though the time since it took place has deprived it of the freshness of actual news.

The author of these volumes, Mr. Robinson, is a merchant and citizen of the United States, and a violent partisan of the insurgents in South America; his narrative must, therefore, be received with the due allowance always necessary to be made for an historian who is a party-man. There are, however, other grounds on which we would receive this narrative with caution,—we had almost said suspicion,—and these are furnished by Mr. Robinson's account of himself; an account which, although he appears to attach much importance to it, is of no further general interest than in enabling us to judge of his claims to the title of a faithful historian. We shall not go to Grotius, Vattel, or Puffendorf, to know the laws of belligerents, or how

far an intriguing non-combatant may evade the laws of nations; but we will take Mr. Robinson's own avowal, and leave our readers to judge whether he was a partisan of the insurgents or not. It appears, then, that Mr. Robinson landed on the Mexican coast in 1816; that he accompanied the Insurgent-General Terán, in his enterprise against Guasacualco, which failed; our author retreated into a small thicket, where he remained *six days*, when, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, he delivered himself up to the Spanish officers,—was condemned to death,—but, pleading the benefit of the *indulto*, his Catholic Majesty's pardon was granted. That he was afterwards sent to Spain by the Governor of Vera Cruz, who recommended his close confinement for life, on account of the information he possessed relating to Mexico, but that, after a confinement, in all of about two years and a-half, he was liberated. Such are the facts as stated by Mr. R. respecting himself, and he complains loudly of his treatment, because he was a neutral: what sort of a neutral, will appear by the following extract from his own statement:—

If the fact of his having visited New Grenada, Caracas, and Mexico, during the political commotions of those countries, for the purpose of ascertaining their actual condition, and of procuring the revolutionists, as a neutral merchant, by all fair and honourable means, renders him an enemy to Spain,—then is he her enemy. If cherishing those sentiments, and a determination to persevere in promoting the independence of South America and Mexico, by every means in his power, consistent with his duties as a citizen of the United States, proves him to entertain criminal intentions towards the Spanish government,—then, indeed, is he criminal.

Dismissing the author, we shall now proceed to his work, which contains a detailed narrative of the Mexican revolution; a biographical memoir of Mina,—his enterprises in old Spain,—and his last unfortunate adventure in the new world. There are also some interesting notices respecting Mexico,—the country—population—state of society, &c. We shall not follow our author in his narrative, which contains many heart-sickening details of the ferocious and sanguinary character of the war in Mexico. Indeed, the whole history of the South American revolution is but one unmixt scene of bloodshed and carnage, and the conduct of both parties in the contest would have disgraced even the savages of New Zealand. Mr. Robinson is of opinion,

that had Mina landed with 1500 or 2000 men, instead of 270, in any part of the Mexican kingdom, he could have marched direct upon the city of Mexico, and overturned the Spanish government almost without a struggle. That a man of Mina's character and talents might have done this, we will not deny, but in the whole of the contest in South America, there must have been great apathy, or very bad management, when General Morillo, with very slender resources, was able so long to maintain the contest. Mina, soon after he landed in Mexico, encountered the enemy at Poetillos; and, although their numbers quadrupled his, yet he gained a complete victory, achieved by his own personal bravery, and the gallant example he set to his followers. The following circumstance, connected with this engagement, is related by the author:—

“During the action, a trumpeter was made prisoner by a major of the enemy's cavalry. The major immediately forced him to dismount, and then gave him his carbine to carry. The trumpeter soon ascertained that it was loaded, and when he found that the enemy's troops were in a state of confusion, he suddenly presented the carbine at the major, and peremptorily ordered him to dismount; he did so, and the trumpeter jumping into the saddle, ordered the major to march before him, observing to him, “As you are obliged to walk, sir, I'll not trouble you to carry the gun. So much pleased was the major with the manner in which he was treated, that, although Mina gave him his liberty, he subsequently joined a division of the patriots.”

After a short but glorious career, Mina and his little band, left without support, were surprised by a very superior force, under Orrantia, while in their encampment:—

“The alarm was given; the troopers of Mina, finding themselves cut off from their horses at pasture, mingled with the infantry, whose first impulse was to save themselves by flight. If thirty infantry only had united at that juncture, such was the situation of the ground, that they could have repelled the whole force of Orrantia, or at least could have held him in check, and made good their retreat. But officers and soldiers thought of nothing but their own safety; in the utmost disorder they rushed forward to gain the summit of the hills, and thence escape by the barrancas in the rear. Mina, awakened by the noise and tumult of his flying troops, started from the floor, and rushed out of the house in the same apparel in which he had passed the night, without coat, hat, or even his sword. Regardless of his person, the first object was to attempt the rallying of his flying troops;

but all his exertions were unavailing, for he soon found himself alone. He beheld the enemy pursuing and cutting down his flying comrades, and attempted, when too late, to secure his own safety; but the enemy were upon him. In the act of hallooing to the fugitives to halt and form, he was seized by a dragoon, and having no arms whatever, resistance was perfectly useless.

“If Mina, on first leaving the house, had attempted to escape, he might have succeeded with as much ease as many others; but such a thought, we believe, never entered his mind. His favourite servant, a coloured boy of New Orleans, after the general left the house, saddled his best horse, and went in pursuit of his master, carrying likewise his sword and pistols; but unfortunately he found him not.

“The dragoon who captured Mina was ignorant of the rank of his prisoner, until informed of it by the general himself. He was then pinioned, and conducted into the presence of Orrantia, who, in the most arrogant manner, began to reproach him for having taken up arms against his sovereign, and interrogated him concerning his motives in thus becoming a traitor, insulting him, and lavishing upon him the bitterest criminations. Mina, who on the most trying occasions never lost his presence of mind and characteristic firmness, repelled to these interrogatories in so sarcastic a strain, and with such strong expressions of contempt and indignation manifested in his countenance, that the brutal Orrantia started from his seat, and beat with the flat of his sword his disarmed and pinioned prisoner. Mina, motionless as a statue, endured this indignity; and then, with a crest brightened by conscious greatness, and an eye glowing with the fires of an elevated spirit, looked down upon his conqueror, and said, “I regret being made a prisoner; but to fall into the hands of one regardless of the character of a Spaniard and a soldier, renders my misfortunes doubly keen.” The magnanimity of Mina filled every man present with admiration, and even Orrantia stood confounded with the severity of his rebuke.”

“Orrantia, after the disgraceful scene we have already noticed, inquired the force of the patriots in his neighbourhood; Mina informed him; when, conceiving, perhaps, that a desperate effort might be made to rescue the general, he immediately retreated upon Silao, with his prisoner, who was treated with every indignity. This ungenerous treatment was borne by Mina with his characteristic fortitude; the situation of his companions engrossed his reflections, and while on the road, his endeavours to cheer them were constant.

“On reaching Silao, he was put into irons by his savage conductor. Thence he was removed to Irapuato, and, finally, to Llan's head-quarters, in front of Tepeaca, at Los Remedios, where he was committed to the care of the regiment of

Navarra. His treatment there was such as a brave man deserved; every humane attention being shown him, and his situation made as comfortable as circumstances would admit.”

“Upon the arrival at Mexico of the express which had been dispatched to announce the capture of Mina, couriers were sent by the viceroy to every part of the kingdom, to convey the cheering intelligence. Te Deums were chanted in the churches; salutes of artillery, illuminations, and rejoicings, took place in every town in the possession of the royalists; and such was the general joy among them, that they hailed the capture of Mina as the termination of the revolution. These demonstrations, on the part of the government and its adherents, are in themselves no common eulogium on the character of Mina.

“In the city of Mexico, a great anxiety prevailed to behold Mina, and had he reached that place, much interest would have been made to save his life; but the viceroy, fearing the consequences that might ensue should he be brought thither, and being in constant dread lest he should escape, dispatched an order to Llan for the immediate execution of his prisoner.

“When this order was communicated to Mina, he received it without any visible emotion. He continued to resist all overtures, for the purpose of drawing information from him, but regretted that he had not landed in Mexico one year sooner, when his services would have been more effective. He likewise regretted quitting life so deeply indebted to certain individuals, who had generously aided his enterprise.

“On the 11th of November, (as well as we can now recollect,) he was conducted under a military escort to the fatal ground, attended by a file of the cadadores of the regiment of Zaragoza. In this last scene of his life was the hero of Navarra not un mindful of his character; with a firm step he advanced to the fatal spot, and with his usual serenity, told the soldiers to take good aim, “*Y no me hagais sufrir*,” (and don't let me suffer.) The officer commanding gave the accustomed signal; the soldiers fired; and that spirit fled from earth, which, for all the virtues and qualities which constitute the hero and the patriot, seemed to have been born for the good of mankind.

“So anxious was the government that his death should be confirmed, that Llan was instructed to detach a surgeon from each European regiment, and the captain of each company, to attend the execution, who should certify that Mina was dead, and, moreover, describe the manner in which the balls entered his body, and note the one that caused his death. This was done, and the singular document was afterwards published in the Gazette of Mexico.

“Thus perished this gallant youth, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. His

short but brilliant career entitles him to a distinguished place on the list of those heroes who have shed their blood in bold and generous exertions to break the tyrant's sceptre, and to extend the blessings of freedom among the human race.

We shall not pursue the narrative farther, but select a few desultory passages; and, first, of the massacres of the belligerent parties:—

Massacres by the Royalists.—Of the extent of those barbarities, some idea may be formed, when we state, that within the last nine years, it appears, from Spanish official documents, that there have been sacrificed, in cold blood, by hangings, shooting, and other modes of execution, eighty thousand prisoners, in those three provinces. We must bear in mind, that in these eighty thousand victims are not included many thousand others, who were put to death by a brutal soldiery, whenever they visited a village, the sentiments of whose inhabitants they suspected to be favourable to the insurgents. How many inoffensive men, women, and children have been slaughtered, of whose fate no further notice has been taken, in the official dispatches of the royal commanders, than in the following words:—"The town or pueblo of —, with all its inhabitants has disappeared from the face of the earth!"

In June, 1816, the Spanish General Morillo, entered the city of Santa Fé de Bogotá, then called the capital of New Grenada. In one of his despatches from thence, which was intercepted in its passage to Spain, he boldly describes the measures which he had pursued, in the following words:—"Every person, of either sex, capable of reading or writing, were treated as rebels. By thus cutting off all who could read or write, he hoped effectually to arrest the spirit of revolution." The authenticity of such an extraordinary official communication, might admit of some doubt, if the monster who penned it had not in reality executed the savage deeds therein announced. All persons in Santa Fé and in Carthagena, who had been distinguished by their learning or eminence in science, or who had held stations in the provincial administrations, and in the congress with their wives and daughters, were thrown into loathsome dungeons. Six hundred of them were hanged or shot, and their bodies exhibited on gibbets. All the females who were accomplished in literature, of which there were many, suffered the same fate. The learned and benevolent Mutis, of whom Humboldt has spoken in terms of admiration; Lozano and Caldos, who were his disciples in philosophy; a distinguished chemist, and several other men of science, who had not borne arms; nor held any public trust, were put to death by order of Morillo. Some of the females were indebted for the preservation of their lives merely to the fatigue of the executioners; these wo-

men were afterwards exiled. Nearly the whole population of Santa Fé supplicated Morillo to spare the life of the venerable Mutis; but the savage was inexorable, openly avowing, that learned Creoles were more dangerous enemies than the insurgents in arms.

The brief view we have taken of the murders of unfortunate Creoles, in the three provinces before mentioned, we are well convinced, embraces but a small part of the numbers which have perished; and were we to say, that one hundred and fifty thousand, instead of eighty thousand, have been deliberately slaughtered by the royalists, we conceive that we should still be short of the actual number of victims.

Massacres by the Insurgents.—Bolivar dispatched an order to the governor of the city of Caracas, to execute every European Spaniard who was confined in that city, or at La Guayra. This dreadful order was carried into literal and prompt execution, and not more than twenty or thirty of the European Spaniards, who were prisoners, were saved from the terrible sentence.

The author of this work, as well as many other foreigners, was present at the execution of above eight hundred of these victims at La Guayra. They were taken out of the dungeons, and conducted in pairs a short distance from the town, and there shot; after which, their bodies were burned. Many of these unfortunate beings, who knew that their sacrifice was the result of the unfeeling obstinacy and cruelty of the Spanish government and its officers, deliberately conversed on the subject while walking to the place of execution, and several of them uttered the most horrible curses against the authors of their calamities.

Mexican Clergy.—The Mexican clergy are far less numerous than is generally supposed. According to a late enlightened traveller, M. de Humboldt, the secular clergy and regulars who wear the cowl, do not exceed ten, and including the lower orders attached to the convents, fourteen thousand; being about three for every thousand inhabitants. The kingdom is divided into one archbishopric and eight bishoprics. The revolution has materially reduced their incomes; but, prior to that event, the dignitaries received the following immense annual revenues:—

	Dollars.
Archbishop of Mexico . . .	130,000
Bishop of La Puebla . . .	110,000
— Valladolid . . .	100,000
— Guadalajara . . .	90,000
— Durango . . .	35,000
— Monterey . . .	30,000
— Yucatan . . .	20,000
— Oaxaca . . .	18,000
— Sonora . . .	6,000

The canons receive from seven to nine thousand dollars, and the sub-canons, from two to four thousand dollars, each.

The revenue of the church was derived principally from tithes. Its lands

were in value about two and-a-half millions of dollars; and it held mortgages to an immense amount, about forty millions of dollars.

Costume of Mexican Officers.—The grotesque figure of the colonel surprised the division. He wore a threadbare roundabout brown jacket, decorated with a quantity of tarnished silver lace, and a red waistcoat; his shirt collar, fancifully cut and embroidered, was flying open, and a black silk handkerchief was hanging loosely round his neck. He also wore a pair of short, loose, rusty, olive-coloured velvet breeches, also decorated with lace; and round his legs were wrapped a pair of dressed deer-skins, tied under the knee by a garter. He had on a pair of country-made shoes; and on each heel was a tremendous iron spur, inlaid with silver, weighing near a pound, with rowels four inches in diameter. On his head was placed a country-made hat, with an eight inch brim, ornamented with a broad silver band, in the front of which was stuck a large picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe, inclosed in a frame, and protected by a glass. He was mounted on a fine horse, and armed with a brace of pistols, a Spanish Toledo, and an immensely long lance. His men were equipped much in the same style; but were principally clad and armed with the spoils taken from the enemy. Though these Mexican Cosacs were thus singularly and rudely equipped, they were robust-looking fellows, accustomed to hardships and severe privations, and full of courage.

The Peasantry.—At the vast estates of the Marquess of Jalisco, extending over upwards of two hundred miles in length, the miserable labourers exist, as is customary throughout Mexico, almost entirely on tortillas and chile. No part of the earth exhibits such striking, and such monstrous contrasts of wealth and misery, as well in the country as in the cities, as Mexico. We behold the proprietor of a hacienda, decked in a style of the most costly but awkward grandeur. He has on a pair of country made boots, which cost from fifty to a hundred dollars; large spurs, inlaid with gold and silver; a superb horse, with a bridle and saddle which cost from a hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars; a cloak or mantles, richly embroidered, and full of gold or silver buttons, laces, and fringe. He lives in a spacious house, within whose walls every luxury is to be found that the country affords; but when he sallies forth, he is lost amidst a group of half-dressed, badly-led wretches, whose only dress is sheep-skins, if in the country, or if in town, their shoulders are covered by an old blanket or a sheet, serving them for a partial covering by day, and a bed at night. No species of attention is ever paid by the lord of the soil to the comfort or wants of his tenants or servants, and a more wretched race of cultivators does not exist under the canopy of heaven.

than the Indian labourers on these estates, and in the mining districts. Twenty-five cents, or two reals, are the daily wages of a labourer; out of which pittance he has to clothe and feed himself and family, and to pay the government and parochial extortions. No wonder, therefore, that he rarely tastes of animal food. In fact, the situation of a Georgia field-negro, is superior, notwithstanding all the royal writers say to the contrary.

The last chapter of this work contains an examination of the different routes to the Pacific Ocean, and fixes on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec as the narrowest part of America, and the most favourable for forming a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. There is much sound reasoning in the author's disquisition on this subject, and on the commercial advantages of such a communication. He says,—

From the River Mississippi, a steam vessel could, with ease, perform a voyage to the port of Guasacualco, in six days. Allowing *seven* days for the transportation of property across the Isthmus, and *eighty* for the voyage to China, it will be seen that by steam navigation, a voyage could be performed from the United States to China, in *eighty-three* days. This will be more clearly evinced by the following actual computation of the distances.

The ordinary route from Philadelphia to Canton.....	16,130
By steam-boat navigation and conveyance through the Isthmus of Oaxaca, from and to the same places.—	
From Philadelphia to Guasacualco.....	2,100
Passage over to Tehuantepec, by land and water.....	120
From Tehuantepec, by the islands lying nearly in the direct course to Canton.—	
To the Sandwich Islands 3,835	
Ladrones do.....	3,900
Canton.....	2,080
	9,815
	12,035

Actual distance saved..... 4,115

From Philadelphia to Columbia River, by the usual route of Cape Horn..... 18,261
From the same to the same, by the proposed route.—

To Guasacualco, and over land.....	2,320
From Tehuantepec to the Columbia.....	2,760

Actual distance saved..... 13,261

We consider this by far the most valuable part of Mr. Robinson's work, and containing much information on a subject highly interesting; for, although America would be most benefited by the proposed communication,

yet the advantages to Europe, and to England in particular, would be very considerable.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable William Pitt. By George Tomline, D. D. F. R. S. Lord Bishop of Winchester.

(Continued from p. 265.)

On the promotion of Lord Shelburne to the head of the Treasury, in 1782, Mr. Pitt was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, although he was then little more than twenty-three years of age. He did not, like other eminent statesmen who have begun their career in the House of Commons, previously pass through the routine of subordinate office, nor did he wait until that period of life which has generally been considered as necessary to mature the judgment and to qualify even men of the most brilliant talents for the higher departments of the executive government. Mr. Pitt had not been long in office, when the new ministry wished to gain some additional strength; he positively objected to any offer being made to Lord North, but waited on Mr. Fox by appointment, to invite him to return to office:—

As soon as Mr. Fox heard the object of Mr. Pitt's visit, he asked whether it was intended that Lord Shelburne should remain first lord of the Treasury, to which Mr. Pitt answered in the affirmative. Mr. Fox immediately replied, that it was impossible for him to belong to any administration of which Lord Shelburne was the head. Mr. Pitt observed, that if that was his determination, it would be useless for him to enter into any further discussion, "as he did not come to betray Lord Shelburne;" and he took his leave. This was, I believe, the last time Mr. Pitt was in a private room with Mr. Fox, and from this period may be dated that political hostility which continued through the remainder of their lives.

The "very extraordinary and unnatural coalition," (as it has been justly termed,) of Lord North and Mr. Fox, and the result of two divisions in the House of Commons on the subject of the peace, induced the new ministry to tender their resignations. The King proposed to Mr. Pitt to succeed Lord Shelburne, as first Lord of the Treasury, with full power to nominate his colleagues; but this offer, so dazzling to a young man, was, on mature deliberation, refused; and, in March, 1783, he resigned the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Fox and North administration succeeded, and continued until, says our author, "the rejection of Mr. Fox's India Bill by the

House of Lords, afforded his Majesty an opportunity of removing ministers, whom he had been compelled to admit into office, but to whom he had never given his confidence."

At this important juncture, Mr. Pitt readily accepted from his Majesty the offer of being at the head of the Treasury. Lord Temple became Secretary of State, but popular clamour compelled him to resign, three days after his appointment. This is said to be the only event of a public nature that his biographer ever knew to disturb Mr. Pitt's rest. Early in 1784, the clerkship of the Pells, a lucrative office in the gift of the first lord of the Treasury, fell vacant, when Mr. Pitt gave a noble instance of his disinterestedness. He had been urged to keep it himself, nor, considering that he was a younger son, without fortune, and held his situation very precariously, could he have been censured if he had availed himself of this opportunity to secure a permanent and adequate income; but—

He neither accepted the office himself, nor conferred it upon a relation or friend; nor did he dispose of it with a view of increasing his political influence—he gave it to Colonel Barré, upon condition of his resigning a pension of 3,000*l.* a year, which was nearly equal to the value of the office; and thus a saving to that amount was made to the public.

This act of patriotic disinterestedness excited no surprise in those who knew Mr. Pitt intimately; but upon other conduct, so widely different from the practice of former ministers, could not but make a strong impression. It was frequently mentioned in both houses of Parliament, with high admiration and applause; and it certainly contributed, in so small degree, to raise his character in the public estimation at a most important moment. Lord Thurlow, in speaking upon this subject in the House of Lords, acknowledged, that he had been shabby enough to advise Mr. Pitt to take this office, as it had so fairly fallen into his hands; and he believed he should have been shabby enough to have done so himself, as other great and exalted characters had so recently set him the example; and he was so shabby as to think, that there was no occasion for him to tower above his noble predecessors in office, and to aspire to higher acts of disinterestedness and spirit. But Mr. Pitt, with notions of purity, not only very uncommon in these degenerate days, but scarcely paralleled in the purest times of Greece and Rome, had nobly preferred the public to the consideration of his own interest. Lord Colonel Barré soon after this office was made to him, and nothing could exceed the warm terms in which he spoke of it in a public view: "Sir, it is the act of a

man, who feels that he stands upon a high eminence in the eyes of that country which he is destined to govern."

Mr. Pitt began his new administration very inauspiciously, but he appears from the commencement of his political career, to have had the confidence of his Majesty, as will be seen by the following facts:—

'On the first day he [Mr. Pitt] appeared in the House of Commons, after his re-election, he was left in two minorities, the one of thirty-nine, and the other of fifty-four; and five hostile motions were carried against him. The most reproachful terms, which disappointed ambition and political animosity could suggest, were applied to his principles and his conduct; and he was denied those common civilities which had been hitherto invariably shewn to the minister of the crown. Having written to the King, at Windsor, a general account of these proceedings, he received the following answer:—"Mr. Pitt cannot but suppose that I received his communication of the two divisions in the long debate, which ended this morning, with much uneasiness, as it shews the House of Commons much more willing to enter into any intemperate resolutions of desperate men, than I could have imagined. As to myself, I am perfectly composed, as I have the self-satisfaction of feeling I have done my duty. Though I think Mr. Pitt's day will be fully taken up in considering with the other ministers, what measures are best to be proposed on the present crisis; yet, that no delay may arise from my absence, I will dine in town, and consequently be ready to see him in the evening, if he should think that would be of utility. At all events, I am ready to take any step that may be proposed to oppose this faction, and to struggle to the last period of my life; but I can never submit to throw myself into its power. If they, in the end, succeed, my line is a clear one, and to which I have fortitude enough to submit."

In another letter to Mr. Pitt, his Majesty, referring to a dissolution of Parliament as a necessary measure, thus expresses himself: "The opposition will certainly throw every difficulty in our way; but we must be men, and if we mean to save the country, we must cut those threads that cannot be unravelled. Half measures are ever puerile, and often destructive." The systematic opposition made to the new ministry in the House of Commons, and the various attempts that were made to overturn it, gave the King much uneasiness. In a letter to Mr. Pitt, written on the day that an address was to be moved in the Lords, to the King, for a change of ministers, his Majesty writes,—

"I trust the House of Lords will this

day feel, that the hour is come, for which the wisdom of our ancestors established that respectable corps in the state, to prevent either the crown or the commons from encroaching on the rights of each other. Indeed, should not the Lords stand boldly forth, this constitution must soon be changed; for, if the two only remaining privileges of the crown are infringed, that of negating bills which have passed both houses of Parliament, and that of naming the ministers to be employed, I cannot but feel, as far as regards my person, that I can be no longer of utility to this country, nor can with honour continue in this island." From this extract, coupled with the conclusion of his former letter, as well as from other authorities, it is evident, that the King had, at this time, serious intentions of retiring to Hanover, in case Mr. Fox and his party should prevail.

In consequence of the eagerness so often expressed in both houses of Parliament for a union of parties, Mr. Pitt advised the King to propose an interview between the Duke of Portland and himself, (Mr. Pitt,) for the purpose of endeavouring to form an administration:—

'This suggestion was received by his Majesty with considerable surprise and agitation; and the next morning he wrote to Mr. Pitt the following letter, dated Feb. 15th, 1794:—

"*Queen's House, 30 m. past 10 a. m.*

"Mr. Pitt is so well apprised of the mortification I feel at any possibility of ever again seeing the heads of opposition in public employments, and more particularly Mr. Fox, whose conduct has not been more marked against my station in the empire, than against my person, that he must attribute my want of perspicuity in my conversation last night, to that foundation, yet I should imagine it must be an ease to his mind, in conferring with the other confidential ministers this morning, to have on paper my sentiments, which are the result of unremitting consideration, since he left me last night, and which he has my consent to communicate, if he judges it right, to the above respectable persons.

"My present situation is, perhaps, the most singular that ever occurred, either in the annals of this or any other country; for the House of Lords, by a not less majority than near two to one, have declared in my favour; and my subjects at large, in a much more considerable proportion, are not less decided; to combat which, opposition have only a majority of twenty, or at most of thirty, in the House of Commons, who, I am sorry to add, seem as yet willing to prevent the public supplies. Though I certainly have never much valued popularity; yet I do not think it is to be despised, when arising from a rectitude of conduct, and when it is to be retained by following the same respectable path, which conviction

makes me esteem that of duty, as calculated to prevent one branch of the legislature from annihilating the other two, and seizing also the executive power, to which she has no claim.

"I confess I have not yet seen the smallest appearance of sincerity in the leaders of the opposition, to come into the only mode by which I could tolerate them in my service, their giving up the idea of having the administration in their hands, and coming in as a respectable part of one on a broad basis; and, therefore, I, with a jealous eye, look on any words dropped by them, either in Parliament, or to the gentlemen of the St. Albans Tavern, as meant only to gain those gentlemen, or, if carrying farther views, to draw Mr. Pitt, by a negotiation, into some difficulty.

"Should the ministers, after discussing this, still think it advisable, that an attempt should be made to try, whether an administration can be formed on a real not a nominal, wide basis, and that Mr. Pitt, having repeatedly, and as fruitlessly, found it impossible to get even an interview on what opposition pretends to admit is a necessary measure, I will, though reluctantly, go personally so far as to authorize a message to be carried, in my name, to the Duke of Portland, expressing a desire that he and Mr. Pitt may meet to confer on the means of forming an administration, on a wide basis, as the only means of entirely healing the divisions which stop the business of the nation. The only person I can think, from his office, as well as personal character, proper to be sent by me, is Lord Sydney; but should the Duke of Portland, when required by me, refuse to meet Mr. Pitt, more especially upon the strange plea he has as yet held forth, I must here declare that I shall not deem it right for me ever to address myself again to him.

"The message must be drawn on paper, as must every thing in such a negotiation, as far as my name is concerned; and I trust, when I next see Mr. Pitt, if, under the present circumstances, the other ministers shall agree with him in thinking such a proposition advisable, that he will bring a sketch of such a message, for my inspection.

"GEORGE R."

A message was sent to the Duke of Portland from his Majesty, expressing his earnest desire, that his grace should have a personal interview with Mr. Pitt, for the purpose of forming an administration, on fair and equal terms. The Duke objected to the word 'equal,' and Mr. Pitt refusing to explain it except at a personal interview, the negotiation was broken off.

While the House of Commons was debating, resolving, and addressing, night after night, for the purpose of driving Mr. Pitt from his office, the City of London voted him thanks for his conduct, with the freedom of the city.

Mr. Pitt dined with the Grocer's Company, and was addressed in an excellent and flattering speech by Mr. Wilkes:—

When Mr. Pitt returned at night, he was attended a considerable part of the way, by many respectable persons, besides an immense concourse of people. As the populace were dragging the coach, in which were himself, Lord Chatham, and Lord Mahon, up St. James's Street, opposite to a club-house, frequented by his political opponents, they were suddenly attacked by men, armed with bludgeons and broken chair poles, among whom were distinguished several members of the club; some of the mob made their way to the carriage, forced open the door, and aimed several violent blows at Mr. Pitt, from which Lord Chatham, at his own risk, was very instrumental in protecting him. At length Mr. Pitt and his companions, with great difficulty, made their escape to a neighbouring house, without any material personal injury to themselves; but their servants, and several persons who came to their assistance, were much bruised, and the carriage was nearly demolished.

One of the most important and interesting features in these volumes, is the correspondence of his late venerable Majesty with Mr. Pitt; and we are anxious to select such points, as best illustrate the character of our revered sovereign, and shew his opinion of his ministers. In one of his Majesty's letters to Mr. Pitt, therein the following just remark:—

"I cannot conclude without expressing my fullest approbation of the conduct of Mr. Pitt on Monday; in particular his employing a razor against his antagonists, and never condescending to run into that rudeness which, though common in that house, certainly never becomes a gentleman; if he proceeds in this mode of oratory, he will bring debates into a shape more creditable, and correct that, as well as I trust many other evils, which time and temper can only effect."

We shall pass over the India bill, and the financial plans of Mr. Pitt for the reduction of the national debt, which are discussed at too great length, and shall conclude for the present with noticing one of Mr. Pitt's speeches in Parliament. Mr. Fox had been returned for Westminster, and Mr. Adams, in the House of Commons, spoke of the circumstance as being a glorious check to the career of ministers. Mr. Pitt, in reply to Mr. Adams, said,—

The ingenuity of the learned gentleman had found out, that the right honourable gentleman's (Mr. Fox's) election was almost unanimous, although they had that day been inquiring why no return had been made, and had learnt, that many

thousands voted for two other candidates. But, said the learned gentleman, the success was wonderful, considering that the right honourable gentleman had to contend with the powers of public office, with the powers of the East India Company, and with what the learned gentleman was pleased to term, popular phrenzy. "The right honourable gentleman," said Mr. Pitt, "has to lament, that he had to contend with the powers of public office, because he endeavoured to subvert government. He has to lament, that he had to contend with the East India Company, because he endeavoured to seize upon their property, and to violate their most sacred rights, sanctioned by charters, and secured to them by statutes. And he has to lament, that he had to contend with what is termed popular phrenzy, because the people at large have seen and condemned his conduct. But what allies the right honourable gentleman had to fight for him, is not noticed. The degree of influence used in his favour has not been observed upon; nor any respect paid to those charms, which alone can supersede every other consideration among us all, and command unanimity, when nothing else could command it." Having pursued this vein of mixed sarcasm and ridicule, Mr. Pitt took notice of Mr. Fox's glories not being confined to Westminster, but extended to the extremest corner of the island, to which the right honourable gentleman's partialities had not formerly gone:—

• Via prima salutis,

Quod minime reris, gratia pandetur ab urbe.
His success at Ross and Kirkwall ought not, he thought, to be denied its share of praise; it was well entitled to—

"Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples, to which is subjoined a sketch of the immediate circumstances attending the late Revolution. By the Hon. Richard Keppel Craven. London, 1821. 4to. pp. 449.

PROPOSING to ourselves to despatch Mr. Craven and his work in one notice, and presuming that his name is already familiar to the public, as the Vice Chamberlain of her Majesty, we shall not long detain our readers with critical remarks, but endeavour to select such parts as are most novel and interesting. Mr. Craven appears to be a gentleman of polished manners, and an excellent classical scholar. With these advantages, Naples afforded him a good opportunity for observation: and he has detailed the result, in an elegant and well-written itinerary. The tour was commenced in April, 1818, and was continued during the spring and

summer of that year. The author kept a journal during the whole of his tour; and about half of the present volume was written in its present state, but without any immediate view of publication. We now proceed to our extracts.

Mr. Craven reached the city of Foggia, just after the Vardurelli band had been newly exterminated. This band, so named from their chief and his brothers, had for about two years committed great depredations in Apulia, until at last they were allowed to form a regular corps, still commanded by the same leader, who received a monthly salary, and engaged to serve the provinces which he had so long ravaged, from all similar attacks for the future. The remains of this band had presented themselves to the general commanding at Foggia, and had an altercation with him:—

The general finally commanded the two leaders to repair to his own apartment to speak to them; this they objected to do without their arms, which they declared they would never part from, and it is supposed that the language they made use of in the course of their argument so exasperated the officer, that he roughly pushed one of them back, who was using threatening gestures, on which the other fired his musket at him, but having missed his mark, was shot dead on the spot by the sentry at the gate; this was the signal for an attack from his companions, that was immediately answered by a round of musketry from the troops who were drawn out close to them, which killed several and spread consternation among the crowds of town-people who had assembled on the spot. Four of the band, who had presence of mind to spring upon their horses, escaped in different directions out of the town, though followed by cavalry and fired at as they fled. Another portion were made prisoners; but a third division sought security in a cellar, the first place of refuge which offered itself, and which, having one very low entrance, afforded them a defensible asylum for some time; the depth and darkness of this receptacle made it difficult to attack them with success, for they killed a soldier, and wounded several others who had ventured too near the aperture. Of this last desperate set, four, however, gave themselves up, and made known the number that remained. In order to bring as speedily a termination as possible to the dismay and agitation which this event had spread throughout the city, two of those who had been last taken were sent in to their companions, with their hands tied, to persuade them to surrender, and to inform them that if they persevered in a resistance, which, from the local nature of their retreat, must be unavailing, a straw fire would be lighted at the office,

as the only means of hastening their compliance or destruction. The unfortunate men never returned, and no answer being given, this threat was put into actual execution, and the aperture blocked up with stones. Imagination pictures their situation as most horrible; but its terrors were eluded by the last resource of despair. Two hours after, the cellar was entered without opposition, and their lifeless bodies covered with wounds, indicated the death they had received at each other's hands.'

At Polignano, our author visited the fine cave mentioned by Swinburne, and of which the *Voyage Pittoresque* gives a very beautiful plate:—

'It is an immense cavity, hollowed by the hand of time and the equally unceasing attacks of the waves in the rock on which the town is built, and the sea is admitted to it through two stupendous natural arches. Some steps, hewn in the stone, lead to a causeway constructed considerably above the level of the water, on the projecting masses of the limestone, forming the buttresses of one of these apertures; and which being furnished with a stone balustrade and seats, admits the traveller to a distinct inspection of the interior. It derives its principal beauties from the combinations or rather contrasts of light and shade cast on the rich colour of the impending vault, or reflected in the deepest recesses of the transparent semicircular pool of sea water below. Towards the north the eye catches the windings of the shore, which, without any pretensions to a bold or picturesque outline, are sufficiently broken and diversified to add considerably to the beauties of this extended sea view.'

In the description of Ostuni, Mr. Craven gives an account of a celebrated duel, which took place in that town about the year 1664. At that period, the management of the sword was not only considered as the most fashionable and manly accomplishment, that a nobleman could possibly possess, but was generally practised by all ranks; for it is noted that even at a less remote era, the fishermen of Taranto, after their daily labours, were wont to meet in the evening, and resort to the recreation of fencing. The following details are strongly indicative of the temper and manners of the times:—

'The Count of Conversano, called also Duke of Le Noci, of the family of Aquaviva, and the Prince of Francavilla, of that of Imperiali, were the two most powerful lords in lower Apulia: the former boasted of his ancient descent, his numerous titles, and his great domains, and numbered among his predecessors a succession of nobles whose tyrannical and violent disposition had designated them as a race dreaded by their inferiors, and hated by their equals. The Prince of Francavilla was of Genoese extrac-

tion, but his family had been settled in the kingdom from the time of Charles the Fifth, and he emulated the Count in pride, while he surpassed him in wealth. Their territories joined, and the constant litigations arising out of their inordinate but ill-timed jurisdictions, were thereby superadded to the long list of mutual injuries recorded by both families. Their animosity broke out at Naples, on some trifling occasion, when they were each in their carriage, and, after a long contest of words, the Count of Conversano challenged the Prince of Francavilla to decide their difference by the sword; the latter declined this mode of combat, as ill suited to his age and infirmities, but consented to the duel if the arms might be exchanged for pistols. His antagonist, who was esteemed the best swordsman in the kingdom, insisted on his first proposal, and excited the Prince to accede to it by the application of several blows with the flat side of his weapon. An insult so grossly offered in the public streets authorised the existing government, carried on through the administration of a Viceroy, to suspend or check the consequences likely to arise, by placing the aggressor under arrest for a time, and subsequently ordering them both to retire to their respective estates. But the feelings of unsatisfied hatred and of insulted pride in the other, were not likely to be allayed by this exclusion from the world: and in a short time the Prince of Francavilla proposed a champion in his cause, in the person of his sister's only son, the Duke of Martina, of the house of Caraccioli. This young man was but just returned from his travels, and his education was not completed, so that although the Count of Conversano admitted, with a brutal anticipation of success, the substitution of this youthful adversary, it was agreed that a year more should elapse previous to the final termination of their differences, and the field of battle was fixed at Ostuni, the jurisdiction of which town had been previously claimed and disputed by both noblemen. The eyes of the whole kingdom were directed with anxious and fearful expectation towards this spot; but the wishes of the majority were entirely on the side of the Duke of Martina, whose youth, accomplishments, and amiable disposition called forth the interest of all ranks. His uncle, actuated more by the apprehensions of shame in the event of defeat, than by feelings of affection for his relative, endeavoured to insure success by the following stratagem: A gentleman, who had been some time, as was the custom in those days, a retainer in his family, left it abruptly one night, and sought the Count of Conversano's castle, into which he gained admission by a recital of injurious treatment and fictitious wrongs, heaped upon him by the tyrannical and arbitrary temper of the Prince of Francavilla. A complaint of this nature was always the passport to the Count's favour and good graces, and he not only admitted this gentleman to the full enjoyment of his princely hospitality, but having found that he was an experienced and dexterous swordsman,

passed most of his time in practising with him that art, which he soon hoped would insure the triumph he valued most on earth. A few days previous to that fixed for the duel, the guest, under pretence of paying a visit to his relatives, withdrew from the Count of Conversano's territories, and secretly returned to those of his employer; where he lost no time in communicating to his nephew all the peculiarities and advantages repeated experience had enabled him to remark in the Count's manner of fencing. The Duke of Martina was thereby taught that the only chance of success which he could look to, was by keeping on the defensive during the early part of the combat; he was instructed that his antagonist, though avowedly the most able manager of the sword in the kingdom, was extremely violent, and that if he could parry the thrusts made on the first attack, however formidable from superior skill and strength of wrist and arm, he might perhaps afterwards obtain success over an adversary, whose person, somewhat inclined to corpulency, would speedily become exhausted from the effects of his own impetuosity. The Duke of Martina, furnished with this salutary advice, and strong in the conviction of what he deemed a just cause, awaited in calm anxiety the day of battle; and the behaviour of the two combatants on the last morning strongly characterizes their different dispositions, as well as the manners and habits of the age they lived in. The Duke of Martina made his will, confessed himself, and took an affectionate leave of his mother, who retired to her oratory to pass in prayer the time her son devoted to the conflict; while the Count of Conversano ordered a sumptuous feast to be prepared, and invited his friends and retainers after the fight; he then carefully bade his wife farewell, and brutally alluding to his adversary's youth and inexperience, remarked, *Fado a far un capretto* * . They met at the place appointed: it was an open space before a monastery of friars at Ostuni; but these good fathers, by their intercession and prayers, prevailed upon the combatants to remove to another similar plot of ground, in front of the Capuchin convent, in the same town: here the bishop and clergy, carrying the Host in solemn procession, attempted in vain to dissuade them from their bloody purpose: they were dismissed with scorn, and the duel began. It was of long duration, and afforded the Duke an opportunity of availing himself of the counsels he had received: when he found the Count began to be out of breath, and off his guard, he assumed the offensive part, and having wounded him, demanded if he was satisfied, and proposed to desist from any further hostility; but, stung to the soul by this unexpected reverse, the Count refused all offers of accommodation, and by blind revenge and redoubled animosity soon lost all command of himself, and received a second wound, which terminated the contest, together with his life. It appears that

* I am going to kill a kid, or rather to make a kid.

the Prince of Francavilla, whose principles were as little honourable as those of his adversary, and whose thirst of revenge was no less insatiable, had appointed a band of assassins to waylay and murder him on his way home, had he returned victorious from the conflict.

At Brindisi our traveller was mistaken for the Crown Prince of Bavaria, who was expected there on his way to Greece; and, notwithstanding his attempts to undeceive the commandant, as well as the abbess of the convent, yet he was reluctantly compelled to receive the homage they considered due to royalty. At the convent he was shown large cases of relics, which he was told had been given by his great-grandfather and others of his progenitors. He says,

'Among the relics which were named to me, I remember some fragments of the veil and shift of the Virgin Mary, a thumb of St. Athanasius, a tooth of the prophet Jeremiah, and some of the coals which were used to roast St. Lorenzo. Many of these memorials were offered me to kiss, and the last-mentioned articles were accompanied by the observation that they had been the means of converting a sceptic by sticking to and blistering his lip; I own I felt a sort of momentary hesitation as they were presented to mine, and withdrew them with a degree of promptitude hardly compatible with a disbelief in their verity.'

While at Brindisi and Taranto, Mr. Craven endeavoured to obtain the most satisfactory information respecting the Tarantula spider, but the Brundisians differed from the Tarentines in the account of it, both however agreeing as to the existence of the disorder, or rather mania occasioned by the bite of the Tarantula, and the means taken to remedy it. As the latter is curious, we quote it—

'The expenditure of money and time attending the ceremonies observed in the cure of a *tarantula*, which attract the attention and form the diversion of a whole village, will account for the husband's objections to the neighbours' encouragement of them. These last, as well as the friends and relations of the party, are always apprized in due time, and invited to assist in their holiday clothes at the singular rites which are to be performed. Musicians, expert in the art, are summoned, and the patient, attired in white, and gaudily adorned with various coloured ribbons, vine leaves, and trinkets of all kinds, is led out, holding a drawn sword in her hand, on a terrace, in the midst of her sympathizing friends; she sits with her head reclining on her hands, while the musical performers try the different chords, keys, tones, and tunes that may arrest her wandering attention, or suit her taste or caprice. I heard some

specimens of these preludes, which resemble unconnected pieces of recitative. The sufferer usually rises to some melancholy melody in a minor key, and slowly follows its movement by her steps; it is then that the musician has an opportunity of displaying his skill, by imperceptibly accelerating the time till it falls into the merry measure of the *pizzica*, which is, in fact, that of the tarantella or national dance, only that, in the composition of the tarantine air, greater variety and a more polished and even scientific style is observable. She continues dancing to various successions of these tunes as long as her breath and strength allow, occasionally selecting one of the bystanders as her partner, and sprinkling her face with cold water, a large vessel of which is always placed near at hand. While she rests at times, the guests invited relieve her by dancing by turns after the fashion of the country; and when, overcome by restless lassitude and faintness, she determines to give over for the day, she takes the pail or jar of water, and pours its contents entirely over her person, from her head downwards. This is the signal for her friends to undress and convey her to bed; after which the rest of the company endeavour to further her recovery by devouring a substantial repast, which is always prepared on the occasion.'

Among the singular effects of the earthquake at Terranova and Oppido in 1783, Mr. Craven, speaking of the former says,—

'I found a village formed of one straight street, containing 700 inhabitants, placed in the midst of ruins, which were those of a town of 15,000 souls. These present to the eye masses of masonry of immense size, scattered in all directions, and frequently retaining the forms they originally possessed, but inverted or transposed in the most extraordinary manner. A house situated 300 paces from a little river that runs in the ravine under Terranova, was slipped by the motion of the earth close to the edge of it, and though the roof and a portion of its walls fell in by the force of the shock, two of its inmates crept out unhurt. Another most singular feature in the views of Terranova is presented by one of the watch-towers of the baronial castle, which was precipitated off its base down the side of the declivity, and to this day exists in almost an entire state, with its battlements downwards. The ground sunk so much in some places that the circular shaft of a well, which was once entirely concealed by the soil, now rises to the height of six feet above the surface; its immobility during the universal commotion is attributed to the rock on which it is probably founded.'

In passing from Monteleone to Nicastro, our author deviated from the road to visit Il Pizzo, to visit the spot where the unfortunate Joachim Murat terminated his eventful life. The par-

ticulars of this event are familiar to the public; and we therefore pass them over, to quote the description of Murat's Court, in the time of his kingly power.

'The splendour of Murat's court, perhaps the most brilliant in Europe at the period I allude to, as greatly exceeded the rank he held among other sovereigns, as the appointment and numbers of his troops were disproportioned to the resources and population of the kingdom; and both were characteristic of that indiscriminately profuse disposition which could reward the merits of an opera dancer upon the same scale of liberality with the services of a general or a minister of state.

'His wife, with the same high notions of magnificence, was by no means so judiciously generous; and had they not both too blindly followed a system of debt, which, though sometimes successfully adapted to subordinate political negotiations cannot be applied with equal advantage to all times and exigencies, they might perhaps have preserved some remnants of that station to which fortune had exalted them, or at least have descended to the level of mediocrity by less perilous gradations.

'A celebrated statesman said of some intriguing diplomatist, '*Il croit qu'il trompe parqu'il ment*;' and this conviction seemed nowhere so strongly rooted as in the habits of these individuals.

'On the evening that saw the departure of Joachim from the walls of Naples, which he was destined never again to behold, he ordered the publication of a constitution dated six weeks before; and at the moment he was entering the carriage of one of his attendants, for the purpose of secret escape, Madame Murat was gravely announcing to his confidential friends and advisers his determination to collect a few scattered troops still left in the capital, and make one last effort to arrest the progress of the enemy. When, a fortnight previous to this, the defeat of the Neapolitan troops at Macerata was already known in the metropolis, a bulletin, said to be written with a pencil by Murat's own hand on the field of battle, announced a complete victory, and the capture of several pieces of cannon.

'At the time that the Austrians were already in full march towards Naples, the queen regent, as she was called, reviewed the civic guard with extraordinary grace and spirit, and assured them that a few more days would liberate them from all the hardships and dangers attached to the discharge of their functions; and the last minutes she passed in the palace were employed in graciously requesting some favourites to attend her breakfast the following morning, an injunction which was followed by her immediate removal to the ship from which she never again stepped on the Neapolitan shore.

'The aspect presented by the interior of the royal residence on this day was as extraordinary as it was novel to a spectator, accustomed to see it only in its gala trim. The courts were full of servants.

tumultuously demanding the arrears of their wages, and taking earnest of future payment in the seizure of the horses belonging to the establishment. The long corridors and galleries, untenanted by guards and liveried menials, presented no obstacles to the few visitors whom interest or curiosity attracted towards the closing scene of this drama. The kingly apartment itself, still adorned with the ponderous spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii, relieved by Lyons' embroidery and India muslins, was obstructed by large packing cases, and its mosaic pavements soiled by the dirty footsteps of porters and carriers, and strewn with wisps of hay or paper shavings. The ladies in waiting, accoutred in the usual costly garb of attendance, were gnawing a few chicken bones, the scanty remains of the day's single meal; and, lastly, the indefatigable occupier of the tenement, decked out in all the elegance and *recherche* of the last Parisian fashions, and preserving the careless smile of assumed complacency, strangely contrasted with haggard eyes and care-worn cheeks, was variously employed in packing up jewels, distributing money, dictating letters, and receiving or dismissing visitors with all the minute distinction of courtly etiquette.

Our limits will only permit us to give one more extract: it is the authors account of the much talked of, and it would appear much abused Carbonari.

'The late revolution has been ascribed to the persevering efforts of this sect; and their avowed co-operation towards promoting this ephemeral event, has been one of the principal arguments laid hold of by its opponents for the necessity of resisting its progress. That the efforts of this society have been directed to the attainment of a representative system of government, can no more be denied than that they have been eminently successful; but that in so doing they assumed an exclusive agency in the affairs of state, and must, therefore, be regarded in the light of a faction, is not admissible. It should, therefore, be observed, that if the Carbonari do not constitute the positive numerical majority of the Neapolitan nation, which is a matter of some doubt, they include in their ranks that portion of the population which, from their acquirements, property, habits, and relative situation in the body politic of the country, must ever give a decided preponderance to whatever part they assume.' 'The classes wherein this sect has made the least advancement are the higher divisions of nobility, and the most abject among the populace.' 'The description of individuals filling up the vast chasm between these two extremes, must be admitted to rank as a body, whose employments, labours, and local knowledge, contribute more largely to the welfare of the community; and of these I should not hesitate to affirm that the great portion are Carbonari.'

'This association may be compared to a chain, the links of which are so constructed, and well-fitted to each other, that, however totally they might be separated in their junction by accidental circumstances, re-union may be produced amongst any of their number. The several portions need only be brought in contact to insure adhesion, and a continuation of those energies inherent to its original formation. The mode in which these joints are connected may be exemplified in the following anecdote, the authenticity of which I can vouch for.

'Two itinerant traders in cattle were returning from the province of Abruzzo with the successful fruits of their speculations, and, within a few hours of their home, were stopped by a *comitiva* of five brigands; in the course of the short parley that preceded the delivery of their money, one of them happened by some fortunate signal, to betray himself as a Carbonaro to the captain of the gang, who immediately taking him aside, asked if his companion belonged to the sect, and being answered in the negative, thought himself at liberty to despoil the one of his gains, while, out of sympathy to the other, he limited his depredations to the sum of ten ducats. They parted; and the sufferer having observed the secret conference, which had ended so favourably for his fellow traveller, suspected the truth; and, after obtaining an avowal of it, determined on becoming a Carbonaro the moment an opportunity should present itself. This occurred that very evening. The sectarian easily found a sufficient number of initiated to form an assembly, possessed in number and rank with the authority competent to admit the proselyte according to the established rules of the body. He returned to his own house, so elated with what he deemed an unalloyed badge of security against all future attacks from robbers, that, in the moment of surprise and exultation, he heedlessly informed his wife of the occurrences of the day. Full of the prejudices purposely disseminated among the lower orders against this sect, the woman returned this mark of confidence with a volley of reproaches and lamentations, accusing him of having entered into a compact with the infernal powers, of having forsaken his God, and thereby subjected himself to excommunication in this world, and eternal punishment in the world to come. His endeavours to pacify her were for a long time ineffectual, nor would she be restored to tolerable composure, till, in expiation of his criminal imprudence, she had with horror thrown his breeches, containing the diplomas of his reception, and a catechism enumerating the duties of his new profession, into the fire. The next morning she determined to go to the justice of peace, and inform him of what had passed. Having found the fatal documents in the chimney, where she had probably caused them to fall from the pocket in which they were deposited before, the flames could

destroy them, carried them with her as vouchers for the authenticity of her information. The justice of peace admitted her in private, and having heard the complaint, and received the fatal papers, told her that he would give her husband so salutary a remonstrance, that he would answer for his breaking off all future connexion with the hateful and impious sect to which he had so imprudently attached himself; and that he would moreover pursue the miscreants with all the severity their conduct deserved. This satisfied the wife, who having left the diploma and catechism in the hands of the justice, sent her husband to receive the promised admonition; but this consisted in a serious caution with regard to future discretion, and an offer to preserve the papers in his own possession, as himself holding one of the highest distinctions among the ranks of the society in question.

'It is evident from this narrative, that, notwithstanding the circumspection usually observed by the order, respecting the admission of fresh members, it is impossible that they should all prove as unexceptionable in point of character, as the general rule enjoins; but, though the recommendation of an initiated Carbonaro in favour of a proselyte cannot be rejected, unless upon objections the most unequivocal, a singular minuteness of investigation is followed with regard to the habits and dispositions of those whose merits point them out no valuable additions to the community. The arts practised to obtain the accession of such individuals, testify the importance attached to it; and bespeak a system of ingenious perseverance worth recording. Should any young man distinguish himself by regularity of conduct, sobriety of temperament, but more especially by superiority of understanding, he is as sure to attract the notice and call forth the attention of the Carbonari, as they are certain to succeed in the final attainment of their object.

'The nameless, but numerous, offices of good fellowship, which, in a life of early labour, are frequently required to smooth its difficulties and assist its progress, will never be withheld from such an individual. He will at all times readily find new implements to supply the place of those his industry has rendered no longer serviceable, assistance to complete his unfinished tasks, and protection, and even pecuniary aid, when he is in need of either. The hand of friendship and cordiality will be extended to him, and every ear will become the depository of his confidence, as readily as every lip will convey the consolations of sympathy, or the precepts of salutary counsel. Sometimes a different, but as efficacious a system is followed by purposely leading the object into temporary difficulties, and imposing everlasting obligation by extricating him from them.'

The work contains several well executed engravings by Heath, from designs by the author.

The Fall of the Angels. A Sacred Poem. 8vo, pp. 68. London, 1821.

WHATEVER opinion may be entertained of the merits of this poem, it must be admitted, that the author possessed no ordinary degree of courage when he ventured on a subject which has been consecrated by the immortal muse of Milton. We must, however, condemn it as one among the many instances we meet with of mis-directed ambition; and this poem, destitute as it is of poetical merit, labours under the additional disadvantage (if there can be any) of being subjected to a comparison with an epic, which has been the subject of universal admiration. The *Fall of the Angels* was scarcely greater than that of the subject from the pen of Milton to the hands of the present author, who has ventured on a theme to which his powers are totally incompetent. We are loath to make an extract, but we must enable our readers to judge of the truth of our remarks; we shall, therefore, quote the temptation of Eve, merely observing that the devil and the serpent must renounce all title to cunning and subtlety, if, united, they furnish no better evidence of their talents than our author has assigned them:—

‘The leaves are rustling, and at last appears
A form glittering with scales of thousand
lights;

Slowly its pointed head it lofty rears,
And thus with words deceives, with hope
delights:

“O Mother of a race, that on the future throws
A spell and power o’er all thro’ which life ed-
dying flows!

O first alike in beauty and in race!
God’s proudest work, decking the flowery
earth
With what e’en heaven might adorn and
grace!

Fairest enchantress! creature of light
mirth!

“Why should you sigh and grieve alone be-
low?

Is it because your lover stays away,
And seeks to pierce the hidden cause’s flow?
Then change at once your darkness into
day.

This fruit, that seems, denying, half to woo the
sight,

At once lifts up the veil that shuts his eyes
from light.

That you might show your love unto your
mate,

By dining ill to fall upon your head,
Made God forbid this tree; on you now wait
Your husband’s hopes; they soon for e’er
are fled.”

The demon, lurking in the serpent’s coil,
Spoke cheating thus; and Eve, with hur-
ried pace,

Rush’d to the tree and fell within his toil.
Then flash’d his eye with pride, with joy his
face.

“Now may the wondrous God, who boasts his
sovereign power,
Own me his foe; nor let his brow contemptu-
ously lower,

If I too boast, who’ve mock’d his kind in-
tent
Of making us in human forms reside,
And there do penance and in tears repent,
For what we did when sitting by his side.”

The serpent’s hollow coil fell lifeless down.—
On Adam and on Eve’s mind sickening
burst

The certainty of toil and sickness, shown
In a dead vision, where they seemed curst,
And where Envy, Revenge, and Malice sport-
ing danced

Around a bloody form, that seem’d in thought
entranced.

While, looking upon weapons black with
gore,

Its silent finger beckon’d Love and Hate
To come and take from the red muddy floor
A dagger to fulfil the bitter fate.”

If, after this, our readers wish to see
what has been made of such a sub-
ject, let them turn to the *Paradise Lost*; they will then think less
of Eve’s weakness, when they see
the matchless art by which Milton has
made her assailed. The stanzas we
have quoted are a fair specimen of the
poem; we could have selected many
worse, and we are not aware that there
are any better.

Original Communications.

PLAGIARISMS

OF

BARRY CORNWALL.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—As a correspondent in a con-
temporary journal has lately favoured
the public with some animadversions
upon the writings of Lord Byron, and
accused him of being guilty of plagia-
rism to a great extent, I trust I shall
be excused in claiming the attention of
your readers to a poet, if not of equal
celebrity in point of talent, yet quite so
in public attraction,—I mean Mr. Barry
Cornwall. I have perused his tragedy
of *Mirandola* within these few days,
and herewith send you a few, out of the
many similar instances of Plagiarism
he has been guilty of.

In act 1, sc. 3, the duke says to Isidora,—

‘But we must play our part, my sweet one, in
this silly world.’

And in Shakespeare’s *Merchant of
Venice*, act 1, we have—

‘I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play a part.’

Also, in page 19, the Duke says to
Isidora:—

‘There’s not an hour
Of day or dreaming night, but I am with thee.’

And we find in *Trilussa* and *Cressida*,
act 4,—

‘O, Cressida! but that the busy day
Wak’d by the lark, hath roused the ribald
crows,

And dreaming night, will hide our joys no lon-
ger,’ &c.

In act 3, sc. 2, Casti says to Julio,
in the banqueting-room, speaking of
a girl—

‘Like a young rose opening slowly,
Kissed by the breath of May.’

Milton, in his *Ode on the Nativity*,
writes—

‘The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss.’

In act 4, sc. 2, the duke, on Isabella
requesting an interview for Guido, says,
inter alia—

‘We will meet—hereafter;
In the world, never—in the grave, perhaps.

‘ there, friends and foes
Meet without passions, and the sickly light
That glimmers thro’ the populous homes of
death,

Will be enough to find us,’ &c.

Blair, in his *grave*, says—

‘Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.’

And again,—

‘The sickly taper
By glimmering thro’ thy low brow’d misty
vaults.’

In act 5, sc. 2, in the interview in
the garden, between Guido and Isidora,
the former says,—

‘There is a period in the days of men,
Beyond which they never thrive. I have seen
mine:

Now all is darkness and decay.’

And in *Julius Cæsar*, act 4, we
read,—

‘There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.’

After mentioning only these few
plagiarisms, I hope I have sufficiently
shown the originality of Mr. Barry
Cornwall’s genius, as far as relates to
Mirandola, and have also, I trust,
brought forward an instance to the
notice of the writer, who has with such
violence attacked Lord Byron, that if
we examine too closely the productions
of poets of the present day, we shall
be able to find but few who have not,
either through accident or design,
culled some little from the extensive
field of poetry to adorn their own.

I have no wish to hurt the ‘fair
fame’ of Mr. Barry Cornwall, and I
beg he will not consider these remarks
as invidious; if my Lord Byron has
been dragged before the public on a
charge of such weighty nature as plagia-
rism, surely Mr. Barry Cornwall,

being likewise an author and a poet, cannot complain of appearing in a similar character in the present instance.

'Let my disclaiming from a purpose evil,
Free me in his most generous thought.'

A. G.

PORTRAITS OF LIVING Dissenting Ministers,

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

No. III.

Love. They are not here, for examples.

Cham. True, they are so.

Hen. 8.

Each hath his place and function to attend.

Hen. 6.

REV. J. P. SMITH, D. D. HOMERTON COLLEGE.

From his cradle he was a scholar, and a ripe and good one; fair spoken and prevailing.

Hen. 8. act 4.

REV. ROWLAND HILL, A. M. SURREY CHAPEL.

Witty and courteous;—liberal and full of spirit.

Hen. 6.

REV. T. SMITH, PENZANCE, CORNWALL.

Boast. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare,

Yare; take in the top-yard; tend to the master's whistle.

This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and but he's something staid.

With grief, thou might'st call him a goodly person:

He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them. *Tempest*, act 2.

REV. C. F. STEINKOPF, D. D. SAVOY.

A bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dewa fall every where. *Hen. 8. sc. 3.*

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, MISSIONARY TO AFRICA, &c.

That is thy charge: go quick away,
I long to hear the story of your life, which must
T-ake the ear strangely. *Tempest*, act 5.

At his return, no doubt, he will requite it.
Hen. 8. act 2.

REV. J. EVANS, D. D. ISLINGTON.

Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd.

Coriol. act 1. sc. 1.

REV. T. THORPE, BRISTOL.

Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly below'd,
Second to none that lives here.

Comedy of Errors, act 5, s. 1.

REV. MR. BENNET, ROTTERHAM.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy. *Tempest*.

REV. B. RAYSON, SOMER'S TOWN.

He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.

Julius Caesar, act 1, s. 2.

REV. T. LEWIS, HIGHBURY.

An honourable conduct let him have,

This union promiseth a mighty fruit.

King John, act 1, sc. 1.

REV. JOHN LEITCHFIELD, KENSINGTON.

The force of his own merit makes his way.
Much attribute he hath; and to strengthen
Why we ascribe it to him—*Troilus & Cress.*

REV. J. GRIFFIN, PORTSEA.

One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and to strengthen
That holy duty out of dear respect.

Hen. 8. act 5, s. 1.

REV. E. J. JONES, SILVER STREET.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
Such men as he be as ever at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves.

Julius Caesar, act 1, s. 2.

Fis. Art thou a churchman?

Cl. No such matter, sir; I do live by the
church; for I do live at my house, and my
house doth stand by the church.

I know my places well.

Twelfth Night, act 3, s. 1.

But let desert in pure election shine.

All's Well.

The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing.

Sonnet, 87.

REV. MR. COX, A. M. HACKNEY.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
suffice. *Poor Pilgr.* v. 3.

REV. ALEX. FLETCHER, MOORFIELDS.

I'll wrestle with thee in the strength of love.

Ibid.

ABIG. PYM, SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Priviled'g by my place and message

To be a speaker. *Troilus*, act 4, s. 4.

REV. J. M. INNES, CAMBERWELL.

O! he sits high in all the people's hearts!

Julius Caesar, act 1, s. 3.

IO SONO.

Fine Arts.

PAINTINGS IN WATER COLOURS.

'With many fair and princely qualities,
That in his clear morn no attention drew;
Now ——— all men look to him.'

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE quotation, (from perhaps the second dramatic writer that this country ever produced,) with which we have headed this paper, was suggested by the consideration of the rapid progress which the art of painting in water colours has, within these few last years, made in the estimation of the lovers of British talent—a progress which, urged, as it has been, by the most forcible principles of truth, is by no means to be considered in after ages as the evanescent blaze of fashionable enthusiasm, or the smoky embodying of popular de-

lusion. Of the obstructing prejudices which were necessarily to be cut away before the march of this new or newly rising system,—of the ill-will which it was forced to encounter, before that victory could be obtained, which has placed it so high among the handmaids of the arts of design,—the public is already fully aware. It remains but to state, that an exhibition was, perhaps, never presented to the public, concentrating, in so bright a focus, the various excellencies of which this branch of painting is capable. An additional circumstance may also be adduced, which we are confident our readers will learn with pleasure; we allude to the resumption of the original intention of the society, in confining the exhibition to works executed in water colours alone. After premising thus much, we shall not any longer delay offering our opinions on some few of the pieces now laid before the public eye. Among the few productions of his pencil, with which Mr. Pugin has favoured us in the present exhibition, there are some of particular merit, especially his 'Guildhall,' No. 2; his 'Library, at Cashbury,' No. 48; and his view from the 'Quai de Louvre,' No. 26; in the last of which, however, we observed a want of solidity in the shadows, which may be met with, in a slighter degree, in the generality of this artist's works, though, in this instance, it probably arose from its intended publication through the means of the graver. We would not willingly pass over Miss Byrne's exquisite studies of 'Flowers and Fruits,' Nos. 40, 52, 56, and 167, which are fine specimens of colouring, shadowing, and tasteful arrangement. There are several pieces by Christall, some of which, the figures, display great talent; the landscapes are in his usual hard, yet ineffective style; indeed, his system seems to us to be fundamentally defective, bold without force, and rapid without effect, uniting the opposite extremes of hardness and washiness, of daring and insipidity, and soaring from the common track only to sink into puerility. In figure drawing, he certainly possesses great powers of excellence, and we think that his 'Unloading Peat,' No. 79; and his 'Second Study from Crabbe's Parish Register,' No. 128, would be of infinite service in the world of taste, if their success could induce him to adopt subjects of that nature in his future works. Several views, by Prout, pleased us highly, as they display, in a very favourable light, his rich and artist-like execution, as well

as great discrimination in his choice of subjects fitted to his peculiar genius. We would, however, wish to see a greater attention paid to the aerial perspective, as well as a modification of that peculiar love for certain principles of the picturesque, which is too apt to lead him into exaggeration and a species of pictorial bombast. We allude to his excessive use of rich browns, and to the unmerciful breaking up of his objects to give them an air of ruin. These licenses must not be too frequent; and, like the use of antiquated words in poetry, their employment should be confined to what Burns, speaking of his Scottish Dialect, used to call a 'tender sprinkling,' and, on no account, to be scattered with such profusion as is observable in the performances of Mr. Prout, and a remarkable example of which, occurs in his 'Blore Church,' No. 19. Varley's composition from the 'Bride of Abydos,' No. 72, the picture which received the premium, is a performance highly creditable both to the talents of the artist and to the imaginative powers of poetry, with which he has entered upon his subjects, and by which he has been guided in this picture, where we find the embodied essence which he has extracted from the impalpable, yet delicious breathings of the lovely garden of poetic creation, which blooms in the concluding canto of Lord Byron's poem.

There are a considerable number of fine pieces by G. F. Robinson, in his very best style, and executed with all that brilliancy, yet chasteness of colour,—that breadth, yet transparency of shade,—that minuteness of detail, yet general effect,—that spirited delineation of the near objects, accompanied as it is by the most receding softness of the off-skip, which will ever place him among the first water-colour painters that this country has produced. A favourite misty effect has often been objected to him, but we confess we are not aware of any instance in which it has been improperly introduced, and we think that the instantaneous recognition of his works, which we invariably feel, arises not from any mannerism or objectionable peculiarity of style, but solely from his superior nature and fidelity in each branch of scientific delineation. His 'Lated Traveller,' from Shakespeare, No. 5, is, in our estimation, very superior to the same subject by Copley Fielding, No. 158, both in conception and in execution, which we do not think is in an equal style to many of his other paintings in this year's

exhibition. We would particularly refer to his 'Scene in Greenwich Park,' No. 83, which, with a little too much profusion of browns in the foreground, may be ranked among the highest of water-colour paintings. We would also refer (our limits will not allow us more) to the 'Mill at Dolgelly,' No. 77; 'The Ground-swell in the Sea,' No. 86; 'Eastward Bay, with Shakespeare's Cliff,' No. 170, as fine specimens of Mr. Fielding's talents, and noble examples of the pitch of perfection to which this species of painting may be wrought. Many beautiful architectural drawings of C. Wild, form a prominent feature in the exhibition, and it is with sorrow we find that our limits at present will not permit us to do other than speak in general terms of their chasteness of colouring, their fidelity of perspective, their accuracy of detail, and their grand composition taken generally. No. 21, 'The Arrival of the Steam-Packet at Southampton,' by Gasteau, struck us as a beautiful and natural delineation of a common but seldom-attempted moonlight effect. 'A View at Stratford, and of the Church by Moonlight,' we find without a name in the catalogue of the exhibition; it is No. 183, and from its superior softness and delicacy, strengthened as it is by a proper admixture of the vigorous, as well as from its general execution, we conclude that it is by Robson. We will now conclude, with the wish, that the future opportunities we may have of marking the progress of this society, may be as much superior to the present in themes for admiration, as the present is to those exhibitions which preceded it. Let the society, successful as they have already been, recollect—

'That the lofty point which does appear

To him who stands below the mountain's top,
Is, to the daring climber who hath reach'd it,
Just a breathing place, from whence he sees
The real summit bright and heav'n illum'd,
Towering majestic grand above him, far
As is the lofty spot on which he stands,
To the dull plain below.' W. H. PARRY.

London was never so rich in Exhibitions, as at the present moment; and many of them present attractions, well worthy the notice and patronage of the public. Independent of Mr. Belzoni's curious facsimiles of ancient art, we have numerous splendid displays of living genius. Mr. Glover's exhibition of Oil and Water Colour Paintings, which opened on Monday, contains no fewer than ninety one pictures; the whole of these, with the exception of

half a dozen, are from the prolific pencil of Mr. Glover, whose talents as a landscape painter, place him in the first rank of living artists. Mr. Ward has a large Allegorical Painting of the battle of Waterloo, thirty-five feet by twenty-one. It has been painted by order of the Directors of the British Institution, and is intended for Chelsea College. The Exhibition of the Royal Academy opens on Monday, with a larger collection than in any preceding year; and including some of the productions of our most eminent painters. Mr. Hoffman will also open his gallery next week, in which, among other pictures, is a large view of Richmond.—All these will have due notice, in our ensuing numbers.

Original Poetry.

NAPLES.

'Tis done—the struggle's past—the slaves released
Into their lurking holes, and o'er their hills
The tinkling toccin of their chains resound,
And echo tells it to the weeping world.

Oh Heaven! on what a proud, an exalted height
Of awful grandeur stood the patriot band,
While Freedom o'er them spread her parent
wings,

To guard them from the pouncing eagle's prey;
And Europe in the breathless silence stood
Of panting Hope, her lance half poiz'd in air,
Ready to strike Oppression's plundering hoards,
And lay them in the dust. But they retired,
Base trembling dastards, from the bloodiest fight;
Retired—the laugh, the scorn, e'en of slaves,
And left their names a mock-word to mankind.

Is there a cheek that boasts the beard of manhood,

But reddens into shame? Is there a heart
That feels the vital current warm its core,
But freezes at the thought? Is there an ear
But turns with horror from the sick'ning tale?
Rise, Etna! disembody your hottest fires,
Spread one wide waste of desolation round,
And make them perish; let no vestige stand
Of the base race, who, to preserve an hour
Of worthless life, slunk from the glorious war
Of freedom, and resigned their necks to chains.
Oh, had they stood—but one poor effort stood,
Their's was the praise of ages, and mankind
To latest times, the dread necessity
Which made them yield would cease. The glo-

rious sparks,
Electric playing round the sacred brow
Of Freedom's goddess, on the smiling hills
Which bound the Tago, would, with double
lustre,

Blame their sky, and o'er their green sword
graves,
The future patriot would, with holy zeal,
Sigh at their fate. G. A. N.

TO ELIZA.

With a Rose, on the First of May, the Sixteenth
Anniversary of her Birth Day.

THE beauties of sixteen display
Of fleeting life the flowery May,
When roses bloom on beauty's cheek,
And smiling lilies clothe her neck,

And lozes ap! grapes round her ding
The choicest gifts of balmy spring:
Those flowers of life are thine, dear maid,
But flowers flourish but to fade—
The bloom of youth, the rose of May,
Alike soon wither and decay.

But there's a flower that never dies,
That blooms beneath all sorts of skies,
In frost, in sunshine, and in shower—
And virtue is that lovely flower—

Be thine, my fair, that flower that blows,
In vernal gales and winter snows,
And gives to age's wrinkled brow,
Beauties that youth could ne'er bestow,
1821. AULD DOMINIE.

THE FASHIONS.

To—

YOU may say what you please, in your letters
to me,

About the black smoke with which London
is crown'd,—

But where can a strapping such guile see
O! where can such fashion and folly be
found?

But fashion, you know, is excusable now,
Since folly's a thing that but few are with-
out:—

Hearings all his bells, and the music, I vow,
Has the charm to lead thousands, in London,
about!

But talking of fashion reminds me, that I
Made a promise to give you—Well, what?
you will say,—

Some hints about dresses,—'tis foolish to try,
For my masculine muse has no talent that
way.

Well: the fashion was once—but the time is
gone by—

For ladies to have their waists frightfully high;
Up under the arms, (which the ancients, alack!
Were so rude as to say was the top of the back),
And women, the wrong side of sixty, used then
To excite—in a veil—the delight of young men.
But now—what a change!—and some say for
the best,

In the manner that ladies prefer to be dress'd,—
Almost to the hips have the waists slid'd down,
And age is becoming the charm of the town;
I mean in appearance—for all that I see,
Look as if they were verging on seventy-three!
And, then, on their heads such a mountain is
tost.

Of bonnet and feathers,—the former so wide,
That the face in the spacious vacancy's lost,
Like a pebble that sleeps in the fatuousness
tide!

You've seen a tree stand on the slope of a plain,
Whose branches would cover an acre of
ground?—

Well, then, on my life—as I hope to remain
In your friendship, which I such a treasure
have found,

'Till time clips the wings of my muse—I de-
clare,

The feathers that fashion says ladies must wear,
Are nearly as large, and they flutter and fly,
Like a pendant, in every breeze that goes by.

As Charles is a bit of a dandy, just say
That he, to look something like a day of the day,
Must get him a sort of a comical hat,
The brim of which all the way round should be
flat—

Like one that has long been exposed to the wet;
And a coat—if he wishes a pattern to set.
To your town—should be long, very long in
the waist.

And button'd so tightly, as if it were brass'd,—
With a collar as large as his posy has on,
When he in a gig a long journey is down,
I could tell you much more—but time presses
me so,—

Aud I have a terrible distance to go:
I shall touch, on the parks, when I scribble
again,—

So, with many kind wishes—God bless you,
till then. WILFORD.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The Lord Chancellor, who has a great aversion to theatrical disputes, has referred the question respecting Lord Byron's tragedy to the Courts of Law: Mr. Elliston, in the mean time, being, by the consent of all parties permitted to perform it; it has been represented the first four nights in the week.

We confess we shall be glad to see this question of copyright decided, although, so far as relates to the tragedy of *Marino Faliero*, it will be of no consequence; for it has not attracted good houses, and has gone off heavily. It is a fine tragic poem, but it has neither been happily abridged for the stage, nor is this the time when tragedy can be expected to be very successful.

COVENT GARDEN.—The tragedy of *Virginius* was performed on Monday night, when the part of Virginia was sustained, for the first time, by Miss Beaumont, who, to great personal charms, united much good taste and fine feeling. If she did not equal Miss Foote in the dignity of the character, she gave to it more of feminine tenderness.

Lord Byron, in the preface to his tragedy, says, he never saw Miss O'Neil; having determined to see nothing, which should divide or disturb his recollection of Mrs. Siddons: this is an elegant compliment to both these distinguished females. Although we would not, like his Lordship, have foregone the pleasure of seeing Miss O'Neil, yet we would almost wish never to see another Juliet, as our recollection of her excellence in the character, almost unfits us for judging of any successor, by continually presenting to our minds that 'divine perfection of a woman.' Miss Dance appeared, for the first time, as Juliet, on Monday night; and played the part much better than that of Belvidera, although neither of them justify the expectations which her Mrs. Haller had created. In the garden scene Miss Dance was very successful, and in all those where tenderness and affection predominate. It can scarcely be expected, that much novelty could be

given to a character so often represented; but there were some touches in Miss Dance's Juliet, of great natural effect. Mr. Charles Kemble played Romeo, with his usual spirit.

We did not make any remark on the *marche armenienne* of Sieur Davoust, considering it as only intended for the holidays, but we cannot avoid censuring the Managers, for another of their novelties, introduced this week, which would have been in its place at Greenwich or Bartholomew Fairs. The way in which the play-bills announced their new performance is curious. It was to consist of—'exercises of grace, strength, and agility, and attitudinal imitations of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, by the two Hercules of France, the Sieurs Decour and Ebrayat.' The two worthies, who were of very disproportionate size, certainly did exhibit proofs of strength, and some agility; but, as for 'exercises of grace,' heaven bless the mark! there was not the slightest portion, and the men no more imitated the celebrated statues of antiquity, than a village stone cutter could imitate the divine productions of Phidias or Praxiteles. The exhibition was a disgrace to the theatre.—The audience felt so, and condemned it.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Our good friend Mathews continues his travels in air, earth, and water, three times a-week, with the most triumphant success. He is a most amusing fellow, and we know of no one, of whom it can be so truly said, 'his life is laughter, and mirth is so mixt up in him, that nature might stand up, and say to all the world,—This is an actor.'

SADLER'S WELLS.—We are pleased at witnessing the popularity, which the performances at this theatre are rapidly attaining. Since our last notice, Mr. Wilkinson has appeared in the character of Popewye, in a burlesque, entitled *More Frightened than Hurt*; which his uncommon comic powers enable him to perform to the infinite satisfaction of the auditory.

EUROPEAN SALOON, King Street, St. James's. Miss Maquoley has resumed her entertainments with success, and has announced Morning Readings of the best plays of the elder dramatists, commencing with Massinger's Duke of Milan.

M. Alexandre, whose vocal illusions were a strong attraction at the Olympic, during the holiday week, is now exhibiting at the European Saloon, with the same success which has attended him in other parts of the metropolis.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in silvis omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur arva dicta.*

LOCUTURUS.

Mutability of Human Greatness.

In the year 1504, the master of the ceremonies of Pope Julius the Second, ranked the powers of Europe as follows:—

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------|
| 1. Germany | 13. Bohemia |
| 2. Rome | 14. Poland |
| 3. France | 15. Denmark |
| 4. Spain | 16. Venetian R. |
| 5. Arragon | 17. Brittany |
| 6. Portugal | 18. Burgundy |
| 7. England | 19. Bavaria |
| 8. Sicily | 20. Brandenburg |
| 9. Scotland | 21. Saxony |
| 10. Hungary | 22. Austria |
| 11. Navarre | 23. Savoy |
| 12. Cyprus | 24. Florence. |

Since this memorable period, what is now the proud imperial city of Rome, whose frown spread terror and dismay throughout the civilized world? Scarcely a speck in the scale of nations. The same question with regard to a majority of the kingdoms and principalities, which, at that period, shone with splendour in the political constellation, and which have since bid 'farewell, a long farewell, to all their greatness.' Neither Russia nor Prussia appears upon the list; they were, at that time, of too little importance to assume a rank among civilized nations.

Longevity.—We are assured that the following remarkable instance of longevity has been authenticated by the parish register:—William Gilbert, born in the parish of Kingston, near Hereford, on the 8th of December, 1702, is now living and in good health. He worked for many years as a hedger.

Agriculture.—An eminent French writer has said very justly,—the agriculture of France, and that of every people on the globe, does not reach its proper point of improvement, until it produces, at the smallest expense possible, the largest useful crops in the year, without any naked fallows, except in some extraordinary cases of rare occurrence.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Parry's 'Critique on Miss Dance,' the Continuation of Ruding's Coinage, and several other articles, are again unavoidably deferred.

W. B. L. in our next.

The favours of Y. P., ** M., AULD DOMINIE, and D. M. are received.

We have so often to trespass on the indulgence of our Correspondents for delay in insert-

ing their favours, that we feel much pleasure in announcing to them and the public, that Every-body's communication shall certainly appear in our next number.

Erratum: p. 271, col. 1, l. 7 from bottom, for 'March Adrienne' read 'marche Adrienne.'

PERRY'S SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

It having been intimated by several individuals, that some remarks in a recent advertisement by M. Duflot, are directly levelled at Mr. Perry; Mr. P. embraces this opportunity to declare, that there is no similarity whatever between his System and that of Mr. Duflot; and that, should there appear, when Mr. Perry's System is disclosed, any similarity whatever between it and Mr. D.'s, he will forego every advantage that may arise from teaching it—he will forfeit, in all instances, the required premium and all claim to originality.

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No. 104.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

*Two Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Byron, in Answer to his Lordship's Letter to *****, on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope, &c.* By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 8vo. pp. 104. London, 1821.

WHEN we noticed the letter of Lord Byron to Mr. Bowles*, we principally confined ourselves to such parts of it as tended to vindicate the moral character of Pope, from the charges that had been made against him; and we then thought, as we still think, that his lordship vindicated him successfully. There was, however, another subject to which we alluded—the question, whether poetry be more immediately indebted to what is sublime or beautiful in the works of nature, or the works of art?—Mr. Bowles is the great advocate for nature. His lordship, in a succession of very fine passages, shows, that there may be a great deal of poetry in art. In the pamphlet before us, Mr. Bowles briefly dismisses the question of Pope's want of morality, a charge which he founds on the Letters of the poet to Lady Mary, and many of the ladies with whom he corresponded from youth to age, and proceeds to vindicate those principles of poetical criticism which he had termed invariable. It would lead us too far to follow the author through all his arguments in defence of his opinion; we must, however, observe, that he reasons temperately, and often acutely, and that we should love controversy better than we do, if it was always conducted in so gentlemanly a spirit. Mr. Bowles follows Lord Byron through all his arguments, *seriatim*, and combats them with considerable ability. He denies that he said Mr. Campbell's ship (which has been so long engaged in war, that we wonder there is any portion of it left,) derives all its poetry from nature, as his lordship states. He then enters into a long discussion, to prove how largely the ship

is indebted to nature: and as this is a point on which we quoted Lord Byron, we shall also detach a few passages from Mr. Bowles's letter:—

'Mr. Bowles said, and says, "that poetical beauty in a ship *depends* not on art, but nature." ALL its poetry, he instantly admits, it does not derive from nature; but its poetical beauty *depends* upon nature; for the sails would not swell, the streamers would not flow, the motion would cease—its LIFE, which Mr. Campbell speaks of, would be extinct.

'But you say the poetry of the ship does not *depend* on the waves, &c. I think it does, for this reason,—that all this beauty, motion, and life, would be at once lost and extinct. True, nor can I for a moment think otherwise; thus seen, and thus associated, "the ship confers its own poetry upon the waters, and heightens theirs," BUT BEFORE the elements of nature have ENABLED IT TO DO SO; and, therefore, its primary poetical beauty *depends* on nature, not art.

'You say, take away the winds and waves, and there will be no ship at all! Then its *very existence depends* on them! And "take away the sun, and you must read Mr. Bowles's pamphlet by candle-light." Read it how or when you will, the sun will be more poetical than a candle; and the seas, that "speak in the east and the west at once," will not depend on the ship for poetical sublimity, (but the ship will on them,) any more than the sun will *depend* upon Lord Byron's poetry. And then I ask you, my lord, this question, (begging you to remember my principles only require that the works of nature, which are beautiful and sublime, are more poetical, *abstractedly*, than any works of art,)—whether the sun, the waves, and winds are, *per se*, more poetical without the ship, or the ship, *per se*, without the waves, &c. &c.? The poetry, therefore, is not reciprocal; for the ship can give no beauty till the elements of nature, on which its beauty depends, enable it to do so. Then it gives and receives. But, my lord, you must remember, that when I answered Mr. Campbell, (and I do not think either he or your lordship can make my good ship surrender,) he made no distinction at all, but coloured his rich descriptions with all the hues of nature, and then advanced to shew the poetical beauties of art.

'But the water is *calm*, and its monotony requires to be broken; and "calmness," which is one feature of this

mighty element, may be contemplated at Wapping, in the London Dock, Paddington Canal, a horse-pond, or any other vessel!

'No! for though the water at Wapping, the London Dock, in the Paddington Canal, a HORSE-POND, or any other vessel, be *calm*, it is not *poetical*. But your argument is this. "The sea is calm; the water in a horse-pond, or any other vessel, is calm; therefore the calm water in a horse-pond is as poetical as the sea!" No, my lord: for the sea cannot be made unpoetical, and your great powers cannot make the water in a horse-pond, or ANY OTHER VESSEL, poetical: and I will conclude with Cowper's description of the calm sea, whom, however, you call NO POET, and whom I think an original, pathetic, and great poet:—

"Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad, Much of the power and majesty of God! He swatches about the swelling of the deep, That shines and rests, as infants smile and sleep."

Vast art is, it answers, as it flows, The breathings of the lightest air that blows. Curling and whitening over all the waste, The rising waves obey the increasing blast."

'But we must stop before the storm comes on, for I wish only to show how this "monotonous" object can, in its calmest state, and without a single ship, or any accompaniments, be rendered poetical.

'In fact, it does not seem to me, that your lordship makes distinction between the sea in painting, and the sea in poetry.

"The sun is poetical," by your lordship's admission; and to our *cast*, you say, by the many descriptions in verse. To which sentence I do not accede, as we possibly might have lost some of your own most beautiful descriptions. But to follow your argument.

"If the waves bore only foam upon their bosoms; if the winds waited only sea-weed to the shore; if the sun shone neither upon pyramids, nor fleets, nor fortresses, would its beams be equally poetical?" Answer:—

"The sun would be equally poetical, let it shine on what it may. If the waves bore only foam upon their bosoms, the ocean would be equally sublime, far from every track of vessel, every intrusion of man."

"The ocean, I affirm, wants not the accessories of any thing human to make it sublime, and therefore poetical. It is poetical, though not equally picturesque

* See Literary Chronicle, No. 96.

or beautiful, with or without them. The ideas it excites of Almighty power, are those of *sublimity*, the highest poetical sublimity, which proudly rejects any associations or accessories of human art, or of human kind, to make it more so. "The deep uttereth his voice," is one of the most sublime of the many sublime passages relating to it in the scriptures. We have no occasion to make it more poetical, to say, "there go the ships;" but the ship, moving beautiful to the sight, and almost seeming, as it were, a creature of the vast element, and made doubly interesting, as an object of beauty, by those accessories of nature, without which it is nothing; a ship so seen adds to the picture of poetical beauty, but not to the more awful ideas of *SUBILITY*, which are far more poetical. In sunshine, in calm, in tempest, by night, by day, in its deepest solitudes, it wants nothing of art to make it sublime, as speaking every where. "in the east and in the west," in the north and the south, with one everlasting voice, "Infinite and Power." What can be more sublime than this verse of the Psalmist? "If I take the wing of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me."

'To return: "if the waves bore only foam upon their bosoms;"—"if the winds wafted only sea-weed to the shore;"—"if the sun had neither pyramids, nor fleets, nor fortresses, to shine upon; if it shone upon none of the emmetts of earth, man, or his little works; it would be equally a supererogatory object, in the visible creation, per se, abstractedly, and equally sublime; and it would be poetical, equally poetical, whether it shone on pyramids or posts, fortresses or pigsties," a "brass warming-pan or a footman's livery," though neither pigsties or posts could be sublime or beautiful, with or without it.

'Pyramids, I repeat, are most poetical from associations; and fortresses also: but brass warming-pans are images of *in-door* nature, and footmen's liveries are images of "artificial" life; and to say, that, because the sun can make one object poetical, it must necessarily make another so, is not an argument worthy of Lord Byron; and I am afraid we must say of the "sun" shining upon your "warming-pan" and "footman's livery," as of the "hog in a high wind,"

"It grieves me much, replied the clerk again, Who speaks so well, should ever speak in vain."

'But how much genuine poetry is condensed in one line, where a ship is spoken of,—

"SAILING IN SUNSHINE, FAR AWAY!"

'As for the sun on Mr. Campbell's ship, if the ship did not want the sun, to give it a more poetical interest, why did Mr. Campbell think it necessary to introduce the sun [at] all? "But the ship gives, as well as it receives;" so seen, it gives beauty, animating beauty, to the seas, not to the sun. It gives back, indeed, and amply repays what it receives;

but does a brass warming-pan give back any poetical beauty?

"The sun shines white upon the rocks!"

'The sun shines white upon the warming-pan; and so the sun shines on Dr. Syntax's wig; but try the effect,—

"Pale on the lone tower falls the evening beam."

"Pale on my grey wig falls the evening beam."

Therefore Mr. Campbell introduced the sun needlessly, if it did not make the ship more poetical; but though the ship, (being itself especially adorned, as if it came and went Narvae's chief favourite and delight among the works of art) gives, as well as it receives, beauty; a footman's livery does not do so, my lord, any more than an old wig, upon which the sun equally shines, as on the Hellespont, or the crest of Hector.'

As the subject has been often discussed, and Mr. Bowles is only contending with a new opponent, and not engaged in a new quarrel, the extract we have made will suffice to show the spirit in which the pamphlet is written. Mr. Bowles pays a due tribute to the genius of Byron, and, in a note, expresses his opinion of the unfairness with which his lordship has lately been treated. He says,—

'An attempt has lately been made to rob your lordship of much of your originality as a poet. I have seen some extracts from a publication of this kind. Some of the examples are like the description of Monmouth. "Why is Macedon like Monmouth? because there is a river in Monmouth, and a river in Macedon." I thought of devoting a few hours in shewing the unfairness of some of these instances; but I know you would say, "What! Bowles, defending me! non defensoribus istis!" The beautiful image of the "ship," in the Corsair,—

"That seems to walk the waves—a thing of life!"

which would not be necessary for your lordship to add, unless an image from nature was more beautiful than any you brought in the description of a ship from art: this "living ship," however, has been traced to Wilson, who has also a "living ship of loveliness." I forget the words;

* The imputed plagiarism to which Mr. Bowles alludes, is in the following passage:—

Lord Byron.

—Of a ship
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

John Wilson.

—Of a ship;
She sailed amid the loveliness
Like a thing of heart and mind."

Now there is quite as good reason for suspecting, that Wilson borrowed this very common image (and we know not one in poetry more common) from Mr. Bowles, as that his lordship borrowed it from Wilson. If, however, these three choose to dispute about it, we will soon bring new combatants into the field.

—REV.

but if the image is to be taken from your lordship *vi et armis*, I may as well make my demand: for, in the poem, which, together with its unfortunate writer, formed part of your Satire, is the following description of "a ship" on her way:—

"The tall ship,

That, like a stately vane, in conscious pride,
Breaks beautiful the rising surge, and throws
The gather'd waves back, and seems to move
A LIVING THING, upon its lucid way,
Streaming in lovely glory to the morn."

'The idea is the same: I objected to the words "lovely glory;" but somebody persuaded me to let them stay. But I do not believe, that either your lordship or Mr. Wilson borrowed from me; albeit, though, to be so told, your lordship might smile.

'I believe no mind, inclined to poetry, ever saw a ship in full sail, but has felt the propriety of the image.'

We now take our leave of the once 'Pope and Bowles,' but now 'Byron and Bowles,' controversy; and must confess that we prefer the poems of both to their criticism; that they may take the hint, and return to that course from which neither should have deviated, is our parting wish.

On the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature; with Occasional Remarks on the Laws, Customs, Manners, and Opinions of Various Nations. By Charles Bucke, Esq. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1821.

THE writer of this work is already favourably known to the public, as the elegant author of the 'Philosophy of Nature,' 'Amusements in Retirement,' the tragedy of the 'Italians,' &c. His present production embraces a most extensive subject—the whole field of nature, with its relative associations. What has been said of Lord Bacon, might, with great truth, be applied to Mr. Bucke, that 'his feeling for nature was the main side on which his philosophy ran into poetry, and vented itself in a very graceful, as well as grand, enthusiasm, befitting one of the high priests of wisdom.' Indeed, the whole character of Mr. Bucke and his work seem embodied in the precept of the poet:—

'Heaven's study more in nature, than in schools;
Let Nature's image never by thee pass
Like unmark'd dust; but those unthinking fools
Despise, who spy not Godhead through her glass.'

There is an elegant simplicity in Mr. Bucke's style, which harmonizes with the subject, and renders it doubly interesting; he has a fine taste, a well-cultivated understanding, and displays extensive reading; his reflections are those of a moralist and a philosopher.

pher. Though many of the scenes described in these volumes were contemplated by the author, yet he modestly conceals himself under the name of Colonna, and in his excursions, is accompanied by friends, who, are shrouded under disguised names, but who, we doubt not, will, on seeing his work, be reminded of many happy hours and pleasing associations. We shall make one or two extracts from the volume before us, but no solitary flower can give a sufficient idea of a garden so extensive and so diversified as this of Mr. Bucke. Our first extract is from the *National Love of Trees* :—

‘So natural is the love for particular trees, that a traveller seldom fails to celebrate those by which his native province is distinguished. Thus the native of Hampshire prides himself upon his oaks; the Burgundian boasts of his vines; and the Herefordshire farmer of his apples. Normandy is proud of her pears, which she fancies equal to those that grew in Camoen’s Island of Venus :—

‘Ah! if ambitious, thou wilt own the care,
To grace the feasts of heroes and the fair;
Soft let the leaves, with grateful umbrage, hide
The green-tinged orange of thy yellow side.

‘Book ix.

‘Prorencia celebrates her olives, and Dauphine her mulberries; while the Maltese are in love with their own orange trees. Norway and Sweden celebrate their pines; and Syria her palms, producing a fruit, of which the Syrians make bread, wine, honey, and vinegar; and from its body a species of flax, which they convert into cloth. The Paphians were proud of their myrtles, the Lesbians of their vines; Rhodes loudly proclaimed the superior charms of her rose trees; Media her citrons; India of her ebony, and Idumea of her balsams. This tree furnished the Judeans with an odorous perfume for their banquets of milk and honey; a remedy for many of their disorders; and a preservative wherewith to embalm their dead. Its medicinal qualities are beautifully alluded to by Jeremiah, when bewailing the sins and misfortunes of the Jews. “Is there no balm in Gilead: is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughters of my people restored?” And again, where, prophesying the overthrow of Pharaoh’s army at the river Euphrates, he says, “go up into Gilead and take balm, oh virgin, the daughter of Egypt: in vain shalt thou use many medicines; thou shalt not be cured.” The Druses boast of their mulberries, and Gaza of her pomegranates;—

“— whose soft rubies laugh,
Bursting with juice, that Gods might quaff.”
‘Enchanted Fruits, l. 240.

‘Switzerland speaks of her lime trees, Bairoir of her figs and bananas, and Damascus of her plums.

‘Equally vain are the Chinese of their

celebrated tea tree; the leaves of which were totally unknown to the ancients, and for many years the martyr of prejudice in Europe: yet imported with so much benefit, expense, and profit, as at once to confound the physician and the merchant. But a few years since, and the name of this plant was so unknown in our hemisphere, that a voyage to China would have been esteemed as unproductive as a voyage to the Straits of Magellan: now its virtues engage more of our capital than all other articles of foreign commerce.

‘The inhabitants of Jamaica never cease to praise the beauty of their manchenillas; while those of Tobasco are as vain of their cocoas. The natives of Madeira, whose Spring and Autumn reign together, take pride in their cedars and citrons; those of Antigua in their tamarinds; while they esteem their mammee sappota equal to any oak in Europe, and their mangos superior to any tree in America. Equally partial are the inhabitants of the plains of Tahta to their peculiar species of fan palm; and those of Kous to their odoriferous orchards. The Hispaniolans, with the highest degree of pride, challenge any of the trees of Europe or Asia to equal the height of their cabbage trees; towering to an altitude of two hundred and seventy feet! Even the people of the Bay of Honduras have imagination sufficient to conceive their logwood to be superior to any trees in the world; while the Huron savages inquire of Europeans, whether they have any thing to compare with their immense cedar trees.

‘The natives of India have the greatest respect for the aloe; the heart of which they esteem more valuable than gold itself: the Chinese, the Cochinese, the Japanese, and the Siamese, have an equal value for it. Some of them insist, that the spots where it grows are guarded by inaccessible rocks and wild beasts; while the Mangolians believe, that it was a native of Paradise; and that it was swept over the boundaries of Eden by a flood. Xerxes is said, by some writers, to have made war upon Greece, in order to possess himself of her fig-trees; as one of the Greek emperors invaded Cyprus, that he might be master of a country, producing such excellent vines. The Dutch, on the other hand, are held in the utmost detestation, by the islanders of Molucca, for having rooted up all their clove trees, for the purpose of confining the trade to the island of Ternate.

‘So natural is this love of mankind, that the ancients conceived even their gods to be partial to one tree more than another. For this reason, the statues of Diana, at Ephesus, were made of cedar and ebony; that of Apollo, at Syboure, of box; while in the temple on Mount Cylene, the image of Mercury was formed of citron; a tree which that deity was supposed to hold in high estimation.

‘England may well take pride in her

oaks! to them is she indebted for her existence as a nation; and were we an idolatrous people, I should be almost tempted to recommend (in imitation of our druidical ancestors), that the oak should be received in the number of our gods. It is a curious circumstance, my Lelius, and not generally known, that most of those oaks, which are called *spontaneous*, are planted by the squirrel. This little animal has performed the most essential service to the English navy. Walking, one day, in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Troy House, in the county of Monmouth, Colonna’s attention was diverted by a squirrel, sitting very composedly upon the ground. He stopped to observe his motions. In a few minutes the squirrel darted like lightning to the top of a tree, beneath which it had been sitting. In an instant it was down with an acorn in its mouth, and began to burrow the earth with its hands. After digging a small hole, it stooped down, and deposited the acorn: then covering it, darted up the tree again. In a moment it was down with another, which it buried in the same manner. This the squirrel continued to do, as long as Colonna thought proper to watch it. The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of security against want in the winter; and as it is probable, that its memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable it to remember the spots, in which it deposits every acorn, the industrious little fellow, no doubt, loses a few every year. These few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree! Thus is Britain, in some measure, indebted to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel.—

“— That leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.”

for her pride, her glory, and her very existence.

There is a charming article on the music of birds, from which we shall, however, only detach a few passages :—

‘What lover of music, but is charmed with the various modulations of our English singing birds? The sweetness of the thrush; the cheerfulness of the sky-lark; the mellowness of the thrush, building near the mistletoe; the imitative talent of the bull-finch; the varied and familiar language of the red-breast, endeared to us, from our childhood, by so many agreeable associations; the wood-lark, priding herself in being little inferior to the nightingale, and sheltering her home in high-ground, under large tufts of grass, to shelter her from the cold; the vivacity of the wren, forming her nest with dry leaves and moss, among hedges and shrubs, encircled with ivy; the solemn cry of the owl; and the soft note of the linnet, building upon heaths with roots, and among thorns with moss, and subject to the disorder of melancholy! Not one of these birds breathes a single note, that is not listened to with pleasure :—

"—— Happy commoners
That haunt in woods, in meads, in flowery gar-
dens,
Ride the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet accost to ask the lordly owner's leave."

Rosee.

'But what bird, lute, or harp, shall we compare with the notes of the fly-bird of America, or the nightingale of Europe and of Asia?—the favourite bird of Sophocles and Tasso, and the subject of many an Arabic and Persian allegory. Pliny has described the effect of this bird's exquisite note, with appropriate warmth; and Walton, a writer of genuine feeling and simplicity, has celebrated it in the truest measure of applause:—"He, that, at midnight, when the labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have heard, the clear air, the sweet descent, the rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above the earth, and say, 'Lord! what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth.'"

'Kircher, in his *Universal Harmony*, endeavours to reduce the notes of the nightingale to a musical scale. But no instrument can successfully imitate this bird; though the human voice is capable of intonations equally sweet, and equally touching. Signor Guadagni, who enjoyed a considerable share of fame in England about the year 1780, had tones as rich and as mellow as the nightingale. The effect of this singer over the mind, we are told, arose principally from his imitating an Eolian harp. Unlike other singers, who affect a swell, or *Messa-de-voce*, he diminished his notes, dying in soft murmurs from the beginning to the end; and, giving his last whispers all the effect of distance, they seemed to ascend, till the sound was totally lost in the ecstasy of hearing; and though no note was heard, the ear listened, as if it expected a return.

"Music of Paradise! which still is heard,
When the heart listens."

Flowers on Graves is another subject on which the author has dwelt historically, and has moralized with much feeling:—

'Perfumes, which administer such pleasure to voluptuaries, were once supposed to be peculiarly grateful to the dying and the dead. A Persian poet has an elegant stanza on the rings of his mistress:—"Should the air waft the odour from the hair of my love, the perfume, stealing over my tomb, would recall me to life, and render me vocal in her praise." And because a custom, so amiable and elegant, as that of decorating with flowers the graves of relatives, conduces to the gratification of some of the best feelings of our nature, no apology will be necessary for dwelling upon it at length.

'The Romans of condition were generally buried in their gardens, or fields, near the public road. This custom, Propertius does not seem to have approved;

since he desires his friends by no means to observe it, in regard to himself: lest his shade should be disturbed by the noise of passengers. Ausonius has a similar sentiment. The manner, in which the Romans took leave of their friends, was extremely affecting:—"Vale, vale, vale! nos te ordine quo natura permiscuit—cuncti sequimur!" Then, wishing the earth to lie lightly on their relics, they departed. The monuments were then decorated with chaplets, and balsams, and garlands of flowers. To this affectionate custom Virgil alludes, when he describes Æneas sprinkling his father's grave with purple flowers; and, in another passage, where he exclaims:—

'Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,

Tu Marcellus eris.—Manibus date lilia plenis;
Purpureo spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.

'This practice has prevailed among many of the most celebrated nations. The Persians adopted it from the Medes, and the Greeks from the Persians; and Pythagoras introduced it into Italy. The tomb of Achilles was decorated with amaranth; and the urn of Philopomen was covered with chaplets: and, that the grave of Sophocles was embellished with roses and ivy, we learn from an epitaph written by Simonides. Ivy and flowers, also, were planted near the grave of Anacreon.

'Virgil decorates the body of Pallas with strewed leaves of arbutus and other funeral evergreens. The ceremony of laying the unfortunate youth upon his bier is extremely affecting; and the passage, where he is compared to violets and hyacinths, plucked by the hands of a virgin, highly natural, beautiful, and pathetic:—

'Qualem virgineo demissum pollice florem
Seu mollis virgine, seu languentia hystacis:
Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma recessit;

Non jam mater alit tellus, viresque ministrat.
Æneid. xi. l. 63.

'To this we may add, that few passages, in that fine poem, abound more in natural pathos, than that, where Andromache is represented, as raising green altars to the memory of Hector:—a passage, reminding us of several in Ossian, where he describes the monuments, which were erected to the heroes of remote ages. "Narrow is thy dwelling-place now! dark is the place of thine abode! with three steps I compass thy grave, oh thou, that wert so great before! four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee! A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass, which whistles in the wind, mark, in the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar." *Songs of Selma*.—"O lay me, ye that see the light, near some rock of my hills; let the rustling oak be near; green be the place of my rest; and let the sound of the distant torrent be heard."

'In the times of the ancient fathers of

the Christian church, crowns of flowers were placed on the grave-stones of virgins; and baskets of lilies, violets, and roses, on the graves of husbands and wives.

'The savages of the Mississippi frequently retire to weep over the graves of their lost relatives; and there is a tribe in those wilds, whose women go every day to the graves of their infants; and with silent and pathetic eloquence, which shames all noisy grief, shed bitter tears, and press some milk from their bosoms upon the grass, that covers their remains. This milk they call by a name, signifying the sap of the human breast. The burying-places of the people of Morocco are generally situated in the fields; where every one purchases a spot of ground, which he surrounds with a walk, and plants with flowers. In Java, they scatter a profusion of flowers over the bodies of their friends; and the Afghans hang cornets on tombs, and burn incense; while the ghosts are believed to sit at the head of their graves, invisible, enjoying the perfume.

'In China, whence, it is not improbable, the custom originally passed into Media, Persia, and Arabia, the ceremony of planting flowers on graves still prevails. The mausoleums of the Crimean Chans are generally shaded by shrubs and fruit-trees; and the Indians of Surat, who have a great veneration for the graves of their saints, strew fresh flowers upon them every year. In Scotland this practice prevailed, in the time of Drummond, of Hawthornden; and, among the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, as well as in many parts of North and South Wales, it is still the common custom of the country. The graves, in those beautiful and romantic provinces, are decorated, on Palm Sunday, with leaves of laurel, cypress, and all the flowers, which are in blossom at that early season of the year. Their graves are surrounded by small white-washed stones. In these little inclosures bloom the polyanthus and the narcissus, thyme, balm, and rosemary. Shirley has a melancholy allusion to this custom in his tragedy of the *Traytor*: and Shakespeare similar ones in *Hamlet*, *Winter's Tale*, and in *Cymbeline*; where Arrivagus, contemplating the body of Fidele, promises to sweeten his grave with the fairest flowers of summer.

'It is impossible to walk in the churchyards of North and South Wales, without reflecting, with pleasure, on the respect, which is paid to the memories of the dead. The epitaphs, however, are generally poor and meagre: yet I remember to have seen three, which most highly gratify every person of taste:—

I.

'Hope, stranger, hope. Though the heart breaks, still let us hope.

II.

'Timon hated men; Ophelia hated women. I once loved one man and one woman. He

cheated, and she deceived me. Now I love only my God.

III.

"On Mary Pegree.

"The village maidens to her grave shall bring
The fragrant garland, each returning spring.
Selected sweets ! in emblem of the maid,
Who underneath this hallowed turf is laid.
Like her they flourish, beauteous to the eye ;
Like her, too soon, they languish, fade, and die

"In some villages, children have snow-drops, primroses, violets, hazel-bloom, and swallow blossoms on their graves. Persons of maturer years have tansy, box, rue, ivy, and other evergreens. I have, also, occasionally seen on the stones of elderly men broken tobacco-pipes. There is, generally, a guardian, as it were, to each grave; and I once saw a rose, done up neatly in a white piece of paper, on which was written, "May'st thou flourish in Paradise like this rose!"

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable William Pitt. By George Tomline, D. D. F. R. S. Lord Bishop of Winchester.

(Concluded from p. 280.)

IN all the discussions which took place in the House of Commons on the conduct of Warren Hastings, Mr. Pitt acted with the strictest impartiality, supporting some of the charges and voting against others, as they appeared to him to have been proved or not. He, however, refused to be one of the managers of the impeachment, which then consisted entirely of the members of the opposition. On the great question of the regency, in 1788, the conduct of Mr. Pitt is well known; he opposed, strenuously and successfully, investing the Regent with the full powers of sovereignty; and, in the correspondence with the Prince of Wales on the subject, he displayed an unshaken but respectful firmness, notwithstanding all the reports to the contrary. And yet, from the moment Mr. Pitt was placed at the head of the Treasury, to the present time (1789), he had the mortification of knowing, that the influence of the Prince of Wales was exerted against his administration. In the discussions in a previous year, on the debts of his Royal Highness, Mr. Pitt had acted with equal independence and liberality.

Mr. Pitt opposed the repeal of the test and corporation acts, but gave his support to the measures for the abolition of the Slave Trade, which he declared to be 'contrary to every humane, every charitable principle, and to every sentiment which ought to inspire the breast of man.' On the subject of Parliamentary Reform,

Mr. Pitt changed his sentiments, and when the question was brought forward in 1793, he boldly avowed that change in one of the most brilliant speeches ever delivered on this much agitated question, and from which we shall make an extract. He said, speaking of a reform in the representation,—

"It is a question upon which I have thought attentively. I am unwilling to weary the house with many observations upon my own conduct, or upon what seems not exactly to correspond with what I professed in the earliest part of my public character, because I am convinced, that the question to be brought forward, will involve something more than the character, the fortune, the connexion, the liberty, or the life of any individual. It may affect the peace and tranquillity which, under the favour of Providence, this country has long enjoyed, in a superior degree, perhaps, to any part of the habitable globe. It may affect us, who, from the time of general darkness and bondage, to the present hour, have sat quietly, perceiving other powers struggling with tyranny and oppression, while we enjoyed our freedom; it may bring us into anarchy and confusion, worse, if possible, than if we had to contend with despotism itself.

"I think, that the country should know, what the opinions of public men are upon the subject now before us, and how they feel at this moment. I confess they have a peculiar right to know from me, my opinion relative to parliamentary reform. I could have wished, that a subject of this immense importance, had been brought forward at a time when I was personally more able to take an active part in a debate than at present, but, above all, on a day on which the house had no other matter to attend to. I wish, also, that the honourable gentleman would bring it forward in some distinct proposition stated to the house, that they might, early in the next session of Parliament, take the whole question into consideration; in which case I should, perhaps, have reserved myself until the day appointed for the consideration of the subject; but as this is a general notice, without any specific proposition, I must say, I feel no difficulty in declaring, in the most decisive terms, that I object both to the time and to the mode in which this business is brought forward. I feel this subject so deeply, that I must speak upon it without any reserve. I will, therefore, confess, that, in one respect, my opinion upon this subject is changed, and I am not ashamed to own it. I retain my opinion of the propriety of a reform in Parliament, if it could be obtained without mischief or danger, by a general concurrence, pointing harmlessly at its object. But, I confess, I am afraid at this moment, that if agreed to by this house, the security of all the blessings we enjoy, will be shaken

to the foundation. I confess I am not sanguine enough to hope that a reform at this time can safely be attempted."

The commencement of the French revolution, rendered the conduct of a British minister one of considerable difficulty, and opinions will never, perhaps, be reconciled on the measures he adopted. Our author has taken a very comprehensive view of the subject, and has vindicated the conduct of Mr. Pitt with considerable ability. In his concluding remarks on Mr. Pitt's policy in regard to France, he says,—

"The wisdom of Mr. Pitt's conduct, indeed, clearly appeared from the effect it produced upon some of the former opponents of his administration. Nothing but a sense of the most serious public danger, and a conviction of the absolute necessity of strengthening the hands of government, could have induced those respectable members of both houses, who had for nine years acted with the most determined hostility against Mr. Pitt, to stand forward in his support, and to relinquish all connexion with the leader of their party; who, besides other distinguished talents, is known to have possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the faculty of personally attaching to himself his political adherents. The junction of the Duke of Portland and his friends with Mr. Pitt, on the present occasion, reflected equal honour upon both; and this sudden change in so large a body of men, whose characters precluded all suspicion, either of unworthy motive or of weak delusion, must be considered as an early and unequivocal testimony in favour of those principles, a perseverance in which is acknowledged to have been the means, under Providence, of saving this kingdom and all Europe, from the galling yoke of Jacobinical tyranny.

"Such were the proofs which Mr. Pitt gave, at an age which added greatly to their effect upon his contemporaries, and must ever render them more interesting to succeeding generations, of consummate ability, undaunted firmness, sound judgment, and honourable policy; and such were his numerous and eminent services to his country, in the first nine years of his administration, during a period of peace. From this time to the end of his life, we shall have to follow him in the wise and vigorous conduct of a war, attended with circumstances and difficulties unexampled in the history of the world; and which the prosperity, strength, and resources derived from his former measures, together with his salutary and effectual provisions for war, at the time of profound and apparently settled peace, principally enabled the nation to support, and at length to bring to a most brilliant conclusion."

The second volume of this work, though containing a very able view of the political life of Mr. Pitt during an important period of his administration,

affords little opportunity for extract; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with only noticing the dismissal of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who had been a very able adjunct to the ministry; and an instance of his late Majesty's personal esteem for Mr. Pitt:—

'The extraordinary manner in which the Lord Chancellor opposed the Loan Bill, rendered it necessary for Mr. Pitt to take a step, which the common friends of those two distinguished persons had for some time seen to be inevitable. From the commencement of Mr. Pitt's administration, to the period of the King's illness, the Lord Chancellor had acted with the utmost zeal and cordiality as a member of the cabinet'; but during the proceedings in Parliament, to which that unhappy event gave rise, a great alteration took place in his conduct; to such a degree, indeed, that upon several occasions, Mr. Pitt felt by no means confident what part he would take in the debates in the House of Lords. In all the discussions, however, relative to the regency, he invariably, and with apparent sincerity, supported the principles and measures of Mr. Pitt; but not entirely without suspicion, at the moment of the greatest difficulty, of a disposition to pursue an opposite line, in consequence of his being admitted to frequent interviews with the Prince of Wales. Whether the amendment which took place in the King's health, had any influence in this respect, it is impossible to know. After his Majesty's recovery the same coolness and reserve towards Mr. Pitt continued, and gradually increased, although there was no difference of opinion upon any political question, nor did there appear any other cause for dissatisfaction.

'This was a matter of so great importance, that it was thought right to make the King acquainted with it; and his Majesty wrote to the Lord Chancellor upon the subject, towards the end of November, 1789, and received such an answer as led him confidently to hope, that Mr. Pitt would in future have no reason to complain of the Lord Chancellor. This, however, proved by no means the case; and Mr. Pitt, at length convinced that he could not rely upon Lord Thurlow's co-operation, submitted to the King, at the beginning of the following November, the expediency of advancing Mr. William Grenville, who was then Secretary of State, to the peerage, for the purpose of conducting the public business in the House of Lords, and of remedying those inconveniences which had frequently arisen from the waywardness of the Lord Chancellor. To this proposal his Majesty immediately assented; but though Mr.

'Mr. Pitt used to say, that he always found it useful to talk over any measure, which he had in contemplation, with Lord Thurlow, as he was sure to hear from him every objection to which it was liable.'

Pitt had now the satisfaction of feeling entirely at ease, as far as the support of the measures of government was concerned in the House of Lords, yet he still had the mortification of observing a continuance of the same unfriendly disposition in the Lord Chancellor.

'One of the members of the cabinet, who had been intimately acquainted, as well as politically connected, with the Lord Chancellor for many years, repeatedly remonstrated with him upon his present conduct towards Mr. Pitt, which he represented to be the subject of serious concern to all their colleagues, and earnestly pressed him, both for public and private reasons, to state openly and candidly his ground of complaint; assuring him, that no offence or neglect had been intended, and that Mr. Pitt was ready to enter into an explanation upon any point he might wish. This friendly interposition entirely failed. No explicit answer could be obtained; nor did the Chancellor mention a single objection to Mr. Pitt's public measures, or specify one instance of inattention to himself. He persevered in taking every opportunity of marking his personal dislike of Mr. Pitt, though constantly warned of the unreasonableness and unavoidable consequence of such behaviour; and at last his spleen broke forth in a violent censure of a bill, to which he knew Mr. Pitt annexed the greatest importance; and he actually voted against it without having given any previous notice of his intention. Mr. Pitt, who had shown more forbearance than any other man would have done under similar circumstances, had now no alternative. Neither the good of the public service, nor a regard to his own feelings and character, would allow him to submit to such an indignity; and on the following morning, he respectfully submitted to the King, the impossibility of his remaining in office with the Lord Chancellor, and the consequent necessity of his Majesty making his choice between them'. The King was in some degree prepared for this communication; and the Lord Chancellor was immediately acquainted, by his Majesty's command, that he must resign the seals. But as a change was not desirable so near the end of the session, and some time was requisite to bring business, depending in the Court of Chancery, to a conclusion, he did not actually give up the seals till the

'Mr. Pitt, at the same time, wrote the following letter to the Lord Chancellor:—

*"Downing Street, Wednesday,
May 16, 1792.*

'My Lord—I think it right to take the earliest opportunity of acquainting your lordship, that being convinced of the impossibility of his Majesty's service being any longer carried on to advantage, while your lordship and myself both remain in our present situations, I have felt it my duty to submit that opinion to his Majesty; humbly requesting his Majesty's determination thereupon.

I have the honour to be, &c. W. PITT.'

day of the prorogation, when they were placed in the hands of three commissioners.

'This dismissal of the Lord Chancellor was not followed by a single resignation or change in any political or legal department; nor was it expected to affect the vote of one member in either house of Parliament—a clear proof of the opinion which was entertained of Mr. Pitt's conduct upon this occasion.'

On the death of Lord Guildford, in 1793, the wardenship of the Cinque Ports, worth about 3000*l.* a year, became vacant, and the King immediately offered it to Mr. Pitt, in the following pressing terms:—

"Windsor, Aug. 6, 1792.

'Having this morning received the account of the death of the Earl of Guildford, I take the first opportunity of acquainting Mr. Pitt, that the wardenship of the Cinque Ports is an office for which I will not receive any recommendations; having positively resolved to confer it on him, as a mark of that regard, which his eminent services have deserved from me. I am so bent on this, that I shall seriously be offended at any attempt to decline. I have intimated these, my intentions, to the Earl of Chatham, Lord Grenville, and Mr. Dundas.'

'His Majesty, knowing that Mr. Pitt was at Burton Pynt, on a visit to his mother, sent the above letter to Mr. Dundas, in London, adding, "Mr. Dundas is to forward it with a few lines from himself, expressing, that I will not admit of this favour being declined. I desire that Lord Chatham may also write, and that Mr. Dundas will take the first opportunity of acquainting Lord Grenville with the step I have taken."

Although we deem the Bishop of Winchester's Life of Mr. Pitt a very valuable work, yet we think it might have been rendered more interesting if some portion of his private life had been mingled with his public labours; but his biographer has declared his intention to keep them separate, and the private life of Mr. Pitt will form part of the subject of the third and concluding volume. The work is not written with the ability which marked some of the controversial productions of the author; but it is a plain, honest, and straight-forward narrative, in which

'The King had always expressed a great desire to make some provision for Mr. Pitt. In May, 1790, Mr. Pitt applied by letter to the King, for the reversion of a titheliop of the exchequer, in favour of Lord Anckland's son, to which his Majesty assented; and added, "had Mr. Pitt proposed some means of rendering it of utility to himself, it would have been pleasing to me, as I do not feel easy at not having had an opportunity of securing a provision for him, in case of my paying that tribute to which every one is sooner or later subject."

historical fidelity and a becoming liberality of principle are alike manifest.

The temperate manner in which the work is written, appears to be a sad disappointment to some of our journalists, if we may judge by the way in which they have mentioned it. The Morning Chronicle, not finding any better ground of attack, discovered a great want of fairness in the reverend biographer, in concealing from his readers, that Mr. Pitt, previous to a debate in the House of Commons, would drink a bottle of wine in tumblers! and rakes up some anecdotes of the bishop's avarice. The Times newspaper, which is less proverbial for its liberality or its critical acuteness, quarrels with the bishop on the darkness of his work, and states that it ought have been given in a single octavo volume; and the editor of the Monthly Magazine, disdaining all half-measures, and reluctantly compelled to admit that the author has 'produced an interesting book,' accompanies the acknowledgment with the following remark, which we quote on account of its truth and elegance: 'Tomline, Bishop of Winchester, tutor of the last William Pitt, has published his promised Memoirs of that statesman, but at a price which adapts it to the purchase only of those who realized fortunes under the corrupt system of his administration. As a scrivener would make a fair copy at a third of its cost, the utility of printing seems baffled, and the scrivener's occupation may soon be expected to revive.'

Now it happens that this very work, which is so condemned for its high price, is one of the cheapest that we have seen for some time, of the same form and size. It contains no less than twelve hundred pages in two 4to. volumes, printed on good paper, and the price is only 3l. 3s. Mr. Southey's Vision of Judgment, which consisted of only seventy-nine pages, (one third of which were not original,) was published at 13s., or at four times the price, in proportion, of the Life of Pitt. So much for the darkness of the work, and as to a scrivener writing a copy of it for £1, the folly of the assertion might be overlooked, but for its falsehood and malignity. We know not at what rate the editor of the Monthly Magazine pays his scriveners, but if he gets them to copy twelve hundred quarto pages, or even one hundred, or even fifty, for £1, he certainly ought to conceal the wretchedness to which he reduces those he employs, or avow himself at once a hard task-master.

We have deemed it an act of justice to the right reverend biographer, to notice the charges thus made against him, as well as to show the liberality of discover critics.

1. *Sketches from St. George's Fields.*
By Giorgione di Castel Chiuso.
12mo. London, 1820.
2. *Sketches from St. George's Fields.*
By the same. Second Series. 12mo.
London, 1821.

In the first one hundred and three numbers of the *Literary Chronicle* did not bear tolerable evidence of our critical industry, we should deem it necessary to apologize to our readers for having neglected the 'Sketches from St. George's Fields' until they reached a second series. The author, we understand, is a Mr. Bailey, and though we cannot but wish that so clever a satirist had chosen a nobler theme, yet 'misery,' says Shakespeare, 'makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows;' and the author could not, perhaps, have more laudably diverted the ennu of a constrained residence, than by so successful an exercise of his genius and talents. The Sketches are at once humorous, satirical, and spirited, and often accompanied by reflections that are creditable to the heart as well as the head of the writer. He appears deeply read in the knowledge of human nature, and describes with force and correctness, its workings under various circumstances. We shall quote but one passage from the first series, which is descriptive of the inhabitants of the prison:—

'Here ruin'd lawyers ruin'd clients meet;
Here doctors their consumptive patients greet;
Of one malady that mocks all skill,
Without the true specific,—golden pill.
Hence finish'd tailors, never to be paid,
Turn eyes on many a coat themselves have made;
And bailiffs, caught by their own arts at last,
Meet those their *capias* yesterday made fast.
There walks a youth whose father, for reform,
Has shut him up where countless vices swarm.
But little is that parent skill'd to trace
The springs of action,—little knows the place,
Who sends an ailing mind to where disease
Its inmost citadel of health may seize.
Paint are the calls of decency, when broad
And naked vice can show her front unaw'd;
Where thrives what'er the vilest of our kind
Can touch to brutify and sink the mind;
Where weary reason fails her watch to keep,
And the tir'd conscience finds a troubled sleep;
Where every check and barrier is removed,
Of countenance fear'd, and bosom lov'd;
Where bold and bad examples lead the way,
And every hour facilitates decay;
Where ferocious impatience fires the blood,
Dis temper'd by the maddening neighbourhood;

Where hope of some short joy the sanguine draws,
And vanity is fed by bad applause,—
The brute his wanted offal seeks, the fool
Falls with his weight, or push'd by ridicule.'

'See you pale wretch—observe his vacant stare—
His lustre-lacking eye and matted hair;
His squalid hands, his soil'd and tatter'd dress,
Symbols, at once, of want and low excess;
Two months ago he was an airy thing,
Light, crisp, and elegant, and free of wing,—
Graceful in manners, stylish in attire,
In converse full of wit, of zest, and fire.
Soon sank his spirits, faded every grace,
Before the withering influence of the place;
Not of that order of high minds was he,
Whose efforts rise with growing misery;
From wine he sought false courage, and the glow
That gave a hollow respite to his woe;
Soon larger draughts were needful, in the sleep
That knew no memory each sense to steep.—
Then vile rotations of pernicious trash
Were swallowed, Reason from his brain to wash—
Behold him, now, confirmed the perfect sot,
That knows no heaven beyond a porter-pot.'

The 'Second Series,' just published, is neither deficient in spirit, humour, nor moral reflection, to its predecessor; and, although the satirist wages a 'motley war,' it is only against vice and folly. It is true, that those who have the misfortune to know the arcana of the King's Bench Prison, he has portrayed; but in their general features they are so true to nature, that personal identity is not necessary to assure us of their correctness. We shall quote a few extracts; and, first, of a Table d'Hôte in the prison:—

'You raw-boned and red whiskered fellow note,
With clean cravat,—he keeps a Table d'Hôte;
And every day—'tis his peculiar boast—
Smokes on the board the solid boiled or roast:
And sometimes you may see above the flesh,
Fish of the cheaper kinds, nor yet too fresh—
Herrings, a savoury mess—with onions fried—
To sauce the palate, and the taint to hide;
Or fumes from fish of ancient salt ascend,
To which coeval eggs their flavour lend:
Sometimes on greasy soup will pepper float;
It feeds you—or it scarifies your throat.
And plate is there: of silver spoons a brace—
Or plated, perhaps—o'er powder holds their place.
Only the host inquires if sure you pay,
And, answered, welcomes you from day to day;
And you may eat with such assorted crew,
As never met, nor more will meet, your view.
That easy negligence which constitutes
The grace of some, yet others scarcely suits,
May here be learnt. Here sit not those who ask
The rites you think the toilet's slightest task;
Here—where with unwashed hands and unkempt hair,
Hot racket-payers to their meal repair,
Feeding like hogs, and washing down their food,
With heady draughts, their chief beatitude.
And here are some would win you from such crew,
Inviting you to join—"a chosen few,"

Men who companions with due care select
All gentlemen of manners most correct."

The author's curse on knavish attorneys is very spirited. He has been describing the means by which they ensnare and plunder such as have the misfortune to come within their grasp:—

'Two such—and deeply I the knowledge rue—

Two dark confederates in guilt, I knew.
Well they agreed where'er they set their toils,
And quarrelled only when they shared the spoils.

Their love of plunder still their league renewed,
Still jealous greediness revived the feud.
At length a quarrel fiercer than the rest,
The caution burst of either guilty breast:

Each of his partner then such things revealed,
That I escaped them, ere my fate was sealed.

Whip, O ye strongest arms that e'er applied
The sounding lash to vile delinquent's hide,
Whip me such villains thro' each crowded street,

To Tyburn's distant turnpike from the Fleet!
Sharp be the lash, and burning be the smart
They feel behind the slowly moving cart;
And let their screams resound, that far and near
The heart of conscious guilt may quake with fear.

Yet, let the scourge their backs in furrows plough,

Let the red iron sear each hardened brow,
And mark for common scorn for many a day
The villains that upon the wretched prey,
Bring drier plagues upon the house of woe,
And heavier fetters round the captive throw.

Metaphors (if Gog and Magog at Guildhall
Kesham's Amreet cup their own might call,
'Twere fate befiting these Attorneys twain,
In equal shares its beverage to drain)

Then each his body, red with fiercest glow,
Before the giant images should throw,
Each as a pedestal to serve, to feel
Of Magog this, and that of Gog, the heel;

That none might e'er approach the judgment seat,

But well should mark the fate for villains meet.

The thief that claps a pistol to your breast,
The midnight burglar that invades your rest,
The desperate forger, when compared with these,

Are culprits that the voice of Reason frees.
E'en those that spoil the maimed less move our ire,

Less those that rob the sufferers in a fire.
The Leech drops off when saturate of blood;
The Vampire flies, gorged with the crimson flood;

But these, when feasted, more in hunger rave,
And their foul food with fiercer fury crave,
Like Ghouls obscene, that in the darkest gloom,
(So shuddering Arabs tell) infect the tomb,
And still insatiate, thro' the night tho' fed,
Reluctant quit at dawn the mangled dead.'

Our last extract we select on account of the beautiful allusion to the death of the much-lamented Princess Charlotte. The author is describing the interior of the King's Bench Prison:—

'There, in the centre, is the chapel door,
With ever-changing notices upon the floor,
Whatever doctrines may within be taught,
With words of peace that door is rarely fraught:
For there, 'mid notices of beds for hire,
Of concerts in the State-house by desire,

Some ill-spelt scrawl demands the mighty debt
Of half a crown, with a ferocious threat;
Some traitorous agent is denounced; some spy,
That blab'd of gin, is hung in effigy.

Here angry fooks proclaim the petty jar,
And clumsy pasquinades provoke to war.

Yet even here, at times, such words have place,

As such a door may wear without disgrace.

On that dark day when all the nation's sighs
Rose for the light withdrawn from our sad eyes,
When Britain's fondest proudest hopes were cross'd,

And both the mother and the babe were lost,
Even here the blow was felt; and darkness fell,

With deeper shade on Grief's own citadel.

On that most mournful day the chapel door
A sad and solemn exhortation bore:

In simple but affecting terms it told
The loss, for which how ill we were consoled!

The virtues and the graces that are gone,
And left the throne no promise like them—none!

No witting 'ere the righteous tribute assem'd;
The hardened scoffer's folly disappeared;

But on the day when that untimely tomb
Closed 'ere the blossom snatch'd in its first bloom,

The prisoners met with one consent, to pray,
And own the power that gives and takes away;
That oft confounds the wisdom of the wise,
In ways that mock the ken of human eyes.'

In conclusion, we cannot but express our regret, that an author with such talents, should have been schooled in the misery that he portrays; we trust, however, that he has escaped the contagion it too often communicates, and that his future sketches will be from subjects on which he may dwell with more pleasure, and treat no less happily, than St. George's Fields. We ought to add, that each volume of the series contains several well executed wood-engravings, from original and appropriate designs.

Annals of the Coinage of Britain and its Dependencies. By the Rev. R. Ruding.

(Continued from p. 248.)

On the ascension of Queen Mary to the throne, in 1553, she found the coinage nearly brought to a perfect standard by the wise counsel and exertions of her predecessor. She issued a proclamation, in which she held out the promise of bringing the silver to the old sterling, when, in fact, it was her determination to debase it. During her short reign, she had several coinages; and before her marriage, her title upon the coin was, 'Maria Dei Gratia Anglie, Francie, et Hibernie, Regina.' In July, 1554, she married Philip of Spain, who brought with him a vast quantity of wealth: seven-and-twenty chests of bullion, every chest being a yard and some inches

long; and these were drawn in twenty carts to the Tower; after which came ninety-nine horses, and two carts loaded with coined gold and silver. The first money struck after the marriage, had the Queen's bust only; but a new die was soon cut, with the heads of both the King and Queen, with the titles, 'Philip et Mariæ Dei Gratia R. Anglie, Francie, et Neapolis Princeps Hispanie.' In some of the later coins, the titles of Naples and Spain, and in others, that of France also are omitted. The shield on the reverse has the arms of Spain impaled with England. The motto upon her silver coins, before her marriage, was 'VERITAS TEMPORIS FILIA.' Afterwards, 'POVI-MUS DEUM ADIUTOREM NOSTRUM.' On her gold money, both before and after her marriage, we find, A DOMINO FACTUM EST ISTUD ET EST MIRABILE IN OCULIS NOSTRIS. The obverse of the mint is to be found only upon the pennies.

The reign of Elizabeth is an important one in the annals of the coinage. She called in the base money by proclamation, and had it converted into sterling, at a separate mint in the Tower, in 1560-61. The quantity of base money brought into the mint in that year, was 631,930 lbs. from which 244,416 lbs. of fine monies were made, leaving no less than 387,514 lbs. of dross, which, Stowe informs us, was carried to foul ways, to lighten them:—

'A strange story is told of the workmen who were employed in melting these base coins; that most of them fell sick to death with the savour, and that they were advised to drink in a dead man's skull for their rescue. That, accordingly, a warrant was procured from the council, to take off the heads from London Bridge, and to make cups of them, out of which they drank, and found some relief, although most of them died.'

If there be any truth in this tale, which is related by both Agarde and Hearne, it is probable that the sickness arose from the fumes of arsenic with which the base metal was fluxed.

A medal was struck to perpetuate the memory of this event. On the obverse side it bore the Queen's bust, full-faced, with this inscription, 'ER ANGLIE GLORIA.' On the reverse, Justice, seated, bearing the sword and balance; with this legend, 'BENE CONSTITUTA RE NUMARIA.' The Queen seems to have prided herself much on the reformation of the coinage, as we find her frequently and publicly boasting, that she had 'conquer-

ed now that monster which had so long devoured her people.' It must, however, greatly detract from the Queen's merit in this respect, that she permitted, by several commissions, her master of the Mint to vary from the terms of his indenture, for the express purpose of coining the money of less weight and fineness.

The Queen's title on her coins, differed little from that of her sister Mary before her marriage, for she was styled *ELIZABETH DEI GRATIA ANGLIÆ, FRANCIÆ, ET HIBERNIÆ REGINA*. On some of the smaller pieces, however, that title was omitted, and they bore only *E. D. G. ROSA SINE SPINA*. Those pieces had the place of mintage on the reverse.

The mill and screw were first introduced into the Mint in the year 1561, but they were either imperfectly constructed, or, what is equally probable, the officers of the Mint were prejudiced against the use of them, and they were declared defective.

One of the first acts of James I. on his accession to the English throne, was to fix the value at which the Scottish coins should be current in England. The want of coins of small value, had driven private traders to issue farthing tokens of lead; but these illegitimate coins were abolished by proclamation, in 1613, and a coinage of copper farthings was then first commenced in the Mint. In the course of this King's reign, a good deal of money was coined of silver, refined from the lead of the mines in Wales, and the money was marked with the Welsh feathers, placed over the royal arms, upon the respective reverses.

The title of James was varied from that of all his predecessors, on account of the union of the two kingdoms under one imperial crown. On the coins which were first struck after his accession to the English throne, it ran thus, '*Jacobus Dei Gratia Angliæ, Scotiæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ, Rex*.' This, in the second year, was changed to '*Jacobus Dei Gratia Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ, Rex*.' His earliest English coins had on the reverse, '*Exurgat Deus dissipent inimici*.' But after his second year, all the inscriptions on the various reverses alluded to the union of England and Scotland, which he earnestly desired, but was unable to accomplish.

As we come down to the more recent period of our history, we shall not deem it necessary to be so minute, since the coinage then becomes more fami-

liar to the public. The reign of Charles I. is memorable for the great improvement which took place in the workmanship of the coins. The merit of this must be ascribed to a foreign artist, Nicholas Briot, a native of Lorraine, who, quitting France in disgust, had great encouragement from Charles I. whose taste in the Fine Arts is universally admitted. Briot was made a denizen, by letters patent, in 1628, and authorized to frame and engrave the first designs and effigies of the King's image, in such sizes and forms as should serve in all sorts of coins of gold and silver. The various expedients to which Charles resorted to replenish his coffers in his necessities, are well known, and it is sufficient here to observe, that they were all injurious to the coinage. The great variety of the money coined by Charles the First, prevents us from noticing the several coins; for, besides the regular silver pieces, which were of a size and value well known as the currency of the kingdom, there were also others of irregular form and value, which the immediate want of money obliged the King to coin at various places. These are called *siege pieces*, or money of necessity; and were either coins of larger size than had ever been used before, as the twenty or the ten shilling pieces of silver or rude masses of plate; clipped off, and stamped with some hastily-formed device, and even retaining, in certain instances, the moulding of the salvers from which they were cut.

In the beginning of the Commonwealth, the House of Commons resolved that the inscriptions on the coins should be in the English tongue; that on the one side, on which the English arms should stand alone, should be this inscription—'*The commonwealth of England*;' and on the other side, which should bear the arms of England and Ireland, '*God with us*.'

These coins were the subject of standing jokes with the cavaliers. The double shield on the reverse was called the '*breeches of the rump*,' and from the legend they observed that God and the commonwealth were on opposite sides; another writer speaking of this coin said—

'May their success like to their coin appear,
Send double crosses for their single cheer.'

In the year 1656, Cromwell ventured to coin money with his own head and style; but there is no proof that he ever published it as the current money of England. The pieces were eminently beautiful, being the work

of Thomas Simon, who was appointed chief engineer of the mint and medal maker, by whom they were coined with the greatest care and exactness by the mill and screw. Antiquaries have differed much as to the extent of this coinage, but, after all, it appears certain that it was never the current money of the kingdom.

It is not certainly known that Charles the Second coined any money before his restoration; but Mr. Folkes conjectured that some five shillings and two and sixpenny pieces were struck by him during the interval between his father's death and his own restoration. It is probable that these coins were struck in Ireland by the Marquis of Ormond, who proclaimed the king in all the places which owned his authority within a fortnight after his father's death. Soon after the restoration of the king, the currency of the coins with the stamp of the commonwealth was prohibited; and in the course of his reign a new coinage of gold, silver, copper, and tin monies was issued. His style upon the English gold and silver coins was the same as his father's, with the addition of the Roman numerals for distinction; but on his copper and tin money it was simply '*Carolus a Carolo*,' and on the reverse '*Britannia*.'

The short and unhappy reign of James II. was in no respect more disgraceful than in the state to which he reduced the coinage in Ireland. His English money, however, escaped violation, for he was forced to abandon that kingdom before his pecuniary necessities became very urgent. The base metal of which this king formed his Irish coinage is said to have been 'a mixture of old guns, old broken bells, old copper, brass and pewter, old kitchen furniture, and the refuse of metals melted down together and valued by the workmen in the mint at three or four pence the pound weight; but when coined into sixpenny, twelve-penny, and halfcrown pieces, and made current by arbitrary power, it passed at the rate of five pounds sterling the pound weight.' Of this base money there was coined and issued to the amount of 2,163,237l. 9s. the produce of 6,495l. the real value of the metal. In this wretched sort of money the Popish soldiers were paid their subsistence, and the Protestant tradesmen and creditors were obliged to receive it for their goods and debts; so that it is calculated that they lost above 60,000l. a-month by this iniquitous coinage.

On the accession of William III. to the throne, various useful regulations were made respecting foreign money, and for preventing the debasing of the English coin, which was then done to an alarming extent. A recoinage was completed in 1699, when nearly seven millions of silver money were coined.

The second splendid period in the annals of our mints is the reign of Queen Anne, for the beauty of her coinage is only exceeded by the admirable works of Simon, during the protectorate of Cromwell, and part of the reign of Charles II. In 1707 an alteration was made in the royal arms on both the English and Scottish coins. England and Scotland were then imaged in the first and third quarters, France placed in the second, and Ireland in the fourth. The coin was declared of the same standard and value throughout the united kingdom as it was at that time in England; and a mint was still continued at Edinburgh.

It was in this reign that Dean Swift delivered to the Lord Treasurer his plan for improving the British coin, and which, if adopted to its utmost extent, would have ennobled our coinage, and have elevated it far above the rank of a mere medium of commerce. Nothing more, however, was done, than the striking a few pattern farthings and halfpence. One of the former has Britannia under a portal, holding an olive branch in her hand; there is another with Peace in a car, and this inscription, *PAX MISSA PER ORBEM*; these are dated in 1713; and a third has a female figure standing with an olive branch in her right hand, and a spear in her left, and this legend, *BELLO ET PACE*, 1713. The halfpenny has a rose and thistle upon the same stalk, on the reverse, in allusion to the union. None of these were ever current.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Picturesque Tour of the Seine.

Part IV. May.

THE last number of this elegant work is equal to any of its predecessors, in point of decoration, and is more important in the nature of its subjects. It contains, among other things, a very interesting historical account of the Abbey and Church of St. Dennis, but it is too long for our insertion, and we shall, therefore, content ourselves with inserting what we believe is a well-merited tribute to the memory of the first wife of Napoleon, the Empress

Josephine, from the author's account of Malmison:—

'Having passed the bridge of Chatou, I perceived a mansion nearly concealed from view by trees. "It is Malmison," said my guide. This single word was sufficient to remind me of her who there terminated her career, and I resolved to survey the place more closely. She soothed the rigour of authority with her kindness and generosity, and the extent of her power was known only by that of her benevolence. Never did the wretched apply to her in vain: accessible to all, and especially to the unfortunate, they returned cheered from her presence; and at the moment when you would have expected her to be intoxicated with homage and adulation, she did not forget that she had been called the *mother of the poor*. While absorbed in reverie, chance conducted me to the church-yard, and into the church of Ruel. I inquired for her tomb, and was answered, "There she lies. I beheld, on the pavement, a flat stone, without inscription. What! not the slightest *obstacle* to protect her last abode, to preserve her ashes from being trampled under foot! Grace, beauty, power, all are laid here, and no mark apprises the wanderer that here reposes the benefactress of mankind. The indigent alone are but too well acquainted with this fatal spot, which has swallowed up all their hopes: there is nothing remarkable about this stone, but they know that hither they must come to weep over her who so often dried their tears. The sight of this humble grave, the depository, nevertheless, of such precious remains, plunged me into the most melancholy reflections. It was some time before I perceived an old man at my side, surveying me with attention. There is a natural sympathy between good hearts; though we had never spoken to each other, we were already acquainted. "My dear sir," said he, "who is better qualified than myself, to tell you of her whom we call the *good Josephine*? She fed me for eight years. How shall I describe to you the day we lost her? She was borne to this her last abode, by those whom she had supported, and followed by her afflicted servants, by the poor, and by women and children, who were now left destitute. Ah, sir! what tears, what cries of anguish, when the coffin was lowered into the grave. Believe me, the poor are not ungrateful; for six years past, I have come every morning to this spot to offer up my prayer." I pressed the hand of

* The house, though but one story high, contains spacious apartments. The park is one of the finest in the neighbourhood of Paris. Here Josephine formed a botanic garden, containing all the rarest exotic plants, either in the open air or in hot-houses; a complete menagerie of all the species of animals which can exist in the climate of the north of France; and an agricultural school. The Empress, who was attached to arts and sciences, had made other valuable collections at Malmison.

the aged speaker, and left the church, blessing the memory of her who deserved such a funeral oration.'

Original Communications.

LETTER FROM W. B. L. TO THE PUBLIC.

GENTLE READER,—With downcast eyes and a sheepishness of face, we address ourselves unto thy most compassionate clemency. Our pen fluttereth within our finger points like unto the foliage of the aspen-tree, and our heart assuredly paineth us nigh unto choking. Of our trepidation thou mayest conclude when we assever, that, for four mortal hours have we essayed to prelinimize, and have, as yet, progressed but thus far. Most sweet and silver-hearted reader, (oh! that our adjectives be propitious) we tremble; for have we not (though thereunto compelled) launched our frail and untarred bark upon literary waters! We quail at every movement of our quivering scull; verily, there seemeth within the 'Fives-Court' of our bosom, a pigmy race of Randalls and Mendozas, so outrageously do our internals beat against our fair and fleshy frame.

We are (assist us, O divinities!) we are to make known unto thee, that in the absolute compliance with our desires, (particularized in a certain epistle, the which, though destined for sole and confidential purposes, to our utter dismay, hath been revealed unto the world twice seven days ago—) on Tuesday, the first day of May (instant), our very excellent friend, to whom thou and I are under an eternity of obligation, with PARRY, and (to the total discomfiture of Betty House-maid) SAM SPRIITAIL (honest Sam), *en suite*, dropped from the density of a metropolitan atmosphere into the purer regions of rurality; but whether—and here, reader, most delectable and dear, here's the rub!—whether from the suddenness of the transition, or from divers hilarious and revellous proceedings, we nothing surmise; yet, natheless, so it fell, that upon the second morn of our festivities, be, our friend aforesaid, recognized sundry internal symptoms of a nature squeamish and peculiar, which appeared unto his discernment, fit studies for the lacerations of our neighbour, Nicholas Nickum, M. D.*

* We may be allowed to note, that from the never-failing success which attends this worthy man's endeavours in depopulating the vineyard of which he is the glory and the pride, we have every reason to surmise, that, if spared for a few

It becometh not at this moment requisite to discuss the precise malady of our friend, but rather, excusively, to state, that, regardless of bodily infirmities, and with an eye to this his beloved offspring, deeming it advisable its temporary superintendence should devolve upon our well known-sagacity, (so was he pleased to compliment our poor ability,) furnished us with manifold and explicit instructions, touching the conduct thereof. Could we refuse our humble efforts? we somewhat suppressed the agitation of our breast, and throwing ourself into the right-hand corner of our carriage, bade Stephen (our coachman,) direct our course towards town.

We had pledged ourself to indite as tolerable a paper as possible, on some trite subject, which might compensate to the many hundreds of whom we are conned, for the absence of our poor friend's masterly cogitations; but, alas! little did we think of the performance of that pledge—else had we indubitably plunged into the first river we had met, and submissively have yielded up the ghost.

Oh! reader, it is surely one thing to read and another to write. Yea, wonderfully pleasant is it to pore upon an exquisite periodical—with what a goodly feeling of impatience do we await the coming of our newsmen—how anxiously are our eyes directed a-down the shrubbery, over the little white bridge, just across the green meadow, and then into the violettéd lane, whose very fragrance seems to court his coming—how impatient are our ears of all sounds, which disturb the melody of his taper horn—and when his tired and tedious steps, have borne him to our door, with what a holy eagerness do we wreath our fingers amid its pages, still moist with its own peculiar bloom, how quickly do we assume our pebbled optics, (power, No. 5.) and glut our senses upon the delicious and delighting herald. Were our mind and imagination less hurried, we could have upon several beautiful stanzas (Spenserian) thereupon.

Yea, all this is prodigiously sweet, but turn the cups, and—lo!

Behold the plodding author at his toil—and reverse. See him, reader, see him in his study, (i. e. a garret, ten feet five inches per seven feet three inches,)—look at that haggard eye—that pallid cheek—that distracted gaze yean, (which heaven grant,) will stand a prominent illustration of the hypothetical absurdities, both of Godwin and Mathews.

—that hesitating and undetermined step—he pauses—starts—rushes to his chair (always providing he have one)—and pauses again—and, anon, he grasps a pen—but ah,—his hand creeps towards the standish as though it blashed for the brain which impels it.

Reader, (barring the garret,) thou hast here a portrait of myself, and so strongly were we possessed with an author's struggles, that we found our (naturally inventive) faculties expand, and suddenly acquire strength, breadth, and colour; our goose quill (we pray you mistake not our meaning) sped with a velocity absolutely astonishing (albeit, we ken well our admirable capacities when cool,) to ourself. Three columns and odd, (type liliptian,) by a saving computation, were wrought in sixteen minutes and three seconds—mere transcription time—sentence followed sentence, and paragraph paragraph, of deep and dolorous detail; but, at the very moment we were breaking into eloquence, the devil (we mean, of course, our own peculiar imp,) broke in upon us like unto a thunder clap, squeaking out, that Mr. Flagherty O'Shaughnessy O'Rourke (our foreman,) was waiting for 'copy,' that the press was at a stand, and that three columns would complete the paper. Three columns! three pages would not have sufficed for what we had written; but, what was to be done? we journeyed round our chamber sixteen revolutions; and then, in the deepness of our desperation, did we dispatch the whole unto Mr. O'Flagherty O'Shaugh—something; and thus placed ourself into his discriminating judgment.

Therefore, sweet reader, take we our leave for the present week, hastily promising much mirth for the coming.

Thine, in good faith,

W. B. L.

Postm. We propose an essay on chop-houses in our next, and expect it will be excellent and savoury.

SOME ACCOUNT OF EVERYBODY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—As I have been, for a long time, a subscriber to your journal, which, whatever may be your modesty, you cannot but know that Everybody reads and admires, it fell to my lot to peruse the 'Life and Adventures of Nobody,' contained in one of your late numbers. And I could not but give my assent to those wonderful adventures with which 'Nobody's' career

has abounded, and which it would be vain for Everybody to attempt to rival. However, although I cannot pretend that my life has been equally prolific with marvels, I still think that, when I have thrown together some few passages of it, you will be disposed to exclaim, with one of my favourite poets,—

‘Hænos erit huic quæque pono!’

After what I have just said, to stumble in *limine*, or at the first step of my journey, may appear somewhat ominous; but with a due regard to that veracity to which Everybody at all times pretends, I must admit, that I have no very high claims on the score of genealogy. For, while I am ready to grant, that 'Nobody' can carry his family higher than Adam, I must, at the same time, acknowledge that Everybody cannot boast of that enviable distinction, although it is equally certain that his family must have originated with the great sire of mankind. However, as I have not the honour of belonging to the stock of the renowned Arthurs and Cadwaladers, those redoubtable champions of Wales, I have no ambition to speak of the merits of my progenitors. In this respect, if you will pardon my pedantry, I will adopt the words of the Roman poet, and say—

*‘Nam genus et progenies, et quæ nos fecimus ipsi,
Fis ex nostra uoce!’*

From my ancestors I pass, then, to that more interesting topic—myself, on which Everybody is so well known to delight to dwell. And here I am bound to confess, that, in a general view, my character is neither more nor less than a perplexing and contradictory compound of negatives, which it is impossible to fix to any one point. For, it is universally allowed, that Everybody is not virtuous, that Everybody is not vicious, that Everybody is not an idiot, and that Everybody is not a sage; while, on the other hand, I can never be said to be gifted with any one positive quality, good, bad, or indifferent. It is impossible, therefore, that even 'Nobody' himself should present a greater riddle of contrarities and incongruities, than I do in these my negative characteristics.

But, notwithstanding that my virtues and vices are thus neutralized, there are some points on which I am not quite so unfortunate; and one is, my reputation as a critic. Thus, although I have not the presumption, Mr. Editor, to vie in critical dignity with yourself, while wasted, as you may be at this moment, in your chair of Aris-

tarchus, I am still allowed to have the nicest and most just discrimination of what is really excellent in an author. Hence I have never failed to appreciate and admire the sublimity of Homer, the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, and the sound sense and luminous philosophy of Bacon and Locke; not to mention a host of writers, of all nations and all ages, whose characteristic excellencies, ever since they wrote, have, it is well known, been the delight and admiration of Everybody. But, on the other hand, I have often, much to my injury, had the credit of applauding works which I never opened,—as in those instances which 'Nobody' has so truly particularised in your late number. Thousands of modern authors have, in this manner, been made to derive their fame from my liberality, while to have bestowed it in such cases would have proved me a mere Tyro in these matters, which, I need not affirm, Everybody is not. And I must add, that I have to charge publishers and authors themselves, with taking these unwarrantable liberties with my good name and reputation, which they do sometimes *vide* voce, and, at others, through that notorious vehicle of delusion—an advertisement. What more common than to hear or read upon these occasions, such expressions as the following:—'Everybody reads it'—'Everybody talks of it'—the work is in Everybody's hands—'Everybody admires it,' while it is a matter of notoriety, that the book in question, if read at all, must have been read by—'Nobody,' to the justice of whose feeling lamentation on this very point I most heartily subscribe.

Among the marvellous singularities of 'Nobody's' life, as recorded in your journal*, are included his immortality and his ubiquity. Now, far be it from me to set up in opposition my own pretensions on these points, especially the first, since it is well known, that Everybody must die as well as that Everybody has been born; but, on the score of ubiquity, it may appear a little remarkable, that although I occupy the whole of this immense globe, which alone could contain Everybody, I am still never the inhabitant of any particular country. For who, for instance, ever heard, that Everybody had been in England, in Italy, or in Germany? Nay, even when at the close of the late war, France became the grand focus of attraction, and when the public prints had the assurance to assert, that Every-

body was at Paris, I was no more there than I was, at the time, in Otaheite, Algiers, or among the Chickataw Indians.

Now, while I am on this point, I cannot help preferring a serious accusation against two arrant impostors, who have, from time immemorial, committed, on my credit, the most shameless forgeries on the credulity of the public. One of these fellows is an Englishman, and goes by the name of 'All-the-World;' and the other, who is a rascally Frenchman, is well known as Monsieur 'Tout-le-Monde.' It would be impossible to enumerate all the impositions these two swindlers have practised to gain a disgraceful livelihood at my expense, extorting frequently from their dupes, sums to a large amount, and yet, to the reproach of public justice be it said, hitherto with impunity. It is London and Paris that this brace of worthies have usually selected as the theatres of their exploits, and where, accordingly, you will often find, that 'All-the-World,' or 'Tout-le-Monde,' patronized such a play—applauded such an opera—was present at such an exhibition—or bought this or that newly-invented article, *et sic de similibus*; thereby insinuating, that Everybody had done all this, and so inducing the credulous and misled public to part with their wits or their money, and often with both together, on the strength of my well-known character for critical discernment, to which I have already advertised. All this, Mr. Editor, is, you will perceive, neither more nor less than a gross cheat; and I wish you would announce it as such. And in particular I wish you would warn your readers, or the public, (which is the same thing,) that when they hear of 'All-the-World' being at Almacks—at Lady C—'s rout,—or at the Marchioness of H—'s masquerade, they are not to infer Everybody was there, since, by so doing, I should consider myself grossly defamed. For never will it happen, I hope, that Everybody shall hold his character so lightly as to frequent such places of immorality and dissipation. And, besides, to say the truth, I cannot well see how I could be present at any of those scenes of disorder, without first undergoing the torture of the bed of Procrustes, or, to adduce a more apposite allusion, without assuming the attributes of Milton's Devils, when assembled in Pandemonium, and when, according to the poet, they

* Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,

Though without number, still within the hall Of that infernal court.'

I might swell this epistle to a very inconvenient bulk, were I, Mr. Editor, to insist upon all the honourable mention that hath been made of me by the most celebrated writers, ancient as well as modern, under the various appellations which have been bestowed upon me in different countries. At one time, hath been recorded my compassion for the injured and oppressed; at another, my indignation against the tyrant and oppressor. One writer describes me as the enemy of vice; another, as the unshaken friend of virtue and morality. In a word, my character has, for the most part, been painted, though it ill becomes me to say with what justice, in the most flattering colours, and which has been the reason why so many have been, in all ages, desirous of cultivating my friendship and good opinion. And I can assure you, Mr. Editor, in conclusion, that as long as you continue to conduct your journal in the manner you now do, it cannot fail to be read and admired, as it now is, by EVERYBODY.

MEDIA RES.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I should feel, as in duty bound, infinitely obliged to any of your classical correspondents, that would inform me, whether the following passage,—which I extract from an antiquated hebdomadal journal, published about two centuries ago by a juno of bibliopoliasts, and entitled *Longueuranne's Cennage Abderigier*,—be strictly according to Hoyle. The passage occurs in the review of an ancient work, yclept *Takpuges*, or the *Life of a Collegianne*, whereof I have seen no other notice than in the aforesaid journal.

'There is a chaste humour,' quoth the critic, whose language I shall take the liberty to modernize, 'in some of the more striking sketches, which differs as much from the broad caricature as it does from the *beau ideal*; it is in *media res*, and forms almost a peculiar style, partaking intimately of the ridiculous and the natural.'

It will readily be seen, even through my modern emendations, that the reviewer hath, in his English, approached pretty near the language of the present day, which, all circumstances duly considered, cannot but be deemed marvellous; but I wish some of your erudite readers would satisfy me whether he hath been equally felicitous in

* See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 99.

his Latin. How the expression, *medias res*, may have been construed when the learned writer flourished, I am not sufficiently skilled in black letter lore to determine, but I have ever understood that, in our times, as in the days of Horace, the phrase in question hath implied 'the middle or marrow of a subject,' or of any other thing, and not, as used by our critic, an intermediate state between two extremes. It is hardly necessary for me to refer to the well known line of Horace, in his celebrated recipe for making a genuine epic, as an authority for my opinion. If, therefore, I am wrong, I shall, at least, have the satisfaction of being wrong in the best company, So, Mr. Editor, *vice et vale!*

May 7th, 1821. RIGDOMFURNIDOS.

FRENCH CRITICISM.

LA HARPE, who hated England and English literature, and who pretended that the language was so poor, that even the conditional tense could not be expressed without a periphrase, undertook, nevertheless, to criticize our English poets; what he made of it may be gathered by the way in which he prints his extracts:—

'Sass roll to waft me.'

'Feel at each thread and lives a long the line.'

'Be pleased with nothing, is no blessed with all!'

'Tis ne where to be found of everwhere.'

We are sure our readers wish to know from what poem these extracts are taken:—from the Essay on Man. We need scarcely add, that M. La Harpe examines, most critically, the beauties of these 'extracts,' and pronounces accordingly.

Original Poetry.

FRAGMENT FROM OSSIAN, VERSIFIED.

Cuchullin having retired to rest, the ghost of Calmar appears to him; Cuchullin addresses the spirit.

'Sow of the cloudy night,' began the chief,
'Why dost thou bend on me thine eyes of grief?
Ghost of the car-borne Calmar, would'st thou
fright

The soul of Semo's son from Erin's fight?
Thy hand was never known in war to tire,
Nor did the words of peace thy tongue inspire.
How art thou chang'd!—if this thy purpose be—
To urge the chief of Erin's race to flee,
Calmar, I never fled, I never fear'd
In war, or when the desert ghost appear'd;
Small strength or knowledge have the airy
kind—

Their hands are weak, they dwell upon the
wind;
No dread of them Cuchullin's soul can feel,
His heart rejoices in the clang of steel;—
I heed thee not, retire thou to thy cave,
Thou art not Calmar's ghost, for he was brave;
His bosom glowed at battle's loud alarm,—
His eye was fire, heaven's thunder was his arm!

SAM SPIRITRAIL.

TO A FRIEND,

On the Death of his Two Infant Children.

MOURN, mourn, thine offspring taken hence,
Weep o'er their vernal bier;
Tears are affection's eloquence,
To speak a loss severe.

Sooth with the kindest sweetest balm,
And best marital care,
Thy valued partner's heart, and calm
Her grief,—her anguish share.

But having wept, oh! dry again
This dew of kindred love;
Would'st call them to a world of pain,
From cherub-seats above?

With thy young frames did sickness sore
A deadly contest keep;
They fell,—one gasp—and all was o'er—
For both were hushed in sleep.

Twins stars of light! where now ye shine,
Sorrow is never found;
Ecstatic joy and bliss divine
Reign in an endless round.

Weep for this early-blighted twin,—
Affection's surest test;—
Then quickly dry the tear again;—
They are supremely blest! L.

TO HARRIET.

AND dost thou, then, think my often-told tale
Of affection, is like a fair flower,—
Which, relentlessly torn from its dear native
vale,

Droops, withers, and fades in an hour?
Ah! believe not this bosom could ever forget
The faith thou confided to me,
Or that lingering absence could cause no regret.
For the moments that keep me from thee.

Thou' friends may forsake, and stern fate prove
unkind,
And the world it might slanders prove,
Still thy tender caresses would more firmly bind
My heart and my soul unto love.

J. W., JUN.

THE CAPTIVE.

(From an unfinished Poem.)

'T WAS not the tiger-grasp of hate
That drew him from the verge of fate;
Nor the rough arm of hireling pow'r
That sav'd him in that lonely hour:
Nor was that half-suppressed shriek
The tone that from a foe would break:
Nor could the 'hush!' that reach'd his ear
Betoken aught but friendly fear.

Now all is darkness: yon black cloud
Hath wrapt the night-orn in its shroud!
And now, if aught thou hast to say,
Spenk, while yet Darkness holds the sway!—
Such were the thoughts that seemed to trace
Their lines upon his anxious face:—
And lo! with breathless fearful tread,—
Like superstition o'er the dead!

That steps,—and stops—then moves with fear,
As if some demon sprite were near,—
That sentinel steals thro' the gloom,
As if he held the captive's doom;
And so the captive seem'd to feel,
As still he hoped,—yet doubted still.—
And now his burning feverish palm,
Rests on the captive's powerless arm:
Now nearer,—nearer still he seeks—
Another moment,—hark! he speaks—
Away! 'tis light! the clouds have rang'd—
The world is giv'n! the watch is chang'd!
That dastard cloud hath fled its post,
And ev'ry hope of succour's lost!

Oh Night! that, with thy shielding black,
Dost hide the stealing murderer's track,
Should'st thou not wear a deeper shade,
When injur'd virtue claims thy aid!—
And thou, fair Moon, whose silvery ray
Beam'd forth in smiles, but to betray,
Why dart thy lovely lustre forth,
To rivet chains on patriot worth!
Why bright ray'd hope, and plunge in night
The ray that lent its inward light,
And pointed to a desperate chance,
The iron'd captive's anxious glance!—
Away! away! thou dost connive,
When worth desponds, and villains thrive!

See! see! how that one word hath mov'd
His thoughts of something fear'd or lov'd!
For there are tones, once heard, will dwell
For ever in the heart's deep cell!
For years unscen, unsoft, unknown,
'Till chance shall re-produce their tone;
Till kindred sounds the chord shall press
Which bore them to that deep recess,
And vibrate o'er their long repose,
A dreaming scene of joys or woes!—
Events of bright or clouded hue
May pass life's varying rainbow view:
From light to dark; from bliss to woe;
For ever changing as we go:
Friends may prove false; and Love a sprite,
An unsubstantial meteor light!
An arch, with a second smile
That turns and mocks the other's guile!
States be o'erturn'd; and blood be shed;
And maniac riot o'er the dead;
Seas may engulf, and earth devour,—
Still o'er our souls such sounds have power!—
Queen Street, Cheapside. Y. F.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Scene—A CAVERN ON THE SEA SHORE.

Enter Alfred and Julia.

ALF. Look up my sweet—for lo! the storm
is past,
And heaven again, in all its loveliness,
Smiles on the waveless ocean. See how fair:
The prospect 'pears around us—come with me,
And let us tread the bench, and search for shells
The struggling waves have cast upon the shore,
To string thy neck withal!—Why tremblest
thou?
What hast thou, love, to fear? The bird of day
On yonder hawthorn bough, swells his little
throat
In melody, to chase away thy gloom.—
Aye, now thou art a brave one, and I'll kiss
Thee for that smile—come, come,—What!
shrink from me!—
What dost thou gaze at thus?
Jul. Methought I saw
Yon cloud, that hangs suspended o'er the deep,
Emit a vivid flash!
Alf. Thine eyes, my love,

Have been so used to darkness, where thou'st been

Deep buried in the cave, that 'tis their light,
Not heaven's, that flashes and deceives thee!
You shrink again—what now?

Jul. Did'st thou not hear
The distant thunder?

Alf. Thou'st deceiv'd again!

The warning tumult of the heavens has numb'd
Thy sense of hearing, and thou think'st at that
The storm—like twilight—lagers. Learn from me,

That when the brain receives a ringing sound,
'Tis there secreted for a little space;
Then, like a bubble, bursts, and we believe
The sound has twice saluted us.

Jul. Well, then,
I will forget my fears, and walk with thee,—
For I must love to wander up and down
Where curls the splashing wave upon the sand,
Clear as the pearl that's bursting from the rose,
When she her bosom bears to meet the day.
Look here what I have found?

Alf. A prettier shell

These eyes have never seen—these spots how dark—

But, oh! how pure the white ones are, my sweet!

And even as this shell is, so art thou,
When fear or anger on thy brow looks dark:
That art as like the first, as sea to sky—
When summer basks, and not a breath is felt
Of power enough to shake the tremulous aspen.
But when thou dost a smile upon thy lip—
And oh! how lovely then those blushing cheeks—

Those eyes that are like daggers to the heart,
That in their lustre slay—Oh! then thou dost
The white spots look most like, and make me dream
Forget their woe, dazzled at sight of thee!
Sigh for thy sunny charms—and wonder how
So much of heaven is concentrate in one!

Jul. Nay, now you flatter me.

Alf. Trust me, Julia—no;

I am thy friend, and—

Jul. Then 'tis a rhapsody.

Alf. I see that thou art merrily disposed,
And I am in a humour not to damp
The pleasure it doth give thee. O! my life—
My earth's heaven—beautiful Julia! by Jove
I cannot, in my heart of soul, find words;
So powerless are they, that half express
The love I have for thee!—Without the sun
Would vegetation shrink before the blast,
And die as soon as born; and without thee—
Who art the nourisher of this weak plant—
Its brighter sun—should I, a desolate
Unhealthy thing—be like a rock, from whose
Blank sides the hurricane has torn—tree, shrub,
And all that flourish'd there! You tremble still—

Why clasp me thus?

Jul. Behold yon cloud, that casts

A death-like darkness o'er the ocean's breast—
I fear the storm again is gathering there!

Alf. Fear not, my sweet, those clouds that shift
And pass

Each other now—like wand'ring men, whose

Have drunk the honied sentences of one
Whose powerful eloquence has charm'd them into

Silent admiration—gather, as 'twere,
To ponder on the past! But let us leave—
I see you are not well, or much in fear—
Our cavern is secure against the storm;
And day may bring us hope, as well as light—
Then cheer thee, my beloved—come, come.

[Exeunt. WILFORD.]

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THERE is not, perhaps, any event in the reign of George the Third, more calculated to render it immortal, than the establishment of the Royal Academy and the remarkable progress of the fine arts in consequence. 'A nation,' says a modern writer, 'may be considered great by its achievements in arms or in commerce; but can never be said to be truly polished, till it fosters the polite arts, the acquisition of which sinks every other pursuit in comparative insignificance. They open a sixth sense upon every one who successfully cultivates them. The savage eats his food and falls asleep; the man of mere wealth does little more; but in those who seek pleasure in cultivating a taste for the fine arts, the pleasures of sense hold but a subordinate part.'

Before the Royal Academy was instituted, we had no native artists of celebrity either in painting or sculpture, Hogarth alone excepted in the former; indeed, some writers had very gravely asserted, that the English climate was incapable of fostering or maturing genius; no sooner, however, was the patronage of the sovereign extended to the fine arts, than a general feeling in their favour pervaded the whole kingdom: every order of the state was ready to encourage them; and the impulse thus given, produced great statesmen and great generals. When we contemplate the wretched state of the arts in England half a century ago, and contrast it with the proud pre-eminence they have now attained, we cannot but feel an increased veneration for a sovereign who, while he was the father of his people, was the foster parent of the fine arts.

We are well aware, that even the Royal Academy is not without its enemies; and that in this, as in all public institutions, there may exist some abuses. Some little favouritism, not only in accepting, but also in disposing of the pictures, is known to have been manifested. These, we confess, are blemishes which we should wish to see remedied; but, when we consider the advantages which the institution affords to the young as well as the matured artist, and the love of the arts which it has generated, and continues to create and preserve, we must be severe censors indeed, were we not to be to 'its faults a little blind.'

The fifty-third exhibition of the

Royal Academy opened on Monday last. The number of pieces in the exhibition are 1165, being upwards of ninety more than last year. Of these, 1165 are paintings, (including, however, a few medallions,) and ninety-three are sculptures. As in all former exhibitions, and as will ever be the case, where opulence is so diffusive as in England, portraits predominate. We certainly are fond of historical painting, and wish it was more encouraged, but we do not despise portrait-painting, which is another branch of the art, and which has attained such excellence in England; of which the splendid productions of a Reynolds and a Lawrence bear most ample testimony.

As this is intended as the first of a series of articles on the exhibition, we shall only take a general view of it at present, pointing out some of the most prominent subjects, and reserving detailed critical remark to our future numbers.

We may observe, that nearly the whole of British artists at all distinguished for talents, are contributors; and many promising young artists are found in the list of contributors. The President of the Royal Academy, Sir Thomas Lawrence, has eight pictures, including portraits of the Marquis of Londonderry, the Princess Charlotte, Sir Humphrey Davy, and the late President of the Royal Academy. Those of the noble Marquis and the venerable President, are almost matchless productions, and though of large size, are finished with all the delicacy of miniatures.

Sir William Beechey has a delightful portrait of a lady, in the character of Una, and four other pictures, three of which are portraits. Wilkie has only two paintings, the 'Newspapers' and 'Guess my Name,' which, though not equal to some of his former productions, are still admirable. A. E. Chalon has six pictures; one of them, the portrait of a lady, is one of the most exquisite and lovely miniatures we ever witnessed. Fuseli has three paintings, on subjects well suited to his sombre but powerful pencil. The venerable Northcote has four pictures, two of which are historical. Gaudy has sent three pictures. Howard, four; Mulready, only one; Stothard, three; and James Ward, three. Allan has only one, the 'Murder of Archbishop Sharp.' Jackson has seven pictures, among which are portraits of Miss Wilson, of Drury Lane Theatre; of

Mr. Macready, in the character of Macbeth, and of Mr. Northcote; and Phillips, has seven pictures. Several other eminent artists have contributed liberally, whose productions we shall have occasion to notice.

Mr. Bone has not less than eight enameled; among which, we observed portraits of her late Majesty, of Canova and of the Marquis of Stafford. Miss has three enameled, two of them delightful portraits of Mr. Northcote and the late President of the Academy.

In the gallery of Sculpture, Chantrey has eight pieces, including busts of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Wordsworth, and the Marquis of Londonderry. Westmacott, Turnerelli, Rossi, &c. are also contributors. With this hasty sketch we conclude, and shall resume the subject more at length in our next.

The Drama.

In the present depressed state of the drama, when melodramas, rope-dancers, grimacers, and every species of buffoonery, are successively but not successfully tried, we are happy to see the legitimate drama gaining an illustrious patron in the person of his present Majesty, who has again honoured the two great theatres with his presence. The visits of royalty to the theatres, have for some years been like the visits of angels, 'few and far between.' We hope, however, that as his Majesty has set the example, we shall soon revert to the example of those good old times, when the theatre was a favourite and fashionable place of amusement, and when we might frequent them without having all our 'seven senses' outraged by degrading and disgraceful exhibitions.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Monday night, his Majesty, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Clarence and Prince Leopold, visited this theatre, to witness Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, with the afterpieces of *London Slars*, and *A Rowland for an Oliver*. We are no court chroniclers, and therefore we shall pass over all the preparations made for his Majesty, only observing, that he was received with that enthusiastic joy which the presence of the sovereign never fails to excite. The comedy was admirably performed: Mrs. Davison, an old favourite, sustained the part of Miss Hardcastle with admirable spirit, feeling, and humour. Fawcett and Mrs. Davenport displayed their wonted humour in the parts of Mr. and Mrs.

Hardcastle, and Liston's Tony Lumpkin, though very different from what Goldsmith intended it, possesses so much originality and happy simplicity, that it is impossible not to be pleased with it.

DRURY LANE.—On Wednesday night, the King visited this theatre. Mr. Elliston, on being apprised of the honour intended him, had made very splendid preparations to receive his Majesty, who was accompanied by the Duke of Clarence. The entertainments were Colman's clever comedy of the *Heir at Law*, and the whimsical farce of *Modern Antiques*, which was a great favourite with his late Majesty. The comedy was admirably cast, and we should look in vain for better representatives of Dr. Pangloss, Cicely, and Ezekiel Homespun, than Harley, Miss Kelly, and Knight. In the farce, Munden's Cockletope was as it has always been, a master-piece of comic acting. His Majesty appeared highly pleased with it, as well as with the whole evening's amusement. The national airs of God save the King and Rule Britannia, were sung, as usual, by the whole strength of the company.

Although we would not wish to extend the penalties of Lord Ellenborough's 'cutting and maiming act' to the managers of the theatre, yet we should be happy that some means were adopted to prevent the productions of our best dramatists from the mutilations which unskillful operators are perpetually committing upon them. We have more than once had occasion to censure the conduct of the Covent Garden managers for their mangling of Shakespeare, and we have now to condemn an equally sacrilegious outrage at this theatre, on Cibber's sterling comedy of *She would and She would not*, which has been cut down to three acts, and produced under the title of the *Kind Impostor*. Now, Mr. Elliston had no necessity to do this; his comic company is excellent, and he could have played the comedy admirably; but he has done it for the sake of introducing some, though not his best operatic performers. The music is chiefly by Messrs. Horn and T. Cooke, with some selections from Mozart. The characters have been sadly mangled: Harley was stripped of all the mirth and vivacity in Trappanti; and Munden trusted more to himself than to what was 'set down for him,' in Don Manuel; Madame Vestris was graceful and lively in Hypolita, and Miss Porey, Miss Cubitt, with Mr.

Horn and Mr. T. Cooke, did their best. The comedy was received with applause, and will, no doubt, run a few nights.

Mr. Braham and Miss Wilson, who have been re-engaged, have appeared in the operas of *Love in a Village* and *Artaxerxes*, with their accustomed success.

SURREY THEATRE.—The very excellent company at this house has received an accession in Mr. Woolf, from one of the theatres royal, who has played the part of Macheath, in the *Beggar's Opera*, frequently, in the course of the week. He has a fine voice, and played with much spirit. Mr. Diddin, taking the hint from Lord Byron, who, in the preface to his *Doge of Venice*, has called Horace Walpole's *Mysterious Mother* 'a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love play,' produced it on Thursday night, with those curtailments indispensably necessary in the present state of the drama. That it possesses great dramatic effect, every person who has read it must allow, and Mr. Huntley, Mr. Burroughs, and, in particular, Miss Taylor, exerted themselves in the principal characters with great success.

Literature and Science.

A New Diving Machine.—A new diving machine, called a dolphin, has been invented by M. F. Farkas, an Hungarian. The continental papers have described some of the advantages of the instrument, but not its construction. An experiment was made with it at Vienna, in the military swimming-school at the Prater. Count Joseph Esterhazy de Galanthy, Count Forgus de Ghynes, the acting chamberlain, Nemes Slagod, and several Englishmen and persons of distinction were present. The servant of the inventor plunged with the dolphin in twenty-four feet water, and walked upon the bottom over the whole square of the swimming-school. To prove that there could be not want of light, the inventor sent down a lantern, and when it was taken up again the light was still burning. After the man had remained one hour under water, he returned to the surface without assistance; not because he wanted air, but because all who were present were satisfied with the success of the experiment, and directed that the man might ascend.

Division of the Circle.—A curious discovery lately made in pure mathematics, we owe to M. Gauss, of Got-

tingen, who has shewn, contrary to the opinion that has prevailed from the most ancient times, that a regular polygon of seventeen sides, may be inscribed in a circle, without having recourse to any other principles than those admitted in the plane geometry.

Captain Parry's Journal of the Voyage for the Discovery of a North-west Passage, will be published on WEDNESDAY next.

The Hecla and Fury discovery ships, and the Nautilus transport (the first commanded by Captain Parry), sailed from the Nore on Tuesday morning, with a fine breeze from the S. S. W. The best wishes of their own countrymen, and of the friends of science everywhere attend them.

The Literary Fund annual commemoration took place on Thursday at the Free Mason's Tavern. Of all the institutions in the metropolis professing a benevolent object, this is the most languid. The Earl of Chichester was in the chair, and the meeting though respectable, was not sufficiently so for a country so distinguished for its literature. The company underwent the usual penance of Mr. Fitzgerald's recitation of his own bad verses, with Christian patience and resignation.

*• The full price will be given by our Publisher, for saleable copies of No. 87 of the Country Literary Chronicle. Both Editions of The Literary Chronicle becoming very scarce, regular Subscribers are advised to complete their sets without delay.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, (removed from Spring Gardens,) is NOW OPEN, at the **EGYPTIAN HALL**, Piccadilly.
Admittance, One Shilling—Catalogue, Sixpence.
COPLEY FIELDING, Sec.

This day is published, 8vo., 7s. 6d.
NOTES ON THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE made during an Excursion in that Colony in the Year 1820.
Printed for JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

Political Economy.
In a few days will be published, in one vol. 8vo.
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And Weekly Review;

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No. 105.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S VOYAGE.

Journal of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the Years 1819-20, in His Majesty's Ships Hecla and Griper, under the Orders of William Edward Parry, R. N., F. R. S. and Commander of the Expedition. With an Appendix, containing the Scientific and other Observations. Published by Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 4to. pp. 489. London, 1821.

It has been the good fortune of Captain Parry, in his late voyage to the Arctic regions, to prove one grand exception to a maxim of the hard who "was not for an age but for all time," when he says,—

"The ample provision that Hope makes
In all designs began on earth below,
Fails in the promise's largeness."

We believe there are few persons in the least acquainted with the subject, who have read a narrative of the various voyages undertaken, under every possible circumstance, to discover a north-west passage, and who have seen that Captain Ross fixed an impenetrable barrier in the very place beyond which it was desired to penetrate, could have expected discoveries so important, and success so complete, as Captain Parry has achieved. The publication of his work has been looked to with the utmost anxiety, and although it has been long delayed, yet we think that its perusal will, in this instance, confirm the assertion of a dramatic poet* of no great eminence, that—

"Hopes long desired bring the greatest joy."

The narrative of Captain Parry is all that we could wish: it is well written—circumstantial without being tedious, explicit without being commonplace, and interesting without the least art or attempt at effect.

His object has been to give a plain and faithful account of the facts which he collected, and the observations which

were made by himself and his officers, in the course of the voyage, leaving to others to make their deductions from those facts. The narrative is taken principally from the official journal kept by Captain Parry, on board the Hecla, and always, (as he tells us in his introduction,) written within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of the event recorded in it. In several instances, however, he has availed himself of the journals or reports furnished by the other officers, in all which cases the obligation is acknowledged, and the individual mentioned who has supplied the account.

To the readers of the *Literary Chronicle* it cannot be necessary to enter into any account of the discoveries made in the arctic regions previous to the expedition of Captain Parry, as these have been already detailed in our preceding numbers, to which we must refer*. The official instructions to Captain Parry, (a copy of which he has prefixed to his work,) were, that he should make the best of his way to Davis's Strait, and, when the ice was sufficiently open to admit his approach to the western shores of the strait, that he should advance to the northward, as far as the opening into Sir James Lancaster's Sound; explore the bottom of that sound,—pass through it, if possible, and get to Behring's Straits. Should he fail in making a passage through this sound, he was to examine Alderman Jones's Sound, and if he could not pass through it, then to try Sir Thomas Smith's Sound, in every part of it. Should he fail here also, he was to return to the southward, down Baffin's Bay, and endeavour to make way through Cumberland's Strait, or any opening that might lead him to the seas adjoining the eastern or northern coast of America, and pursue his voyage along that coast, to the northward or westward, to Behring's Straits. Although this was the order in which the various attempts were recommended by the Admiralty to be made, yet Captain Parry had the

* See *Literary Chronicle*, Nos. 80, 81, 83, and 84.

discretionary power to make them in such order as appeared to him most advantageous. We may observe, *en passant*, that Captain Parry, following the orders of the Admiralty, first attempted to pass through Lancaster Sound, and succeeded. If he had accomplished his passage through Behring's Strait, he was then to proceed to Kamtschatka, and send from thence, through the Russian governor, a duplicate of his journals to London. From Kamtschatka, he was to proceed to the Sandwich Islands or Canton, or any other place he might think proper, to refit the ships and refresh the crews, and then to return to England, by such route as he might deem most convenient. Captain Parry was also allowed to winter in the arctic regions, if he deemed it necessary. He was directed to make such observations as might tend to the improvement of astronomy, geography, and navigation; and to collect and preserve such specimens of the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms, as he might meet with. The Lords of the Admiralty, relying with a just and liberal confidence on the well-known zeal and talents of Captain Parry, left much to his discretion and judgment.

Such being the objects of the expedition, we shall now proceed to notice the most important circumstances that attended it. The Hecla and Griper, the first commanded by Captain (then Lieutenant) Parry, and the latter by Lieutenant Liddon, had been prepared with great attention for the voyage; and every thing that could be necessary, either for the scientific objects of the expedition or the safety and comfort of the crew, were liberally provided. The number of persons engaged on board both vessels were ninety-four.

The seamen had, most of them, been in Captain Ross's voyage; and every individual had double the ordinary pay of his Majesty's navy. The two vessels sailed from the Nore on the 10th of May, 1819; and, on the 18th of June, when about latitude 58° 52', and longitude 48° 12', they fell in with the first

'stream' of ice, and soon afterwards they saw several icebergs. On the evening of the 24th, some curious effects of atmospheric refraction were observed, the low ice being at times considerably raised in the horizon, and constantly altering its appearance. The next day, the ice through which they had been towing, closed together so rapidly, that the crews had scarcely time to hoist up the boats before the ships were immovably beset. 'It is impossible,' says Captain Parry, 'to conceive a more helpless situation than that of a ship thus beset, when all the power that can be applied will not alter the direction of her head a single degree of the compass.' Some of the gentlemen walked a mile or two from the ships, and imagined they saw marks of a sledge on the ice, but in this, Captain Parry thinks they were mistaken. The ships remained locked in the ice until the 30th, when they were able to move them a little. 'A southerly swell dashing the loose ice with tremendous force against the bergs, sometimes raised a white spray over the latter, to the height of more than one hundred feet, and being accompanied with a loud noise, exactly resembling the roar of distant thunder, presented a scene at once sublime and terrific.' On the 4th of July, the Hecla attempting to push through the ice, was for some time at the mercy of a swell of the ocean, which drifted her fast towards the bergs, but she was, fortunately, brought back into clear water. They were now near the middle of the narrowest part of Davis's Straits, and had the opportunity of confirming the accuracy of that celebrated and able navigator. Streams of the purest water were often found flowing from the icebergs, and from this time to the end of the voyage, snow-water was exclusively made use of on board the ships for every purpose. During the summer months it was found in abundance in pools, upon the floes and icebergs, and in the winter, snow was dissolved in the copper for their daily consumption. On the 20th of July, the ships crossed a stream of ice, of which the breadth scarcely exceeded three hundred yards, and which occupied them constantly for five hours. The next day they drifted towards an iceberg, which was one hundred and forty feet high, and which, from the soundings made near it, must have been a-ground in one hundred and twenty fathoms, so that its whole height was about eight hundred and sixty feet. Of this iceberg, Captain

Parry gives a view, which is awfully grand, from a sketch by Lieutenant Beechey. In the course of the voyage they frequently had to saw through masses of ice; but they sometimes ran through 'hay-floes, which were from four to six inches thick, ploughing up the ice before the ship's stem, at the rate of five miles an hour.'—

If they were not very broad, the Hecla did not lose her way in passing through them. Frequently, however, she was stopped in the middle, which made it necessary to saw and break the ice a-head, till she made another start, and having run a short distance in clear water, was again imbedded in the same manner. We (says the author) passed one field of ice about ten feet in thickness and many miles in length, as we could not see over it from the mast head.

On the 28th of July, the ships had passed every impediment which obstructed their passage into Sir James Lancaster's Sound. The breadth of the barrier of ice, which occupies the middle of Baffin's Bay, and which had never before been crossed in this latitude at the same season, was eighty miles in a N. 63° W. direction. Captain Parry expresses it as his opinion, that, by taking advantage of every little opening that is afforded, a strong built vessel, of proper size and weight, may, in most seasons, be pushed through this barrier. Sir James Lancaster's Sound was now open to the westward, and the two best months in the year, for the navigation of these seas, were yet to come.

On the 1st of August Captain Parry entered Lancaster's Sound, which has obtained much celebrity from the very opposite opinions which have been held with regard to it. To him it was particularly interesting, as being the point to which his instructions more particularly directed his attention. On the 2nd, they sounded with the deep sea clamma, and found 1050 fathoms by the line; but as, where the soundings exceed five or six hundred fathoms, there is some uncertainty, Captain Parry supposes the actual depth to have been from eight to nine hundred fathoms. Sir George Hope's monument, which had been thought an island in the former voyage, was now discovered to be a dark-looking and conspicuous hill on the main land. On the 30th, the Hecla had gained somewhat on the Griper, and was in lat. 74° 25' 31," long. 80° 04' 30". Of the enthusiasm which now animated the crew, Captain Parry thus speaks:—

'Being favoured, at length, by the easterly breeze which was bringing up the Griper, and for which we had long been looking with much patience, a crowd of sail was set, to carry us with all rapidity to the westward. It is more easy to imagine than describe the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance, while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the sound. The mast-heads were crowded by the officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the various reports from the crew's net were received; all, however, hitherto favourable to our most sanguine hopes.'

On the following day, they came near two inlets, in lat. 74° 15' 53", N. long. 80° 30' 30"; these they named Burnet's Inlet and Stratton Inlet. The cliffs on this part of the coast present a singular appearance, being stratified horizontally, and having a number of regular projecting masses of rock, broad at the bottom, and coming to a point at the top, resembling so many buttresses raised by art at equal intervals. Some islands, to which the name of Prince Leopold was given, were also stratified horizontally, but without the buttress-like projections.

From the time that Capt. Parry first entered Lancaster's Sound, the sluggishness of the compasses, as well as the amount of their irregularity, had been found to increase rapidly though uniformly. The irregularity became more and more obvious as they advanced to the southward. By observation they found, that when the true course of the Hecla was about S. S. W., the binnacle and azimuth compasses at the same time agreed in shewing N. N. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., making the variation to be allowed on that course, eleven points and a half westerly. It was evident, therefore, that a very material change had taken place in the dip or the variation, or in both these phenomena, which rendered it probable that they were making a very near approach to the magnetic pole.

'We now, therefore,' says Captain Parry, 'witnessed, for the first time, the curious phenomenon of the directive power of the needle becoming so weak, as to be completely overcome by the attraction of the ship; so that the needle might now be properly said to point to the north pole of the ship. It was only, however, in those compasses in which the lightness of the cards, and great delicacy in the suspensions, had been particularly attended to, that even this degree of uniformity pre-

ailed; for, in the heavier cards, the friction, upon the points of suspension was much too great to be overcome even by the ship's attraction, and they consequently remained indifferently in any position in which they happened to be placed. For the purposes of navigation, therefore, the compasses were from this time no longer consulted; and, in a few days afterwards, the binnacles were removed as useless lumber, from the deck to the carpenter's store-room, where they remained during the rest of the season, the azimuth compass alone being kept on deck, for the purpose of watching any changes which might take place in the directive power of the needle: and the true courses and direction of the wind were in future noted in the log-book, as obtained to the nearest quarter-point, when the sun was visible, by the azimuth of that object and the apparent time.'

On the following day (the 8th of August), the directive power of the magnet seemed to be weaker than ever; in the North Pole of the needle, in Captain Kater's steering compass, in which the friction is almost entirely removed by a thread suspension, was observed to point steadily towards the ship's head, in whatever direction the latter was placed. An accidental circumstance convinced Captain Parry that there was no current setting constantly in one direction. A small piece of wood was picked up, which appeared to have been the end of a boat's yard, and which caused sundry amusing speculations among the gentlemen on board, who felt rather mortified to think that a ship had been there before them, and that, therefore, they were not entitled to the honour of the first discovery. A stop was suddenly put to this and other ingenious inductions, by the information of one of the seamen that he had dropped it out of his boat a fortnight before.

The vessels continued their progress, and several bays, capes, and headlands were discovered, and received names by the voyagers. On the 22nd they had a clear and extensive view to the northward, free from ice; and they now felt that they had actually entered the Polar Sea. The magnificent opening, through which their passage had been effected, from Baffin's Bay to a channel dignified with the name of Wellington, was called Barrow's Straits, after the Secretary of the Admiralty.

In latitude 75° 03' 12" long. 103° 44' 37", an island was discovered, and Captain Sabine, with two other officers, landed on it near the east point, which was called Cape Gillman. The

gentlemen reported, on their return, that—

'The remains of Esquimaux habitations were found in four different places. Six of these, which Captain Sabine had an opportunity of examining, and which are situated on a level sandy bank, at the side of a small ravine near the sea, are described by him as consisting of stones rudely placed in a circular or rather elliptical form. They were from seven to ten feet in diameter; the broad flat sides of the stones standing vertically, and the whole structure, if such it may be called, being exactly similar to that of the summer huts of the Esquimaux, which had been seen at Hare Island, the preceding year. Attached to each of them was a small circle, generally four or five feet in diameter, which had probably been the fire-place.'

The whole encampment appeared to have been deserted for several years; but very recent traces of the rein-deer and musk-ox were seen in many places. The steering of the vessels now became very difficult, and, says our author:—

'The circumstances under which we were sailing, were, perhaps, such as never occurred since the early days of navigation. To the northward was the land; the ice, as we supposed, to the southward; the compasses useless; and the sun completely obscured by a fog, so thick that the Griper could only now and then be seen, at a cable's length astern. We had literally, therefore, no mode of regulating our course but by once more trusting to the steadiness of the wind; and it was not a little amusing, as well as novel, to see the quarter-master conning the ship by looking at the dog wave.'

On the 2nd of September a star was seen, being the first that had been visible for more than two months. Two days afterwards, namely, on the 4th, at a quarter past nine P. M., the ships crossed the meridian of 110° west from Greenwich, in the latitude of 74° 44' 20", by which they were entitled to the reward of £5000. In order to commemorate the event, a bluff headland that they had just passed was called Bounty Cape. On the following day they dropped anchor, for the first time since quitting the English coast, in a roadstead, which was called the Bay of the Hecla and Griper, and the crews landed on the largest of a groupe of islands, which was called Melville Island. 'The ensigns and pendants,' says Capt. Parry, 'were hoisted as soon as we had anchored, and it created in us no ordinary feelings of pleasure to see the British flag waving, for the first time, in these regions, which had hitherto been considered beyond the limits of the habitable part of the world.'—They did not

remain here many days, before parties ventured on shooting excursions, and three men, who had missed their way, were absent ninety-one hours, and exposed during three nights to the inclemency of the weather.

Captain Parry still attempted to gain a passage to the westward, and succeeded in getting along the coast of Melville Island to some distance, but there being no hope of penetrating further at that season, and the ice setting in very rapidly, he was induced to return to Hecla and Griper Bay, which he regained on the 24th of September. It was now necessary to cut a canal through the ice, and to draw the ships up it into the harbour. Two parallel lines were cut, distant from each other little more than the breadth of the large ships, and the ice then divided into rectangular pieces, which were again subdivided diagonally, and floated out of the canal. It was afterwards found necessary to sink the pieces of ice under the floe as they were cut. At three o'clock, of the third day spent in these operations, the vessels reached their winter quarters, an event which was hailed with three hearty cheers by the united ships' crews. The group of islands that were discovered were called the North Georgian Islands.

The ships had now reached that station, where, in all probability, they were destined to remain for at least eight months, during three of which they were not to see the face of the sun. Every precaution was immediately taken for the security of the ships and the preservation of the various stores; the masts were dismantled, except the lower ones, and the planks of the housing erected, and afterwards roofed over with a cloth composed of wadding tilt. The crews of both vessels were in excellent health, which great care was still taken to preserve, by keeping the births and bed places as warm and dry as possible. The allowance of bread was reduced to two thirds; a pound of Donkin's preserved meat, together with one pint of vegetable or concentrated soup per man, was substituted for a pound of salt beef weekly; a proportion of beer and wine was served instead of spirits; and a small quantity of sour krout and pickles, with as much vinegar as could be used, was issued at regular intervals. The daily proportion of lime juice and sugar, mixed with water, was drunk by each man, in presence of an officer appointed to attend to this duty. When any game was procured,

it was served in lieu of the established allowance of meat; and in no one instance, neither in quantity nor quality, was the slightest preference given to the officers.

In regard to clothing, equal attention was paid to the comfort of every individual on board; and, now being in a state of leisure and inactivity, Capt. Parry projected the amusements of a theatre, of which Lieut. Beechey was stage manager; and a weekly newspaper, to be called the *North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*, of which Captain Sabine undertook to be the editor. These had the happy effect of diverting the mind from the gloomy prospect which would sometimes obtrude itself on the stoutest heart.

Some deer having been seen near the ships on the 10th of October, a party was despatched after them, and being led on by the ardour of pursuit, forgot Captain Parry's order that every person should be on board before sunset:—

'John Pearson, a marine belonging to the Griper, who was the last that returned on board, had his hands severely frost-bitten, having imprudently gone away without mittens, and with a musket in his hand. A party of our people most providentially found him, although the night was very dark, just as he had fallen down a steep bank of snow, and was beginning to feel that degree of torpor and drowsiness which, if indulged, inevitably proves fatal. When he was brought on board, his fingers were quite stiff, and bent into the shape of that part of the musket he had been carrying; and the frost had so far destroyed the animation in his fingers on one hand, that it was necessary to amputate three of them a short time after, notwithstanding all the care and attention paid to him by the medical gentlemen. The effect which exposure to severe frost has, in debasing the mental as well as the corporeal faculties, was very striking in this man, as well as in two of the young gentlemen who returned after dark, and of whom we were anxious to make inquiries respecting Pearson. When I sent for them into my cabin, they looked wild, spoke thick and indistinctly, and it was impossible to draw from them a rational answer to any of our questions. After being on board for a short time, the mental faculties appeared gradually to return with the returning circulation, and it was not till then that a looker on could easily persuade himself that they had not been shrinking too freely. To those who have been much accustomed to cold countries, this will be no new remark; but I cannot help thinking, (and it is with this view that I speak of it,) that many a man may have been punished for intoxication, who was only suffering from the benumbing effects of frost; for I have more than once

seen our people in a state so exactly resembling that of the most stupid intoxication, that I should certainly have charged them with that offence, had I not been quite sure that no possible means were afforded them on Melville Island, to procure any thing stronger than snow-water.'

The 4th of November was the last day that the sun was seen above the horizon, but the weather was not sufficiently clear to allow the scientific gentlemen to make any observations on the disappearance of that cheering orb, 'of this great world both eye and soul.' The next day the theatre was opened, and *Miss in her Teens* performed; a new Christmas piece was also produced, with the most 'brilliant success,' as a London manager would say, though the director of the North Georgia Theatre announces the event more modestly. The circumstances under which the crews were situated being such as never before occurred, it cannot be uninteresting to know in what manner they passed their time, during three months of nearly total darkness, in the middle of a severe winter, and in a climate where Europeans never wintered before:—

'The officers and quarter-masters were divided into four watches, which were regularly kept, as at sea, while the remainder of the ship's company were allowed to enjoy their night's rest undisturbed. The hands were turned up at a quarter before six, and both decks were well rubbed with stones and warm sand before eight o'clock, at which time, as usual at sea, both officers and men went to breakfast. Three-quarters of an hour being allowed after breakfast for the men to prepare themselves for muster, we then beat to divisions punctually at a quarter past nine, when every person on board attended on the quarter-deck, and a strict inspection of the men took place, as to their personal cleanliness, and the good condition, as well as sufficient warmth, of their clothing. The reports of the officers having been made to me, the people were then allowed to walk about, or, more usually, to run round the upper deck, while I went down to examine the state of that below, accompanied, as I before mentioned, by Lieutenant Beechey and Mr. Edwards. The state of this deck may be said, indeed, to have constituted the chief source of our anxiety, and to have occupied by far the greatest share of our attention at this period. Whenever any dampness appeared, or, what more frequently happened, any accumulation of ice had taken place during the preceding night, the necessary means were immediately adopted for removing it; in the former case, usually by rubbing the wood with cloths, and then directing the warm air-pipe towards the place; and in

the latter, by scraping off the ice, so as to prevent its wetting the deck by any accidental increase of temperature. In this respect, the bed-places were particularly troublesome; the inner partition, or that next the ship's side, being almost invariably covered with more or less dampness or ice, according to the temperature of the deck during the preceding night. This inconvenience might, to a great degree, have been avoided, by a sufficient quantity of fuel to keep up two good fires on the lower deck, throughout the twenty-four hours; but our stock of coals would by no means permit this, bearing in mind the possibility of our spending a second winter within the Arctic circle; and this comfort could only, therefore, be allowed on a few occasions, during the most severe part of the winter.

'In the course of my examination of the lower deck, I had always an opportunity of seeing those few men who were on the sick list, and of receiving from Mr. Edwards a report of their respective cases; as also of consulting that gentleman as to the means of improving the warmth, ventilation, and general comfort of the inhabited parts of the ship. Having performed this duty, we returned to the upper deck, where I personally inspected the men; after which, they were sent out to walk on shore when the weather would permit, till noon, when they returned on board to their dinner. When the day was too inclement for them to take this exercise, they were ordered to run round and round the deck, keeping step to a tune on the organ, or, not infrequently, to a song of their own singing. Among the men were a few who did not at first quite like this systematic mode of taking exercise; but when they found that no plea, except that of illness, was admitted as an excuse, they not only willingly and cheerfully complied, but made it the occasion of much humour and frolic among themselves.

'The officers, who dined at two o'clock, were also in the habit of occupying one or two hours in the middle of the day in rambling on shore, even in our darkest period, except when a fresh wind and a heavy snow drift confined them within the housing of the ships. It may be well imagined, that, at this period, there was but little to be met with in our walks on shore, which could either amuse or interest us. The necessity of not exceeding the limited distance of one or two miles, lest a snow-drift, which often rises very suddenly, should prevent our return, added considerably to the dull and tedious monotony which, day after day, presented itself. To the southward was the sea, covered with one unbroken surface of ice, uniform in its dazzling whiteness, except that, in some parts, a few hummocks were seen thrown up somewhat above the general level. Nor did the land offer much greater variety, being almost entirely covered with snow, except here and there a brown patch of bare ground

in some exposed situations, where the wind had not allowed the snow to remain. When viewed from the summit of the neighbouring hills, on one of those calm clear days, which not unfrequently occurred during the winter, the scene was such as to induce contemplations, which had, perhaps, more of melancholy than of any other feeling. Not an object was to be seen on which the eye could long rest with pleasure, unless when directed to the spot where the ships lay, and where our little colony was planted. The smoke which there issued from the several fires, affording a certain indication of the presence of man, gave a partial cheerfulness to this part of the prospect; and the sound of voices which, during the cold weather, could be heard at a much greater distance than usual, served now and then to break the silence which reigned around us,—a silence far different from that peaceable composure which characterizes the landscape of a cultivated country; it was the death-like stillness of the most dreary desolation, and the total absence of animated existence. Such, indeed, was the want of objects to afford relief to the eye or amusement to the mind, that a stone of more than usual size appearing above the snow, in the direction in which we were going, immediately became a mark, on which our eyes were unconsciously fixed, and towards which we mechanically advanced.

Leaving, for the present, our enterprising countrymen to pass their Christmas at New Georgia, we shall interrupt the narrative to notice Captain Parry's remarks as to the probable existence and accomplishment of a north-west passage into the Pacific Ocean. He says,—

‘Of the existence of such a passage, and that the outlet will be found in Behring's Strait, it is scarcely possible, on an inspection of the map, with the addition of our late discoveries, and in conjunction with those of Cook and Mackenzie, any longer to entertain a reasonable doubt. In discovering one outlet from Baffin's Bay into the Polar Sea, and finding that sea studded with numerous islands, another link has at least been added to the chain of evidence upon which geographers have long ventured to delineate the northern coast of America, by a dotted line from Icy Cape westward, to the rivers of Mackenzie and Hearne, and thence to the known part of the coast to the north of Hudson's Bay, in the neighbourhood of Wager River; while, at the same time, considerable progress has been made towards the actual accomplishment of the desired passage, which has for nearly three centuries engaged the attention of the maritime nations of Europe.

‘The success which attended our efforts during the season of 1819, after passing through Sir James Lancaster's Sound, was such as to inspire even the least sanguine among us with reasonable

hope of the complete accomplishment of our enterprise, before the close of the next season. In entertaining such a hope, however, we had not rightly calculated on the severity of the climate with which we had to contend, and on the consequent shortness of the season, (not exceeding seven weeks,) in which it is possible to perform the navigation of that part of the Polar Sea. Although it must be admitted, that there is something peculiar about the south-west end of Melville Island, extremely unfavourable to navigation, yet it is also certain, that the obstructions we met with from ice, both as to its thickness and extent, were found generally to increase, as we proceeded westward, after passing through Barrow's Strait. That we should find this to be the case, might perhaps have been reasonably anticipated, because the proximity to a permanently open sea appears to be the circumstance which, of all others, tends the most to temper the severity of the Polar regions, in any given parallel of latitude. On this account I should always expect to meet with the most serious impediments about mid-way, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; and having once passed that barrier, I should confidently hope to find the difficulties lessen in proportion as we advanced towards the latter sea; especially as it is well known, that the climate of any given parallel on that side of America is, no matter from what cause, very many degrees more temperate than on the eastern coast.

‘But, although it is evident, that climate does not wholly depend on latitude, but on other circumstances also, (principally, perhaps, those of locality above-mentioned,) yet it can scarcely be doubted that, on any meridian to the north of America, for instance, 114° west, where we were stopped, the general climate would be found somewhat better, and the navigable season longer, in the latitude of 60° than in that of 75°, near which we wintered. For this reason, it would perhaps be desirable, that ships endeavouring to reach the Pacific by this route, should keep, if possible, on the coast of America, and the lower in latitude that coast may be found, the more favourable will it prove for this purpose.

‘Our experience, I think, has clearly shewn that the navigation of the Polar Seas can never be performed with any degree of certainty, without a continuity of land. It was only by watching the occasional openings between the ice and the shore, that our late progress to the westward was effected; and had the land continued in the desired direction, there can be no question that we should have continued to advance, however slowly, towards the completion of our enterprise. In this respect, therefore, as well as in the improvement to be expected in the climate, there would be a manifest advantage in making the attempt on the coast of America, where we are sure that the land

will not fail us. The probability of obtaining occasional supplies of wood, game, and anti-scorbutic plants; the chance of being enabled to send information by means of the natives; and the comparative facility with which the lives of the people might be saved, in case of serious and irreparable accidents happening to the ships, are also important considerations, which naturally serve to recommend this route. Should the sea on the coast of America be found moderately deep, and shelving towards the shore, (which, from the geological character of the known parts of the continent to the south, and of the Georgian Islands to the north, there is reason to believe would be the case for a considerable distance to the westward,) the facility of navigation would be much increased, on account of the grounding of the heavy masses of ice in water sufficiently deep to allow the ships to take shelter behind them, at such times as the flocks close in upon the land. Farther to the westward, where the primitive formation, and perhaps even a continuation of the Rocky Mountains, is to be expected, a steep and precipitous shore would probably occur, a circumstance which the foregoing narrative has shewn to be attended with much comparative uncertainty and risk.

‘The question which naturally arises, in the next place, relates to the most likely means of getting to the coast of America, so as to sail along its shores. It would, in this respect, be desirable to find an outlet from the Atlantic into the Polar Sea, as nearly as possible in the parallel of latitude in which the northern coast of America may be supposed to lie; as, however, we do not know of any such outlet from Baffin's Bay, about the parallels of 60° to 70°, the attempt is, perhaps, to be made with better chance of success in a still lower latitude, especially as there is a considerable portion of coast that may reasonably be supposed to offer the desired communication, which yet remains unexplored. Cumberland Strait, the passage called Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, lying between Southampton Island and the coast of America, and Repulse Bay, appear to be the points most worthy of attention; and, considering the state of uncertainty in which the attempts of former navigators have left us, with regard to the extent and communication of these openings, one cannot but entertain a reasonable hope, that one, or perhaps each of them, may afford a practicable passage into the Polar Sea.

‘So little, indeed, is known of the whole of the northern shore of Hudson's Strait, which appears, from the best information, to consist chiefly of islands, that the geography of that part of the world may be considered altogether undetermined; so that an expedition, which should be sent to examine those parts, would soon arrive upon ground never before visited, and in which, from an inspection of the map in its present state,

there certainly does seem more than an equal chance of finding the desired passage. It must be admitted, however, that any notions we may form upon this question, amount after all to no more than conjecture. As far as regards the discovery of another outlet into the Polar Sea, to the southward of Sir James Lancaster's Sound, it is evident that the enterprise is to be begun again; and we should be cautious, therefore, in entertaining too sanguine a hope of finding such a passage, the existence of which is still nearly as uncertain as it was two hundred years ago, and which possibly may not exist at all.

In the course of the foregoing narrative, it may have been remarked, that the westerly and north-westerly winds were always found to produce the effect of clearing the southern shores of the North Georgian islands of ice, while they always brought with them clear weather, which is essentially necessary in prosecuting discoveries in such a navigation. This circumstance, together with the fact of our having sailed back in six days from the meridian of Winter Harbor to the entrance of Sir James Lancaster's Sound, a distance which it required five weeks to traverse when going in the opposite direction, seems to offer a reasonable ground for concluding, that an attempt to effect the north-west passage might be made, with a better chance of success, from Behring's Strait, than from this side of America. There are some circumstances, however, which, in my opinion, render this mode of proceeding altogether impracticable, at least for British ships. The principal of these arises from the length of the voyage which must first be performed, in order to arrive at the point where the work is to be begun. After such a voyage, admitting that no serious wear and tear have been experienced, the most important part of a ship's resources, namely, the provisions and fuel, must be very materially reduced, and this without the possibility of renewing them, to the extent necessary for such a service, and which can alone give confidence in the performance of an enterprise of which the nature is so precarious and uncertain.

Nor should it be forgotten how injurious to the health of the crews, so sudden and extreme a change of climate would in all probability prove, as that which they must necessarily experience in going at once from the heat of the torrid zone into the intense cold of a long winter upon the northern shores of America. Upon the whole, therefore, I cannot but consider, that any expedition, equipped by Great Britain with this view, will act with greater advantage, by at once employing its best energies in the attempt to penetrate from the eastern coast of America, along its northern shore.

Although we shall return to this volume in our next, yet it may be necessary now to observe, that its em-

bellishments, which consist of twenty maps, charts, and other engravings, are of a very superior description; the dreary appearance which some of the plates present, and the situation of the ships, is truly terrific; but, in examining the charts, it is pleasant to trace the progress of our gallant countrymen in seas and regions hitherto unexplored. (To be continued.)

Memoirs of the Secret Societies of the South of Italy, particularly the Carbonari. Translated from the Original MS. 8vo. 235. London, 1821.

IN the last number but one of the *Literary Chronicle*, we gave a brief notice of the Carbonari, from Mr. Keppel Craven's work. The subject is one which has attracted great attention and much curiosity in Europe, and we are now happy in being able (as we hope) to gratify our readers by the volume before us, which contains the most interesting details of this very extraordinary and powerful institution. The author declares, that he never belonged to any secret society, not even to freemasonry, and it may, therefore, appear singular, how he has penetrated the mystery with which the Carbonari enveloped themselves. The fact is, that when the Carbonari of Naples had effected the revolution in July, 1820, they imagined that they had no cause for further concealment. 'They boasted of their success; they revealed their secret proceedings; they promulgated decrees, and posted up proclamations. The press multiplied their catechisms, the transactions of their societies, and the results of their deliberations.' It is from such sources that the author has drawn his materials; and he gives the titles of forty-seven books and pamphlets on the subject, to which he frequently refers in the course of the work. These Memoirs contain a plain impartial narrative, without any strict methodical arrangement. For this the author apologizes, and declares, that he 'relies wholly on the interest of the subject, and on the consciousness of never having altered facts, to adopt them either to prejudice or theory.'

The existence of the Carbonari has been long known in Naples, but it was the late revolution which brought them into public notice. The practice of creating a state within a state, and of erecting secret tribunals to redress wrongs, has existed in all barbarous and turbulent times. It is of very ancient date in the kingdom of the two Sicilies. According to the *Chronicles*

of the Abbays of Fossa Nuova and of Monte Casino, a sect of presumptuous men, *de vanis hominibus*, arose. They took the name of avengers, *Vendicosi*, and did all the mischief in their power, not by day, but by night. At length, the grand master of the sect was hanged, and many of his partisans braided with a hot iron.

A second Sicilian Society, almost unknown to the rest of Europe, was called the Beati Paoli, and much resembled, in their motives and actions, the Free Knights in Germany. Persons of all ranks united themselves secretly, and proceeded against the great barons and the tribunals, whose power was such, that they were not to be reached openly. This institution, vicious and horrible in itself, did, however, produce some partially salutary effects, restraining the arbitrary licentiousness of the great, by the terror which it inspired. The punishments inflicted by the Beati Paoli were death by poison, or the dagger, mutilation, destruction of property by fire, and, for the slightest crimes or faults, the severest beating. The ramifications of this society were spread over the whole island; and a cavern is shown at Palermo, in a street called *de Canceddi*, near the church of Santa Maria di Gesù, where they held their meetings. Neither the severest laws nor the heaviest penalties had any effect on the Beati Paoli, but the change in the state of society, and the improvement of manners, at length put an end to the association. A lively recollection of it, however, still remains among the Sicilians; and they often exclaim, on receiving an injury or loss, for which they cannot apply to justice, 'Ah, se fossero ancora i Beati Paoli!' Ah, if the Beati Paoli were still in being!

The Carbonari, anxious to be thought an old institution, derive the proofs of their antiquity from Germany. The necessity of mutual assistance, it is said, induced the colliers, (literally charcoal burners or charrers), who inhabit the vast forests of Germany, to unite themselves against robbers and enemies, and, by conventional signs, known only to themselves, they claimed and afforded mutual assistance. These associations, in the course of time, acquired more consistency, and spread themselves over Germany, France, and the Netherlands. The Society of Hewers (*Feudeurs*) resembled that of the colliers. Amongst their symbols of imitation, we find the trunk of an old tree, together with

other allusions to their occupations in the woods.

The Carbonari have a curious traditional story of their origin, which they trace to the time of Francis the First, King of France; and at their feasts, the grand master 'drinks to the health of Francis I., the founder of the order.' Whatever antiquity the Carbonari may claim, it is certain that they never rose to any importance, nor acted any conspicuous part until the French revolution. Their restoration is ascribed by the grand masters, at Naples, to an unknown officer, who had spent some time in Spain. The next efficient supporter of the sect (as they are called), was Maghella, a native of Genoa, who was originally employed in a counting-house, but afterwards became minister of police in the Ligurian Republic, and in favour with Murat, whom he advised to abandon Bonaparte before the Russian campaign, in 1812, and proclaim the independence of Italy. In 1815, Maghella endeavoured to rouse Italy to independence, and in the name of Murat, he organized the Papal provinces of which he had taken possession; and it was there that the lodges of the Carbonari were established. He then introduced the sect into Naples, assuring Murat that such an institution would draw the attention of the populace from the remembrance of their ancient sovereigns, and gain them over to the new order of things. The doctrine preached to the inhabitants of the Calabrias and the Abruzzi, was, however, adapted to their inclinations. 'It depended, for effect, on the two-fold excitement of religious fanaticism and pecuniary interest; for while the imitation of Jesus Christ himself, the Grand Master of the order, was the devotional object proposed, they were shown, at the bottom of the scene, a political change, which must infallibly diminish the taxes.'

To give stability to the sect thus introduced at Naples, and to graft it on an old stock, all freemasonry were admitted simply by ballot, and without the preparatory trials required from ordinary candidates. Hence it was, that the Pope issued his decree against freemasonry, considering all the secret societies of Italy as derived from it. One consequence of the amalgamation of freemasonry with Carbonarian has been a toleration of all the Christian sects which masonry contained:—

'But, though such free toleration is allowed, the ceremonies of admission partake of an almost fanatic superstition.

The novices were told that, in imitation of the grand master, Christ, they must necessarily pass through sufferings to purity and happiness; they were crowned with thorns, and a reed was placed in their hands. A dramatic representation exhibited part of the agonies of the Saviour, and it was solemnly announced, that the great requisites were to preserve their faith, and mutually to assist each other.

'The following extract, from the 1st chap. of the statutes of Carbonarianism, will tend to explain the real or pretended principles of the sect.

'Of the General Doctrine of the Order.

'Art. 1. Good Cousinship is principally founded on religion and virtue.

'Art. 2. The place of meeting is called the *Baracca*; the space surrounding it, the *Forest or Wood*; the interior of the lodge, the *Vendita*.

'Art. 3. The members are called Good Cousins; they are divided into two classes—apprentices and masters.

'Art. 4. Tried virtue and purity of morals, and not Pagan* qualities, render men worthy of belonging to the Carbonari.

'Art. 5. An interval of six months is necessary before an apprentice can obtain the rank of master. The principal obligations imposed on him are, to practise benevolence, to succour the unfortunate, to show docility of mind, to bear no malice against Carbonari, and to enrich his heart with virtue.

'Art. 6. By this article it is forbidden to talk directly or indirectly against religion, and by

'Art. 7. All conversation on religion in general, or against good morals, is prohibited.

'Art. 8. Every Good Cousin Carbonari is obliged to preserve inviolable secrecy concerning the mysteries of the order.

'Art. 9. No G. C. C. may communicate what is done or decided upon in his *Vendita*, to those who belong to another, much less to persons not initiated.

'Art. 10. The greatest reserve is recommended to the members, towards all persons with whom they are not well acquainted, but more especially in the bosoms of their own families.'

The capital was the centre of the Carbonari, where the *Alta Vendita* or principal lodge, consisting of honorary members and deputies from other lodges, was held. It was the business of this lodge to grant charters of organization to new lodges, or to confirm such as were submitted for its approbation. It has been eclipsed by the superior activity of the Carbonari magistracy of the Western Lucanian Republic, for so the province of Principato Citra is termed.

The symbols used at their meetings,

* *Pagano* may be translated profane, belonging to the uninitiated.'

and painted on the patents of the initiated, are numerous, and consist of the trunk of a tree, linen cloth, water, salt, a crown of white-thorns, a cross, leaves, sticks, fire, earth, a ladder, a bundle of sticks, a ball of thread; three ribbons, one blue, one red, and one black, with the axe, mattock, and shovel. The symbols are thus explained:—

'The cross should serve to crucify the tyrant who persecutes us, and troubles our sacred operations. The crown of thorns should serve to pierce his head: The thread denotes the cord to lead him to the gibbet; the ladder will aid him to mount. The leaves are nails to pierce his hands and feet. The pick-axe will penetrate his breast, and shed the impure blood that flows in his veins. The axe will separate his head from his body, as the wolf who disturbs our pacific labours. The salt will prevent the corruption of his head, that it may last as a monument of the eternal infamy of despots. The pole will serve to put the skull of the tyrant upon. The furnace will burn his body. The shovel will scatter his ashes to the wind. The *baracca* will serve to prepare new tortures for the tyrant. The fountain will purify us from the vile blood we shall have shed. The linen will wipe away our stains, and render us clean and pure. The forest is the place where the Good Cousins labour to obtain so important a result. The trunk with a single branch signifies that, after the great operation, we shall become equal to the N. C.'

'One would be tempted to doubt the reality of the last explanation of the symbols, if it were not given in the minutes of a legal trial. Perhaps the compiler of the notes may have confounded the verbal depositions of some of the witnesses, with what he thought he had read in the catechisms of the sect.'

The Carbonari are called a sect, and the appellation does not displease them. The lunatics of the society detail the miraculous conversations which it has already wrought. The ferocious Lagzaroni of Naples, and the wildest brigands of the Calabrias and the Abruzzi, have been known, immediately on their initiation to perform the most striking acts of benevolence and justice. Under this pretext of bringing back the wicked to the paths of virtue, distinguished brigand chiefs are admitted into the order. The notorious Gaetano Vardurelli himself was a Carbonaro:—

'So far is this system carried, that an assassin, condemned to the chain, is permitted to take his place in the *Vendita* of the Castle of St. Elmo, where he is confined with other gally-slaves, the commander of the fort, himself a Carbonaro, has not dared to exclude him, but is obliged to sit by his side.

'The Carbonari, like the English Puritans during the civil wars, affect great austerity of manners, and talk of reformation. They cause such Good Cousins as have committed excesses, to do public penance in the Vendite. They preach against games of chance, and it is at their instigation, that such games have been prohibited. Their oath contains a clause, by which they are bound to respect the conjugal honour, and the good name of the Carbonari; and praiseworthy actions are reported at their meetings, and registered.'

The Carbonari have adopted some of the forms of the Beati Paoli, already noticed:—

'If any unfortunate being has incurred their vengeance, especially if it be by an act of infidelity towards the sect, the grand masters meet in what is called a chamber of honour, and deliberate on his fate. If he be condemned, they write his name on a piece of paper, which is burnt, and he is registered in the Black Book, with those who, having presented themselves as candidates for admission into the society, have been rejected as unworthy. The sentence is executed by whoever is especially named for the purpose, and the rest of the lodge cannot resist or annul it.

'Although the printed penal statute of the Western Lucanian Republic makes no explicit mention of the punishment of death, yet it contains some articles which clearly imply it. The punishments are divided under the heads of degradation and penalties in general. The first head is again subdivided into

1st. Devoting to general execration.

2d. Burning the name, or the person in effigy.

3d. Unanimous black-balling—*annamamento*.

'Among the consequences of these punishments, are interdiction of water and fire, the prohibition of all communication between other Good Cousins and the criminal, whose name, written in large letters, is affixed in all the vendite, and read at every sitting. "The *Annamento*," they observe, may be effaced by time, but "infamy attaches itself for ever."

'The execration is more than mere disapprobation. Its mystery is explained in the 35th article of the 9th section, "On Crimes against Individuals," which declares that a murderer is not punishable, when the person put to death is a Carbonaro, condemned, after trial, to general execration, or to have his name or effigy burnt. The oath of initiation itself is a proof that the punishment of death is among the engines used by this dangerous society.'

The number of Carbonari has increased rapidly. They amounted to from twenty-four to thirty thousand, from the very beginning of their establishment. The whole population of

some towns in the Abruzzi and the Calabria enlisted themselves. Admission to the first rank of Carbonarism is easily obtained; and whoever objects to going through the ceremony in the grand assembly, may perform it before the Grand Masters in private. As nothing is intrusted to the apprentices, there is no risk in multiplying them; the main object being to secure a number of satellites ready to obey invisible superiors, and directions which they cannot understand.

As it is our intention to extend our notice of this very curious work to another number, we shall conclude, for the present, with an extract from the Appendix, giving an account of the forms used on the reception of a Carbonaro:—

'The *Preparatore* (preparer) leads the Pagan (uninitiated) who is to become a member, blindfold, from the closet of reflection to the door of the Baracca. He knocks irregularly: the *Copritore* (coverer) says to the second assistant, "A Pagan knocks at the door." The second assistant repeats this to the first, who repeats it to the Grand Master; at every communication the Grand Master strikes a blow with an axe.

'Grand Master. See who is the rash being who dares to trouble our sacred labours.

'This question having passed through the assistants and *Copritore* to the *Preparatore*, he answers through an opening in the door,

'*Preparatore*. It is a man whom I have found wandering in the forest.

'Gr. M. Ask his name, country, and profession.

'The secretary writes the answer.

'Gr. M. Ask him his habitation—his religion.

'The secretary notes them.

'Gr. M. What is it he seeks among us?

'*Prep.* Light; and to become a member of our society.

'Gr. M. Let him enter.

'(The Pagan is led into the middle of the assembly; and his answers are compared with what the secretary had noted.)

'Gr. M. Mortal, the first qualities which we require are frankness, and contempt of danger. Do you feel that you are capable of practising them?

'After the answer, the Grand Master questions the candidate on morality and benevolence; and he is asked if he has any effects, and wishes to dispose of them, being at the moment in danger of death; after being satisfied of his conduct, the Grand Master continues, "Well, we will expose you to trials that have some meaning—let him make the first journey." He is led out of the Baracca—he is made to journey through the forest—he hears the rustling of leaves—

he is then led back to the door, as at his first entrance.

'Gr. M. What have you remarked during this journey?

'(The Pagan relates accordingly.)

'Gr. M. The first journey is the symbol of human virtue; the rustling of leaves, and the obstacles you have met in the road, indicate to you, that weak as we are, and struggling in this vale of tears, we can only attain virtue by good works, and under the guidance of reason, &c. &c. Let him make the second journey.

'(The Pagan is led away, and is made to pass through fire; he is made acquainted with the chastisement of perjury; and, if there is an opportunity, he is shown a head severed from the body, &c. &c. He is again conducted into the Baracca.)

'Gr. M. The fire through which you have passed is the symbol of that flame of charity which should be always kindled in our hearts, to efface the stains of the seven capital sins, &c. &c.

'Make him approach the sacred throne,' &c.

'Gr. M. You must take an irrevocable oath; it offends neither religion nor the state, nor the rights of individuals; but forget not, that its violation is punished with death.

'The Pagan declares that he will submit to it; the Master of the Ceremonies leads him to the throne, and makes him kneel on the white cloth.

'Gr. M. Order!

'The Oath.

'I, N. N. promise and swear, upon the general statutes of the order, and upon this steel, the avenging instrument of the perjured, scrupulously to keep the secret of Carbonarism; and neither to write, engrave, or paint any thing concerning it, without having obtained a written permission. I swear to help my Good Cousins in case of need, as much as in me lies, and not to attempt any thing against the honour of their families. I consent and wish, if I perjure myself, that my body may be cut in pieces, then burnt, and my ashes scattered to the wind, in order that my name may be held up to the execration of the Good Cousins throughout the earth. So help me God.

'Gr. M. Lead him into the middle of the ranks (this is done.) What do you wish? The Master of the Ceremonies suggests to the Pagan, to say light.

'Gr. M. It will be granted to you by the blows of my axe.

'The Grand Master strikes with the axe—this action is repeated by all the apprentices—the bandage is removed from the eyes of the Pagan. The Grand Master and the Good Cousins hold their axes raised.

'Gr. M. These axes will surely put you to death, if you become perjured. On the other hand, they will all strike in your defence, when you need them, and if you remain faithful. (To the Master of the Ceremonies.) Bring him near the throne, and make him kneel.

'Gr. M. Repeat your oath to me, and swear to observe exactly the private institutions of this respectable Vendita.

'The Candidate. I ratify it and swear.

'Gr. M. Holding the specimen of wood in his left hand, and suspending the axe over the head of the candidate with his right, says, "To the great and divine Grand Master of the universe, and to St. Theobald, our protector—In the name and under the auspices of the Supreme Vendita of Naples, and in virtue of the power which has been conferred upon me in this respectable Vendita, I make, name, and create you an apprentice Carbonaro."

'The Grand Master strikes the specimen which is held over the apprentice's head, thrice; he then causes him to rise, and instructs him in the sacred words and touch.

'Gr. M. Master of the Ceremonies, let him be acknowledged by the apprentices.

'The Assistants anticipate the execution of this order, by saying to the Grand Master, "All is according to rule, just and perfect."

'Gr. M. Assistants, tell the respective orders to acknowledge, henceforth, the Good Cousin N. N. as an active member of this Vendita, &c. &c.

'The symbolical picture is explained to the new apprentice.

'Gr. M. At what hour do the Carbonari terminate their sacred labours?

'First Assistant. As soon as the sun no longer enlightens our forest.

'Gr. M. What hour is it?

'Second Assistant. The sun no longer enlightens our forest.

'Gr. M. Good Cousins, as the sun no longer enlightens our forest, it is my intention to terminate our sacred labours. First, let us make a triple salutation (Vantaggio) to our Grand Master, divine and human, (Jesus Christ).—To St. Theobald, our protector, who has assisted us and preserved us from the eyes of the Pagans—Order! To me, —, &c. The signs and salutations (Vantaggi) are performed.

'Gr. M. I declare the labours ended; retire to your Banquette—retire in peace.'

The reception to the second rank, is attended with some blasphemous formalities: The President puts on a robe, and takes the name of Pilate; the first Counsellor, that of Caiaphas; and the second, that of Herod; the good Cousins are called the people; and to the Novice, is given the name of him whose kingdom was not of this world, and whose sufferings are thus impudently parodied. The oath is nearly the same as that of the apprentices, with this addition, that the Carbonari, admitted to the second rank, swear never to talk of the secrets of the apprentices before the Pagans, nor of those of the masters before the apprentices.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Annals of the Parish, or the Chronicle of Dalmailing; during the Ministry of the Rev. Micah Balwhidder; written by Himself. Arranged and Edited by the Author of the 'Ayrshire Legatees,' &c. 8vo. pp. 400. Edinburgh, 1831.

FROM the merit of the Ayrshire Legatees, a series of letters of a very peculiar character, which lately appeared in Blackwood's Magazine and attracted general notice, we took up the present work from the same pen. (for so we take it to be, notwithstanding the editorial character assumed,) with the most favourable prepossessions; and we may say, almost unreservedly, that we have not been disappointed. It is written in the same style with the letters; and in that style the author is so excellent, that we could wish to forget that he ever deviated from it, which, if we mistake not, he has done in more than one recent instance, to no great purpose. To such of our readers as are not yet acquainted with this style, we cannot impart, in two words, a better idea of it than by requesting them to call to mind *Humphrey Clinker*. Like Smollett, whom the author may be fairly admitted to rival, he possesses, in an eminent degree, the talent of making ordinary life interesting, of writing what is delightful fiction, and yet no romance. The actors in his story are every-day characters, and the situations in which he places them are every-day situations; yet, by the fidelity with which he makes them think, and act, and speak, as such persons would do in real life; by the art with which he brings out all the interesting peculiarities of their characters—and no other; and by the good taste and judgment with which he avoids ever intruding the author on our notice, to disturb the idea of reality, which has been momentarily created, he has contrived to produce, what is by no means an every-day thing—another novel worth reading, and worth preserving by the side of the best works which we have of this description.

Mr. Micah Balwhidder is a Scotch person of guileless heart and primitive manners; not overburdened with attainments, and of an order of mind habitually inferior, but warmed at times by peculiar impulses into a degree of elevation, bordering on genius. Seated for life in the pastoral charge of the parish of Dalmailing, he made it the amusement of some of his leisure hours, to keep a chronicle of all the remarkable events that happened within its

bounds during his ministry; and it is this chronicle which the author of the Ayrshire Legatees has been so kind as to arrange and edit for the gratification of the public.

A story of deep and intricate contrivance, related in a style ornate and eloquent, is not of course what we are to look for; but all that the structure of the work admits, the reader will find in the *Annals of the Parish*;—a succession of striking events in the lives of a group of most interesting characters, told in the language of simplicity and truth, rich in native beauties, but free from all tinsel and affectation. It seems, from beginning to end, as if it were the real Micah, and no fictitious personage, who was addressing us; to keep up this delusion, indeed, so well as he has done, the author must, we think, have at times felt some difficulty in writing himself down, if we may so express ourselves, to the level of the character he has represented, as well as in resisting that temptation to make the most of every thing, which a person knowing that he is writing for the public, is so much more apt to feel, than one who, like Micah, only wrote for his own amusement. In the extract, which we shall now proceed to make, as a fair specimen of the work, the reader will see this skill in the *keeping* of the composition—to borrow a phrase from art very strikingly exemplified. In the short space of four pages, the author has contrived to say more than some authors would have done in half a volume; a more affecting specimen of simple pathos we have indeed rarely met with. The news of the victory of the Nile has just arrived, and with it a letter to Mr. Micah Balwhidder, announcing, that among the heroes who fell in that glorious achievement, was Charles Malcolm, a youth of high promise, the son of a widow of amiable character, who resides in the parish:—

'I got a letter,' says Micah, 'from Mr. Howard, the midshipman, who came to see us with Charles, telling me, that poor Charles had been mortally wounded in the action, and had afterwards died of his wounds. "He was a hero in the engagement," said Howard, "and he died as a good and brave man should." These tidings gave me one of the sorest hearts I ever suffered, and it was long before I could gather fortitude to disclose the tidings to poor Charles's mother. But the callants of the school had heard of the victory, and were going shouting about, and had set the steeple-bells a ringing; by which Mrs. Malcolm heard the news, and knowing that Charles' ship was with the fleet, she came over to the Manse in

great anxiety, to hear the particulars, somebody telling her, that there had been a foreign letter to me by the postman.

'When I saw her, I could not speak, but looked at her in pity, and the tear fleeing up into my eyes, she guessed what had happened. After giving a deep and sore sigh, she inquired, "How did he behave? I hope well, for he was aye a gallant laddie!" And then she wept very bitterly. However, growing calmer, I read to her the letter, and when I had done, she begged me to give it her to keep, saying, "its all I have now left of my pretty boy, but its mair precious to me than the wealth of the Indies," and she begged me to return thanks to the Lord for all the comforts and all the manifold mercies with which her lot had been blessed, since the hour she put her trust in Him alone, and that was when I was left a penniless widow, with her five fatherless bairns.

'It was just an edification of the spirit, to see the Christian resignation of this worthy woman. Mrs. Balwhidder was confounded, and said, there was more sorrow in seeing the deep grief of her fortitude than tongue could tell.

'Having taken a glass of wine with her, I walked out to conduct her to her own house, but in the way we met with a severe trial. All the weans were out parading with napkins and hail-blades on sticks, rejoicing and triumphing in the glad tidings of the victory. But when they saw me and Mrs. Malcolm coming slowly along, they guessed what had happened, and threw away their banners of joy, and standing all up in a row, with silence and sadness along the kirk-yard as we passed, shewed an instinct of compassion that penetrated to my very soul. The poor mother burst into fresh affliction, and some of the bairns into an audible weeping, and taking one another by the hand, they followed us to her door like mourners at a funeral. Never was such a sight seen in any town before. The neighbours came to look at it as we walked along, and the men turned aside to hide their faces, while the mothers pressed their babies fondler to their bosoms, and watered their innocent faces with their tears.

'I prepared a suitable sermon, taking, as the words of my text, "Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid waste." But when I saw around me so many of my people clad in complimentary mourning, for the gallant Charles Gallav and her daughter had on an old black ribbon, and when I thought of him, the spirited laddie, coming hune from Jamaica, with his parrot on his shoulder, and his limes for me, my heart filled full, and I was obliged to sit down in the pulpit and drop a tear.

'After a pause, and the Lord having vouchsafed to compose me, I rose up and gave out that anthem of triumph, the 124th Psalm, the singing of which brought

the congregation round to themselves, but still I felt that I could not preach as I had meant to do, therefore I only said a few words of prayer, and singing another psalm, dismissed the congregation.'

We hinted, on the outset of this notice, at something like reservations to our praise of Mr. Micah's Annals; but the sublimity of his silence at the conclusion of the preceding scene, has made us so much in love with silence for the moment, that we forbear. The reservations were, after all, but trivial; and the few points, to which we had some slight exceptions to make, will not lessen the pleasure with which we are sure the Annals of the Parish will be universally read.

Little Charles's Grammar; or, an Easy Grammar of the French Language. By James Jennings. 18mo. pp. 100. London, 1821.

THE author of this little grammar has rendered good service to children and their instructors, by explaining the principles of the French tongue in so familiar a manner, that the most ordinary capacity may comprehend them.

Wonderful Characters; comprising Memoirs and Anecdotes of the most Remarkable Persons. By Henry Wilson. 8vo. London, 1821.

THE lovers of the marvellous will, perhaps, thank us for pointing out to them where they may procure, at a cheap price, lives of such worthies as Daniel Dancer and Dirty Dick; the Mayor of Garrat, Daniel Lambert, and Jefferey Hudson, Blind Jack of Knareborough, and Bamfylde Moore Carew. All these, *cum multis aliis*, are to be found in the first part of this work, which is embellished with fine engravings.

A Letter to R. W. Elliston, Esq. on the Injustice and Illegality of his Conduct in representing Lord Byron's Tragedy of Marino Faliero: with some Hints on the general Management of his Theatre. 8vo. pp. 22. London, 1821.

A COARSE and ungentelemanly epistle, without a single fact unknown to the public, or an argument that has not already been exhausted in the daily newspapers.

Select Biography. A Collection of Lives of Eminent Men who have been an honour to their Country. By various distinguished Writers. 18mo. Parts V. to XII.

WE briefly noticed this work on the publication of the first four parts; eight others have followed in regular

succession, containing the lives of Fox, Pitt, Nelson, Marlborough, Bruce, Raleigh, Johnson, and the Marquis of Moutrose. As the work advances, it improves in character and the subjects are more varied and interesting. Several of the lives are original, and the others are judiciously condensed and abridged from the more bulky volumes to which they have hitherto been confined. To those who may wish to possess memoirs of the most distinguished persons our country has produced, at a moderate price, we recommend 'Select Biography.'

The Student's Manual; or, an Appendix to the English Dictionary: being an Etymological and Explanatory Vocabulary of Words derived from the Greek. 18mo. London.

If it was known how much real information a person may gain from this 'Manual,' and how much more he may appear to possess by making himself acquainted with it, there would be very few persons without it. To those who have not had the advantage of a classical education, and to others who are entering on its rudiments, it cannot be too strongly recommended. Ingenuity in the plan, good taste in the execution, and utility in its objects, are the characteristics of this cheap and clever little work.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF HORTICULTURE.

[We have for some time had it in contemplation to notice the progress of Horticulture in Great Britain, but this we find so ably done in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, that we cannot do better than give our readers a faithful abridgment of the article, which is a Review of the London and Caledonian Horticultural Societies.—Ed.]

THE origin of horticulture, like that of every other art of primitive necessity, is unavoidably involved in obscurity. The first vegetable production which attracted attention as an article of food, was probably the fruit of some tree; and the idea of appropriating such trees may naturally be supposed to have given rise to a garden. All the writers of antiquity agree in putting the fig at the head of the fruit trees first cultivated, and next the vine, the fruit of which serves for food as well as for drink. The almond and pomegranate were early cultivated in Canaan; and it appears by the complaints of the Israelites in the Wilderness, that the fig, grape, and olive were known in Egypt from time immemorial. Culinary vegetables, such as roots and

leaves, seem to have been in much less repute in the early ages than fruits. Leeks, onions, and garlic, however, together with cucumbers and melons, appear to have been in use in Egypt at a very early period. Moses, from his description of the garden of Eden, and his directions as to the culture of the vine in Canaan, seems not only to have been a tasteful but a judicious husbandman.

The gardens of Alcinoüs are said to have contained pears, pomegranates, figs, olives, and other fruits 'brilliant to the sight,'—probably citrons or oranges. The culinary vegetables are not particularized, but they were planted in beds. It matters little that these gardens are fabulous; it is enough that the fruits mentioned were known in the days of Homer.

In the laws of the *Decemviri*, the term *hortus* is used to signify both a garden and a country house; but afterwards, the kitchen garden was distinguished by the addition of *pinguis*. Pliny informs us that the husbandman called his kitchen garden 'a second desert,' or 'a fitch of bacon which was always ready to be cut,' or 'a salad easy to be cooked and light of digestion'; and judged that there must be a bad housewife where the garden (her especial charge) was in disorder. According to this author, who wrote about the end of the first century, there were cultivated in the neighbourhood of Rome, all the species of fruits known at the present day and many of the culinary vegetables. The principal exceptions are the pine-apple, orange, (not introduced till the fourth century,) potatoe, and sea-kale. The horticulture of the Romans was entirely artificial and carried on with the superstitious observances dictated by polytheism. Venus was considered as the patroness of the garden. We are informed by Columella, that husbandmen, who were more religious than ordinary when they sowed turnips, prayed that they might grow both for themselves and their neighbours. 'If caterpillars attack them,' he subjoins with suitable gravity, 'a woman going with her hair loose, and barefooted round each bed will kill them; but women must not be admitted where cucumbers or gourd are planted, for commonly green things languish and are checked in their growth by their handling of them.'

It was held by the Roman writers on georgics, that any scion may be grafted on any stock, but modern experience has taught that no faith is to

be placed in this doctrine. In Italy, at the present day, attempts are made to impose on strangers roses, myrtles, and jessamines grafted on orange. It is a simple trick, and performed by planting a rose and an orange close together, and drawing a shoot of the former through a hole bored in the trunk of the latter.

The climate, soil, and surface of Britain, we think we may assert without prejudice, are more favourable for gardening, taking all its branches into consideration, than any other, although a century ago, almost every garden production was obtained from Holland. The royal fruiterers and green-grocers were sent thither for fruits and pot-herbs; and the seedsmen received all their seeds from that quarter, as they still do a number of sorts.

The only native fruits of Britain are the wild plum or sloe, currant, bramble, raspberry, strawberry, cranberry, black, red, and white heather-berries, elder-berries, roans, haws, hips, hazeluts, acorns, and beechnut. All the others have either been introduced by the Romans, or by the monks and religious houses during the dark ages from the tenth to the fifteenth century. The same may also be affirmed as to most of our culinary vegetables, of which only the carrot, celery, beet, asparagus, sea-kale, and mushrooms are natives.

Gardens and orchards are frequently mentioned in the earliest chartularies, but little is known of the real state of horticulture in Britain previous to the time of Henry VIII. This monarch's gardener introduced various fruits, salads, and pot-herbs, and cultivated them in the garden of the palace of Nonsuch in Surrey, together as it is commonly supposed with the apricot and Kentish cherry. According to an account of this garden, taken during the usurpation, it was surrounded by a wall fourteen feet high and contained 212 fruit trees.

Tusser, one of the earliest writers on husbandry, in his work which appeared in 1557, gives a list of the fruits and culinary vegetables then known, under the following heads:—'Seeds and herbes for the kyeihen; herbes and rootes for sallets and sauce; herbes and rootes to boyle or to batter; strewing herbes of all sortes; herbes, branches, and flowers for windowes and pots; herbes to still in summer; necessarie herbes to growe in the gardens for physick, not reherse before.' In the whole he enumerates more than 150 species, besides a copious catalogue of fruits,

which, with the exception of the fig, orange, and pomegranate, introduced a few years afterwards, the musk melon about the end of the sixteenth century, and the pine apple in the beginning of the last century, include all the species at present cultivated in British gardens.

James I. patronized gardening, and formed or improved a garden at the palace of Theobalds, and another at Greenwich. The former is said by Mandelslo, who visited it in 1640, to have been surrounded by a high wall, and very rich in fruit-tree. Charles I. brought over Tradescant, a Dutchman, as his kitchen gardener, and appointed, for the first time in England, a royal botanist, Parkinson, whose *Paradiſus Terrestris* is one of the most original of our early works on Horticulture and Flower Gardening. Musk-melons were then cultivated on an open hot-bed placed on a sloping bank, and covered with straw instead of glass, as in France and Italy. Cauliflower and celery were rare at this time, and broccoli was not yet introduced. Virginia potatoes (our common sort) were little known, but Canada potatoes (our Jerusalem artichoke) were in common use. The varieties of fruits were very considerable. Of apples 58 sorts are mentioned, of pears 64, plums 61, peaches 21, pectanines 3, apricots 6, cherries 36, grapes 23, figs 3, with quinces, medlars, almonds, walnuts, filberts, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and strawberries.

Cromwell promoted agriculture rather than gardening, and pensioned Hartlib, a Lithuanian, who, as Harte informs us, had studied in Flanders, and first communicated and recommended to notice 'the two grand secrets of Flemish husbandry,' those of letting farms on improving leases, and cultivating green crops.

Charles II. introduced French gardening, and his gardener, Rose, who had spent some time in Holland, then the best school of horticulture, and had also studied under Quintiny at Paris, introduced 'such famous dwarf fruit trees' at Hampton Court and Marlborough gardens, that London, his apprentice, in the translation of the 'Retired Gardener,' published in 1667, challenges all Europe to exhibit the like. In allusion to the last two gardens, Waller describes the mall of St. James's Park as,—

'All with a border of rich fruit trees crown'd'

When Quintiny came to England to visit Evelyn, Charles II. offered him a pension to reside here and superin-

tend the royal gardens; but this, Weston informs us, he declined, and returned to serve his own master. Quintiney was the first horticulturist of modern times who united learning and practical knowledge. He was educated for the church, but having a decided preference for gardening, turned his whole attention that way. M. Tam-bonneau, his patron, first committed his gardens to his care; and, soon after, he was intrusted with the entire direction of those of the court. He died at Paris, in 1701. Louis XIV. always spoke of him with regret, and assured his widow that 'he was an equal sufferer with herself.'

Evelyn translated Quintiney's work on 'Orange Trees' and his 'Complete Gardener,' and wrote the 'Kalendarium Hortense,' (the fruitful parent of a useful class of books,) in 1664. His last work on gardening, (the *Acetaria*), was published in 1699. This excellent man was one of the founders of the Royal Society, and was consulted by the government on all questions relating to planting and agriculture. In 1662, it was proposed to the society to recommend the culture of potatoes, to prevent the recurrence of famine; but Evelyn, who does not seem, at that time, to have been aware of the value of the root, or the nature of its culture, gave them no encouragement, and the plan was laid aside. He patronized, however, a great many useful publications on rural subjects, and especially on horticulture.

Daines Barrington conjectures that hot-houses and ice-houses were first introduced during Charles the Second's reign, as at the installation dinner at Windsor, (23d April, 1667,) there were cherries, strawberries, and ice-creams. Strawberries and cherries, however, Switzer informs us, had been forced by dung heat from time immemorial, by the London market-gardeners. Lord Bacon suggests, that 'as we have housed the exotics of hot countries, lemons, oranges, and myrtles, to preserve them, so we may house our natives to forward them; and thus have violets, strawberries, and pease, all winter, provided they be sown and removed at proper times.'

Cooke, Lucre, Field, London, and Wise, were celebrated practical gardeners at this time; the two latter had the first considerable nursery garden at Brompton, and laid out the greater number of seats, which still exist in the ancient style. Among these may be mentioned Blenheim, Cannons,

Exton Park, and Bramley, in England, and Hatton House, near Edinburgh.

As the 18th century advanced, the botanic garden at Chelsea and its curator, Phillip Miller, came into notice. A new era of gardening may be dated from the publication of his dictionary, and especially from the edition in which the Linnæan system was adopted. Miller improved the culture of the vine and the fig; and the Italian broccoli, and the pine-apple, were first made known through his work. The pine-apple was first grown by Sir Matthew Decker, at Richmond, in pots placed on shelves, like green-house plants; but was subsequently found to succeed better in bottom heat and in pits, as it is still grown in Holland.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Original Criticisms

ON

The Principal Performers of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.

NO. XVII.—MISS DANCE.

'Like Niobe, all tears.'—SHAKESPEARE.

WHENEVER a female performer is about to make her debut, we are always on the tip-toe of expectation; and when that performer is said to be a distinguished votary of Melpomene, our anxiety is necessarily increased twofold. Report had previously spoken in the highest possible terms of Miss Dance, and, as is generally the case, it had in some degree exceeded the bounds of strict veracity, yet we feel gratified in saying that she did succeed. Her first appearance was in the cheerless character of Mrs. Haller, a choice which she may rejoice in, as she was much more successful than in depicting the sublimer sorrows of the Venetian Matron. She was received with an applause for which she was not a little indebted to her graceful appearance, her fine form, and her handsome features. Many of the tones of her voice, which is very melodious, reminded us strongly of Miss O'Neil; indeed, her whole conception of the character appeared to be formed on the model of that highly talented and accomplished actress. The part of Mrs. Haller does not present an extensive field for the display of ability. The scenes in which deep interest is excited, are very few. To these, however, and indeed to the greatest part of the character, Miss Dance did ample justice. Her loveliness,—her retiring modesty,—her unaffected pensiveness of manners,—her sweetly melodious

tones, which seemed responsive to the sorrows of an overfraught heart, solicited the sympathy of all who heard them, and realized the picture which the German poet has so admirably drawn; the last act was superior to any of the former, and the curtain descended amidst thunders of applause. So great was our delight at witnessing her beautiful representation of the unhappy Mrs. Haller, that we looked forward with extreme pleasure to the announcement of Belvidera. We had been led to expect that she might, at no very distant period, prove worthy of the very first characters in the tragic line, and that she would have become a highly valuable acquisition to Covent Garden, where female talent, in the tragic department, is miserably wanted. How unspeakably great, then, was our disappointment; her Belvidera scarcely possessed one of the beauties of Miss O'Neil, and was infinitely inferior to the beautiful representation of Mrs. W. West.—We had hoped that Covent Garden would have at length possessed a fine tragic actress,—we had hoped that Miss Dance might have aspired to the fame of Miss O'Neil, with better hopes than any actress we have seen, since that lady retired from the stage; but we have been completely deceived in our expectations,—intense must be her study, before she can take equal rank with Miss O'Neil; indeed, if we may be allowed to judge from her Belvidera, we most decidedly consider her as inferior to our Drury Lane heroine. In the character of Belvidera, an actress is placed between Scylla and Charybdis. If she yields to the sorrows of love, she runs the risk of falling into whining; if, on the other hand, she exerts herself to give effect to the raving scenes, she is equally exposed to the danger of ranting. These two faults Miss Dance could not avoid. In the former part of the play she whined dreadfully, and in the tempest of her madness, her voice broke forth into violent screamings. Her grief, on hearing that Jaffier intended to kill her father, was too languid; and in her relation to her husband, of Renault's villainy, in the two celebrated lines,—

'But with my cries I could his coward heart,
Till he withdrew, and mutter'd vows to hell,'
she produced but little effect. Again, she failed both in expression of countenance, of tone, and of action, when she uttered, 'The sir's too thin, and pierces my weak brain!' And her exclamation,—'Hell! hell! burst from thy centre, rage and roar aloud, if thou

art half so hot, so mad, as I am,' instead of being terrifically grand, was impotent and ineffective. She displayed but little energy when searching for her husband, imagining that her father conceals him, and the shriek of agony when she fancies she beholds his spirit and that of Pierre, and follows them to the ground, had not any of the effect of her great predecessor. Having now mentioned the points of character in which she failed, it would be unjust, as well as illiberal, not to enumerate some of the beauties. In the scene where Jaffier yields her as the pledge of his fidelity, to the conspirators, she gave a very affecting picture of conjugal affection, rendered half frantic by the supposed unkindness of her husband, and the horror of their parting. Instead of whining, or, like some actresses, roaring out, 'remember twelve,' she dropped a feeble farewell, barely audible, but more expressive than if it had been thundered forth; and, in a half-smothered voice, uttered, 'Remember—twelve.' The scene in which Jaffier threatens to stab her, displayed much excellence, and the manner in which she threw her arms round his neck, and exclaimed, 'Now, then, kill me, while thus I cling about thy cruel neck,' &c. were admirable. Perhaps Miss Dance did not meet with much support in the character of Pierre, on the first night, when we witnessed the representation of Mr. Macready, who performed the character very little to our satisfaction; and, on a subsequent evening, we had the mortification of seeing Mr. Abbott, who, though a deserving performer, to say the truth, made a miserable conspirator. To the honour of Mr. C. Kemble be it said, that notwithstanding the disadvantage of an indifferent Belvidera, and a bad Pierre, he performed the character of Jaffier with unexampled excellence,—in the relation of Renault's conduct to his wife, he drew down torrents of applause; indeed, his performance of the character throughout was perfect; and, although this is not, perhaps, the place for making the remark, we cannot refrain from observing, that his Stranger was exceedingly improved since our notice of it in our review of this gentleman's performances. Indeed, we think it scarcely possible that the character could ever have been more finely played; decidedly, no performer now on the stage could do it so much justice. We will offer a word or two more before we conclude this subject,—if the managers imagine that the applause which

is showered on their new idol, is the genuine sense of the public, they will soon find that they are grievously mistaken. We are afraid that the old adage, 'Dying men catch at straws,' has been verified; something certainly was wanting to uphold the falling fortunes of this concern, and they, therefore, seized upon the first seasonable opportunity that presented itself. We are persuaded, that if Miss Dance had delayed her appearance till another season, the managers would have found their account in it. Unremitting application is what she requires; we do not wish to discourage her; let her follow implicitly the instructions of her able preceptor,—let her powers become matured, and her style improved by judicious cultivation, and she may, in a few years, sustain the weighty honours of Melpomene with dignity as well as elegance. W. H. PARRY.

P. S. After expressing ourselves much disappointed with Miss Dance's performance of Belvidera, we feel happy in being able to affirm, with truth, that her Juliet possessed considerable claims to public admiration. Still it was not the Juliet we of late years have been accustomed to witness; superior as it was to Belvidera, we cannot pronounce it a *chef-d'œuvre*. Miss Dance pleased us much in the garden scene, and in many instances she was highly successful. The sportive and apparently half-ashamed accent with which, after recalling Romeo, she said, 'I have forgot why I did call thee back,' was nature itself. The chief fault of her Juliet was the want of that engaging softness which forms the principal feature of the character. In the scene with the Nurse, she was much too romping and boisterous, but her despair on learning her husband's doom, and the review of the dangers which may attend her swallowing the contents of the phial given her by the Friar, as well as her death, were all finely performed.—Upon the whole, we consider it a very far superior effort to her Belvidera, inferior, however, to her Mrs. Haller; indeed, we much fear that this lady has not sufficient talent to maintain her present rank in the theatre. W. H. P.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS

Written on the Top of Mount Nisus, in the Island of Ithaca.

HAIL! rugged hill, whose sun-scorched hills are seen,
Heaving abrupt their heads of hoary grey,

With here and there a lively spot of green,
Like winter mingling with the bloom of May—
Yet here thy plains—to courts in various gay,
Did thy sage chiefs prefer those barren hills;
Fell twenty years a wanderer did he stray,
Of life for these despoiling all the ill—
For thee the sage's blood oft flowed in crimson rills.

See ponder pile, torn by the tooth of time,
In moss-grown fragments scattered all around;
Oft did those walls to many a theme sublime—

To matchless eloquence and verse resound:
'Twas thence the sage philosopher, profound
In moral maxims, all his maxims drew;
Thence keen-eyed science look'd her nature round,

In all her ways, with microscopic view;
There warriors learnt to fight and be victorious too.

Yon other ruin, crumbling into dust,
Where spotless chastity once found a home,
The pride of architecture rose, august,—

The arch—the column—and the gorgeous dome;

There pensive Penelope piled the loom
All day, and sad the tedious task unweave,
When sable night enveloped all in gloom,—
A blessed example of unaltered love!
Not all the youth of Greece her steady faith could move.

Deep in the bosom of that woody glen,
Where echo whispers to the passing breeze
Of every spring, on from her hollow den,
Hear to the blast behind her the groaning trees;

When once the bath, for elegance and ease,
Surrounded with fair seats of swarthy green,
Stately arose, the wondering stranger sees
The lonely Arethusa, Naiad Queen,
* Olyses.

† At a little village called Mavrona, (Μαύρα,) near the entrance of the port of Ithaca, are seen the ruins of a building, which seems to have been constructed without the help of mortar, the stones being dovetailed in a peculiar manner. Here they relate, that Homer, in the reign of a sage, descendant of Olyses, who is the real owner of the character attributed to that hero in the Odyssey, &c. taught poetry, elocution, philosophy, and the art of war, and was followed by disciples from all parts of Greece; hence the place is still called Homer's School.

That he had been at Ithaca previous to having written his poems, admits of no doubt; for no one could give such striking descriptions of a place he had never seen, as are to be found in his writings of this island.

‡ Palace Kastros, an extensive ruin some miles south-east of the town of Ithaca, supposed to have been one of the residences of the kings of that and the adjacent islands.

§ To the admirer of nature in her wildest dress, this fountain and its surrounding scenery will afford the highest pleasure. Arethusa is embosomed by a most romantic woody valley, accessible only by one steep and dangerous foot-path.

The water issues from an aperture in the rock, and is received into a basin, hewn by art, about six feet long, four and-a-half wide, and about four feet deep. This basin is completed by a front wall, built of stone and mortar, but which the petrifying quality of the water has completely consolidated. In the hottest summer weather it discharges about five gal-

Who, murmuring, seems to mourn the changes
she has seen.
There heroes rest, when toil their nerves un-
strings,
Inbibed fresh vigour from her cooling
streams;—
There lovely beauties, sprightly, fair, and
young,
Would oft repair to lave their snowy limbs;
Ah! how degrading the mutation seems!
Now, there foul indolence, in female shapes,
In squalid tattered basks in noontide beams;
And Sloth and Apathy their bodies scrape,
In form of men, with many a gaunt and gap.

Can this be Greece, the mighty and the brave?
Can this be Greece, renowned in arts and
arms?

Can this be Greece, this pale dejected slave,
Whose torpid breast no ray divine informs?
Yes, this is Greece divest of all her charms—
This drooping captive, manacled and bound—
With heaving breast and supplicating arms,
Behold for aid, she wildly looks around,
But where, alas! for Greece, is succour to be
found!

Say,—ye who ponder on her abject state,
See what she is, and think of what she was,—
What over-powering evil could beget
Of this effect, this dire effect, the cause?
What levelled her proud cities and her laws?
Who tore the laurel from her martial brow?
Who bade fair Science and the Muses pause,
Leave bright Pædia and high Pindus' brow,
To give in climes remote their sweetest
strains to flow.

'Twas Luxury, chief bane of social good,
Who steals his honour from the patriot's
breast,
That parent of a foul and noxious brood
Of evils, worse than earthquakes, fire, and
pest.

'Twas she bade cruelly infuriate burst
In the darkness breast of Tyranny;
Twas she made man so base as not to scorn
Before a fellow man to bow the knee;
Twas she made men, by nature born free,
Become the slaves of superstition wild;
And, led by Falsehood and Hypocrisy,
In labyrinths of error stray beguiled,
And be by Ignorance and Vice debased—de-
filed.

For time there was, when man in every land,
(That age flows sweetly in poetic lore—)
Warm from the impression of his Maker's hand,
Met brother man—his equal and no more;
Till Luxury from his brow the impression
tore—

Then Discord bade fell Rapine draw the
sword;
Then Murder bathed his wheels in tepid gore,
And the fair pages of the world's record
Were blotted with the names of vassal, slave,
and lord.

Where is the greatness of great Babylon?
And where is fled the haughty Roman's
boast—
The polished Greeks—the mighty Persian's
throne?

All, all, beneath the hand of Luxury lost—
Those realms never felt of age the frost,
lons in a minute, of very cold, clear, and light
water, with something of a mineral taste.
This fountain once supplied an extensive bath,
the ruins of which are discoverable a little be-
low it.

Till they gave ear to Luxury's syren song—
Kingdoms attend! you'll find unto your cost,
Whoever listens sinks the dead among—
So sings the muse—perhaps the muse is
wrong.

Or does the unalterable voice of Fate
Thus speak the doom of empires as they
rise—

'Rejoice awhile, for by a certain date
Your greatness withers, and your glory dies?'
Ah! is it so? and must the curious eyes
Of strangers yet behold Britannia low?
Must she, whose flame o'er earth and ocean flies,
To some new Goth or some new Vandal
bow?
And must her sons be doomed to slavery and
woe.

O, thou good spirit! (for such sure thou art,
That warms my breast with patriotic fire,
Be thine to influence every Briton's heart—
With love of Britain Britons still inspire.
Be thou around her still a wall of fire!
Shield her from foreign and domestic wrong!
Confound her foes—ev'n blast them in thine
ire.

Bid faction cease; be mute Corruption's
tongue,
And, till the wreck of time, her liberty pro-
long.
D. M.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—We are not aware of
any novelty at this theatre during the
week, except that, on Monday evening,
it was very unexpectedly honoured with
a visit from the Queen. Both Mr.
Elliston and the audience were quite
unprepared; and her majesty, who, on
entering, took her seat in the box
immediately opposite to the king's,
was some time in the house before she
was recognized. As soon, however,
as the audience understood she was
present, a simultaneous burst of ap-
plause was heard from all parts of the
theatre, and cries of 'God save the
Queen,' were reiterated with vehement
vociferation. The singers were not in
attendance, and two acts of Lord By-
ron's tragedy passed off in dumb show,
when Mr. Elliston came forward, to
know the pleasure of the audience,
which, on learning, he promised that
the national anthem should be sung at
the end of the tragedy. He certainly
kept his word, but so motley a group
were surely never before assembled.
The Doge of Venice, whose head was
supposed to have been separated from
his body, was seen joining Don Gio-
vanni (ready dressed for the after-
piece) in singing 'God save the Queen,'
while the lovely Angiolina mixed with
a group of imps in the general chorus.
Her Majesty, who looked extremely
well, after waiting to see one or two
scenes of the afterpiece, retired in the

same private manner in which she en-
tered the theatre.

COVENT GARDEN.—We suspect,
that the managers of this theatre have,
at last, found out the precise line for
Miss Dancer's talents, that of genteel
comedy. The character of Lady
Townley, in the comedy of the *Pro-
voked Husband*, in which she appeared
for the first time, on Friday night, is
by far her best effort; she was lively
and dignified, and avoided the common
fault of confounding the air and fasci-
nations of a woman of rank, with co-
quetry or affectation. In the comic
scenes she was all life, and in those of
tenderness, at the close, she was ex-
tremely affecting. Mr. Charles Kem-
ble was a fine representative of Lord
Townley, and Abbott made much of
Manly. Fawcett was quite *wrong-
headed* in Sir Francis Wronghead,
whom he disgraced, by bad English
and provincial barbarism, to a wanton
excess. The play was received with
much applause, and has been repeated.

Shakespeare's *Tempest*, which has
been altered by Davenant, Dryden,
and John Kemble, has been doomed to
new mutilations and transformations,
by more ignoble hands. It has been,
according to the prevailing vice of the
age, *operatized*, by the introduction of
some old music. Mr. Macready was a
good Prospero, but we have seen a
better; Miss Foote, a beautiful Ariel,
with an indifferent voice; Miss Ste-
phens and Miss Hallande, enchanting
in Desdemona and Miranda; and Emery,
Farren, and Blanchard, all that could
be wished, in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo. The scenery is very beau-
tiful.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Amidst
all the competition of amusements,
Mathews 'holds on the even tenor of
his way,' and neither fails in spirit nor
attraction through the frequent rep-
etition of his adventures.

MINOR THEATRES.—Novelty is the
order of the day at the minor theatres,
particularly the *Surrey* and *Sadler's
Wells*, where, at least, one new and
attractive piece has been produced
weekly since the commencement of the
season.—At the Coburg, *Il Diavolo
Antonio*; and at Astley's, the Eque-
strian Troop, have their share of at-
traction; while at the European Saloon,
(now called the New Theatre,) Miss
Macaulay, by her tragic and comic
powers, and M. Alexandre, by his ex-
traordinary ventriloquial talents, alter-
nately draw fashionable audiences.

Literature and Science.

French Bibliography.—Among other periodical publications, there is one at Paris, bearing the name of 'Bibliography of France.' About fifty numbers appear annually, composing a volume of from 800 to 1000 pages. This work exhibits a list of all the printed works and re-impressions throughout the French territory. Once a week, there appears a number, of sixteen pages more or less. Every publication, whether printed at Paris or in the departments, is noticed instantly after its appearance. Works of minor, as well as of the greatest importance, are announced alike. The number of bookselling articles announced in 1820, was near five thousand. The editor, M. Beuchot, well known as a biographer of extensive erudition, for the purpose of facilitating researches, adds, at the end of every year, three supplementary numbers,—an alphabetical table of works, an alphabetical table of authors, and a systematic or methodical table, in which all the works announced through the year are arranged according to their kinds or subject matter. The journal contains, likewise, more copious information than any other, relative to engravings, geographical charts, and music. Under the title of *Varieties*, M. Beuchot furnishes, from time to time, notices of French works printed abroad, and translations of French works into foreign languages, foreign publications treating of France or the French, with bibliographical notices respecting books and editions. Under the head *Necrology*, the death of French authors is announced, mostly accompanied with the date; and a list of all such of their works as have come to his knowledge.

Hops.—Dr. A. W. Ives, of New York, has lately made experiments on the hop, which prove that its characteristic properties reside in a substance forming not more than one-sixth part of the weight of the hop, and easily separable from it. It was observed, that on removing some hops from a bag in which they had been preserved for three years, an impalpable yellow powder was left behind; which, when sifted, appeared quite pure; this has been called *lupulin*; it is quite peculiar to the female plant, and is probably secreted in the nectaries. Hops from which all the lupulin had been separated, when acted upon by water, alcohol, &c. gave a portion of extract

which, however, possessed none of the characteristic properties of the hop. Dr. Ives next endeavoured to ascertain the quantity afforded by a given weight of hops: 6lbs. of hops, from the centre of a bag, were put into a light bag, and by threshing, rubbing, and sifting, fourteen ounces of lupulin were separated. Two barrels of beer were then made, in which nine ounces of lupulin were substituted for 5lbs. (the ordinary quantity) of hops, and the result confirmed every expectation.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia limant,
Omnis nos itidem depascitur aurea dieta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

[From the *Percy Anecdotes*.]

'Criticism.—The late Mr. Cumberland used to say, that authors must not be thin-skinned, but shelled like the rhinoceros. The injunction would have been good, were the shell of their own making; but it would be hard were the linnet, or the nightingale, to cease from warbling, because they cannot sing in a storm.

'The art of literary condemnation, as it may be practised by men of wit and arrogance, is much less difficult than criminal. A worthless book produces no great evil in literature; it dies soon, and naturally; but that undue severity of criticism, which lessens by one page the contributions of genius to the cause of human improvement, is a serious and great calamity.

'The elegant author of the *Calamities of Authors*, asks, "who are the authors marked out for such attack?" "Scarcely," he says, "one of the race of scribblers; for wit will not lose one silver shaft on game; which struck, no one would take up. It must level at the historian, whose novel researches throw a light on the depths of antiquity; on the poet, who, addressing himself to the imagination, perishes, if that solve avenue to the heart be closed on him."

'Such are the class of authors, who are the chief objects of this sort of criticism, which has sent some nervous authors to their graves, and embittered the existence of many whose talents we all regard.

'**HAWKSWORTH died of criticism;** Tasso was driven mad by it; and even the calm NEWTON kept hold of life only by the sufferance of a friend, who withheld a criticism on his chronology, for no other reason, but his conviction, that if published while he was alive, it would put an end to him.

'**HAWKSWORTH**, says Dr. Kippis, in his biography of Captain Cook, was "invited to write the account of the late Voyages to the South Seas, a fatal undertaking, and which, in its consequences, deprived him of peace of mind, and of life itself." An innumerable host of enemies

attacked it in the newspapers and magazines; some pointed out blunders in matters of science, and some exercised their wit in poetical translations and epigrams; but these, however much they might hurt his feelings as an author, did not probably make him suffer as a man, so much as those who censured him for the frequent heresy of his sentiments, and the indecency of not a few of his narratives. Nor is it surprising that he should have felt irritated, and vexed, and mortified, that such a reception should be given to a work, of which he thought he might be proud, and from which he drew so great an emolument (£8000). But no respect for the services he had before rendered to religion or virtue, by his papers in the *Advertiser*, and his *Notes to Swift's Letters*, could obliterate the impression of his apostasy in the remarks which he introduced into the account of the *Voyage Round the World*; and it could not but aggravate the pain which both his friends and himself felt, when they considered, that whatever was objectionable in this work, had come from his pen without provocation, and without necessity, either from the nature of the undertaking, or the expectation of the public.

'Tasso had a vast and prolific imagination, accompanied with an excessively hypocondriacal temperament. The composition of his immortal epic, by giving scope to the boldest flights, and calling into effect the energies of his exalted and enthusiastic genius, whilst with equal ardour it led him to entertain hopes of immediate and extensive fame, laid most probably the foundation of his succeeding derangement. His susceptibility and tenderness of feeling were great; and when his sublime work met with unexpected opposition, and was even treated, with contempt and derision, the fortitude of the poet was not proof against the keen sense of disappointment. He twice attempted to please his ignorant and malignant critics, by recomposing his poem; and, during the hurry, the anguish and irritation attending these efforts, the vigour of a great mind was entirely exhausted, and in two years after the publication of his "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," the unhappy bard became an object of pity and of terror.

'NEWTON, with all his philosophy, was so sensible to critical remarks, that Whiston tells us, he lost his favour, which he had enjoyed for twenty years, for contradicting Newton in his old age; for no man was of "a more fearful temper." Whiston declares, that he would not have thought proper to have published his work against Newton's *Chronology* in his lifetime, "because I knew his temper so well, that I should have expected it would have killed him; as Dr. Bentley, Bishop Stillingfleet's chaplain, told me, that he believed Mr. Locke's thorough confutation of the bishop's metaphysics about the Trinity, hastened his end."

'**Dr. Johnson.**—Soon after the publica-

tion of the Life of Savage, which was anonymous, Mr. Walter Harte, dining with Mr. Cave, the projector of the Gentleman's Magazine, at St. John's Gate, took occasion to speak very handsomely of the work. The next time Cave met Harte, he told him that he had made a man very happy the other day at his house, by the encomiums he bestowed on the author of *Savage's Life*. "How could that be?" says Harte; "none were present but you and I." Cave replied, "You might observe I sent a plate of vignettes behind the screen. There skulked the biographer, one Johnson, whose dress was so shabby, that he durst not make his appearance. He overheard our conversation; and your applauding his performance, delighted him exceedingly."

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE length to which our review of two highly interesting works has been extended, must be our apology for the omission of our usual notice of the fine arts, and the communications of several correspondents.

We can assure—that 'Everybody' did not see his letter of the 3rd of April.

The favours of Eliza, Cambo, Sam Sprissail, H. A., and Nemo, are intended for insertion.

Erratum, p. 206, c. 2, l. 5, for 'discover' read 'certain'.

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No. 106.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Recollections of a Classical Tour through various Parts of Greece, Turkey, and Italy, made in the Years 1818 and 1819. By Peter Edmund Laurent. Illustrated with coloured plates. 4to. pp. 317. London, 1821.

GREECE and Italy, at least, if not Turkey, have been as much travelled as almost any part of the globe, while more has been written on them than all the other parts united; but, notwithstanding this, they still present a rich variety to the judicious and intelligent traveller. Our pages have frequently been enriched with the itineraries of tourists in Greece and Italy, and we now, with pleasure, add Mr. Laurent to the number, for, although he follows with rather unequal steps, he is worthy of being ranked among them.

From the preface, we learn, that Mr. Laurent left Oxford in 1818, in company with two members of the University. They passed over the Alps, by the Mount Cenis road, crossing Piedmont and the fertile valley of Lombardy, through the towns of Turin, Milan, Mantua, Verona, Vicenza, and Venice. From the last place they proceeded to Trieste, where, after making an excursion to the ruins of Pola, they embarked for Constantinople. In the course of the voyage they visited the Trojan plain and the probable site of Ilium. Dreading to face the plague, which then raged in the northern provinces of Greece, they re-embarked at Constantinople for Athens; thence passed into the Peloponnese; saw the remains of Corinth, Sigeon, Nemea, Argos, Mantinea, Sparta, Messene, Phigalia, Olympia, Patre, &c. &c. At Patre, our travellers embarked for the Ionian Islands, thence passed to Italy, touched at Otranto, Brindisi, and Barietta, and returned homeward through Naples, Rome, and Florence.

Our author having had such a clear field and fair play, something good may be expected from him, and he shall speak for himself; although we must—
—Vol. III.

premise that he is a modest unassuming writer, who appears to have been contented with relating what he actually saw, and not trespassing on the regions of romance, in which travellers have, in all ages, been notorious poachers. The work, though not divided into letters, is in the style of epistolary composition, and is written with great ease and freedom. It is also (and as reviewers, we are, in duty bound, to thank him,) so divided, according to different places visited, that we can very easily detach a few extracts, which will enable our readers to judge of the author's talents, and of the interest the work possesses. In an account of Trieste, we have the following notice of the murder of the venerable Winckelmann:—

It was at Trieste that Winckelmann was assassinated by a villain named Arcangeli. This man had been a cook in the house of the Count Calisto, at Vienna, and had been condemned to death for several crimes, but had received his pardon; he met his victim on the road from Vienna to Rome, and gained his confidence by affecting to have a great love for the fine arts. Winckelmann was occupied in a room of his inn, writing some notes for a new edition of his *History of Art*, when Arcangeli interrupted him by asking him to see some medals; hardly had the antiquary opened the trunk which contained them, when his murderer threw on his neck a running knot, and endeavored to strangle him; not being able to succeed in his purpose, the sanguinary villain pierced him in several places with a knife; he was immediately seized and executed for his crime; but his punishment did not repair the loss which literature experienced by the death of Winckelmann. The venerable antiquary lived sufficiently long to receive the spiritual consolations of his church, and to dictate his will, by which he named Cardinal Albani his sole legatee.

Winckelmann was the son of an obscure tradesman of Stendal, in Brandenburg; by indefatigable exertions he raised himself to a most conspicuous rank in the study of antiquity; he was member of nearly all the literary societies in Europe, and his name will be ever dear to artists.

The account of Pola furnishes us

with an interesting anecdote of Ariosto

The author says,—

‘I have often been surprised to find the name of Orlando or Rolando, so frequently attached to ruins in Italy and the neighbouring countries: *Castello di Orlando* is a name given near Naples and in Magna Grecia, to almost every one of the towers which, in former times, served as fastnesses for those bands of robbers which ravaged the country, and bade defiance even to Spanish despotism. This may be accounted for by the great diffusion of Ariosto's poem, the nature and variety of which render it, perhaps, more attractive than any other to the lower orders. Of this it is well known the poet had a convincing proof: falling, during a ramble over the Apennines, among a band of robbers, they were on the point of taking from him his purse, and, perhaps, his life; but having recognised in him the author of Orlando, they threw themselves at his feet, intreated pardon for their intended injury, and, singing his verses, guarded him to a place of greater security.’

As our remaining extracts, for the present, will be in the form of detached anecdotes, rather than as a connected narrative, we shall briefly observe that, on a careful examination of the whole work, we can pronounce it to be highly interesting, containing much real and valuable information, and avoiding every thing like prosing or trivial detail. Of this we hope to convince our readers, and now to the proof:—

Nautical Politeness.—Our schooner was manned by Illyrian sailors; they were very dirty, certainly more civil, but I doubt whether so skilful as the seamen of northern kingdoms; those tempests of long duration, to which the Atlantic sailor is often exposed, are unknown in more confined seas, where, in every part, a secure harbour is at hand, to shield the battered vessel from the rage of the sea. In a summer voyage, they have little more to do than to eat and drink, tell horrid tales of pirates' cruelty, and hail each ship that passes; this last practice is never neglected, and the mode of executing it proves forcibly, that some portion of that promiscuity to compliment, which characterises Italy and all other nations swayed by despotic governments, may transude itself even into the dominions of Neptune. An English ship hails in a warmer tone, and abrupt:—‘Ho, the ship!’

bound—where from?" in the Mediterranean, all communication must be preceded by the hoisting of the colours, and the compliment, "Buon giorno Signor Capitano e tutta la compagnia, buon giorno;" while every question is ended by a "di grazia," which is made to reverberate for several seconds in the speaking trumpet.

Zea (Ceos), where the art of weaving silk was first taught by Parnphila, who made webs of it so fine that they were compared to gossamer, and poetically called a web of air, continues to carry on its original manufacture, but not to any considerable extent. The ladies of this island are far from being ugly, but our author complains, that the 'free, not to say, indecent, postures which they assume when lolling on their dyvans, render their beauty not very attractive to a northern taste.' We revert again to extract:—

A Turkish Church-Yard at Scio (Chios).—Near the town [Scio], on the sea shore, is seen a vast burial-ground, appropriated to the Turks; the cause of its being so extensive is, that their religion forbids the burial of more than one person on the same spot of ground; the graves are indicated by stones, inscribed with gilt Arabic characters: they are shaded with cypress, aloes, and the other trees by most nations regarded as expressive of grief. Vizirs and other great men have a *kabbe*, that is, a tower and monument beautifully built, placed over their graves. People of a middle station have two stones placed upright, one at the head, the other at the feet. One of these stones has the name of the deceased, elegantly written; to which is added, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse, a prayer of this or the like form, at the direction of the heir: *Dâma Allâho kalâhi rahmâtoho*,—may God shew eternal mercy to him. If a man is buried, under the top of the stone is a Turkish turban; if a woman, another sort of ornament is placed there. The stone at the feet is the same in both. The sepulchral chapels erected in memory of some saints of Islamism and of the sultans, are called *turbeh*. These buildings are generally placed in the gardens of the mosques, founded by these princes; they are very richly adorned. The grave, which is in the middle of the chapel, is covered with a wooden chest, wrapped in red velvet, enriched with gold and precious stones, and having different verses of the Koran embroidered on it; towards the side where reclines the head of the defunct monarch, is seen a piece of the veil which has covered the shrine of Mecca, (for no Moslem must be buried without a piece of that sacred cloth,) over which is a muslin turban. Silver rails, incrustated with mother-of-pearl, surround the grave, at the extremities of which are two lofty chandeliers with tapers. The interior of these chapels is magnificently adorned with marble, porcelain, and

golden inscriptions. Lamps, ever lighted, hang from the roof, and the turbeh-dars, or keepers of the tomb, are constantly reading chapters of the Koran for the repose of the soul of the sultans. Constantinople contains about twenty of these turbehs. The Turkish burial-grounds are always placed near the towns, and, being kept clean and adorned with verdure, are agreeable yet impressive objects; they are never imagined to be haunted, a circumstance more to be attributed to their attractive appearance, than to any strength of mind peculiar to the followers of Mahomet. 'Indeed, one can see no reason why the resting-place of our departed friends should be in the most dirty and melancholy spots, or why their remains should be so often and so unnecessarily disturbed.'

The Though.—The *though* is a horse's tail, stained red, and stuck upon a pole, with a gilt knob at the top: this is one of the military ensigns of the Turks, and the dignity of a vizir is determined by the number of these horses' tails which he is allowed to carry before him. Besides the *though*, each dozen of men has, when on march, a small standard, the number of which causes the army to be crowded with flag-bearers, who in battle are worse than useless; the Turkish soldiers think it no disgrace to lose their colours, excepting, however, the holy banner of Mohammed, which in battle is kept at a convenient distance from the field, and at the first appearance of a defeat, is precipitately removed. The Janissaries conceive military glory to consist in a strenuous defence of their kettles and spoons.—*Baid rides?* Is it more rational to place honour in the defence of a piece of tattered silk, or of a monstrous two-headed black eagle?

Ilium and the Troic Plain.—The precise site of Troy was an object of dispute among the ancient critics; Strabo, in the thirteenth book of his geography, gives a most accurate account of the country, and after throwing forth many hints, which, in modern times, have been made good use of, leaves the question undecided. Demetrius, a native of Skepsia, a town not situated far from Alexandria of Troas, passed his life in an unsuccessful search for the spot, and only concluded that the town in his days called Ilium, could not be, according to the description of Homer, upon the same spot as the ancient city of Priam.

This Ilium, of which the ruins are pretty well determined, was placed near the sea; its Acropolis was shown as the Pergamus of Troy. To the north of the hill on which it was erected, flowed a small rivulet, which they denominated the Simoeis; it united with a stream, or rather river, which rolled its waters down the plain from Mount Ida, and threw itself into the Hellespont; this river was called the Scamander. Pliny, in his geographical description of the world, mentions this modern Ilium in a manner which proves,

beyond a doubt, that he regarded it as built on the site of ancient Troy.

'Till the last century the question remained undecided, as Strabo had left it; but in the year 1785, Le Chevalier, an accurate and laborious traveller, discovered a spot in the plain, or rather at the foot of Ida, which seemed better to answer the description of the poet; it was a hill near the village of Bounar-Bashi, which he chose for his Pergamus; the river, which before every traveller had regarded as the Scamander, was now proved to be the Simoeis, and the former Simoeis remained without a name; much was said concerning the hot and warm sources of the newly-found Scamander. Other travellers, with an imagination less heated, visited this spot; they found the distance from Bounar-Bashi to the Hellespont, too great; they discovered that the sources of the new Scamander, instead of being one warm and the other cold, were both warm; many difficulties were raised against the system of Le Chevalier, and rebutted with warmth by his friends. Two parties immediately divided the classic world; one contended for the truth of the minute and often fanciful details of Le Chevalier; while others denied the truth of many of the most important facts brought forward by that geographer. Both parties were violent, and, as generally happens in such cases, equivocation took the place of truth, passion that of argument.

'To conciliate the two parties is task which I have neither the wish nor the talent to perform: I have too often experienced, that when once discord has reared her head in religion, in politics, or in literature, argument is the last instrument to which resort must be had to check its influence.—blustering ignorance generally crushes one of the factions, and the tyranny of the other necessarily ensures a temporary quiet. When I visited the plain of Ilium, I had heard but little of the dispute in question. I, indeed, knew that some persons had endeavoured to prove the Trojan war a fable; but I rejected the idea, as a Christian does that of infidelity, from which, in future life, he guesses much harm may perhaps accrue, while with certainty he knows that no bad effects can ensue from his adhering to the tenets of his ancestors. If it be proved that the truth of the main facts contained in the Iliad is chimerical, what will become of the history attached to them? Are we to betray to all-douring scepticism so many interesting records? If we prove that Helen, that Paris, that Achilles, that Troy itself never existed, the interest felt in reading the works of Homer must necessarily be diminished, the pleasure will be no longer so great, and the bard, whose poems have nearly exhausted the whole fund of human knowledge, would be more neglected than even he now is.—Apollo and the muses defend us from so dire a misfortune!

'The scenery, as to the islands, the

seas, the mountains, or, in a few words, as to its general features, corresponds, certainly as much as one can expect, with the description of Homer: Lemnos, Imbros, Tenedos, Ida, the Chersonesus, and the Hellespont, are found in the same relative situation as a cursory reader of the *Iliad* would imagine them to be placed; the plain itself, however, did not answer my expectations.—I did not, certainly, hope to be able to distinguish the very walls of the town; as well might I have expected to have seen the Greek ships anchored upon the strand, or Hector and Achilles striding over the fields; but I thought I should have seen some eminence worthy of being the Pergamus—some river worthy of being called the Scamander; the usual fate of classic travellers awaited me—I was disappointed.

‘The water was so shallow that we found it impossible to land with dry feet; the sailors offered to carry us on their backs to the shore; the experiment was first tried by an unfortunate Florentine, who, during the whole voyage, had suffered much from sea-sickness, a disorder ever the subject of ridicule among sailors; he mounted the broad shoulders of one of our Italian seamen, but hardly had he rode fifty yards in this style, before a well-pretended stumble threw him headlong into the sea;—“*experientia docet*.” We tucked up our trousers, threw off our stockings and shoes, and, with praiseworthy ardour, waded to the land.’

Public Baths at Constantinople.—‘The very frequent recurrence of ablations, enjoined by the wisdom of Mohammed, to preserve his followers from the disorders produced in a warm climate by an accumulation of dirt on the skin, has caused pious individuals to erect fountains in almost every street of the Turkish cities, and even on the border of the roads, far distant from any town; the tomb of the founder is generally placed in the neighbourhood, and is surrounded with trees, which offer a delightful shade to the wearied traveller. These fountains are generally built in the Moonish style, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions.’

‘To the same precept of cleanliness we may attribute the number of warm baths seen in Turkey; every village has its hammam or public bath, and every large house is provided with the same convenience. These thermæ are heated by a subterranean vault, which serves as a furnace, and is filled with logs of wood, above which, and immediately below the marble pavement of the building, is a large cauldron of water, which is kept in a constant state of ebullition; tubes placed in the interior of the walls carry off the steam, while others furnish the interior with hot water from the cauldron, and with cold water from a contiguous cistern. The bather, having paid to the keeper of the bath the price of entrance, is shown into a square room, along the walls of which runs a wide seat, covered with cushions; he here leaves his clothes, and

girding round his body a wide piece of cotton, which hangs from his waist to his ancles, and placing his feet in a pair of wooden clogs, to preserve them from the burning heat of the floor, he proceeds through several rooms, successively increasing in warmth, to the interior chamber. This chamber is built in a circular shape, and covered by a cupola, in which there are many openings covered with very thick glass, which gives a free passage to the light, but not to the visual rays of the curious; a circular dais on the pavement indicates the position of the cauldron, which is immediately underneath; small fountains and marble basins are seen at equal distances round the wall.’

Temple of Theseus at Athens.—‘This well-preserved ruin, as I before said, stands on a large open place, where a rope-maker was exercising his trade when we passed: this spot is enlivened in the evenings with the youthful games of many Athenian boys; it was near this temple, according to Pausanias, that stood Ptolemy’s gymnasium and the forum. A part of the temple is now used as a church, dedicated to St. George: it is closed by a door made of flat iron bars, at which the Turks, with most disgraceful impiety, amuse themselves in trying the force of their muskets. In the chancel are the graves of three English travellers, who have paid the debt of nature in this country: one is that of the unfortunate Tweddell; by his side is buried a Mr. Walker, who fell a victim to a fever produced by fatigue and heat. The inscription upon Tweddell’s grave is engraved in the true antique style, without stops or separations; it cannot be read without considerable attention and study: it is indeed astonishing that men should be willing to sacrifice to the mania of imitating the very errors of the ancients, the striking effect which so beautiful an epitaph would produce on every reader were it legible. A grave was digging for a Mr. Phillips, who had died while making the tour of the Morea: he had quitted Athens in August, a time when disease rages with violence in the Peloponnesus; relying upon the strength of his constitution, he had refused to follow the advice given him by the consuls to defer his journey till the autumn: he departed, neglecting even to provide himself with medicine: we saw his name scratched upon one of the columns of a temple in Arcadia, near which the peasants told us he was seized with a fever, which threw him into delirium: we recorded his premature death under his name. By the uneducated, both Greeks and Mohammedans, it is imagined that after interment the body of a Frank is conveyed by some invisible power to his native land.

‘The Theseum is comparatively small, but its effect is striking: in shape it is similar to the Parthenon: the beautiful frieze with which it is decorated, represents part of the histories of Hercules and Theseus: it is most entire of all the

Athenian monuments, and long may the protecting genius of Greece defend it from the defiling touch of the Turkish mason, and the no less destructive dilapidations of European virtuosi.

A Wedding at Athens.—‘Every traveller who has visited Athens for a few days, returns with a description of the weddings, burials, and christenings at which he assisted: whether during our stay Hymen had ceased to inspire the Athenian youths, and death to strike, *æquo pede*, I cannot determine; but I assure you, although we remained at Athens more than a month, we witnessed no funeral, and were present at one wedding only;—the happy couple was not of the highest rank: that you should not, however, accuse my journal of being deficient in the article of matrimony, I shall add to this chapter of musty antiquity an account of one of the most extraordinary and ridiculous scenes I ever witnessed.

‘It was on a Sunday afternoon; the heat was excessive, and we were occupied in rearranging our journal; my ear was struck with the monotonous sound of a Greek tambour, and the noise of people hurrying through the street: I followed them, and after turning through two or three lanes, came to the spot where the sound proceeded. Some dirty musicians, with a tambour, a fiddle, and a guitar, were dancing, playing, and singing; after them came a Greek damsel, supported by two grave matrons, and followed by a long string of dames hoary with age: she was the bride, and notwithstanding the thermometer stood at 96°, was covered with mantles and furs; her fingers’ ends and joints were stained red; the lower part of her eyes was tinged with a blue colour, and her cheeks were ornamented with stars of black dye and leaf gold: a dirty urchin, walking backwards, held a mirror in such a manner that the young woman had her image constantly before her.

‘They moved literally at a snail’s pace; the people threw from their windows and doors bottles of orange water, which perfumed the air, and the crowd, loud in their expressions of joy and congratulation, augmented as we advanced, hurrying round the bride, whose brow was never bent with a frown, and whose lips were never crossed with a smile during the ceremony.

‘The procession stopped at the house of the bridegroom; the bride was seated in an arm chair, and placed on the right of the house door; on the opposite side was seated her husband, his hairless head uncovered; by him stood a Turkish barber, holding in his hand a circular looking-glass (similar to that with which Venus is represented) and other shaving instruments: the music continued playing, and the crowd shook their arms with their shouts. Each, placing a few parrots on the barber’s looking-glass, sprinkled with orange water the face of the bridegroom, and kissed him on the forehead and the eyes: the money thus collected was to procure

a comfortable establishment for the young people; I subscribed my share, but preferred dispensing with the kisses. A Greek, an old man, whose age was sufficient excuse for the joke, pushed me towards the bride, whom I was consequently obliged to salute amidst the loud cheers of the assembly:—how the ceremony ended I cannot tell you, as the day fell, and I returned home ere all had embraced the bridegroom.

(To be continued.)

Journal of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific: performed in the Years 1819-20, in His Majesty's Ships Hecla and Griper, under the Orders of William Edw. Parry, R. N., F. R. S. and Commander of the Expedition.

(Continued from page 310.)

CAPTAIN COOK was one of the first navigators that preserved his crew in good health, amidst all the variations of climate, to which a voyage round the world exposed them; to Captain Parry no less praise is due, for his attentions in this respect; and he had the gratification of seeing every officer and man on board both ships, (with only one exception out of ninety-four persons) return to their native country in as robust health as when they left it, after an absence of nearly eighteen months. Even the scurvy, so fatal a scourge in high northern latitudes, was kept under or subdued in a most remarkable manner. The first instance of this disease occurring was in the beginning of January, 1820, when Mr. Scallion, the gunner, was afflicted with it. This was found to have been occasioned by the deposit of moisture in his bed-place; and here we may mention another instance of the equality of the dangers shared by all—that from the situation of the officers' bed-places, moisture and ice accumulated much more rapidly in them than in those of the men. The means adopted for the recovery of the gunner will afford a good hint to voyagers, and even to those

'Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,

'And little think upon the dangers of the sea.'

Every attention was paid to Mr. Scallion's case by the medical gentlemen, and all our anti-scorbutics were put in requisition for his recovery: these consisted principally of preserved vegetables, soups, lemon juice and sugar, pickles, preserved currants and gooseberries, and spruce-beer. I began also, about this time, to raise a small quantity of mustard and cress in my cabin, in small shallow boxes filled with mould, and placing the stove-

pipe; by these means, even in the severity of the winter, we could generally ensure a crop at the end of the sixth or seventh day after sowing the seed, which, by keeping several boxes at work, would give to two or three scorbutic patients nearly an ounce of salad each daily, even though the necessary economy in our coals did not allow of the fire being kept in at night. Had this been allowable, and a proper apparatus at hand for the purpose, there is no doubt that it might have been raised much more rapidly; and those who are aware how perfect a specific a very small quantity of fresh vegetable substance is for the scurvy, will, perhaps, agree with me in thinking that such an apparatus would form a very valuable appendage to be applied occasionally to the cabin-stove. The mustard and cress thus raised were necessarily colourless, from the privation of light, but, as far as we could judge, they possessed the same pungent aromatic taste as if grown under ordinary circumstances. So effectual were these remedies in Mr. Scallion's case, that, on the ninth evening from the attack, he was able to walk about on the lower deck for some time, and he assured me that he could then "run a race."

On the morning of the 1st of January, a halo, whose radius was $22^{\circ} 30'$, with three paraselenae, which were very luminous, but not tinged with the prismatic colours was seen about the moon; and, on the following day, the same phenomenon occurred, with the addition of a vertical stripe of white light proceeding from the upper and lower limbs of the moon, and forming, with part of the horizontal circle, the appearance of a cross; and a few days after, the aurora borealis was seen; but neither the magnetic needle nor the gold leaf of the electrometer were in the slightest degree affected by it.

Captain Parry and his crew did not experience those effects from the cold, even when 49° degree below zero, which preceding voyagers have stated: such as, the dreadful sensation said to be produced on the lungs, when the air is inhaled at a very low temperature; or the vapour with which an inhabited room is charged, condensing into a shower of snow, immediately on the opening of a door or window. He says—

'This goes much beyond any thing that we had an opportunity of observing. What happened with us was simply this: on the opening of the doors at the top and bottom of our hatchway ladders, the vapour was immediately condensed by the sudden admission of the cold air, into a visible form, exactly resembling a very thick smoke, which settled on all the panels of the doors and bulk-heads, and immediately froze, by which means the latter were covered with a thick coating of

ice, which it was necessary frequently to scrape off; but we never, to my knowledge, witnessed the conversion of the vapour into snow, during its fall.'

The distance at which sounds were heard in the open air, during the continuance of intense cold, seems almost incredible. Captain Parry says, people have been distinctly heard conversing in a common tone of voice at the distance of a mile; and he 'heard a man singing to himself, as he walked along the beach, at even a greater distance than this.' Another circumstance occurred scarcely less curious: the smell of smoke was felt so strong at a distance of two miles, leeward of the ships, that it impeded the breathing. This shews what a distance the smoke was carried horizontally, owing to the difficulty with which it rises at a very low temperature of the atmosphere. On the 15th of February the thermometer was at 55° below zero. This was the most severe cold during their stay in Winter Harbour; and, although the officers amused themselves with freezing mercury and beating it out on an anvil, (such was the intensity of the cold) yet 'not the slightest inconvenience was suffered from exposure to the open air, by a person well clothed, as long as the weather was perfectly calm; but in walking against a very light wind, a smarting sensation was experienced all over the face, accompanied by a pain in the middle of the forehead, which soon became rather severe.' As a specimen of the average proportion of ice, formed in the harbour, from September to March, it is stated that where the depth of water was four fathoms and a quarter, the ice was found to be six feet and a half thick, and the snow on the surface eight inches deep. We have already stated, that some of the crew were absent for four days from the ships, having rambled to a considerable distance, and lost their way. Peter Fisher, a seaman of the Griper, was of the party, and had scratched on a stone the initials of his name. Of this seaman there is an interesting anecdote:—

'When Mr. Fife and his party returned from that excursion, it was a matter of surprise to us, to see how fresh Fisher was, and how little he seemed to regard what had happened, as any thing out of the common way, of which, indeed, the circumstance just related, is also a proof. When asked, on his first arrival on board, at that occasion, what they had lived upon, "lived upon," said Fisher, dryly, "the Duke of Wellington never lived so well. We had grouse for breakfast,

grouse for dinner, and grouse for supper, to be sure!"

On the 12th of May, some ptarmigans were seen, which were hailed as a sure omen of returning summer. Several men went out on shooting excursions, and being exposed for several hours to the glare of the sun and snow, became affected with that painful inflammation in the eyes, called in America *snow-blindness*:—

'This complaint, of which the sensation exactly resembles that produced by large particles of sand or dust in the eyes, is cured by some tribes of American Indians, by holding them over the steam of warm water; but we found a cooling wash, made of a small quantity of acetate of lead mixed with cold water, more efficacious in relieving the irritation, which was always done in three or four days, even in the most severe cases, provided the eyes were carefully guarded from the light. As a preventive of this complaint, a piece of black crape was given to each man, to be worn as a kind of short veil attached to the hat, which we found to be very serviceable; a still more convenient mode, adopted by some of the officers, was found equally efficacious; this consisted in taking the glasses out of a pair of spectacles, and substituting black or green crape, the glass having been found to heat the eyes and increase the irritation.'

On the 17th of May, the operation of cutting the ice round the Hecla was completed, and the ships were once more fairly afloat. This was performed in the following manner:—

'The ice alongside the ships was found to be six feet thick, being about eighteen inches less than the average thickness of it in Winter Harbour, owing principally to our having continued to cut it round the ships for some time after the commencement of the winter, and in part, perhaps, to the snow with which it had there been thickly covered. We began by digging a large hole under the stern, being the same as that in which the tide-pole was placed, in order to enter the saw, which occupied us nearly two days, only a small number of men being able to work at it. In the mean time, all the snow and rubbish was cleared away from the ship's side, leaving only the solid ice to work upon; and a trench, two feet wide, was cut the whole length of the starboard side, from the stem to the rudder, keeping within an inch or two of the bends, and taking care here and there to leave a dike, to prevent the water which might ooze into one part from filling up the others in which the men were working. In this manner was the trench cut with axes, to the depth of about four feet and a half, leaving only eighteen inches for the saws to cut, except in those places where the dikes remained. The saw being then entered in the hole under the stern, was worked in the usual manner,

being suspended by a triangle made of three spars; one cut being made on the outer part of the trench, and a second within an inch or two of the bends, in order to avoid injuring the planks. A small portion of ice being broken off now and then by bars, handspikes, and ice-chisels, floated to the surface, and was hooked out by piecemeal. This operation was a cold and tedious one, and required nine days to complete it. When the workmen had this morning completed the trench within ten or twelve feet of the stern, the ship suddenly disengaged herself from the ice to which she had before been firmly adhering on the larboard side, and rose in the water about ten inches abaft, and nearly eighteen inches forward, with a considerable surge. This disengagement, to which the sailors naturally applied the term "launching," confirmed my supposition, that the ship was held so fast by the ice, as to make it dangerous to alter materially the stowage of the holds, but in a manner the very reverse of what I had apprehended.'

In the beginning of June, Captain Parry, accompanied by a party of officers and men, set out on a journey across Melville Island, to the northern shore; and they returned to the ships by a different route, on the 15th. The island was thus very satisfactorily explored. The journey was, however, unproductive; the soil is generally barren, though, in some places, rich and abounding with the finest moss. Vegetation only exists in some places, and the botanical collections were very limited. Game was more abundant near the sea than inland. The tracks of deer and musk oxen were numerous and recent; and one deer followed the party for some time, and gambolled around them at a distance of only thirty yards. On the 13th of June—

'The sportsmen went out early in the morning, and soon after met with a musk-ox feeding on a spot of luxuriant pasture-ground, covered with the dung of these animals, as well as of deer. They fired at him from a considerable distance, without wounding him, and he set off at a very quick pace over the hills. The musk-ox has the appearance of a very ill-proportioned little animal, its hair being so long as to make its feet appear only two or three inches in length; it seems, indeed, to be treading upon it at every step, and the individual in question actually did so in some instances, as the hair was found in several of the foot-tracks. When disturbed and hunted, they frequently tore up the ground with their horns, and turned round occasionally to look at their pursuers, but they never attempted to attack any of them. Our gentlemen also met with a herd of twelve deer, three only of which had horns, and they were much

the largest of the herd, and constantly drove the others away when they attempted to stop. The birds seen by our people were many Brent-geese and ptarmigans, several golden plovers, one or two "boatwains" (*Lestris Parastictus*), and abundance of snow-buntings. One or two mice (*Mus Hudsonius*) were caught; like several others we had seen, these were turning brown about the belly and head, and the back was of a dark grey colour. In every part of the island over which we travelled, the holes and tracks of these little animals were occasionally seen; one of them, which Sergeant Martin ran after, finding no hole near, and that he could not escape, set himself against a stone, as if endeavouring to defend himself, and bit the sergeant's finger when he took hold of him.'

As the weather got warmer, the crews were enabled to procure a good supply of sorrel, which grew very rapidly near Winter Harbour; the sportsmen began to be successful, and a tolerable quantity of fresh provisions were thus procured. The total quantity obtained for the use of the expedition, during their stay upon the shores of Melville Island, nearly a period of twelve months, was as follows:—three musk-oxen, 24 deer, 68 hares, 63 geese, 59 ducks, and 144 ptarmigans, affording, in the whole, 3766 pounds of meat.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The North Georgia Gazette, and Winter Chronicle. 4to. pp. 132. London, 1821.

This work furnishes a pleasing instance of the amiable character of the commander of the late expedition, and of the good nature and social cheerfulness which must have reigned among his little band of adventurers under circumstances so novel and appalling as they had to encounter. To relieve the tedium of a winter passed in the arctic seas, and to keep alive the enthusiastic spirit of the crews, the officers adopted two expedients: those of opening a theatre and commencing a weekly newspaper, to be furnished with original contributions only. The management of the theatre was confided to Lieutenant Beechey, who painted the scenery; and Captain Sabine undertook the charge of editing the paper. In the proposals, it was recommended that an anonymous signature should be affixed to each communication, and that the handwriting should be effectually disguised, to ensure the most rigid impartiality in judging and selecting the articles for insertion. The editor's letter-box was placed on the capstan of the Hecla, and the first num-

ber of the North Georgia Gazette was published November 1, 1819, and the work reached to twenty-one numbers. The whole of these are now republished, and no alteration has been attempted in the respective papers in preparing them for the press. They consist of letters, poems, dramatic critiques, and other light effusions, all relating to the events of the day. They must be severe censurers, indeed, who would subject a work written under such circumstances, to the test of rigid criticism. Some of the poetical pieces, however, possess considerable merit, and prove that even an arctic winter cannot chill true genius. We shall quote one or two of these pieces without further comment:—

‘ADDRESS

On the Opening of the Theatre Royal, North Georgia, written and spoken by Mr. Wakeham.

Rome's form was triumphant in the field,
Where rescue'd Europe's destiny was seal'd;
No foe to combat on the rolling wave,
No injur'd monarch that her sword might save,
'Twas still our much-lov'd country's glorious claim

To stand pre-eminent, unmatch'd in fame,
And in the paths of science yet to find
The liberal plan to benefit mankind.
Far in the north an unknown region lay,
Where growing ice congeal'd the liquid way;
Yet here it seem'd Columbia's bending shore,
Stretch'd westward, heard Pacific Ocean's roar.
Full oft in earlier days had Britons tried
To force a passage through the arrested tide,
But tried in vain, tho' with intrepid skill
Persisting long, in spite of every ill.

By happier fortune led, 'twas ours to prove
Thus far, uncheck'd by land, the waters rove,
And ice-encumber'd here to win our way
'Mid the long sunshine of an arctic day.
But now for coming storms and frigid air,
Approaching winter bids us well prepare:
The sun retiring, scarce illumines the sky;
Swift driving snows in circling eddies fly,
And soon no gladd'ning ray shall gild our noon,
But from the radiant stars, or changing moon.

While thus inactive we are doom'd to stay,
To cheer the lagg'ring hours—behold a play.
And tho' we boast not power by scenic art
To warm the passions or affect the heart,

Yet here secure we tread—no critic's eye
Is bent, with eager gaze, each fault to spy;
Amusement all our aim, if that succeed,
Our wish is gain'd—nor ask we other meed.
But, when emerging from stern Winter's tomb,
Reviving Spring shall chase the dreary gloom,
And genial warmth, expanding o'er the plain,
Four melting snows in torrents to the main,
When rustling winds, with all resistless sweep,
Unlock the fetter'd surface of the deep—

Then with new ardour will we onward hie,
To seek a passage 'neath this polar sky;
Firm in our leaders' care, who still have shown
The great resolve, the daring deed their own.
Nor—if that Power, whose providential sway
The burning suns and meander oceans obey,
Approving smile—will we the task give o'er
Till bold surges round our vessels roar;
Then, with glad sails we'll plough the foaming seas,

Delighted, list'ning to the swelling breeze

That swift impels us to Britannia's shore,
To love, to friendship, and our homes once more.*

There is great beauty as well as much true poetry in the following lines, which are anonymous:—

* Lines suggested by the Brilliant Aurora,
Jan. 15, 1820.

'High quiv'ring in the air, as shadows fly,
The northern lights adorn the azure sky.
Dimm'd by superior blaze, the stars retire,
And heav'n's vast concave gleams with sportive fire.

Soft blazing in the east, the orange hue,
The crimson, purple, and ethereal blue,
Form a rich arch, by floating clouds upheld,
High poised in air, with awful mystery swell'd;
From whose dark centres, with unceasing roll
Rich consecrations gild the glowing pole.

Their varied hues, slow waving o'er the bay,
Eclipse the splendor of the dawning day;
Streamers in quick succession o'er the sky
From the arc's centre far diverging fly;
Pencils of rays, pure as the heaven's own light,
Dart rapid upward to the zenith's height.

Transfix'd with wonder on the frozen flood,
The blaze of grandeur fired my youthful blood;
Deep in th' overwhelming maze of Nature's laws,
'Midst her mysterious gloom, I sought the cause;

But vain the search! inscrutable to man
Thy works have been, O God! since time began,
And still shall be—Then let the thought expire;

As late the splendours of Aurora's fire
To dark oblivion sank, in wasting flame;
Like the dim shadows of departed fame!'

Of the articles in prose, we cannot speak so highly, though some of them are not destitute of merit. There is, among other articles of intelligence, such as deaths, accidents, and offences, &c. a 'Law Report in the Court of Common Sense, in the cause of Editor v. Non-Contributors.' Counsellor, Puzzlewell produces affidavits from several of the defendants; one, that of 'Simon Sidroppe!,' we quote:—

'This deponent maketh oath and saith, that being from the beginning extremely desirous to contribute towards the support of *The Winter Chronicle*, he was determined to search the heavens and the earth for a subject; and, therefore, betook himself to the study of the globes, in hopes of there stumbling upon something suitable to his purpose. The deponent devoted his first attention to the celestial globe, and earnestly invoked the assistance of every constellation thereupon delineated, but without success. The Great Bear treated him in a manner too rude to be repeated, and the Little Bear (like a dutiful cub) followed his example. Taurus tossed him, Aries butted him, and he was thus left sprawling between Castor and Pollux. This malicious pair of rogues pretending friendship, led the deponent on imperceptibly, till he found himself in the claws of Cancer, who pinched him most unmercifully, and determined him to have nothing more to do

with the constellations of the Zodiac. Pegasus was the next which appeared, and the deponent, without more ado, resolved to mount him, and at once to enrich the *Chronicle* by a ride to Parnassus—but this attempt had near cost him his life, for he had scarcely mounted, when Pegasus threw him clean over his head, and dislocated his right shoulder. The deponent being thus scurvily treated in his flight among the stars, had nothing left for it but to return to the earth. Here he may be said to have traversed the terraqueous globe in search of a subject, but none has yet offered itself. The deponent having made this declaration, leaveth his case to the justice and clemency of the court, conscious that though his name has never yet appeared in the paper, not one of the contributors has ever gone farther than himself, in search of matter for its support.'

The following extracts are not without point:—

'Hostilities in the North.—General Frost continues to prosecute the siege of Fort Nature with every demonstration of vigour. The approaches have been pushed to the foot of the Glacis and some horn-works which covered it destroyed, but the defences of the body of the place are yet so numerous, that it is considered impossible to effect a breach, and the unrelenting vigilance of the garrison precludes all hope of starving them; but various sallies have taken place, and many of the defenders have fallen; on the other hand, masses of the general's troops are almost daily captured, and those who escape the steel are given over to the flames.'

'The Army of Observation † has been a particular object of attack, but the only advantages which have as yet resulted, are the burning of one or two of the bridges of communication, whose defence had not been properly attended to. The general's opponents are, however, not idle, and his posts are incessantly annoyed by red hot shot ‡. Skirmishes happen every day, and frequent enterprises are attempted by the besiegers, but they are generally defeated with loss, although it is said, that affairs have occurred, in which they have actually surprised their foes in bed.

'Stratagem forms, apparently, a favourite part of the general's system, as a relation of his, with several adherents, were lately found concealed in the water-casks, and at present remain in "durance vile."

'On a recent occasion, this officer is reported to have displayed a degree of

* An allusion to the masses of snow which were melted in the coppers for a supply of water.

† The individuals engaged in celestial observations, whose noses were frequently frost-bitten by coming in contact with the telescopes.

‡ Heated shot that were employed to warm the officers' cabins.

coolness never before witnessed, which had the effect of imparting surprising firmness to his troops. It is truly remarkable, that though these troops await the charge perfectly immovable, they drop off with great celerity when exposed to a lively fire. The general's forces are expected to be entirely broken early in the summer, and preparations are making for a vigorous pursuit; of the entire success of which, the most sanguine hopes are entertained.

PHILLO-CALORIC.

Advertisement.—'For sale by auction, by Nicholas Knockdown, at the Observatory, on the coldest day in January next, a quantity of nankeen, the property of a gentleman who expected to get into the Pacific in September last.

* * * Flannel and furs will be gladly taken as part payment.'

'A Pan.

'The commander exclaim'd, "What a fine thing is peas,

For making a fire and giving out heat;"

"That's true," replied Furelad, who by it was seated,

"I strongly advise you to have it re-peated."

The plays were performed once a fortnight by the officers. The stock of dramatic productions was very limited; so that they could only perform 'Miss in her Teens, The Liar, The Citizen, A Bold Stroke for a Wife, and The Mayor of Garratt,' until a new musical entertainment was produced, entitled the *North West Passage, or the Voyage Finished*. This piece was in five acts, and traced the progress of the expedition, in anticipation, from Winter Harbour, through the passage to Behring's Straits, and thence home to Deptford, when the sailors, assembling at the Prince of Wales public-house, are joined by their sweethearts, to whom they recount their difficulties and good fortune. This was a great favourite with the crews, and we cannot but admire the philosophy of the officers who could perform this and the other farces at the time that the thermometer was twelve degrees below zero on the stage!

This work, though curious, is scarcely of sufficient importance for a distinct publication; but, from the nature of Captain Parry's narrative, it could not have been admitted there except as an Appendix, which it must now be considered, though rather a more expensive one than we could have wished.

Annals of the Coinage of Britain and its Dependencies. By the Rev. R. Ruding.

(Concluded from p. 298.)

DURING the whole of the reign of George I., the money was of the same species and value as that of Queen

Anne, but, to his style upon the reverse, were added his German titles, with *FIDEI DEFENSOR*, which then, for the first time, appeared upon the coins, although it had been constantly used in the style of our monarchs from Henry VIII., on whom it was conferred by Pope Leo X., in the year 1521. In 1718, a new species of money was coined, called a Quarter-Guinea, being the fourth part of a guinea in value, and bearing the same impression. A proclamation was also issued, which enforced the provisions of a former decree, that no gold or silver money should be paid without weighing it, and making an allowance for any deficiency of weight.

The want of small money in Ireland was so great in 1722, that the manufacturers were compelled to pay their men with tallies, or tokens of card, signed upon the back, to be afterwards exchanged for money. In order to supply this want, a patent for fourteen years was granted to William Wood, Esq. for coining halfpence and farthings in that kingdom, to the extent of three hundred and sixty tons. This measure was attacked with great, and, as Mr. Ruding clearly shews, with unjust severity, by Dean Swift, not only in the celebrated Draper's Letters, but he also preached two sermons on the subject. It appears, that Ireland would have sustained a loss of 80,000l. or about 6000l. a-year, if Wood had coined the whole quantity allowed by his patent, according to the lightest of those halfpence which he had sent over to Ireland; but it is proved, from Sir Isaac Newton's report of the assay of these coins, that some of them actually exceeded in weight the terms of the patent; and that, although they were of unequal size, yet, one piece with another, they were of full weight, and better copper money than had been coined for Ireland in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William and Mary.

Of these facts, Swift was not ignorant, but he revenged the neglect of the administration, by attacking it through Wood's halfpence, which he rendered so unpopular, that the patent was relinquished. Among other misrepresentations, Swift calls Wood a mean ordinary man, a hardware dealer, when, in fact, he was a great proprietor and renter of iron and copper-works in England, and had a lease of all the mines on the crown lands, in thirty-nine counties.

When a reward was offered for the

discovery of the author of the Draper's Fourth Letter, a note was sent to Swift, with the following text, from 1 Samuel, chap. xiv. ver. 45:—"And the people said unto Saul, shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid. As the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not." It was said to be written by a Quaker.

Although Swift denied that there had been any want of small change in Ireland, yet no sooner were Wood's halfpence withdrawn, than the want was so great, that, in 1728, local tokens were struck in several towns in the north of Ireland.

In the reign of George II., the gold coins were often reduced in their size, by unprincipled men, who filed to the amount of nine or twelve grains from the edge of each guinea. This was afterwards prevented, by adopting the suggestion of the Rev. Peter Vallavine, Vicar of Monkton, in the Isle of Thanet, which was to place the letters as near the edge of the coin as possible; the laws, in regard to uttering counterfeit money, were made more severe; and increased rewards offered for the apprehension of offenders. No alteration was made in the style upon the coins during this reign.

At the accession of George III., the coinage was found to be in a very imperfect state. The crown pieces had almost wholly disappeared; the half-crowns were defaced and impaired, and the shillings and sixpences had lost almost every mark of impression, either on the obverse or reverse. A coinage of gold took place in 1760, and one of silver, though to a very small extent, in 1763. Notwithstanding new and more severe enactments, the coinage became worse and worse, the gold was deficient in weight, and three-fourths of the silver in circulation was counterfeit. This, indeed, continued to be, in a great measure, the case during the whole reign, until the coinage in 1816.

The striking of provincial coins and tradesmen's tokens, which was suggested, and in some degree justified, by the disgraceful state of the copper coinage, began with the Anglesey penny, in 1784, and from that time, increased rapidly, until they were superseded by an issue of lawful coins in the year 1797. The coinage transactions of this year form a strange anomaly in the history of the mint. The

deficiency of the silver coins was attempted to be supplied by the issue of Spanish dollars, countermarked upon the neck of the bust, with the mark of the king's head, used at Goldsmith's Hall; and the jealousy which had hitherto confined the art of coinage within the walls of some place under his majesty's jurisdiction, was now so completely lulled asleep, that a contract was entered into with Mr. Boulton, of Soho, near Birmingham, for the coinage of five hundred tons of copper-money, in pence only; this was afterwards followed by a coinage of two-penny pieces, halfpence, and farthings.

On the union of Great Britain and Ireland, in 1801, it was declared, that from henceforth, his majesty's royal style and title should be *GEORGIUS TERTIUS, DEI GRATIA BRITANNIARUM REX FIDELI DEFENSOR*. In 1804, it having been discovered, that the stamp upon the dollars had been frequently counterfeited, the old dollar was re-stamped at Mr. Boulton's manufactory, with his majesty's head and an inscription on the obverse, and Britannia on the reverse; these were made current at five shillings, and were a sort of token issued by the Bank of England. In 1811, they were raised to five shillings and sixpence, and the Bank issued tokens of three shillings, and of one shilling and sixpence value. All these have been called in, and are no longer current.

In February, 1817, an extensive silver coinage was issued and exchanged for the wretched silver money then current: All English shillings and sixpences, however plain, were taken by the Bank of England, and at the places appointed in various parts of the metropolis for issuing the new money.

In the same year, a new gold coin was issued, the Sovereign, which, however, never obtained much circulation; but now the Bank has resumed cash payments, we begin to see them pretty plentiful. Half sovereigns were also coined a few months afterwards. Upwards of five millions of sovereigns, three millions of half-sovereigns, and fifty millions of shillings, and thirty millions of sixpences, had been coined up to June, 1818. A coinage of new crown pieces also took place in that year.

Having now given a rapid sketch of the British coinage, from the earliest period of its history to the year 1818, we shall not extend our remarks further, than by noticing a subject to

which we alluded in the outset—that fundamental error that has pervaded the whole system of the coinage, and vitiating every proceeding under it—the mistaken notion that pains and penalties can be devised more powerful in their effect than the temptations of avarice. On this subject, Mr. Ruding shows clearly, how insufficient the terror of punishment is, when the crime is so lucrative and so easily committed; and he offers, as the only means of preventing the crime, the following suggestions:—

'The theory of coinage must be simplified, by casting out of it the consideration of the manner in which our money will be received by the neighbouring nations. For they will take it only as bullion, and if the balance of trade be against us, and must be made good by gold and silver, it is most expedient that it should be done by the plain metal, which will cost nothing in the coinage.

'The theory, thus simplified, will regard only the convenience of the subjects of that monarch by whom the money is struck; and therefore, in our case, the sole consideration will be, whether we will receive the coins at such a weight as the highest price which bullion has ever attained will allow, or whether we will be contented with a scarcity of gold, with adulterated silver and copper, and the miserable expedient of filling up the void, either with tokens, or with paper money of any man's issuing, who can find credit sufficient to force it into currency.

'If we are, as unquestionably we with justice may be, dissatisfied with that compound medium which is now in circulation, the remedy seems to be of no difficult attainment.

'Let the weight of the coins be so reduced as to prevent their being affected by variations in the price of bullion; and let the workmanship of them be of the most exquisite kind that the artists of this country can effect. By these means, the destruction of the money by melting will be prevented, and the possibility of counterfeiting will be confined to workmen of the highest order, who will rarely be tempted to fraud by the pressure of want.

'Let the standard of fineness be continued as heretofore; because few persons are able to judge with accuracy of the nature of the alloy; but every man can weigh the coins, and therefore the diminution in that respect, will be open to the examination of all.

'Let the money be made smaller in diameter, and of greater thickness than it is at present, in order to allow higher relief to the impression, and to prevent the loss of weight by wearing, which is, in a great degree, according to the extent of surface. This will also allow the edges to be defended by the impression of a legend.

'Let the proportionate value of gold and silver to each other be accurately ad-

justed, that the over-rating of one may not produce the destruction of the other.

'And let the quantity of the various metals to be coined be regulated, according to the nature of the exchanges which are most commonly effected. These, from the increase of wealth amongst us, will require that the gold should form the principal part of the coinage, and that the silver and copper should be considered only as aliquot parts, or as fractions, of it.

'If this plan, or something equivalent to it, cannot be adopted, the coinage of gold and silver must be altogether abandoned, and those metals must circulate, as they do in China, by weight.

'But surely the time is not yet come, when it will be necessary, or even expedient, to make so near an approach to the barbarism of simple barter. The good sense of the people will feel the propriety of regulating the weight of the money, according to the increased value of the precious metals; and they will readily agree to a diminution of weight, proportioned to the security which they will receive against the imposition of counterfeits.

'One thing alone will then be wanting to the perfection of the coinage, and that is, the superseding of heraldic ensigns, by reverses allusive to public events, according to the proposal of Dean Swift, in the reign of Queen Anne, which has been already mentioned, but is in my mind of so great importance, that I do not scruple to repeat it.

'By this means, medals, that are at present only a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and, at the same time, perpetuate the glories of the monarch's reign, reward the labours of his greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes, nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions."

'I would not, however, limit the reverses to the sole recording of what are commonly understood to be *illustrious actions*, but would extend their province so as to comprehend all remarkable discoveries in manufactures, commerce, art, or science, or, in short, to whatever tends to promote the perfection and happiness of man."

Although Mr. Ruding did not live to reap that rich reward of fame, which a work like his *Annals of the Coinage* must have insured him, yet it will remain an imperishable monument of his indefatigable zeal, talents, and industry. The quarto volume of plates contains well executed engravings of all the British coins that are known, and

presents, at one view, the progress of the coinage of the kingdom, from its rudest form, with all the alterations that it has undergone.

Memoirs of the Secret Societies of the South of Italy, particularly the Carbonari.

(Concluded from p. 310)

IN the early period of the reign of Murat, his suspicions were excited against the Carbonari, and he began to hate and persecute them. He also prevailed on the Pope to issue an edict against freemasons and secret societies, in 1814. The Carbonari, kept under by an active system of police, only began to put their doctrines in practice when Murat's power began to totter; and when, in 1815, the Austrian army advanced on Naples, they chose that moment for revenge, and joined the cause of King Ferdinand. On this occasion, the Carbonari made a momentary junction with the Calderari (Brazieri), a society that had been organized to counteract the power of the Carbonari.

In 1817, the government of Naples began to be alarmed at the operation of this sect, as manifestoes were distributed in all directions by its means, calling on the king to give a constitution to his people, as he had promised. Severe measures were threatened, but not carried into effect, and the operations of the Carbonari were for a time suspended. The sect continued to increase daily throughout the kingdom. In the city of Naples, there were upwards of three hundred and forty lodges. The Capri line of battle ships alone contained three. In March, 1820, the number of Carbonari enrolled, amounted to six hundred and forty-two thousand.

The persons who, from the beginning, have directed the labours of the Carbonari towards a political and constitutional object, have always been few in number. The impulse once given and received, they voluntarily withdrew behind the scenes, and have been forgotten. Of these, the Canonico Menecchini, at Nola, was one of the most popular. He was appointed one of the members of the Committee of Public Safety, in the late revolution, and twice served the cause of humanity; first, by calming the enraged populace assembled before the royal palace, at the time of the massacre of the Neapolitans; and afterwards by dissuading the resentment of the ferocious Carbonari, in the field of Mars, when they threatened the lives of the Ex-mi-

nisters, Medici and Tommacci. But the reputation of Menecchini soon declined, and he set out for Messina, to organize Carbonarism in Sicily.

It was long imagined, that the Po was the boundary line of the sect in Italy; but this is a mistaken notion, as its principles, under different forms, are very widely diffused. It has been questioned, whether the Neapolitan Carbonari aim at a republic, or would be contented with a constitutional monarchy. The author of these memoirs proves, by the publications of the Carbonari, that nothing short of a republic would satisfy them. Their hatred to kings, who are invariably called tyrants, appears in their proclamations, their oaths, and their songs. The lyrical motto, which decorates the title page of the Constitution of the Lucanian republic, is as follows:—

'Thy plant will strike its roots alone
'Midst fragments of a shattered throne;
Nor freshest dew its leaves may nourish,
'Tis regal blood must make it flourish.'

The Western Lucanian Republic is more crafty in the pursuit of its object, and conceals it better. It sometimes assumes the credit of wishing to support the constitution, and states its intentions mildly, though its ultimate object is that of republicanism. This society, which is said once to have amounted to one million, cannot, however, have been very unanimous or determined; for, if the late revolution in Naples had been so popular as it was said to be, a million of Carbonari, to whom blood and carnage has no horrors, would not have tamely submitted to the yoke of Austria, without making a single effort for independence. The author of these Memoirs, in conclusion, says, that the society is daily losing ground by its imprudence, and that, as the curiosity of its members is no longer excited by an unknown object, their zeal is no longer kept alive by mystery.

As a supplement to these Memoirs, the author has given a particular account of General Church's campaign against the brigands of Calabria and the Abruzzi, in 1817. One of the most celebrated leaders of those lands was the Priest *Ciro Annichiarico*, who, driven from society for his crimes, took refuge in the mountain forests, and having collected a band of desperate outlaws, long carried on his depredations unmolested. Of this prince of freebooters, we have an interesting account:—

'Ciro Annichiarico, born of parents in easy circumstances, in the little

town of Grottaglie, was destined to the ecclesiastical profession, and entertained it very young. His brothers are respectable farmers; his uncle, the Canonico Patituro, is a man of learning and information, and never took any part in the crimes of his nephew. The latter began his infamous career by killing a young man of the Motelesi family, in a fit of jealousy. His insatiable hatred pursued every member of the family, and exterminated them one after the other, with the exception of a single individual, who succeeded in evading his search, and who lived shut up in his house for several years, without ever daring to go out. This unfortunate being thought that a snare was laid for him when people came to tell him of the imprisonment, and shortly after of the death of his enemy; and it was with difficulty that he was induced to quit his retreat.

'Ciro, condemned for the murder of the Motelesi, to fifteen years of chains, or exile, by the tribunal of Lecce, remained there in prison four years, at the end of which time he succeeded in escaping. It was then that he began, and afterwards continued for several years, to lead a vagabond life, which was stained with the most atrocious crimes. At Martano, he penetrated with his satellites into one of the first houses of the place, and, after having offered violence to its mistress, he massacred her with all her people, and carried off ninety-six thousand ducats.

'He was in correspondence with all the hired brigands; and whoever wished to get rid of an enemy, had only to address himself to *Ciro*. On being asked by Captain Montorj, reporter of the military commission which condemned him, how many persons he had killed with his own hand, he carelessly answered, "*E chi lo sa? saranno fra sessanta e settanta.*" Who can remember? they will be between sixty and seventy. One of his companions, Occhiolupo, confessed to seventeen; the two brothers, Francesco and Vito Serio, to twenty-three; so that these four ruffians alone had assassinated upwards of a hundred!

'The activity of *Ciro* was as astonishing as his artifice and intrepidity. He handled the musket and managed the horse to perfection; and as he was always extremely well mounted, found concealment and support, either through fear or inclination, every where. He succeeded in escaping from the hands of the soldiers, by forced marches of thirty and forty miles, even when confidential spies had discovered his place of concealment but a few hours before. The singular good fortune of being able to extricate himself from the most imminent dangers, acquired for him the reputation of a necromancer, upon whom ordinary means of attack had no power among the people, and he neglected nothing which could confirm this idea, and increase the sort of spell it produced upon the peasants. They dared not excrete, or even blame him in his absence, so

firmly were they persuaded that his demons would immediately inform him of it. On the other hand, again, he affected a libertine character; some very fine French songs were found in his portfolio when he was arrested. Although a priest himself, and exercising the functions of one when he thought it expedient, he often declared his colleagues to be impostors without any faith. He published a paper against the missionaries, who, according to him, disseminated illiberal opinions among the people, and forbade them on pain of death to preach in the villages, "because, instead of the true principles of the Gospel, they taught nothing but fables and impostures." This paper is headed, "*In nome della Grande Assemblea Nazionale dell' Ex-Regno di Napoli, o piuttosto dell' Europa intera, pace e salute.*"—"In the name of the Great National Assembly of the Ex-Kingdom of Naples, or rather of all Europe, peace and health."

He amused himself sometimes with whims, to which he tried to give an air of generosity. General d'Ottavio, a Corsican in the service of Murat, pursued him for a long time with a thousand men. One day, Ciro, armed at all points, surprised him walking in a garden. He discovered himself, remarking that the life of the general was in his hands; "but," said he, "I will pardon you this time, although I shall no longer be so indulgent, if you continue to hunt me about with such fury." So saying, he leaped over the garden wall and disappeared.

Having hidden himself, with several of his people, behind a ruined wall at the entrance gate of Grottaglie, the day when General Church and the Duke of San Cesario, accompanied by some horsemen, reconnoitred the place, he did not fire upon them; he wished to make a merit of this before the military commission, but it was probably the fear of not being able to escape from the troops who followed the general, that made him circumspect on this occasion.

Ciro's physiognomy had nothing repulsive about it; it was rather agreeable. He had a verbose, but persuasive eloquence, and was fond of inflated phrases. Extremely addicted to women, he had mistresses, at the period of his power, in all the towns of the province over which he was constantly ranging. He was of middle stature, well made, and very strong.

Ciro put himself at the head of the *Patrioti Europei* and *Decisi*, two associations of the most desperate character. The institution of the *Decisi*, or *Decided*, is so horrible, that it makes one shudder to contemplate it. The author has given a fac-simile of their patent, which will give some idea of the society. The following is the translation:—

'The Salentine Decision.

'Health.

'No. 5. Grand Massons.

'The Decision of Jupiter the Thunderer hopes to make war against the tyrants of the universe, &c. &c.

'The mortal Gaetano Caffieri is a Brother Decided, No. 5, belonging to the Decision of Jupiter the Thunderer, spread over the face of the earth, by his Decision, has had the pleasure to belong to this Salentine Republican Decision. We, invite, therefore, all philanthropic societies to lend their strong arm to the same, and to assist him in his wants, he having come to the decision that he will obtain liberty or death. Dated this day, the 29th of October, 1817.

Signed,

Pietro Gargaro (the Decided Grand

Master, No. 1.)

Vito de Serio, Second Decided.

Gaetano Caffieri,

Registrar of the Dead.

'As the number of these Decided ruffians was small, they easily recognized each other. We find that the Grand Master bears the No. 1; Vito de Serio, No. 2; the proprietor of the patent, Gaetano Caffieri, No. 5. He figures himself among the signatures with the title of Registrar of the Dead, which does not allude to the deceased members of the society, but to the victims they immolated, and of whom they kept a register apart, on the margin of which were found blasphemies and infernal projects. They had also a Director of Funeral Ceremonies, for they slaughtered with method and solemnity. As soon as the detachments employed on this service found it convenient to effect their purpose, at the signal of the first blast of a trumpet they unsheathed their poignards; they aimed them at their victim at the second blast; at the third, they gradually approach their weapons to his breast, "con vero entusiasmo" (with real enthusiasm), in their cannibal language, and plunged them into his body at the fourth signal.

'The four points which are observable after the signature of Pietro Gargaro, indicate his power of passing sentence of death. When the Decisi wrote to any one to extort contributions, or to command him to do any thing—if they added these four points, it was known that the person they addressed was condemned to death in case of disobedience. If the points were not added, he was threatened with milder punishment, such as laying waste his fields, or burning his house.

'The Salentine Republic, the ancient name of this district, was also that destined for their imaginary republic, which they called "un anello della Repubblica Europa," a link of the European Republic.

'The symbols of the thunderbolt darting from a cloud and striking the crowns and tiara; the fasces and the cap of liberty planted upon a death's head between two axes; the skulls and bones

with the words, "Tristezza, Morte, Terrore, and Lutto," sadness, death, terror, and mourning, sufficiently characterise this association. Their colours were yellow, red, and blue, which surround the patent.'

With men linked by such ties, a person of Ciro's determined character was not to be put down easily; we therefore find him making the most desperate efforts in defending a farmhouse (Masseria), into which he had thrown himself:—

Worn out with fatigue, Ciro and three companions, Vito di Cesare, Giovanni Palmieri, and Michele Cuppoli, had taken refuge in Scaserba, to repose themselves for a few hours. He had previously provided this and all the farm-houses of the district with ammunition and some provisions. When he saw the militia of S. Marzano marching against him, he appeared very little alarmed, and thought he could easily cut his way through their ranks. He shot the first man dead who came within range of his musket. This delay cost him dear: the militia sent information to Lieutenant Fomaresco, stationed at the "Castello," a strong position between Grottaglie and Francavilla. This officer hastened to the spot with forty men. On seeing him approach, Ciro perceived that a vigorous attack was to be made. He shut up the people of the Masseria in the straw magazine, and put the key in his pocket. He took away the ladder from the tower, and loaded, with the aid of his companions, all the guns, of which he had a good number.

Major Bianchi, informed of what was going on, sent on the same evening a detachment of Gendarmes, under Captain Corsi, and the next morning proceeded in person to Scaserba. The siege was formed by one hundred and thirty-two soldiers; the militia, on which little dependence was placed, were stationed at some distance, and in the second line.

Ciro vigorously defended the approaches to his tower till sun-set. He attempted to escape in the night, but the neighing of a horse made him suspect that some cavalry had arrived, whose pursuit it would be impossible to elude. He retired, after having killed, with a pistol shot, a Voltigeur, stationed under the wall he had attempted to scale. He again shut himself up in his tower, and employed himself till morning in making cartridges. At day-break, the besiegers tried to burst open the wooden gate of the outer wall; Ciro and his men repulsed the assailants by a well-directed fire; they killed five and wounded fourteen men. A barrel of oil was brought, in order to burn the door. The first man who set fire to it was shot through the heart. A four pounder, which had been conveyed to the place, was pointed against the roof of the tower. Several of this calibre had been contrived to be easily dismounted from their carriages, and transported on

mules. This little piece produced great effect. The tiles and bricks which fell, forced Ciro to descend from the second story to the first. He was tormented with a burning thirst, for he had forgotten to provide himself with water, and he never drank wine. This thirst soon became insupportable.

After some deliberations with his companions, he demanded to speak with General Church, who, he believed, was in the neighbourhood, then to the Duke of Jasi, who was also absent; at last, he resolved to capitulate with Major Bianchi. He addressed the besiegers, and threw them some bread. Major Bianchi promised him that he should not be maltreated by the soldiers. He descended the ladder, opened the door of the tower, and presented himself with the words, "Eccomi, Don Ciro!"—Here I am, Don Ciro!

He begged them to give him some water to quench his thirst, and desired them to liberate the farmer and his family, who had been shut up all this while in the straw magazine. He declared that they were innocent, and distributed money among them.

He suffered himself to be searched and bound patiently; some poison was found upon him; he asserted that his companions had prevented him from taking it. He conversed quietly enough with Major Bianchi on the road to Francavilla, and related to him the principal circumstances of his life.

In prison, he appeared to be interested for the fate of some of his partisans, begging that they might not be persecuted, and declaring that they had been forced to do what they had done.

He had entertained some hope, till the moment when he was placed before the Council of war, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Guarini. He addressed a speech to him, taking him for General Church. He insisted on speaking to that officer; this was refused, and he resigned himself to his fate, dryly saying, "Ho capito." (I understand—).

When condemned to death, a missionary offered him the consolations of religion. Ciro answered him with a smile, "*Lasciate queste chiacchiere; siamo dell'istessa professione; non ci burliamo fra noi.*"—Let us leave alone this prating; we are of the same profession; don't let us laugh at one another.

As he was led to execution, the 8th of February, 1818, he recognized Lieutenant Fomonte, and addressed these words to him, "*Se io fossi Re, vi farei Capitano.*"—If I were King, I would make you a Captain. This officer was the first to arrive at Scersba with his soldiers.

The streets of Francavilla were filled with people; there were spectators even upon the roofs. They all preserved a gloomy silence.

On his arrival at the place of execution, Ciro wished to remain standing; he was told to kneel, he did so, presenting

his breast. He was then informed, that malefactors, like himself, were shot with their backs towards the soldiers; he submitted, at the same time advising a priest, who persisted in remaining near him, to withdraw, so as not to expose himself.

Twenty-one balls took effect, four in the head, yet he still breathed and muttered in his throat; the twenty-second put an end to him. This fact is confirmed by all the officers and soldiers present at his death. "As soon as we perceived," said a soldier, very gravely, "that he was enchanted, we loaded his own musket with a silver ball, and this destroyed the spell." It will be easily supposed, that the people, who always attributed supernatural powers to him, were confirmed in their belief by this tenaciousness of life, which they considered miraculous.

Our readers will perceive, that this is a very curious and interesting volume, and that the author is well acquainted with the subject on which he writes. The facts are, however, stated in so desultory a manner, that it is difficult to form a connected narrative from them. The plates, which are in lithography, are numerous, and include several portraits; with fac-similes of the Patents of the different ranks of Carbonari, &c. The work exhibits a singular picture of the state of society in Naples, and, as containing details of one of the most remarkable institutions of modern times, will be read with great interest.

Original Communications.

ON PLAGIARISM.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Observing some observations in a contemporary literary journal, relative to the imitations, or plagiarisms, of Lord Byron, will you permit me to ask the author of those 'Rivers of Macedon and Monmouth,' whether he has ever read Virgil, or Tasso, or Spenser, or Milton, or Gray?—And if he should chance never to have heard of those transcendent writers, I presume to advise him to spare a few of his leisure hours to their perusal; and when he has done so, for every plagiarist of Lord Byron, that he has pointed out, I will undertake to point out forty in Virgil, thirty-five in Tasso, fifty in Spenser, and one hundred in Milton. A man of an enlarged mind, and of extensive reading, can no more trace the chronology of his thoughts, or know whence he has acquired the stores treasured in the precincts of his imagination, than the ocean can be presumed to know from what mountains the va-

rious rivers, which flow into it, derive their sources.

The charge of plagiarism has been brought against Lord Byron, evidently from malice.—But whether the charge be true or not, I will venture to assert, that there never was a GREAT poet, who did not cull flowers from every field within his reach.—To know diamonds when he sees them in the quarry; to polish them; and to set them in his own casket, is the very business of great poets. It is what little poets dare not do, and cannot do.—Their rivulets are easily formed:—to constitute great rivers, vast tracks of country, must contribute their supplies.—This subject is very well elucidated by the elegant author of the 'Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature,' an account of which you gave in one of your recent numbers. Z. Z.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW AND AMPLE MISSIONARY FUND.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—At this annual return of the assembling from all parts of the empire, of the friends and favourers of the missionary cause, to unite their counsels, their exertions, and their substance, to send the gospel to the heathen; allow me, through your paper, to throw in my mite into the evangelising treasury. Circumstances constrain me to say, with Peter and John, when an alms was requested from them, 'silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I unto you;' a happy suggestion of a ready and an abundant pecuniary supply. In addition to the weekly penny offerings of children and servants, the large donations of opulent individuals, the society, and the congregational offerings, let all the ministers 'who favour the dust of Zion,' throw off their golden rings that are upon their fingers, and convert them into guineas, in order to promote the conversion of the heathen. Were ever the fingers of the Apostle Paul adorned, disgraced, with the glitter of a gold ring? Nay, were ever the fingers of one infinitely greater than Paul so ornamented? To the honour of the zeal and piety of the venerable David, when his princes and his people were assembled to collect for the building of the Temple of Jerusalem, it is expressly recorded (1 Chron. xxix. 8.), 'And they with whom precious stones were found, gave them to the treasure of the house of the Lord.' Go to now, ye opulent sons of Levi, whose consciences are not the most flexible, see if you can

again have the daring inconsistency to lift up your *humble*, your sparkling hands in all your zealous ardour, eloquently extorting the last farthing from your hearers, without first complying with this requisition. And if all the ladies would imitate the conduct of the Hebrew ladies in the wilderness, who cut off their ear-rings to make the golden-calf, the sum would be rendered ten, nay, an hundred fold.

J. R.

THE PLEASURES OF SPRING.

'These blessings, friend, a Deity bestowed.'

VIRGIL.

THE time is fast approaching when the citizens, with their sons, daughters, and friends, will be induced to leave their confined dwellings to view the openness of the season and solicit the delicate harmonies of spring. Whatsoever the divine may urge to wean the mind from natural objects of temporary attraction;—whatsoever the man of the world may adduce in support of acquiring heaps of wealth and increase of power, recreation is necessary, and air and exercise are productive of the greatest benefits, and insure the happiest results. Can we then be surprised at the hilarity that shines on the countenances of those walking abroad in the country, who have been for weeks or months incarcerated in this vast metropolis, whose houses are never visited by the sun, and whose atmospheres are never ventilated by the oxygenated air of cheerfulness? The elasticities of our unchained animals are full of encouragement. After jostling in narrow streets and popular entries,—after being moderately stunned with the rattle of coaches, the hammering of copper-smiths, and the clang of trunk-makers,—how grateful the silence of the green worlds around and the blue worlds above! The freedom of space is the gift of heaven, and man is most in his nature and element when the recipient of it. As the beings of one common and bountiful father, we are taught to admire the extent and variety of his works. The very modest-looking primrose gives us sensibility: we separate it from its crinkled leaves, and it seems to teach a lesson of morality to us, by saying, as it were, 'thus soon and thus prematurely may thy dear girl be torn away from thy sympathising love!'—The cloud, shall show us the fleetingness of our joys. The daisy that resists the curling wind and the withering cold to recover its tranquillity, shall tell us, when we have

lost our peace, with what difficulty we may regain it, and, when regained, how liable it is to be disturbed! The pensile rush, that combats the elements of air and water, and determines to keep its own likeness on the wave, teaches us perseverance. The voices of birds in the harbouring trees shall invite our spirits to melody and give new energies to our imaginations; they shall remind us of innocence in beauty; allure us to soft pasturage and calm shadows. Such are the pleasures which the rational and attentive observer of nature will enjoy.—But all citizens have not this taste. There are anglers who walk forth equipped in all the paraphernalia of their *patient* profession; and they are sociable with no one but *crudely*,—with much tenderness of emphasis, called *sport*. There are motley groups who form a train from where 'Hicks' Hall formerly stood,' to Hampstead Heath, to try the passions of bull-dogs by their killing one another;—and this is called a trial of *skill*. There are bucks of the first order who give their fascinating ladies airings of pleasure, and who perform their evolutions wonderfully, if they return without having driven over a child and broken one of the vehicle's wheels! and this is a most successful way to penetrate their fair one's tender bosoms. Heroes of less aspiring character take their pipes, and seem to infer that walking among the flowers and grass, only makes them tired, and to no purpose. These may be said to *drink their health* truly. Others prefer the skittle-ground, to raise the boisterous laugh, and fatigue themselves with pleasure, like many of their superiors in life,—

'But we are spirits of another sort:

1 with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.'

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Yet, immoderate pleasure is as satisfying, unprofitable, and injurious, as the entire want of it. Let every one, then, seek for recreation in his own way, if it be lawful and just, recollecting that its temperate use will add to his felicity, while its excessive abuse will expose him to the contumely of the world, and injure all his genial relations and social interests.

April, 1821.

J. R. P.

Original Poetry.

IMPROMPTU.

'For a few nights only! Il Diavolo Antonio!!
Engaged at an immense expense!!!—Play
Bill.

THE Coburg Proprietor needs some amends,
Or he'll be in a terrible way;
For, in striving to please all his numerous
friends,
He has at length got the 'Devil to Pay.'—L.

SONG.

WILL you gang wi' me, lassie,
To the bonnie bines of Laggan:
A' my care shall be, lassie,
Ever to content ye.

My cottage stands beneath a hill,
Beside a siller-winding rill;
It may be your's, lass, as ye will,
And it may weel content ye.

Will ye gang wi' me, lassie, &c.

The crystal spey runs roaring by,
Reflecting mountains, trees, and sky;
The little birds that round us fly—
Their sweetest numbers chaunt, ay—

Will ye gang, &c.

When summer basks the boughs in green,
And a' things gay and sweet are seen,
The crimson heath-bell crowns the scene,
Sae fragrant and sae dainty—

Will ye gang, &c.

Ye shall have fouth o' milk and meal,
I'll hie the roe-buck o' the hill,
I have a heart that's true and leal,
That beats but to content ye.

Will ye gang, &c.

In Laggan's bonnie flowery glen,
Our snow-white bleating flocks we'll pen;
Wi' modest dames and honest men
We'll live bairn gay and canty.

Will ye gang, &c.

As through the path of life ye go,
Wi' sweetest flowers I'll strew the way;
I'll soothe your ev'ry care and woe,
In ev'ry wish prevent ye.

Will ye gang, &c.

And when auld age shall nip our bloom,
We'll sink together to the tomb,
While neighbours round our grave shall croud,
And wi' kind tears lament us.

Will ye gang wi' me, lassie, &c.

AULD DOMINIE.

SONNET.

METROUGHT I saw thee, fairer far than light,
Flit on the dark wing of my clouded dream,
Shedding upon my troubled soul a gleam
Of transient hope, that glimmer'd thro' the
night.

Of faithless despair, which veil'd my night.
Oh! then my fancy rovd to each past scene;
To cars that are, to joys that once have
been—

To love; but then the vision wing'd its flight
To the blue heaven's expanse; as the pale
moon

Guided the airy phantom on its way
To those domains of bliss, and left the gloom
That clasp'd the forest in its arms, but soon,
Soon shall I follow thee, by that bright ray
Which lights to happiness beyond the tomb.
14th April, 1821.

H. A. J.

SONNET TO MAY.

Inx, flower-crown'd queen, unnumber'd are
the songs,
Unnumber'd poets in thy praise have fram'd;
Yet to thee still so sweet a charm belongs,—
Such transports glad our souls when thou art
named,

Felt not by heroes e'en nor poets, famed
For inspiration these, and those for arms,
(Tho' wreaths of fadeless bay by each are
claim'd),

Apollo's heaven-strung lyre and Mar's
claims,—

That, May, I would thee liken to the calms
That sleep serenely on a summer sea;

Oh, when our happiest days life's sunbeam
warms,—

The space 'twixt manhood and mild infancy,
When nought save pleasure smiles our steps
around;

For with thee, month of love, those joys again
are found!

ALPHEUS.

THE SIGH OF LOVE: A SONG.

Sorrow is the sigh that friendship knows
When early life is done;

Soft swirls the tear that warmly flows
To pleasures that are gone.

And soft the sigh of evening breeze,
Thro' shady bowers and grove;

But softer sweeter far than these,
The anxious sigh of love.

Quick heaves the traveller's throbbing breast,
His long lost home to view,

And bopes his wearied limbs to rest,
Where being first he drew;

These sighs of grief and sorrow's train
A painful feeling move,—

But us a soft and pleasing pain
That prompts the sigh of love.

Ah! who the mystic joy can tell
Which mutual lovers feel,

When thro' the breast soft tumults swell,
With bliss-bestowing zeal?

Theirs is a joy without control,
Pure as the skies above;

Theirs the soft agonies of soul,
The anxious sigh of love.

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

In noticing the present Exhibition, we shall not consider ourselves bound to adhere strictly to the numerical arrangement, though we shall not, perhaps, deviate far from it; the field, however, is so ample, that we shall be compelled to brevity in order to notice a due proportion of those pictures which are worthy of remark.

No. 8. 'May-day in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.'—C. R. Leslie. While we do justice to this artist for the correctness of the costume, and his close observance of the manners of the age, which he has displayed in the picture, we must confess it does not give us so lively a picture of those festive sports as Strutt, in his *Queen's Hall*, and Dr. Aikin, in his *Shakespeare*, had led us to expect. It is true we

have Robin Hood, maid Marian, and Friar Tuck, with the hobby horse, fool, and dragon, but they are not very characteristically drawn; nor is the grouping very happy. Perhaps the best point of time for the May-day sports would have been the procession. The young men and maidens; Robin Hood, with his 'grass-green tunic,' the maid Marian 'elegantly habited in a watch-coloured tunic,' with her bride maids, and the May pole, drawn by eight fine oxen, while the rear was closed by the 'hobby horse and the dragon,' would have afforded fine scope for an artist of Mr. Leslie's talents. He has, however, made an interesting and beautiful picture, and we will not quarrel with him because we think it might have been better.—No. 17.

'Portrait of a favourite Horse.'—T. Woodward, and No. 44. 'Portrait of Tippoo, a favourite Spaniel.'—Mr. T. Ward, are good specimens of animal painting.—No. 20. 'The Vintage.'—T. Stothard, R. A. There is so much ingenuity and inventive talent displayed in this picture, that even a very lengthened description would convey but a feeble outline of its merits. The artist has converted a scene, which former painters always rendered disgusting, into one of delicacy; and, instead of representing the 'Vintage' as a scene of drunkenness and vulgarity, has made it moral and instructive. The time selected is when the grape-gatherers have completed their work, and are returning home. In the principal group, two of them are caressing each other; and behind are several graceful females with their baskets on their heads; one of them is plucking fruit from the vine, while, to the left, a man is enlivening the scene by playing on a musical instrument. Bacchus is not the loathsome being he has hitherto been represented, but the beautiful god of the Greeks. The composition of this piece is very fine, and not in the least laboured; in point of colouring however it is deficient.—No. 92. 'The Burial of Edward V. and his brother the Duke of York, who were murdered in the Tower.'—J. Northcote, R. A. The vigorous pencil of this distinguished artist, has given a very forcible and striking representation of that tragic scene, so well known in English history. The countenances of the murderers, and their eagerness to consign their victims to their ignoble tomb, are well expressed.—No. 23. 'Portraits of Master and Miss Russell.'—T. Phillips, R. A.—is a well fi-

nished picture, and represents the children as of a fine playful disposition, and very agreeably employed.—No. 33. 'The Murder of Archbishop Sharp, on Magnus Moor, 1679.'—W. Allan. This is a fine subject for the painter. An aged man, not freed from the consciousness of having wronged his assassins, meeting an awful and unexpected death; a lovely daughter, compelled to witness the sacrifice of her sire; and a band of assassins, perpetrating the crime with a fanatic and enthusiastic zeal, which makes them not only glory in the deed, but feel confident that it is an act of justice and an acceptable sacrifice to that God, who has said, 'thou shalt do no murder.' These afforded ample scope to Mr. Allan, and he has portrayed the scene with a fearful reality.—No. 34. 'Portrait of a Lady in the Character of Uua.'—Sir William Beechey, R. A. This is a pleasing picture, and the portrait is perfectly congenial with the character she is made to represent.—No. 39. 'The Sacred Tree of the Hindoos, which contains an ancient Temple and Idol.'—T. Daniell, R. A. In scenery of this description, Mr. Daniell has long been known to excel, and this is not inferior to his former productions.—No. 58. 'Portrait of Earl Grey.'—J. Jackson, R. A. An excellent likeness.—No. 69. 'Portrait of the Marquis of Londonderry.'—Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A. If one tenth part of the attention that has been devoted to the robes of the marquis, had been bestowed on the countenance, we should have had a much better likeness. In point of finishing, this is a picture of the highest order, but justice has not been done to the fine expressive features of his lordship.—No. 70. 'Portrait of the late Princess Charlotte;' and No. 180. 'Portrait of Lady Louisa Lambton.'—Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A. are two delightful pictures. We do not wonder that Sir Thomas is so popular as a painter of females, when he gives them a loveliness so superhuman as the last of these, which, for grace, beauty, and simplicity, exceeds any thing we had before seen even from his pencil.—No. 128. 'Nature Blowing Bubbles for her Children.'—W. Hilton, R. A. An allegorical painting, the idea of which has been suggested from a passage in *Crabbe's Library*:—
'Blow sportive bladders in the beamy sun,
And call them worlds! and bid the greatest
show
More radiant colours in their worlds below;
Tush as they break, the atoms of care remove,
And tell them, such are all the toys they love.'

And tell them, such are all the toys they love.

To embody this idea is somewhat difficult, but the artist has succeeded; and the composition is chaste, simple, and harmonious; Nature, a recumbent figure, is represented with the reed in her hand, by which she has produced the airy toys; while the children around her are beautiful in their forms, and glowing with life and infantine gaiety.

—No. 134. 'The Careless Messenger Detected.'—W. Mulready, R. A.—This picture, which is equal in colour and execution, to any of the artist's former works, is superior in point of composition. It is a picture of nature rather than of manners, and, in this respect, it differs from those of Wilkie or Hogarth, to whom he bears a striking similarity. The subject is a child confided by a mother to the care of a boy, with directions to carry it to a certain place; the boy, meeting with some companions, lays down his infant burden, and plays at marbles. The mother detects him, and is about to inflict a summary chastisement for the neglect, to the great terror of the culprit and the infinite amusement of his companions, whose characters are drawn with a distinctness and peculiarity, which is almost imitable; the action of each, as well as the expressions of their countenances, is strongly characteristic of their respective dispositions. One boy, a tall booby, leans against the wall with his hands behind, as if he had had no share in the business, while a young sneerer is chuckling at the idea of the careless boy getting a good caning. A vulgar blackguard-looking boy plays on with the utmost indifference, totally regardless of the woman's anger or the boy's terrors. This is a picture, of which every one is enabled to judge, from the 'school-boy creeping like a snail unwillingly to school,' to decrepit old age, and we will venture to say, that few will see it without admiring it as much as we do.—No. 139. 'The House of Morpheus.' H. Howard, R. A. This is an allegorical painting, from the following passage in that allegorical poem, Spenser's *Fairy Queen*:—

'Amid the bowels of the earth, full deep
And low, where dawning Day doth never peep,
His dwelling is: there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep.
In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
While and Night over him her mantle black
doth spread.'

We confess, we are not partial to allegorical painting, and we are sorry, that Mr. Howard, whom we admire as a painter of nature, should yield to display the exuberance of his fancy in al-

legory. This is a pretty picture, but to use a common and a very expressive term among artists, it does not read; for, although we might, perhaps, imagine a youth in deep sleep to represent Morpheus, add that an old woman, about to throw a cloak over him, was intended for Night; yet we could not, without a considerable strength of fancy, fix on an elderly female, in the left corner, as Tethys, or a young one as Cynthia, particularly when they are without those symbols by which they are generally distinguished.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

This Institution, for the exhibition of paintings by the Old Masters, opened on Monday last. The contributors to the collection include the most illustrious personages in the state. His Majesty, the Patron of the Institution, has taken the lead in adorning the gallery, having sent most liberally from the royal collection several standard works from the various departments of art. Among these are—a fine Landscape, 'Sunset,' by Claude; a female portrait, by Rembrandt; 'Herod's daughter with the Head of John the Baptist,' by C. Dolce; 'a Portrait of Charles II, his brother, and sisters, when children,' by Vandyke; a 'Landscape with a Mill,' by Raysall; a Portrait by Albert Durer; a 'Landscape with Figures,' by G. Poussin; and a 'St. Martin lending his Cloak,' by Rubens.

The Duke of Norfolk has sent the celebrated shield, which was presented by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to the gallant and chivalrous Henry Earl of Surrey, who proclaimed a challenge and tournament in Florence, in honour of his fair Geraldine.

The Duke of Wellington has sent some of his best pictures, including the 'Effects of Intemperance,' by Jan Steen; a 'Musical Party,' by De Hooge; and 'the Embarkation of Van Tromp,' by Backhuysen.

The Marquises of Lansdown, Bute, and Abercorn, with the Earls of Dartmouth, Mulgrave, Coventry, Grosvenor, Spencer and Roseberry, have also sent some of their best works; as have also the Countess De Grey, Lords Dundas, Eardley, Sydney, Carron, and a number of other directors. There are in all 142 works in the exhibition, including some of the best productions of Titian, Correggio, Rubens, Rembrandt, Tintoretto, Vandyke, Velasquez, Giorgioni, Paolo Veronese, Tieners, and almost every eminent master

of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. Mr. West's Picture of 'Christ healing the Sick in the Temple,' for which the Directors gave the Artist 3000 guineas some years ago, is also exhibited. The collection is admirable, and presents a rich treat to the lovers of the fine arts.

MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION.

It has been truly said that art is a jealous thing, and demands the undivided homage and attention of those who would acquire pre-eminence. Mr. Glover seems fully aware of this, and has devoted himself with the most unceasing industry to his profession. Those who have had an opportunity of seeing the productions of his pencil a few years ago, and the present valuable collection which he exhibits, will see to what advantage he has studied. As a landscape painter, Mr. Glover stands in the first rank of British artists; and so conscious is he of his own powers, that he has actually placed in the present exhibition one of the most beautiful pictures of Claude Lorraine, and the best landscape of Wilson (the English Claude) that he has been able to procure: and when due allowance is made for that mellowness, which time alone can give to a picture, Mr. Glover need not shrink from the comparison of one of his landscapes at least with these celebrated productions: this is a view of 'Patterdale, in Cumberland'; the variety of landscape, the delicacy of colouring, and the judicious display of light and shade, contribute to render this picture one of the finest landscapes of modern painters; a bridge, the perspective of which is admirable, with its shade reflective on the side of the river, seems the very acme of art.

Nos. 59, 65, 70.—Views of Tivoli, are finely descriptive of that enchanting scene: the rich Italian sky; the beauty of the scenery; the fine, but distant prospect of the Sybil's Temple and St. Peter's at Rome, are delightfully portrayed.

As specimens of the beauty of English landscape,—and, notwithstanding the prejudices against it, England presents as charming scenery as any part of the world,—we would notice Nos. 31, 43, 76, and 84, Views of Ulswater; and Nos. 71 and 85, Views of Harrow; the last, a 'View from Lord Northwick's House at Harrow, with London in the distance,' is a charming picture: the boldness of the foliage, which seems to rise from the canvas, and the manner with which it is executed, would almost

persuade us that every leaf had been an object of the artist's care, did we not know that he paints with the utmost facility and expedition. This gallery, so worthy of public attention, is entitled to a more detailed notice, and we shall return to the subject.

SALE OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PICTURES.

THE connoisseurs and professors of art have had the opportunity of possessing themselves of some of the finest pictures of this great artist, which have been sold by Mr. Christie, within the last few days. These pictures were in the possession of the late Marchioness of Thomond, the niece of Sir Joshua, to whom they had been bequeathed. Many exquisite productions of other painters were also disposed of by the hammer. These had formed part of the famous collection of Sir Joshua, which, if not the most extensive, was supposed to be the most unique in Europe. The paintings by Sir Joshua fetched good prices, as will appear by the following list of some of the most prominent:—

The Gipsy Fortune teller, the print from which is well known, 240 guineas.

The Infant St. John, with a Lamb, 72 guineas.

Portrait of a Female employed in Drawing, 161 gs.

Portrait of Lady Hamilton, 202 gs.

Portrait of Mrs. Hartley, as a bacchante, with an infant on her shoulder, 220 gs.

Portrait of a young Girl with a Scarlet Muff, 259 gs.

An elderly Man seated in a Chair, personifying Resignation, 125 gs.

A Portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a Book. This picture, which excited great interest and a spirited competition, was purchased by the Earl of Mulgrave, for 234 gs.

Another less eminent Portrait of Sir Joshua, fetched 100 gs.

A small Landscape, (one of the few of Sir Joshua's productions in this line,) 65 gs.

A View from Richmond Hill, 155 gs.

The Girl and Kitten—a once much esteemed picture, but which has been nearly destroyed, either by the effect of the sun or the defect of the colours; but, notwithstanding this, it sold for 295 gs.

The Piping Shepherd-Boy, with his Dog in the back-ground, a Landscape, and a Flock of Sheep, 410 gs.

The celebrated picture of Hope nursing Love, 215 gs.

A young Shepherdess with Lambs, 216 gs.

A Shepherd-Boy and Dog, purchased by Earl Fitzwilliam, 600 gs.

A Peasant Girl and Children with a Torch, 400 gs.

Portrait of Admiral Rodney, 115 gs.
A Nymph and Cupid, usually termed the Snake in the Grass, 510 gs.

Dido on the Funeral Pile, 700 gs.

The famous Designs for the Compartments of the Window of New College, Oxford. These being the finest productions of Sir Joshua, excited much interest, and there was a spirited bidding between Lord Milton and the Earl of Normanton who finally obtained the whole at the following prices:—Charity, 1500 gs.; Faith, 400 do.; Justice, 1100 do.; Hope, 650 do.; Fortitude, 700 do.; Prudence, 350 do.; Temperance, 600 do.

The remaining compartments, Portraits of Sir Joshua and Jarvis as Shepherds, at the nativity, were purchased at 410 gs. for Earl Fitzwilliam.

The most celebrated pictures, not by Sir Joshua, were a Corregio and a Teniers.

The Marriage of St. Catherine, by Corregio, was sold for 215 guineas. This celebrated picture had the thanks of an Italian, to heaven, for possessing it, inscribed upon the back; and a memorandum, by Sir Joshua, dated April 17, 1790, declared that the Italian's feelings were in unison with his own.

The Enchantress entering the Infernal Regions, is supposed to be the masterpiece of Teniers. This picture was held in so much esteem by Sir Joshua, that to obtain it, he offered to cover it twice with guineas, which was refused; however, he afterwards procured it in exchange for several of his own pictures. It sold for 160 guineas.

This sale furnished a strong proof of the interest now taken in the Fine Arts by the higher ranks of society.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Saturday night, her Majesty the Queen, very unexpectedly, honoured this theatre with a visit, to see the metamorphosis play of the *Tempest*. 'God Save the King' was called for and sung; and, at the conclusion of the play, her Majesty retired amidst the loud plaudits of the audience.

A new farce was produced at this theatre on Tuesday night, entitled *The Grand Tour, or Stopped at Rochester*, of the plot of which the following is an outline:—Seabright, (Jones), with a friend, Blushington, (Duruset), arrives at Rochester, where the latter accidentally sees and falls in love with the heroine, (Miss Beaumont), whose father (Blanchard) has contracted her to Mr. Violet (Liston), a cockney oilman, of High Holborn. This circumstance, coming to the knowledge of Seabright, through the simplicity of Emery, a Yorkshire servant to Violet, he introduces himself

as Mr. Violet to the father, and posts his French Valet (Yates) outside the house to mislead the real Violet, in which he of course succeeds. Seabright pleads so successfully for his friend, that the father agrees to break off the match with Violet, and give his daughter to Blushington; but, on their proceeding to a lawyer's, where the Cockney had been unfortunately led, the whole trick is exploded. New schemes are, however, devised, by which Blushington gains the lady, and Violet contents himself with an antiquated maiden, (Mrs. Davenport.) The farce is too long, but the whole of the characters were admirably sustained. Jones was never in better spirits, and exerted himself to the utmost; Emery played the Yorkshireman with his accustomed excellence; and Blanchard, Yates, Duruset, with Mrs. Davenport and Miss Beaumont, were all very effective, and contributed much to the success of the farce. Liston's Cockney did not afford him a sufficient opportunity. The farce, which is said to be from the pen of Mr. Morton, was completely successful.

SURREY THEATRE.—The new serio comic historic Anachronasmatic Heptadrama of *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, produced at this theatre, is one of those laughable and spirited burlesques in which Mr. Dibdin is so successful. It combines the whole comic strength of the company, and is certainly a very splendid and amusing spectacle. *Narbonne Castle, the Seven Champions, and the Poet's last Shilling* present strong attractions, and draw full houses.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The performances at this theatre are continued with great spirit and effect. Mr. Wilkinson has been re-engaged, and is irresistibly comic in Hookey Walker; indeed, this piece is well played throughout, and is much enhanced by the singing of Miss Johnstone and Mr. Paine. *Black Beard*, a melodramatic pantomime, has been revived, and produced with great attention to stage effect.

The Bee.

'*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimus aurea dicta.*'

LUCRETIVS.

Curious Will.—The following will, which we extract from *Eunomus, or Dialogues on the Law and Constitution of England**, actually passed a considerable personal property. It was en-

* Fourth Edition, J. & W. T. Clarke, 1831.

tered in the Commons, in 1737, and may be seen verbatim at the Prerogative Office:—

The fifth day of May
Being airy and gay
And to hyp not inclin'd
But of vigorous mind
And my body in health
I'll dispose of my wealth
And all I'm to leave
On this side the grave
To some one or other
And I think to my brother
Because I foresee
That my brethren in law
If I did not take care
Would come in for their share
Which I nowise intended
Till their manners are mended
And of that God knows there's no sign
I do therefore enjoin
And do strictly command
Of which witness my hand
That nought I have got
Be brought into hotch-pot
But I give and devise
As much as in me lies
To the son of my mother
My own dear brother
To have and to hold
All my silver and gold
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother JOHN BEDGES.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE attention of Advertisers is particularly called to the peculiar advantages that must result from their Advertisements being placed in the columns of *The Literary Chronicle*, over any weekly or daily publication. Besides finding a station in a work not merely of immediate but of permanent interest and constant reference, it must be obvious that they come directly before the eye and under the notice of intelligent readers, who are looking for novelties in literature and subjects connected with the Arts and Sciences. Far different are the views of the readers of diurnal journals, where the news of the day is the principal object of pursuit, and where the crowded miscellaneous advertisements bury or exclude those for which a literary paper is evidently a fitter medium.

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No. 107.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Oliver Cromwell and his Times. By Thomas Cromwell. 8vo.-pp. 484. London, 1821.

We are persuaded, that to many persons *Oliver Cromwell and his Times* will appear a subject so completely exhausted by historians and biographers, that no new interest can be given to it. Indeed, the incidents in the life of Cromwell, and the events in which he had so conspicuous a share, are so well known, that there is really nothing new to be said upon the subject, except as to the real character of this extraordinary man, which appears to us never to have been satisfactorily drawn. The same party-feeling, which, in and near his own time, made either a saint or a devil of him, has pervaded, in a greater or less degree, all his biographers up to the present day. To portray the true character of Cromwell, not as he appeared to others, but to shew the true workings of his mind in all the various situations in which he was placed, notwithstanding all that has been said upon it, still remained a desideratum. The author of the present volume has done more towards this than any preceding writer; but, before we enter into the work, we shall briefly advert to the two lives of Cromwell, which have appeared within the last two years. Of one of these, the *Memoirs of Cromwell*, by his descendant, Oliver Cromwell, Esq. we have already recorded our opinion*, and, therefore, shall only remark, that Mr. Cromwell makes his ancestor an unblemished pattern of all the virtues, whether of the private individual, the statesman, the warrior, the sovereign, or the saint. The other life of Cromwell, to which we alluded, is in French, by M. Villemain, published at Paris, in two volumes, 8vo. 1819. M. Villemain draws a very different character of Cromwell from that of his descendant; but, as all his information was necessarily drawn from English sources, we should look in vain

for new facts. Indeed, M. Villemain's work is evidently less intended to supply any chasm in our own information on the events of the time in which Cromwell lived, than to enable the French to apply to their views and situation the conclusions which were to be adduced from the relation of facts, which he considered analogous to the recent and then existing circumstances of France.

The present biographer of Cromwell, though sufficiently strong and liberal in his politics, displays much discrimination in the choice of his materials, and great impartiality in estimating the character of Cromwell; but we differ from him very much, if he thinks that the present situation of this country bears the slightest analogy to that of England in the time of Charles the First, or that we need any new memento, to save us from republicanism or civil war. But passing over a heavy introduction, and a still heavier preface, we shall come to the *Memoir* itself, which commences with the following well-drawn character of the subject of the work:—

'Of all men living at the era of political and religious conflict just described, Oliver Cromwell was, perhaps, the best calculated, not merely to "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm," but to direct it so as invariably to promote his own advantage. Himself, past doubt, both a political and religious enthusiast, he was certain, from that circumstance alone, of securing the consideration, applause, and hearty services, of numbers; and, being at the same time gifted with a very extraordinary portion of a most opposite quality, self-command, he could instantly, when his interests required it, bid the current of his own feelings subside, while he continued to avail himself of the full tide of those of others. By turns sincere and a hypocrite; a religionist and a zealous worldling; a man of gravity and (almost) a buffoon; a preacher and a punster; a clown and a gentleman; stately and familiar; slovenly and precise; an orator and without words to express himself; cautious and yet enterprising; ardent and yet methodical; ready and yet invariably politic;—his very defects were made to turn to his account, almost equally with his admirable qualities; and,

by literally becoming "all things to all men," he contrived to elevate himself above all his competitors.'

This passage is calculated to create a favourable opinion of the spirit in which the work is written; and we can bear an equally favourable testimony to the industry of the author, who appears not only to have consulted every printed work that could assist him, but also to have resorted to the MS. treasures on the subject in the British Museum; selections from which are given in the Appendix.—We shall now proceed to give a very rapid sketch of the life of this most extraordinary individual.

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, April 25th, 1599, of a good family, both maternally and paternally; but, notwithstanding the denial of his descendant, Oliver Cromwell, there is no reason to doubt, that his father being a second son, and by no means munificently provided for, engaged in trade, as has been generally asserted. The education of Cromwell corresponded with the situation of his family; at an early age, he was said to be 'aspiring, stubborn, and obstinate,' and of 'no settled constancy.' The story of his quarrelling with Charles I. when both were children, and his *dream*, we pass over as well known, our biographer inclining to believe in the authenticity of both. From the Grammar School of his native village, Cromwell was sent to Sydney, Sussex College, Cambridge, April 23rd, 1616. The entry in the College Register is as follows:—

'Apr 23. Oliverus Cromwell Huntingdoniensis admissus at Commentum Sociorum Aprilis viciesimo tertio, 1616, Mr. Ricardo Howlet.

'Between which entry and the next, crowded in, and in a smaller letter, his character is thus curiously drawn, by some unknown hand:—

'Hic fuit grandis ille Impostor, Carmifex perditissimus, qui, pietissimum Rege Carolo I. nefaria Coede sublato, ipsum usurpavit Thronum et tria Regna, per quinque ferme Annorum Spatium, sub Protectoris Nomine indomita Tyrannide vexavit.'

* See the review of this work in No. 39 of the Literary Chronicle, Vol. III.

At college, he acquired some knowledge of Latin, but his attainments were inconsiderable, and he was more addicted to rude (and some say vicious) sports than to study. He was soon after sent to town, and entered of Lincoln's Inn, where, instead of studying the law, he learned the follies and vices of the town. But whatever were his early improprieties, they were of no long continuance, and, on returning to Huntingdon, before he was quite of age, his conduct became correct, and even moral. In August, 1620, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bourchier, of Fitsted, Essex; and during no less than sixteen years following, he resided either at his native town, or at St. Ives; when his domestic and moral character was irreproachable, and his religious duties carried to an excess. There is strong reason to believe, that during this period he improved his fortune, by carrying on the business of a brewer. In the third Parliament of Charles I., which met, March 17, 1627, Cromwell was chosen to represent the borough of Huntingdon. This parliament was the school of his politics, if not the hot-bed of his ambition; here he studied the temper and characters of many of those with whom he was afterwards to effect such surprising changes in all things, as yet apparently standing on solid bases around him. He spoke with strong sense and manliness on the various topics, that came before the house. In the year 1635, Cromwell, who had been disgusted with the conduct of Charles to the Parliament, was residing at St. Ives, in the capacity of a farmer, and actively engaged in the parochial affairs of the place. His religious conduct was so exemplary, that he is said to have returned several sums of money which he had formerly won by gambling to the losers. It was about this time that he began to entertain a serious design of disposing of his property in England, and of exchanging his native soil for that of North America:—

'The plantation called New England, in North America, was held by the settlers there by patent from the king. Numbers of the people, consequently, both ministers and others, who now sold their estates and set sail for this distant province, naturally hoped, by such an expedient, not to be thought wanting in loyal affection to their prince and country, while they preserved unimpaired their religious liberty. But the court, becoming jealous of the departure of so many subjects, at length issued a proclamation, forbidding

any more to leave the island without a royal licence. This proclamation being evaded, the next step taken was by an order in council, authorising "the lord-treasurer to take speedy and effectual course for the stay of eight ships, now in the river of Thames, prepared to go to New England," and for "putting on land all the passengers and provisions therein intended for the voyage."—In one of these vessels were Cromwell, and his compatriot Hampden! How short-sighted thus appear the precautions of tyranny!

When, in 1639, the King made an arbitrary and ill-judged attack on the Earl of Bedford respecting the drainage of the fens, Cromwell both spoke and acted with such eminent ability and effect, in favour of that nobleman, that from this era we may date the rise of his political consequence. The spirited opposition which he made to the commissioners appointed to ascertain how the King might, with a colourable pretext, deprive the earl of the lands he had drained by a grant from the crown, aroused the universal spirit of the country in behalf of the undertakers, and Cromwell received the appellation of 'Lord of the Fens.' Hampden, who was his kinsman, from that day pronounced him one that would 'sit well at the mark;' and his popularity naturally increased with the commendations of a well-known leader, and his already powerful party. Among the most early advocates of Hampden in the affair of the ship-money, was Cromwell, with whom the calm of privacy was now for ever passed, and succeeded by the turmoil of political intrigue, or the bustle of military adventure:—

'Henceforth,' says our author, 'was he a compound of such virtues and vices, of qualities so various and so opposed, that a mind and powers exactly similar to his own, were alone, perhaps, capable of literally developing his career. Religious, to the last, in his private and domestic conduct, he accustomed himself to the practice of a greater or less degree of dissimulation throughout his public life. Enthusiastic to a high degree in the cause he had espoused, he yet calculated consequences one by one, as they occurred, with almost unflinching exactness. So simple were his language and manners, that he appeared incapable of disguising a purpose that had arisen in his mind; yet by penetration and address the most exquisite, did he at the same time so read the hearts, and so accommodate himself to the humours, of all with whom he associated, as at once to make them his firm friends, and footstools to his future elevation over them. His existence became a perpetual harlequinade; his expressions shifting from the spiritual to the coarsely

joecular; his conduct, from the pious to the overbearing; from the submissive, to the most vehement contradictions and the boldest opposition. He could be gentle, almost to effeminacy; or rude, almost to brutality; the protector of an insect, or a savage presiding at a human massacre! He was found to have faculties, tempers, tastes, nay, even apparent habits, adapted to all seasons and occasions. Hence, he could pursue an object by the most concealed and devious tracks, or pounce upon it, like the eagle, by a single flight and stoop: he could charm and wile impediments from his path, or shiver them to fragments at a blow: he could enter with an equal zest into the occupations of preaching, fighting, and reigning; was equally at home in the prayer-meeting, the camp, and the palace; and, as hitherto he had *braved and farmed*, with all a tradesman's tact for the art of business and acquiring wealth, he now bestrode his war-horse with a grace entirely chivalric, and vaulted from the saddle but to sit the throne with an ease that made royalty seem a portion of his nature. Meanwhile, in every change of time and circumstance, religion, be it once again peculiarly observed, far from contracting, enlarged her hold upon his feelings; but, gradually deserting his judgment, while her sphere of influence was lamentably abridged in fact, the success that attended all his undertakings taught his enthusiasm so greatly to extend it in idea, that, finally, his every action appeared to him directed by a heavenly guidance, and his very crimes the offspring of a decreed necessity, or instruments to execute upon earth God's righteous vengeance!—By considerations similar to these only, it is presumed, shall we be able to pursue and to appreciate the future life of Cromwell.'

In the Parliament of 1640, Cromwell was returned one of the members for the town of Cambridge; and in the second Parliament of the same year, he was a second time returned for the same place. This was the famous Long Parliament. The house was divided and sub-divided into more than forty committees, for the consideration of petitions, grievances, &c. Cromwell was one of these; and Sir Philip Warwick, a royalist contemporary, gives the following curious description of his person at that time:—

"The first time (writes Sir Philip) I ever took notice of him, was in the beginning of the Parliament held in November, 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman; (for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes.) 'I came into the house one morning, well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean, and I re-

member a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar: his hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swoln and reddish; his voice sharp and unattractive; and his *eloquence full of fervour*—for the subject matter would not bear much of reason, it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had daring libels against the Queen for her dancing, and such like innocent and courtly sports; and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the council-table unto that height, that one would have believed the very government itself had been in great danger by it. I sincerely profess it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, for *he was very much heartened unto*. And yet I lived to see this very gentleman, whom, out of no ill-will to him I thus describe, by multiplied good successes, and by real, but usurped power, (having had a better tailor, and more converse among good company,) in my own eye, when for six weeks together I was a prisoner in his viceroy's hands, and daily waited at Whitehall, appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence."

We shall not enter into the various disputes between Charles and his parliament, nor into the discontents which were now so numerous as to render the situation of the monarch very critical:—

'Among the signs of those perilous times, (so happily passed,) may be here noticed petitions out of number from vast bodies of the people, assembled throughout the land, stating the resolution of the parties subscribing "to live and die in defence of the privileges of Parliament;" these petitions being from counties, cities, towns, parishes, and various trades, the latter including the *porters*, who alone it is said amounted to fifteen thousand. The *apprentices* also petitioned, to the same effect; as did at last even the *beggars*. Another strong symptom of the revolutionary spirit abroad, was, that the *women* were generally seized with the mania of politics; and discovered, in a multitude of instances, minds yet more agitated than those of the men; and these also, to the number of many thousands, proceeded with their petition to Westminster.'

Previously to the actual breaking out of the civil war, Cromwell, who had resolved to stand or fall with the Parliament, had proved himself an active partisan, by distributing arms in the town of Cambridge,—raising a troop of horse out of that county and Hunts,—by seizing the magazine in Cambridge Castle,—and by stopping a quantity of plate that was on its way from that university to the King, at York. A just writer of that day says, 'As for Cromwell, he is gone forth in the

might of his spirit, with all his train of disciples; every one of whom is a David, a man of war, and a prophet; gifted men all, that resolve to their work better than any of the sons of Levi.' There is not, perhaps, a more decisive evidence of Cromwell's genius, than that he enlisted the religious enthusiasm of the times on the Parliament's side; and first set the courage and resolution of a high tone of religious feeling in array against the same military virtues inspired by high birth and loyalty. Cromwell having become a colonel and a commander, led the van of the forces commanded by the Earl of Manchester, in their attack on the royalists, in October, 1643:—

'At the word, "Truth and Peace," Cromwell's men, himself at their head, advanced, singing psalms; reserving their charge, however, until the enemy's horse had fired. A second salute, and a charge from the King's troops themselves, met their approach to the royal line. By the last volley, Cromwell's horse was killed, and fell with him to the ground; and, ere he was well risen, being now mixed *pêle mêle* with the combatants, he was again prostrated by the hand of a royalist gentleman, thought to have been Sir Ingram Hopton; again rising, however, he seized a sorry horse from one of his troopers, remounted, and contributed his personal share to the victory obtained.'

The battle of Marston Moor was gained almost entirely by the extraordinary courage and conduct of Cromwell, who, when the battle seemed lost, rallied his troops and gained an important victory. In the decisive battle of Naseby, Cromwell, who was then Lieutenant-General, again displayed his military talents to great advantage, gaining a complete victory over the royalists. In all the negotiations or attempts at negotiation, that were made after the person of the king had been seized, Cromwell showed himself as wary a politician as he was a skilful general; and his aims at ascendancy were evident throughout his whole conduct; although he appears to have afterwards given his consent to the king's trial with reluctance. When the king was brought to his capital for this purpose, he was escorted to Sir Robert Cotton's residence by the river side:—

'On this occasion, a characteristic incident is related by Sir Furbeck Temple, who was one of the judges named by the Commons, but who refused to act. His narration, given in evidence on the trial of Henry Marten, the regicide, after the restoration, is to the effect that, having concealed himself behind the hangings of the room in which the commissioners were met to determine on the mode of

trial, in such a manner as to be able both to see and hear what passed, news came that the King was landed at Sir Robert Cotton's stairs; when Cromwell ran to a window which overlooked the water, to observe him as he came up the garden, and "returned as white as the wall!"—exclaiming to the board—"My masters, he is come! he is come! and now are we doing that great work that the nation will be full of. Therefore, I desire you, let us resolve here what answer we shall give the King when he comes before us; for the first question he will ask of us will be, *by what authority and commissions we do try him?*" To which, "none answered presently;" but that, "after a little space, Henry Marten rose up, and said, "In the name of the Commons and Parliament assembled, and all the good people of England." What a picture have we of the state of Cromwell's mind in this simple circumstance! However others might be deluded into the crime they were about to commit, by unfeigned though erring notions of duty or necessity, to him the just bearing of the case was manifest; he knew they could possess no "authority or commission" to adjudge their sovereign; his late conduct had evinced, that he was sensible of the line that should be drawn between the lawful deposition (in very extraordinary circumstances) of a King, and his secret or formal murder;—and every feeling that could be prompted by native humanity, or the deepest sense of religion, aroused by a glimpse of the unhappy monarch, whom, in spite of his convictions, he had resolved on devoting to destruction; he "returned as white as the wall;" and his exclamation, "My masters, he is come! he is come!"—joined with the pertinent question to the board that followed it—may be supposed to have escaped him with a degree of pathos, an affecting solemnity, which, together with his very unusual hurry of manners and paleness of countenance, had so staggering an effect upon the assembly, that none could "answer presently," but all shrunk, appalled for the moment, from the awful business they had taken in hand.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Recollections of a Classical Tour through various Parts of Greece, Turkey, and Italy. By P. E. Laurent. (Concluded from p. 385.)

In an account of the Acropolis, Mr. Laurent contrasts Pausanias's description with the modern state of this once splendid citadel, and while he deplores with true classic feeling, the cannonading of the Venetian artillery, and the dilapidations of Turkish masons, he severely censures 'the purloinings of classic virtuosi,' who have joined in the spoiliations of the magnificent temples on this celebrated rock. Lord Elgin's purchasing the basso-reliefs of the

Pantheon, has been severely censured both by the French and by many persons in this country; and a satirical line was cut upon the walls of the Pandroseon:—

'Quod non fecerunt Goti hoc fecerunt Scoti.'

Mr. Laurent, after noticing the general complaints on the subject, says,—

'Before I quitted Athens, I, however, saw enough to convince me that it is proper that the magnificent works of the Greek sculptors should be placed under the safe-guard of a nation fond of art, rather than be left exposed to the senseless fury of the Turks, the depredations of private collectors, and the insults of ignorant travellers. Hardly do any persons quit the Acropolis, without clipping from its monuments some relic to carry back to their country: this rage for destroying has been carried so far, that the elegant Ionic capitals, which I before mentioned, have nearly disappeared, and not one of the Caryatides now stands entire. The last time I visited the citadel, when taking a farewell view of the Pandroseon and the Hall of Erectheus, I was much displeased at seeing an English traveller, an officer of the navy, (for such his uniform bespoke him to be), standing upon the base of one of the Caryatides, clinging with his left arm round the column, while his right hand, provided with a hard and heavy pebble, was endeavouring to knock off the only remaining nose of those six beautifully sculptured statues. I exerted my eloquence in vain to preserve this monument of art.'

The mutilated remains, however, convince the spectator that the buildings were not unworthy the praises lavished upon them by the writers of antiquity. Although the roof of the Parthenon has been destroyed by a Venetian bomb, and has been deprived of its finest ornaments of sculpture, so that naught but a few columns are left standing, yet, says Mr. Laurent, 'never, so long as memory remains, shall I forget the effect produced on my mind when first those pillars presented themselves to my sight: my ideas were all absorbed in a mingled feeling of wonder, of awe, of regret. Let him who denies the sublimity of Grecian architecture, travel to Athens, view the ruins of the Parthenon, and be silent.'

The Greeks of Athens possess none of those majestic features which characterized the sculptors of the ancients: 'jet black and glossy hair, sharp diminutive eyes, shaded by thick brows, meeting in the middle of a high forehead; hooked nose; thick lips; dirty stunted teeth; narrow chin; a skin tawny and coarse;—such is the general portrait of a modern Athenian.' All

shave their heads, leaving only a small tuft on the crown, and none but the priests wear beards. The dress of the lower class consists of a coarse linen shirt, a pair of blue loose cotton drawers, a woollen jacket, a small red scull-cap, and a narrow blue turban of coarse cotton. The middle class dress nearly in the same manner, but with the addition of cotton stockings, and French or Italian shoes.

A public school and library is established at Athens, which is supported by the subscriptions of those who visit the town; and the name of her present Majesty graces the list of members. The plain and village of Marathon, the Tumuli, the Sacred Way, and every thing worthy of notice in the vicinity of Athens, have been so often and so minutely described by preceding tourists, that we pass over our author's account of them. On the 21st September, Mr. Laurent quitted Athens, and embarked for Epidaurus, a port of the Morea, nearly opposite to Athens. He reached Lygurio at the time of the vintage, and learnt the method used there of making wine. 'To extract the juice from the grapes, a vat has been erected, having its floor made of plaster, and declining gradually towards a spout, which led to a reservoir; the grapes were thrown in by a hole in the roof, and a peasant trod them with his naked feet.' This wine would be tolerably good, were it not spoiled by a mixture of plaster or lime, and of the turpentine extracted from the apple of the pine-tree. From the remaining part of Mr. Laurent's Tour, we shall now select a few more passages:—

Antiquaries.—'The eager desire of tourists to obtain some relics of antiquity is so well known in Argos, that, when walking the streets, you are repeatedly stopped by the natives to examine the articles they have found in the vicinity. A kaloforos, or monk, drew from his breast, with great care, what he conceived to be a precious antique; it was a Roman crucifix, broken from its cross. This recalls to my memory a similar scene, which I witnessed at Athens. A young man shewed me a French half-penny, of Louis the Fifteenth, imagining it to be a valuable medal; one of my companions inquired, with pretended eagerness, the price he asked for the coin; the youth significantly raised the fingers of his right hand, and pronounced the words, "επτά χεῖρα," (five pisters).'

St. Paul.—At St. Paul remained at Corinth some time, you may readily conclude that a relic of this holy man must still be shewn. While we were examining the Phirman chambers, a young Greek had offered to conduct us to the grotto of

Paul, (Spelia tou agiou Paulou;) we followed him by a craggy path to the foot of the walls of the citadel. A natural cave is seen, where the saint is said to have dwelt during part of his stay at Corinth. A seat in the stone is pointed out also, as having served him for a bed; and a small rock, perhaps once covered with earth, is said to have furnished him with his humble fare. On this spot a small chapel has been erected: it is greatly venerated by the Greeks of Corinth, who, once a year, make a procession hither from the town, with as much pomp as the extreme poverty of the church will allow.'

Reckoning of Time.—'What o'clock is it?' was usually the first question I had to answer any Greek traveller whom I met on the road; this proceeds, perhaps, rather from their mode of calculating by time distance between places, than from mere curiosity; nothing, however, pleases a Romic peasant so much, as a sight of the machinery of a watch; when very small, he gazes at it with wonder. Most of the richer individuals among the Turks, carry in their girdle a large watch, generally of London manufacture, inclosed in a tortoise-shell case, and fastened round their necks with a silver chain; this they shew with no small pride to the Frank traveller, and a smile of content never fails to cross their frigid countenances when they hear pronounced the word "London," written on the dial; so attached are they to goods of English manufacture. The Turks reckon their hours from six in the morning to six in the evening, so that mid-day falls with them at six o'clock. This mode of reckoning time is, perhaps, in part derived from the Italians, who reckon, at least in the southern part of Italy, from sun-set to sun-set, twenty-four hours; by this means they have the extreme disadvantage of starting from a variable point; and it is only by a reference to their almanack that they can set their watch so as to give them twenty-four o'clock at sun-set. Our mode of keeping time is known in Naples by the name of "ora di Francia," or "di Spagna."

In visiting Tripolitza, Mr. Laurent was disgusted with the conduct of some of his countrymen who had preceded him, and which he justly censures. A part of the fortress now serves as a coffee-house, and the white walls are on all sides covered with the names of Greeks and Turks, and of some Frank travellers; an English hand has traced, in different parts of the room, some of the words which disgrace the walls of London; to perpetuate their indecency by obscene inscriptions on the walls, is a custom which both Turks and Greeks have to learn from more civilized nations:—

Sparta.—The ruins of Sparta are now, like many others in Greece, distinguished only by the general denomination of "Palais Chorio;" they are situated on

the western side of the Eurotas, and are very extensive. We easily distinguished the theatre, which must have been a most magnificent edifice: we saw also the broad hill on which stood the citadel. We were shewn likewise a bridge of one arch, made of large uncemented stones; it crosses the Tivaris, and, to judge from its shape, must be very ancient; it is situated near a small Greek chapel, sacred to "Agios Giorgios." Some square ruins of walls, constructed from very massy stones, are also seen in different parts.

I regretted much not having a better guide; the person who conducted us, a Pardonioti, seemed completely ignorant of the place; our questions were answered in barbarous accents, which, by their roughness at least, called to the memory the language of the Dorians. The common answer to every question is, *ίστερα γο, κνω!* (Στεφ. 179.)

The peasantry near the Eurotas are evidently much less civilized than those of the northern parts of the Morea; they greet, however, the travellers, whom curiosity leads to cross their lands, with a welcome which we were told proceeded not from the lips only; the hand is placed on the heart, and the words *kale erchetai, difendi mou*,—"welcome sir," are pronounced with the smile of hospitality. Some were harvesting the rice in the marshes, near the banks of the Eurotas; while, on the citadel of ancient Sparta, others were beating out the maize: for this purpose, twelve horses were fastened abreast, and driven circularly round a post, about which the ears had been scattered.

Monasteries.—A Greek monastery is inhabited by two descriptions of monks—the *kaloieros* and the *papa*. No one is admitted into either of those classes, without the consent of the whole fraternity; no member of the society can marry without forfeiting his character of monk. The *kaloieros* or *kalogeros*, (for the word is of disputed orthography, some affirming that it is derived from *καλός* and *ιός*; others, that it is deduced from *καλός* and *τίσις*;) is of the inferior order; his duty is to clean the chapel of the building, to tend its flocks and herds, and to wait on the *papas* or fathers. The little community is governed by a person, the nomination of whom depends upon some rich neighbouring Greek, or the bishop: he is called the *egoumenos*; he must always be in priest's orders, and his duty is to assemble and take the opinion of the *papas* in all cases of mutual interest—as the nomination of a new member, the exaction of the *pasha*, or the purchase of new lands. Each monastery pays a certain tribute, according to its revenue: that of Vourkano pays yearly eighteen hundred piasters; but this does not always suffice to preserve them from the sacrilegious depredations of the Moslems. When the monastery is in the vicinity of a Turkish settlement, the fathers, if rich enough, pro-

vide a guard of some Albanian soldiers, or a Turkish janissary.

Although generally plunged in the deepest ignorance, it is not to be inferred that all the monks who inhabit these sacred buildings are entirely without the advantages of literature. The acquisitions of many are such as surprise those who consider the difficulty of obtaining knowledge in this secluded land; those acquisitions are, however, confined to a smattering of their own theology, a slight acquaintance with the ancient Greek or Hellenic, and a knowledge of the lives of their saints. Books are rarely met with in the interior of the Morea, and it is not improbable that it is one of the causes of the barbarism which pervades this part of Greece. As in Italian, so in modern Greek, every syllable is pronounced, and each letter bears constantly the same sound; children consequently learn to read Romaine and Italian with a rapidity much greater than one accustomed only to the slow progress made in the English schools, would easily be brought to believe. I am, therefore, convinced, that the distribution of improving and entertaining books would be speedily followed in these provinces by an extension of knowledge—the only incentive which will ever rouse the Greeks from their present degrading torpidity.

Santa Maura.—The canal which separates Santa Maura from Albania, is not above half a mile broad; it is frequently crossed in canoes, or monoxyla, and, at certain seasons of the year, the inhabitants find no difficulty in wading from shore to shore; in milder weather, the wind blows up this canal in an easterly direction, from sun-rise till past noon; it then shifts, and generally blows from the west. The modern town is built in the most unhealthy part of the island, and close to several salt-pits; these are formed on the coast, and separated from the sea by sluices, which admit the water into a shallow preserve, the heat of the sun sufficing to effect crystallization. The fort is placed between the town and the opposite shore of Albania, at the extremity of a peninsula, joined to the land by a narrow and semi-circular isthmus, three miles long, and is surrounded with shoals, abounding in fish of different kinds. A shorter communication is obtained by the remains of a narrow Turkish aqueduct, which crosses the shallows: it consists of above three hundred arches, and, in windy weather, the passage is by no means safe, as the pedestrian runs the risk of being blown into the sea. The garrison consisted of about three hundred men, commanded by Captain Ross, a gentleman whose hospitality is unbounded.

A beautiful road, shaded by olive-trees, leads from the modern town to the ancient Leucas. About three miles distant, the ruins are seen on an eminence, covered with vineyards, at the foot of which is a copious fountain, adorned with a pompous Veneto-Latin inscription; the

walls are of Cyclopean masonry, and very extensive; no edifices can be clearly traced, although heaps of ruins are seen on all sides. We were shewn an ancient mill, dug up on this spot; it was hewn in the infancy of mechanic art; a hemispherical stone, revolving within a corresponding vase of granite, reduced the corn to powder. On the opposite shore of Albania is seen a castle, containing a garrison of soldiers belonging to Ali Pasha.

Near the ruins of Leucas, a gibbet has been erected, from which, inclosed in a cage of iron, hangs the corse of an inhabitant of this island; he murdered his father, his mother his brothers, and his sisters, and then fled from his country; but the long arm of justice seized the parricide; he was taken in the Morea, brought to Santa Maura, and executed. His example struck with indelible terror the Ionians, few of whom dare approach the spot where the body is exposed. The execution of this individual took place at the time General Campbell commanded in these islands. The necessary, although severe justice of this gentleman, produced a most salutary effect; the islanders then learnt, for the first time, that pardon was not, as before, to be obtained by money.

We crossed several fine groves of olive. The green turf under the trees produces abundance of mushrooms. The peasants were gathering the fruit; some, standing on the branches, were beating down the olives, striking, according to Pliny's advice, always in one direction, and with a gentle force; others were picking them up, and transporting them in hamper to the town.

Patriotism.—Negotiations were carrying on, during our stay at Corfu, between the lord high commissioner of the Ionian states, and an ambassador from Ioannina. An anecdote was mentioned to us which I cannot refrain from repeating, as it affords an example of honest patriotism and noble disinterestedness, which would have honoured a Phocion or a Fabius. The ambassador, it seems, had received orders from his sovereign to hasten the negotiation by making some presents to the secretary of the high commissioner: in one of their conferences the Mussulman made known his intentions; the secretary led him to a window of the palace, and, pointing to the highest mountain of the island, told him, "Were that mountain a mass of gold, and your master to offer it to us, he would not obtain Parga one moment ere the dictates of justice had been fulfilled."

There is an Appendix to this work, which does not add much to its value. It contains a copy, in Italian, of the treaty of Paris, by which the Ionian Islands were ceded to Great Britain; and a copy of the constitution of those islands.

Although it will be seen from the extent of Mr. Laurent's tour, and the li-

mitted size of his work, that he must necessarily have written with great brevity, yet he has a good taste in the choice of his subjects: he intersperses classical and antiquarian research with acute reflections and interesting portraits of existing manners; and we consider his work a valuable addition to the information already known respecting those interesting portions of the globe, — Greece, Turkey, and Italy. If he had not so frequently quoted Pausanias, we should not have liked him the less, but we cannot withhold our humble tribute of praise for the entertaining and instructive volume with which he has furnished the public. The embellishments consist of several coloured engravings.

Journal of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the Years 1819-20, in His Majesty's Ships Hecla and Griper, under the Orders of William Edw. Parry, R. N., F. R. S., and Commander of the Expedition.

(Concluded from p. 325.)

AFTER making an accurate survey of Winter Harbour, where the vessels had been locked up nearly eleven months, Captain Parry determined to quit, and which was done on the 1st of August, when the sea wore a flattering appearance to the westward. The vessels, after being stopped by the ice, near Cape Hay, penetrated to the longitude of $113^{\circ} 48' 22''$, being the westernmost meridian hitherto reached in the Polar sea, to the north of America. The difficulty of navigating the ships now became excessive, and there was little hope of making further progress to the westward in this latitude. An investigation was now commenced of the state of the ships, provisions, fuel, &c. The ships were almost as effective as when they left England; the provisions, at a reduced allowance, would last until November, 1821; and the fuel would be exhausted in about the same period; the health of the men was good, but if they had remained another winter, the whole of both crews must have been brought on board the Hecla. The lemon-juice, the only antiscorbutic left, was nearly exhausted; and this, coupled with the circumstance of their having to crowd nearly one hundred persons into the accommodation intended only for fifty-eight, would be likely to endanger their health. These considerations induced Captain Parry to consult his officers before he

formed his ultimate decision as to the measures most proper to be pursued. It was their unanimous opinion, that any further attempt to proceed to the westward would be fruitless, and that the plan adopted of running back along the edge of the ice to eastward, in order to look out for an opening towards the American continent was most advisable. This was on the 26th of August, and in pursuing the course determined on, several small islands were discovered. Having traced the ice the whole way from the longitude of 114° to that of 90° , without discovering any opening to give a hope of penetrating to the southward, Captain Parry determined to return to England.

Deeming that it might be of some advantage to the whale fishery, he made a general survey of the western coast of Baffin's Bay, of which he has given an admirable chart. On the 3rd of September, they passed some icebergs, which were a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet above the sea. They soon after met with some whalers, and the master of one of them telling Captain Parry, that he had met with some Esquimaux in the inlet, named the river Clyde, in 1818, he determined, if possible, to communicate with them. They soon came up with four canoes, each containing an Esquimaux, who approached the ships, and were taken on board by their own desire. One of them was an old man, about sixty years, and the other three, from nineteen to thirty years of age. They were much pleased, and expressed their delight by jumping, and by loud and repeated ejaculations. They were much better behaved than the Esquimaux who visited our ships in 1818, and, although there was no interpreter, they bartered several articles, (the Esquimaux shewing they were no strangers to traffic) and prevailed on the old man to sit pretty quiet while Lieutenant Beechey made a drawing of him: a drawing was also made of one of the young men. On the next day, Captain Parry and some of his officers went on shore, to have a little more intercourse with the Esquimaux: —

‘To shew their disposition,’ says Captain Parry, ‘to do us what little service was in their power, he afterwards employed himself in sharpening the seamen's knives, which he did with great expertness on a flat smooth stone, returning each as soon as finished, to its proper owner, and then making signs for another, which he sharpened and returned in the same way, without any attempt, and apparently without the smallest desire, to de-

tain it. The old man was extremely inquisitive, and directed his attention to those things which appeared useful, rather than to those which were merely amusing. An instance of this occurred on my ordering a tin canister of preserved meat to be opened for the boats' crews' dinner. The old man was sitting on the rock, attentively watching the operation, which was performed with an axe struck by a mallet, when one of the men came up to us with a looking-glass. I held it up to each of the Esquimaux, who had also seen one the preceding evening, and then gave it into each of their hands successively. The younger one was quite in raptures, and literally jumped for joy for nearly a quarter of an hour: but the old man having had one smite at his own queer face, immediately resumed his former gravity, and, returning me the glass, directed his whole attention to the opening of the canister, and when this was effected, begged very hard for the mallet which had performed so useful an office, without expressing the least wish to partake of the meat, even when he saw us eating it with good appetites. Being prevailed on, however, to taste a little of it, with some biscuit, they did not seem at all to relish it, but ate a small quantity, from an evident desire not to offend us, and then deposited the rest safely in their canoes. They could not be persuaded to taste any rum, after once smelling it, even when much diluted with water. I do not know whether it be a circumstance worthy of notice, that, when a kaleidoscope or a telescope was given them to look into, they immediately shut one eye, and one of them used the right, and the other the left eye.’

‘The two Esquimaux tents, which we were now going to visit, were situated just within a low point of land, forming the eastern side of the entrance to a considerable branch of the inlet, extending some distance to the northward. The situation is warm and pleasant, having a south-westerly aspect, and being in every respect well adapted for the convenient residence of these poor people. We landed outside the point, and walked over to the tents, sending our boats, accompanied by the two canoes, round the point to meet us. As soon as we came in sight of the tents, every living animal there, men, women, children, and dogs, were in motion, the latter to the top of the hill out of our way, and the rest to meet us with loud and continued shouting; the word ‘*pit-tel-yay*’ [give me] being the only articulate sound we could distinguish, amidst the general uproar. Besides the four men whom we had already seen, there were four women, one of which being about the same age as the old man, was probably his wife; the others were about thirty, twenty-two, and eighteen years of age. The first two of these, whom we supposed to be married to the two eldest of the young men, had infants slung in a kind of bag at their backs, much in the

same way as gypsies are accustomed to carry their children. There were also seven children, from twelve to three years of age, besides the two infants in arms, or rather behind their mothers' backs; and the woman of thirty was with child.

We began, as before, by giving whatever they had to dispose of, in exchange knives, axes, brass kettles, needles, and other useful articles, and then added such presents as might be further serviceable to them. From the first moment of our arrival until we left them, or rather until we had nothing left to give, the females were particularly importunate with us, and "pillettay" resounded from the whole troop, wherever we went: they were extremely anxious to obtain our buttons, apparently more on account of the ornament of the crown and anchor which they observed upon them, than from any value they set upon their use; and several of these were cut off our jackets to please their fancy. When I first endeavoured to bargain for a sledge, the persons I addressed gave me distinctly to understand by signs, that it was not their property, and pointed towards the woman who owned it; though my ignorance in this respect offered a good opportunity of defrauding me, had they been so inclined, by receiving an equivalent for that which did not belong to them: on the owner's coming forward, the bargain was quickly concluded. The pikes which I gave in exchange underwent the usual ceremony of licking, and the sledge was carried to our boat with the most perfect understanding on both sides. In another instance, an axe was offered by some of the Griper's gentlemen, as the price of a dog, to which the woman who owned the animal consented. To shew that we placed full confidence in them, the axe was given to her before the dog was caught, and she immediately went away with a kind of halter or harness of thongs, which they use for this purpose, and honestly brought one of the finest among them, though nothing would have been easier than to have evaded the performance of her contract. The readiness, however, with which they generally parted with their commodities, was by no means the effect of fear, nor did it always depend on the value of the articles offered in exchange: for, having, as I thought, concluded a bargain for a second canoe belonging to the old woman, I desired the men to hand it down to the boat: but I soon perceived that I had misunderstood her, for she clung fast to the canoe, and cried most piteously till it was set down; I then offered a larger price than before, but she could not be induced to part with it.

The stature of these people, like that of Esquimaux in general, is much below the usual standard. The height of the old man, who was rather bent by age, was four feet eleven inches, and that of the other men from five feet four and a half to five feet six inches. Their faces are round and plump in the younger individ-

uals; skin smooth; complexion not very dark, except that of the old man; teeth very white; eyes small; nose broad, but not very flat; hair black, straight, and glossy; and their hands and feet extremely diminutive. The old man had a grey beard, in which the black hairs predominated, and wore the hair rather long upon his upper lip, which was also the case with the eldest of the three others. One of these, we thought, bore a striking resemblance to our poor friend John Sackhouse, well known as the Esquimaux who accompanied the former expedition, the want of whose services we particularly felt on this occasion, and whose premature death had been sincerely lamented by all who knew him, as an intelligent and amiable man, and a valuable member of society.

The grown-up females measured from four feet ten to four feet eleven inches. The features of the two youngest were regular; their complexions clear, and by no means dark; their eyes small, black, and piercing; teeth beautifully white and perfect; and although the form of their faces is round and chubby, and their noses rather flat than otherwise, their countenances might, perhaps, be considered pleasing even according to the ideas of beauty which habit has taught us to entertain. Their hair, which is jet-black, hangs down long and loose about their shoulders, a part of it on each side being carelessly plaited, and sometimes rolled up into an awkward lump, instead of being neatly tied on the top of the head, as the Esquimaux women in most other parts are accustomed to wear it. The youngest female had much natural bashfulness and timidity, and we considered her to be the only unmarried one, as she differed from the other three in not being tattooed upon the face. Two of them had their hands tattooed also, and the old woman had a few marks of the same kind about each wrist. None of the men or children were thus distinguished.

The children were generally good-looking, and the eldest boy, about twelve years of age, was a remarkably fine and even handsome lad. They were rather scared at us at first; but kind treatment, and a few trifling presents, soon removed their fears, and made them almost as importunate as the rest.

The dress of the men consists of a seal-skin jacket, with a hood, which is occasionally drawn over the head, of which it forms the only covering. The breeches are also generally of seal-skin, and are made to reach below the knee, and their boots, which meet the breeches, are made of the same material. In this dress, we perceived no difference from that of the other Esquimaux, except that the jacket, instead of having a pointed flap before and behind, as usual, was quite straight behind, and had a sort of scollop before in the centre. In the dress of the women, there was not so much regard to decency as in that of the men. The jack-

et is of seal-skin, with a short pointed flap before and a long one behind, reaching almost to the ground. They had on a kind of drawers, similar to those described by Crantz, as the summer-dress of the Greenland women, and no breeches. The drawers cover the middle part of the body, from the hips to one-third down the thigh, the rest of which is entirely naked nearly as far as the knee. The boots are like those of the men, and besides these they have a pair of very loose leggins, as they may be called, which hang down carelessly upon the top of the boots, suffering their thighs to be exposed in the manner before described, but which may be intended occasionally to fasten up, so as to complete the covering of the whole body. The children are all remarkably well clothed; their dress, both in male and female, being in every respect the same as that of the men, and composed entirely of seal-skin, very neatly sewed.

The tents which compose their summer-habitations, are principally supported by a long pole of whalebone, fourteen feet high, standing perpendicularly, with four or five feet of it projecting above the skins which form the roof and sides. The length of the tent is seventeen, and its breadth from seven to nine feet, the narrowest part being next the door, and widening towards the inner part, where the bed, composed of a quantity of the small shrubby plant, the *Andromeda Tetragona*, occupies about one-third of the whole apartment. The pole of the tent is fixed where the bed commences, and the latter is kept separate by some pieces of bone laid across the tent from side to side. The door, which faces the south-west, is also formed of two pieces of bone, with the upper ends fastened together, and the skins are made to overlap in that part of the tent, which is much lower than the inner end. The covering is fastened to the ground by curved pieces of bone, being generally parts of the whale; and the tents were ten or fifteen yards apart, and about the same distance from the beach.

It is pitiable to record of these rude inhabitants of so ungenial a climate, that they were perfectly honest in all their dealings, and not a single instance occurred of their pilfering the most trifling articles, although they had sufficient opportunities to have done it. Captain Parry now took leave of his new acquaintance, and directed his course for England. On the 29th of September, he landed at Peterhead, with Captain Sabine and Mr. Hooper, and arrived in London on the 3rd of November.

The Appendix, which has been principally arranged by Captain Sabine, contains much valuable scientific information, including tables of the going of the chronometers, lunar and

magnetic observations, observations to determine the latitude and longitude by the chronometers, on the variation of the compass, a table of day's work, or progress made each day by the *Hecla*, tide table in Winter Harbour, experiments to determine the acceleration of the pendulum in different latitudes; with remarks on the state of health and disease. From the last we make an extract, which shows the effects of severe cold:—

'A house, erected on shore for scientific purposes, caught fire by accident during the winter. A servant of Captain Sabine, in his endeavours to extinguish it, exposed his hands in the first instance to the operation of considerable heat; he afterwards remained in the open air in much distress of mind, at having been, in some measure, the involuntary cause of the accident, and was almost unconscious of the effects of a temperature of 45° to 44° below zero of Fahrenheit, upon his naked hands. He was at length noticed in this situation, and sent on board.

'His hands presented a strange appearance; they were perfectly hard, inflexible, colourless, possessing a degree of translucency, exhibiting more the external character of pieces of sculptured marble, than those of animated matter. They were immediately plunged into the cold bath, where they continued for upwards of two hours ere their flexibility was completely recovered: the abstraction of heat had been so great, that the water in contact with the fingers congealed upon them, even half an hour after they had been immersed. During the cold application, a considerable degree of re-action took place, attended by acute pain, from which the patient became so faint and exhausted, as to necessitate his being conveyed to bed. In less than three hours, very active inflammation had supervened, extending high up the arm, and soon afterwards each hand, from the wrist downwards, was inclosed in a bladder, containing upward of a pint of viscid serous fluid. There were, however, three of the fingers of one hand, and two of the other, in which this vesication did not form; they continued cold, and perfectly insensible; and whilst arterial action was powerful, as far as the first joints of these fingers, the vessels of their extremities were in a perfect state of collapse. During the employment of antiphlogistic remedies to reduce the inflammatory symptoms, various stimuli were used ineffectually, to restore animation to the fingers: when the inflammation began to subside, a separation took place between the dead and the living parts, and eventually the amputation of them became necessary.'

In a preceding number, we quoted Captain Parry's opinion as to the probability of a north-west passage; he also shows, that whatever may be the result of any future attempt to decide this

great geographical question, great benefit has already been produced to the whale-fishery by the expedition of 1818; the whalers, since that, have penetrated, with safety, to latitudes where they previously dared not venture. As the whales are found very plentiful in Baffin's Bay, Captain Parry suggests, that the whalers need not waste the months of April, May, and June, which they have hitherto done, since, 'by entering Davis's Strait no earlier than the first week in July, I feel (says he) confident, that a ship may ensure a "payable" cargo of fish before the end of the season, without incurring half the anxiety or risk which must always attend the navigation of that sea at an earlier period of the season.'

In taking our leave of Captain Parry, we know not which to admire most, his enterprising and undaunted character, his amiable disposition as a commander, or the modesty with which he narrates his success. Even as a literary production, his work is entitled to the highest praise, and might serve as a model for journals of this description. The charts, are admirably well executed, and the engravings are very beautiful: they are engraved by Westall, from views taken on the spot, by Lieutenants Borchey and Hopponer.

If there should be any of our readers who may not see Captain Parry's work, and we should be sorry that one of them should lose the treat, they may, perhaps, express some surprise at the very different manner in which it has been spoken of by a cotemporary, who calls it a 'dry journal,' 'meagre of novelty,' 'minutely tedious,' and 'scandalously dear,' and not containing 'one farthing's worth of intelligence more than Fisher's Narrative.' The plates, says this liberal critic, in his first half-column notice of one of the most important publications of the year, are 'paltry catch-penny things,' although, the week after, he says, 'the charts are admirable, and the plates indifferent.' To those who have seen Captain Parry's work, it cannot be necessary to say one word on the illiberality (to use no harsher term) of these remarks; and we should have passed them over in silence, but for an assertion, which is still more reprehensible.

As a key to this conduct of the reviewer, it is only necessary to state, that the publisher of Mr. Fisher's work is the principal proprietor of the journal to which we allude. We have already observed, that all the journals kept on

board the ships were given to Captain Parry, and in his introduction, he says, he has sometimes availed himself of them, in which case he has always given the quotation in inverted commas, and stated the name of the individual to whom he had been indebted. The reviewer, however, after devoting three distinct notices to Mr. Fisher, says, as an apology for not entering into any detail of the other work, 'Captain Parry has availed himself largely of Mr. Fisher's journal in the composition of his work.' Now, although we have gone very carefully over Captain Parry's work, we do not find that he has quoted Mr. Fisher's Journal in a single instance, although he frequently mentions him, as making experiments on the specific gravity of the ice, killing eighteen bears in two sporting excursions, erecting a monument on Melville Island, &c. And these notices of him are not from his journal, but either from Captain Parry's own observation or from the reports made by Mr. Fisher at the time. Mr. Fisher, we believe, is a very meritorious officer, and we are only sorry he has got so injudicious an advocate.

Queen Mab. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 8vo. pp. 182. London, 1821.

MR. SHELLEY furnishes one of the most striking and melancholy instances of the perversion, or rather prostitution of genius, that we ever met with. With talents that, if properly directed, might have made him universally admired and esteemed, he has made such a total wreck of his character, that he has not only armed society against him, but has almost put himself out of the pale of human laws. While we cannot but feel some portion of pity for a man of enlarged intellectual powers thus debasing himself, we feel disgust at his licentious and incestuous principles, and horror at his daring impiety; and his very name—

'Comes over our memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,
Boding ill.'

The history of the poem of 'Queen Mab' is as curious as the subject is impious. Whether, when it was first written some years ago, a trader in blasphemy was not to be found, or that the author felt some dread at the injury a general diffusion of his work might occasion, we know not; but it was only circulated privately among the author's friends; it was afterwards, we believe, printed in the 'Theological Enquirer'; and the first three cantos also appeared under

the title of 'The Demon of the World;' the notes being printed in a separate pamphlet. The whole are now, for the first time, brought together, and, as it would appear, without the knowledge of the author; the poem contains much powerful writing and many beautiful passages; but these make but a miserable atonement for the principles which it inculcates. The author is an avowed Atheist, who would shake off all laws, human and divine, and have a society rioting in lust and incest, and, as he himself terms it,—

'Unchecked by dull and selfish chastity.'

We shall not quote another line from this baneful production, and shall only observe, that the private life of Mr. Shelley is said to be in anison with his principles; and that—

'His own example strengthens all his laws;
And he's himself the monster that he draws.'

Of the character of this poem, we might have been spared the labour of criticism, since a court of equity deemed its principles such, that the author ought not to be intrusted with the guardianship of his own children, of which he was in consequence deprived. A man of Mr. Shelley's cultivated mind, cannot but possess strong feelings, and he must sometimes reflect on the ruin he has brought on himself, and on the probable injury he may have done to society; if he does so reflect, he must have a hell in his own conscience, which will torture him more severely than even the scorn of society and the abhorrence of all good men; and to that we consign him, sincerely wishing that this may be his only punishment, and that it may never be aggravated by the consciousness of having destroyed the happiness of others, either by his preceptor example.

De Renzey; or, the Man of Sorrow.
Written by Himself, Edited by his Nephew. [A Novel, by R. N. Kelly.] 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1821.

SUCH readers as prefer a series of interesting scenes and adventures, to the consistency or probability of the story, will be much pleased with 'De Renzey.' This novel is well written, and contains many striking passages; the hero is truly a man of sorrow, and has experienced almost every misery and affliction that misfortune can pour upon his victim. The scene is laid in Ireland, during that period when the country was convulsed in rebellion. The story is one of deep and melancholy interest, and the events succeed each other with a rapidity which prevents all

tediousness. The reflections that are interspersed, are those of a man of cultivated mind and good moral feeling. We shall not analyse the story, but shall quote one passage, which may serve to shew the author's style, although we confess it can give but an imperfect idea of the merits of the novel. De Renzey, who was at this time in the army, had the misfortune to kill, in a duel, a brother officer, by whom he had been challenged; in consequence of which, he was committed to prison, to await his trial for murder. While there, his colonel visited him, and in a mild but dignified tone of admonition, thus expressed himself against the too prevalent custom of duelling:—

'Young man! by the laws of your country you have forfeited your life; by the laws of our service you have forfeited your commission; and by the laws of morality you have forfeited your honour; but I would not too harshly judge you. I admit the provocation was truly great, and such as might, amongst mankind in general, excuse the step you have taken. Yet do not from this infer, that any thing can exculpate the man who bids defiance to his country's laws, and takes upon himself to be the umpire of his cause. Review dispassionately the only object of a duel,—revenge: and even could we sanction such a claim, the attainment of it rests upon a doubtful chance. The young and inconsiderate man of fashion will tell you much of honour, but in thus asserting it, he undermines the very base on which he seeks to raise his towering column. I see my friend," continued he, taking me by the hand, "that you feel the impropriety of your conduct—I see that you are truly sensible of the error, which a mistaken notion of manly courage has led you into. It is with satisfaction I have observed, that you have hitherto resisted all those inducements to wanton pleasures, and all the examples of fashionable excesses with which the military life so plentifully abounds. Your present fault would more command my pity than my censure. There are abuses existing in society over which the law holds no control:—there are poignant wounds too often inflicted on the feelings of mankind, and inflicted with impunity, because the bounds of justice reach them not. To curb those lawless ruffians, who would thus destroy the peace and interrupt the harmony of society, man has been led to assert himself the justice of his cause; and did he reserve his prowess only to chastise the real injuries he might sustain, there would be solid benefits arising even from an evil source. But when we see from air-built trifles the life of man assailed,—when we see unthinking coxcombs sporting with the sacred gem of honour, and enrolling themselves in the

calendar of fashion, by the very means which ought to sink them in eternal infamy, we scarcely know where to draw the line of discrimination. This is more particularly applicable to the profession of arms. The first thing impressed upon the young officer, is the necessity of maintaining his honour, and that he alone can be the arbitrator of his cause. Big with the important trust, his vigil fancy is ever on the watch lest he might unthinkingly permit some whispering breath to tarnish his new raised reputation. Thus every word or action of your life may be caught at by some untutored youth, who scarcely knows where reason or where honour lies. These are the evils against which the law provides; and let my friend reflect how incumbent it is on him, who would enjoy the blessing of society, to view such beneficial laws with that deference and awe which can alone uphold them in the public estimation.'

Observations on the Restrictive and Prohibitory Commercial System; especially with a Reference to the Decree of the Spanish Cortes, of July, 1820. From the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham, Esq. By John Bowring. 8vo. pp. 44. London, 1821.

THE elegant translator of the Russian Anthology, Mr. Bowring, is, we have been told, an excellent linguist, and is master of we know not how many dead and living languages; he is more,—he is acquainted with one which can neither be called dead nor living—the language of Jeremy Bentham, and has actually given a very intelligible version of one of that gentleman's MS. productions. The pamphlet before us is well written, and contains much sound argument, to prove that the selfishness of our commercial policy, which fetters trade by its restrictive and prohibitory laws, is baneful and ruinous.

A Letter to the Creditors of the State concerning the National Debt. By a Barrister. 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1821.

WE see nothing of the 'Barrister' in this pamphlet, except that all its statements and arguments are *ex parte* and superficial. The author wishes to prove, that the fundholders have no moral or legitimate claims on the nation for the payment of the national debt; and threatens them, that unless they relinquish a portion of their claims at once, they shall, by and by, have nothing. We trust the British government will not break its faith with the public creditor, and that whatever difficulties we may labour under, our maxim will still be *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*

Hints to Teach Children the First Principles of Music. 12mo. pp. 75. London, 1821.

The author of this little work has, in the course of eighteen dialogues, so simplified the theory, or grammar, of music, as to render it intelligible to children at a very early age; and we recommend it to such parents and instructors as wish their infant charge to be instructed in this elegant accomplishment.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF HORTICULTURE.

(Concluded from page 316.)

HORTICULTURE made astonishing progress from the time of Miller. The general introduction of forcing houses gave it a new feature. There were green-houses in England in the beginning of the 17th century; but no structures roofed with glass and heated by fire, till the commencement of the eighteenth. The skill and attention requisite to bring forward the fruits, &c. grown in these buildings, became a powerful stimulus to practical gardeners, who vied with one another in the earliness and excellence of their productions. This circumstance, together with the general diffusion of botanical knowledge, and the great number of foreign plants annually introduced, and which gradually found their way from the metropolis to the remotest provinces, rendered it necessary for gardeners to scrutinize into the native habits of plants, in order to determine their mode of culture, and thus a spirit of improvement on scientific principles was raised up and matured. The culture of the pine-apple and the grape was carried to great perfection between the years 1760 and 1790, at Welbeck, in Nottinghamshire, by Speechley, who introduced several new sorts of both fruits, and contributed by his writings to spread a knowledge of their culture. Every walled garden had now its vinery and peach-house, and many had stores for pines. New varieties of the hardy fruits, as the apple, pear, cherry, &c. were raised from seed; and almost all the culinary vegetables were improved, either by British gardeners or by importing the best sorts from Flanders and Holland, countries still pre-eminent in horticulture.

No branch of gardening made much progress in Scotland, till within the last fifty years; for the progress of every art is relative to the influx of wealth; and Scotland, till lately, has been more

remarkable for producing excellent operative gardeners for other countries, than for employing them in her own. The first Scottish work on gardening was published in the early part of the last century, by J. Reid. Subsequently appeared the 'Scott's Gardener's Director,' an original work, by a great enthusiast in gardening, James Justice, of Crichton, near Edinburgh. Dr. Gibson published a valuable tract on fruit-trees; and, in 1744, Keil produced a treatise on peach-trees; the practical works of the late Walter Nicol are so recent as to be sufficiently well known.

Crichton Garden was accounted the richest in Scotland, during the life of the proprietor, who laid out great sums on it; subsequently, (i. e. from 1760 to 1785,) that of Moredun, near Edinburgh, claimed the priority, and may be considered as the first in that country in which forcing was carried to any degree of perfection. The late Baron Moncrief, its proprietor, used to boast, that 'from his own ground, within a few miles of Edinburgh, he could, by the aid of glass, coals, and a good gardener, match any country in Europe, in peaches, grapes, pines, and every other fine fruit, excepting apples and pears;' these, he acknowledged, were grown better in the open air, in England and the north of France. Dr. Duncan informs us, that on the 10th of June, 1817, a bunch of Hamburgh grapes was presented to the Caledonian Horticultural Society, 'weighing four pounds, the berries beautiful and large.' At this early season, it is added, such grapes could not be obtained at any price, either in France, Spain, or Italy. This and many other circumstances might be adduced to prove the rapid progress which this science has made in Scotland within a very short period.

In horticulture, Ireland is left an immense distance. The first stimulus given to territorial improvement there, was by Cromwell's soldiers, and chiefly by Walter Blythe, the author of a well-known and very ingenious work, 'The Improver Improved.' From Cromwell's time, things remained nearly stationary till the establishment of the Dublin Society, in 1749, when planting began to be attended to; previously to the union, however, little was done. No original work on horticulture has yet appeared; and, till within the last ten years, there were not, as we are well assured, above ten gardens in that kingdom which had forcing-houses. Now,

however, improvement of every kind is rapidly taking place.

Gardening is, perhaps, more than any other art, under the influence of geographical circumstances. It is true, nature has adapted a variety of vegetables to every climate; and those which are the most useful to man, as the farinaceous grains will be found attending him almost in every country where he has fixed his habitation; still there are some climates eminently fitted for culinary vegetables, and others for fruits, and none in which the best sorts of both can at once be brought to a high degree of perfection in the open air. The finest fruits are natives of Syria, Persia, and the Indies; but the most succulent and best flavoured legumes are produced in the low moist climates of Holland and Britain.

The horticultural productions of Britain may, in variety, excellence, and quantity, be truly said to surpass those of all other countries. Not to speak of the innumerable gardens of private persons, where the richest fruits, as the pine, grape, peach, melon, &c. are raised to as great perfection as in their native countries, let us confine ourselves to the supplies sent to Covent Garden Market, and to the London fruit shops. The quantity of pine-apples, at all seasons, is astonishing; and we are informed, on good authority, that there is more certainty of being able to purchase a pine, every day in the year, in London, than in Jamaica or Calcutta. Forced asparagus, potatoes, sea-kale, rhubarb-stalks, mushrooms, and early cucumbers, are to be had in January and February. In March, forced cherries and strawberries make their appearance, with kidney beans, and various other articles. In April, grapes, peaches, and melons, with early peas. In May, all forced articles in abundance. In June, July, &c. to November, a profusion of all summer fruits. In October, grapes, figs, melons, several sorts of peaches, and the hardy fruits. In November and December, grapes, winter melons, nuts, pears, apples, plums, and, as before observed, at all times pines.

With respect to culinary vegetables, the excellence of the cabbage, borecole, and broccoli tribe, and all the endless varieties of the edible roots, presented in the greatest abundance in January, February, and March, cannot be surpassed. The quantity of radishes, lettuce, onions, asparagus, sea-kale, tart-rhubarb, &c. brought to

market in April and May, is perfectly incredible; as is that of the pease, cauliflowers, and new potatoes presented in June. The rest of the season is equally well furnished, not only with every ordinary vegetable, but with such as are only used by foreigners, or occasionally in demand; such as asumpfires, burnet, saucealone, nettles-tope, dandelion, &c.

The supply of forced flowers, roses, mignonette, hyacinths, of green-house plants, and, in summer, of hardy flowers and shrubs, is equally rich, varied, and abundant; and of curious herbs for domestic medicines, distilleries, &c. upwards of five hundred species may be procured at the shop of one herbalist.

It is not enough to state that all these articles are produced; it ought to be added, that they are produced in such abundance, as to be sold at very moderate rates; and a substantial tradesman may, whenever he desires, have on his table a desert, and in his drawing-room an assemblage of flowers, not surpassed by the first nobleman of the empire, and such as could not be procured by any sovereign in the other countries of Europe. Such are the combined effects of our climate, skill, and wealth.

Notwithstanding this state of things, however, there is still ample room for improvement in British horticulture. The same results may, in many cases, be produced by more simple means, and if that which now costs a shilling can be produced for sixpence, or even ten-pence, the advantages are great and obvious. New and improved varieties, both of herbaceous vegetables and fruit trees and shrubs, may be produced, some of better flavour, others more prolific, or early or late, or larger, or more hardy. Of excellent fruits, we do not yet possess a tythe of the sorts known in warm countries. Many of these are figured and described in Rumphius's *Hortus Amboynensis*, Roxburgh's *Coromandel*, &c.; the Durior, Mangostan, and Mango, are among the number. The first two are reckoned by many superior to the pine-apple; and Sir Joseph Banks, (*Hort. Trans.* vol. i, p. 151,) ventures to predict, that 'ere long these and other valuable fruits will be frequent at the tables of opulent persons; and some of them, perhaps, in less than half a century, be offered for sale on every market-day at Covent Garden.'

Much also remains to be done in the way of diffusing the comforts of horti-

culture among the lower classes. Very few farmers know how to make the most of their gardens. Pollard trees in hedges might be advantageously replaced by the pear or the apple; and even the hedges themselves, as is done in some parts of Clydesdale, by lines of damson plums, a native fruit of great utility both for wine and pies, and which will ripen in every season. How much the comfort and happiness, the attachment to their homes, families, and country, and the improvement in manners and in morals of the labouring classes, might be increased, by improving their cottages and gardens, it is not easy to determine. It is a general remark of travellers, which holds true over all Europe, that the condition of the cottager may always be known by his garden. But we have only to compare one part of Britain with another, to be convinced how much is wanting in this respect. In short, there are few modes in which a landed proprietor could confer so much happiness at so little expense with so much eventual benefit both to himself and the country, as by rendering every cottage on his estate a commodious and comfortable habitation, adding to each a small garden. A little additional labour of his gardener would supply them with fruit trees, seeds and plants of useful culinary vegetables, and instruct the tenant in their culture: premiums or other means might be adopted for rewarding such as kept their plots in the best order. Much might be done by the horticultural societies in this way; and we intreat their attention to so benevolent and patriotic an object.

We have but little room to speak of ornamental gardening, in which much improvement may also be made by simplifying the modes of culture, acclimating tender species, and improving the popular varieties. The rose, dahlia, and chrysanthemum, shew what may be done. This branch, indeed, has prospered wonderfully during the last half century. The total number of exotics, hardy and tender, introduced into this country, appears to be 11,970, of which the first forty-seven species, including the orange, apricot, pomegranate, &c. were introduced previously or during the reign of Henry VIII.; 533 during that of Elizabeth; 578 during the reign of the two Charleses and Cromwell; 44 in the short reign of James II.; 298 in that of William and Mary; 930 in that of Anne; 182 in that of George I.; 1770 in that of George II.; and no fewer

than 6756 in the reign of George III.; above half the whole number of exotics now in the gardens of this country! For this proud accession to our exotic botany in the last century, the public are chiefly indebted to Sir Joseph Banks, and Messrs. Lee and Kennedy, of the Hammersmith Nursery. There is still ample room for improvement, and as this, though generally the work of individuals, is always rendered more effectual when sanctioned by wealth and influence, it furnishes additional motives for the establishment of Horticultural Societies.

The London Horticultural Society owes its origin, in some measure, to T. A. Knight, Esq. of Downton Castle, its president. This gentleman began so early as 1795, to send papers to the Royal Society on grafting and other horticultural subjects. Finding a congenial mind in the president and some of the fellows, a sort of private Horticultural Society was formed in 1805, and finally incorporated by royal charter, in 1809. The charter states the object of the society to be the improvement of horticulture in all its branches; empowers it to purchase funds to the annual value of 1000*l.* and to make and alter bye-laws, &c. The society has held meetings and read papers from 1805; a volume of their Transactions appeared in 1812, a second in 1818, and a third in 1820. In 1817, the society became occupiers of a small garden near Hammersmith; and they have a much more extensive one in contemplation. They have corresponding members in almost every part of the globe, from many of whom they have already procured seeds and plants. They have also sent a gardener to India and China, to collect and bring home in a living state, plants of the finer oriental fruits. The society distribute gold and silver medals as premiums, as well to amateurs as to practical gardeners. Practical gardeners, it is to be observed, are admitted as fellows at a more moderate rate than amateurs, and those who are not admitted as fellows, if deemed eligible, may be admitted as corresponding members; thus the society consists of about three parts of amateurs, and one of practical gardeners.

The Caledonian Horticultural Society originated from a Florists' Society, which existed in Edinburgh, from 1803. It enlarged its views, and became the Caledonian Society, in 1809. Its objects are the same as those of the London Society; but it embraces also

some branches of domestic economy unnoticed by the former, such as the management of bees, and the manufacture of British wines. It also extends its views to planting. It has published three octavo volumes of memoirs, the last in 1819. Its members are classed similarly to those of the London Society; it has procured, or is about to procure, an experimental garden, and it distributes gold and silver medals. Three-fourths of its members are practical gardeners.

Both the societies distribute medals and premiums; those given by the London Society have been chiefly presented to patrons of gardening, rather than to practical gardeners. The medals and premiums of the Caledonian Society have, however, been confined almost entirely to practical men, and the objects selected have been very judiciously chosen. The success of both these societies has been proportioned to their merit; they are a stimulus to exertion, and not only have tended considerably to improve the cultivation of our native productions, but are continually adding new stores to that bounty with which nature has stocked our 'seagirt isle.'

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

ONE of the most numerous and respectable meetings we have for a long time witnessed, took place, on Wednesday, at the Freemason's Hall, in Great Queen Street, for the purpose of hearing the Annual Report of this society, and witnessing the distribution of honorary medals to the successful candidates in the several branches of fine arts, manufactures, &c. The report contained many interesting facts, strikingly illustrative of the success of the exertions of the society. After it had been read, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who presided, distributed the honorary rewards, accompanying each with some appropriate observations. The first gentleman named was C. Fyfe Palmer, Esq. M. P. to whom were given two large gold medals and a large silver medal; the two first for planting 280 acres with 893,490 forest trees, and 30,700 oaks for timber; the latter for sowing 216 bushels of acorns on 240 acres. The next was a large gold medal, given to Thomas Wilkinson, Esq. of Fitzroy Square, for sowing 240 bushels of acorn on 260 acres. The small, or Ceres gold medal, was given to Sir W. Templer Pole, Bart. Shute House, near Axminster, for raising 896,000 oaks from

acorns. To Henry Potts, Esq. the large silver medal, for planting 194 acres with 528,240 forest trees; and to Edward Dawson, Esq. the large gold medal, for embanking 166 acres of marsh land from the sea. To the candidates in the polite arts, there were 41 medals of different kinds distributed. Mr. W. Salisbury, of Brompton, received the Ceres silver medal, for matting made of the *Typha latifolia*, or bull-rush, which promises to be a source of employment to many poor persons. The Isis gold medal, was given to Mr. Bishop, for his discovery of mill-stone of superior quality. In mechanics, there were fourteen inventions. Lieut. N. H. Nicholas, R. N. received the large silver medal, for a semaphore of superior construction. Mr. S. Barlow, of the Royal Academy, of Woolwich, received the large gold medal, for the invention of an instrument to correct the local variation of a ship's compass. The gold medal was also granted to Mr. Jacob Perkins, of Fleet Street, for a most important invention of instruments to ascertain the trim of a ship, whether loaded or unloaded, at sea or in harbour. This gentleman also received the large silver medal, for the discovery of a method of ventilating the holds of ships, and warming and ventilating apartments.

Original Poetry.

THE PARTING: A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Scene.—A GARDEN.—*Albert and Amelia.*

ALBERT. Nay, do not weep thus, dear Amelia!

But lessen the keen pangs of separation

By thinking of a sure, though distant, day

When we shall meet,—meet happily again.

Amelia. I hope so, Albert;—but 'tis hard to

part,

'Tis very hard—why, even in infant days,

When we lay these things heavily to heart,

I could not bear to be deprived of thee.

Even for a day—while my companions played,

I sat alone, weeping, that thou wert gone—

And now thou'rt going so—so far away—

Mountains shall rise—and waves shall roll be-

tween us.

And thou wilt gaze upon the mighty things

The world has store of—soon forgetting me.

Albert. Forgetting thee, Amelia! scarce a

pang

Thus leaving thee inflicts, can equal that

Thy words now give—forget thee! never—

never!

Amelia. But thou wilt see the bright, the

beautiful,

The wily fond—the fascinating fair

Of sunnier climes, and thy warm heart will

yield

An easy prey—I know, I fear it will.

Albert. O, trust me, dearest, the true heart

that roves

Unwillingly from thee—and would not go

Could it remain with safety, or with that
Which most I prize—with answer to myself;
O, trust me, my own dear Amelia,
That fond and faithful heart shall never own
Another mistress, and may never meet
A lovelier, fonder, gentler, truer one!—
And is thy love so cold and unconfiding,
That thou believest chance or change can
shinke

My steadfast soul and alter my heart's truth?
And is our parting then so free from pain,
That thou must conjure up these ideal griefs
To rack thy mind withal?—Believe me, dearest,
If thou art destined ne'er to taste of pain,
Save such as my desertion would inflict,
Few maidens will be happier.

Amelia. My love,
Forgive me, if I wronged thee—I am now
A prey to fears—to doubts which ne'er before
Oppressed me.

Albert. Try to conquer them, dear love.
Amelia. How conquer them!—his easy to
give counsel,

But thou wilt soon be very far away.

And I shall be left lonely, sadly here.

Then how can I ensure thy love for me.

Thus far thou hast been constant, but the mind

Of man is fickle, and his heart is frail,

And wilt thou teach me to forget how Charles

(Burton, I mean, your friend and prototype)

Vow'd to poor Julia everlasting love,

And broke his vow in a far distant clime,—

Wedded that foreign girl, and brought her here

To laugh at his first love, poor Julia?

Now, Burton seemed as generous and true,

As lofty-soul'd, as thou art, and his words

Were framed to promises of constancy

As thine now are,—and my heart-broken friend

Exalted attractions far exceeding mine!

Yet he was false to her, and thou may'st be—

But I am wrong,—I see my doubts distress

thee.

Albert. My sweetest self-tormentor! could I

think

That thou wert earnest in these unkind thoughts,

I might again protest;—but no, these fears

Spring from thy o'erwrought feelings, and I can

Forgive, and need not seek to controvert them;

Save by repeating love's all-binding oath

I never will forget thee, or prove false

To my first love where'er I stray!

Amelia. 'Tis as thou say'st—despair runs

my mind—

I know not what I say—I am ungod

To suffer, and this sorrow makes me mad!

Albert. For thy sake, dearest, I regret that

thou

Hast notions of such deep intensity;

But, as for myself, since they prove thy truth,

My feeling is a strangely mingled one—

Sorrow with nothing satisfaction mix'd.

Thy love, I feel, will very safely pass

Through the ordeal of absence and of years!

Amelia. And must we part, and must I say—

farewell!

O, God!

Albert. We shall meet

Again, dear love!

Amelia. But we must never now.

Should we not meet on earth, as something

whispers

My shrinking heart we shall not—yet thank

God!

We shall unite again in heaven, and there

We lose not those we love—No, Albert, no!

In heaven there are no partings; we shall meet

Again in the bosom of love.

Albert. Why should'st thou deem that we

now part for ever?

We shall be happy here when I return,—
As I most surely shall! In the meanwhile,
Cherish my little favourites, (she has
Your hair and eyes, and something in her voice
Almost as sweet as yours,) the lovely Anne—
That bright child, shining in such loveliness,
As seldom deigns to dwell upon the earth,—
An angel infant, in whose gentle smile
My love has lived when thou hast been away;
I know thou lovest her, and for my sake wilt
Woo her from her mother, and let her be
The lightener of thy sorrows; now—farewell!
Adieu. That dreadful word again—I can
—not say it!

Albert. One kiss on thy pale forehead—
And I am gone! [Exit.
April 1. J. W. DALRY.

TO *****

Thy spirit's purity, like thy pale star
At night, thro' cloudless skies shall wildly
—beam,
Shedding its lucid beams, aches tower and
—dome
Glittering with silvery light; perchance to
—guide
Some lonely wanderer on his course, as wide
As the bright rolling moon in twilight grey,
Sailing in lovely splendour far away,
Sports thro' the azure clouds her silver car:
When thus the aerial waste with sylph-like
—tread,
Thy cheek one substance with the moon-
—beam pale,
And thy black tresses waving round thy head
Like some dark mist, that veils a shadowy
—veil
To all thy beauty; when thou thus shalt rove,
Oh! cast one glance, and think—'tis there I
—love.
H. A.
[*SA Mag.*, 1821.

TO A WILD FLOWER.

ALL hail to thee, beautiful thing!
That sprindest thy face to the sun—
Thou seemest to welcome the spring,
As I in my rapture have done.
Thou smilest amid the green grass
That's bending about the pale flower,
As over the zephyr like pass
The breezes of many a bowyer
And yet in thine innocence sweet,
Thou kissest the bosom of the day,
Like one who ne'er dreamt of deceit,
Who knows not that man will betray.
And thou, like a devotee thing,
Art spurn'd to go away, alas!
Because thou dost far away fling
Thy fragrance amid the green grass.
And yet thou art sweeter I ween,
The beautiful pastures amid—
Than all, that in gardens have been
Where, to enter, the sun is forbid!
Too like the poor peat root thou,
That's born where misfortune presides—
He feels the neglect of the proud, and must bow
To the scuder, who genius derides.

WILFORD.

STANZAS

To ———

An: why did I ever yield my heart—
To the bright influence of thine eyes,
Since then canst not set the cruel part,
And figh to scorn my burning sighs!

A curse upon the fascination,
Which thus can lend my steps astray;
While lost in beauty's admiration,
To honour's fane I slight the way.
Yet, oh! I cannot thus deceive me,
With thoughts of what can never be;
The breath of heaven would sooner leave me,
Than woman's soft idolatry.
Then still exert thy tyranny—
Thy law's a smile—thy power's a tear;
He, who in all else would be free,
Is yet content thy chains to wear.
April, 1821. * * M.

FINE ARTS.

MR. HOFLAND'S EXHIBITION.
WHILE we acknowledge with pleasure
the important services that have been
rendered to the Fine Arts by the in-
stitution of the Royal Academy, we
cannot but regret that any circum-
stances should exclude works of real
merit, or that any system of favouritism
should be adopted in conducting its
affairs. That the apartments at
Somerset House are too confined, and
very insufficient for the display of the
numerous clever productions that are
sent, and that the walls are fully covered,
we will admit; but that a picture
by Mr. Hofland, and one of the best
he has ever produced, should be ex-
cluded, or that a doubt should be ex-
pressed as to its admission, is much to be
regretted; and this the more so, as the
present exhibition of the Royal Academy
might have been weeded, (and improved
by it too), to have made room for
twenty such pictures as that of Mr.
Hofland. Why, in the name of com-
mon-sense, is that wretched lumbering
picture, 'The discovery of the Regalia
in Scotland,' suffered to occupy
the largest portion of its walls, while
some beautiful productions are placed
in situations where they are completely
lost? This is a subject worthy of con-
sideration, and the present president
cannot do a better service to the arts,
than by seeing that, in the manage-
ment of the affairs of the Academy,
equal justice is done to all.

Every person who has been in the
habit of frequenting the exhibition of
the Royal Academy, will recollect Mr.
Hofland's beautiful landscapes, of
which he has sent nearly forty during
the last ten annual exhibitions. This
year he sent a single picture, when
learning that a doubt was expressed
whether it would be hung up or not,
he withdrew it, and now exhibits it with
his other pictures, in a gallery of his
own. There are, in the whole, thirty-
nine pictures; the principal one, which
had been sent to the Academy, is No.

29, 'Richmond, from Twickenham
Park.' The Emperor of Russia, on
his visit to this country, declared Rich-
mond Hill to be the most beautiful
scenery he had ever beheld. We do
not name the imperial autocrat as the
best judge of landscape, but in this he
only affirms what has been said by al-
most every traveller. To the metro-
politan public the scene is sufficiently
familiar, and, therefore, they will be
able to appreciate the merit of Mr.
Hofland's delightful view of it. The
admirable brilliance and clearness of
the sky, when all nature seems to join
to render her favourite spot beautiful,
the stream of sunshine in the fore-
ground, and the fidelity of tone and
richness of colouring in the distance, all
bespeak the hand of a master. The
coup d'œil is beautiful; but the figures
in the fore-ground are too stiff and for-
mal, and they do not group harmoni-
ously. It is, however, a charming
picture, and nothing would please us
better,—the scene itself, of which it is
so lively a representation, excepted.
That such a picture should have been
excluded from the Royal Academy,
gives us an unfavourable opinion of
the taste or partiality of the council
who have the decision in these matters.
'No. 11,' 'A View from Richmond
Hill—Evening,' is another charming
picture, in which the artist has, with
the poet, traced—

'The matchless vale of Thames
Fair winding up, to where the muses haunt
In Twickenham's bowers.'

Among other pictures, we confess we
were much pleased with No. 8, 'White
Knights,'—No. 19, 'Sheffield by
Moonlight,'—No. 34, 'Crickhowell
Bridge, on the River Ux,' and No.
31, 'Windsor, from Clewer Meadows,'
in which the landscape is touched off
with great delicacy; and the whole pic-
ture wears an aspect of cheerfulness
which is quite delightful. The whole
exhibition is calculated to add to Mr.
Hofland's well-earned reputation, and
is highly creditable to the state of the
Fine Arts, and well worthy of public
patronage.

MR. WEST'S NEW GALLERY.

THE sons of the late venerable Pres-
ident of the Royal Academy have
erected a gallery for the exhibition of
his paintings, which may be considered
as one of the most splendid orna-
ments of the metropolis, as well as one
of the most magnificent exhibitions
that ever was furnished by a single in-
dividual. The gallery is said to be

the most extensive private room in England, measuring 76 feet in length, 45 in breadth, and 25 in height. This room contains nearly 100 pictures, principally of large dimensions, and on scripture subjects. If the 'Death on the Pale Horse,' the 'Christ rejected,' the 'Moses receiving the Tables,' were the subjects of universal admiration when exhibited singly, it may easily be judged how much the public attention must be excited to see these with nearly all the principal works of this great artist, collected together, and presenting a coup d'œil of unrivalled splendour and magnificence. The genius of West is here displayed to due advantage, and shews a surprising versatility of talent, which could contract itself to a beautifully finished cabinet picture, delighting by its delicacy, or expand to immense historical compositions, which astonish by their grandeur and magnitude.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PICTURES.

The most valuable of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures having been disposed of, Saturday last was devoted to the sale of his unfinished paintings, sketches, first designs, &c.; these excited great interest among the artists, who, as might be expected, were the principal purchasers.

The first article of consequence put up, was a Sketch Book of Sir Joshua, being the rough note book of his tour in Italy. It contained cursory memoranda of his opinions on the great works of art in that country, interspersed with coarse sketches apparently illustrative. This book, which from its age and service, presented no very handsome appearance, excited a very spirited bidding, and was purchased by Mr. Herschel for 100 guineas.

Several similar books of stitched leaves were put up, many of them with scarcely any thing in them. One with 96 leaves sold for 25 gu. to Mr. Soane, R. A. Three small ones 30 gu. Another with 84 leaves, filled principally with designs, 30 guineas and a-half to Mr. Soane.

The unfinished pictures were sold separately: the principal were—

A Portrait of Mrs. Barrington, 17 gu. — An unfinished Portrait of Sir Joshua, by himself, 38 gu. to Mr. Jackson, R. A. — Sketches for the Portraits of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Secretary, Mr. Burke, 11l. 6s. — A Miniature Portrait, in oil, of their late Majesty, 14 gu. — A do. of his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, 14 gu. and a-half. — An early

Sketch of Sir Joshua, 20 gu. and a-half. — Moses in the Bullrushes, 42 gu. — Sketch of a Holy Family, 33 gu. — A Copy of Rembrandt's Head, 31 gu. — A Picture of Miss Beauclerc, as Una, 37 gu. The mahogany easel of Sir Joshua, very much out of repair, 6 gu.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The benefits have commenced at this theatre very auspiciously. On Monday night, that excellent and deserving actress, Miss Kelly, had the due compliment paid to her worth and talents in a very crowded house, which was honoured with a visit from her Majesty. The play was the comedy of *A Bold Stroke for a Husband*, which was admirably supported in all its leading characters.

COVENT GARDEN.—A new tragedy, entitled *Damon and Pythias*, was produced at this theatre on Monday night. It is founded on the well-known story of those celebrated friends, which being too simple for the ground-work of a drama, the author has resorted to his invention in order to make up for the paucity of characters and incidents in the original story. How far he has succeeded in the attempt of adding to his materials without weakening the interest or violating the consistency of his main plot, will best appear from a brief sketch of the fable, as it is developed in the drama itself. The principal characters were thus cast:—

Dionysius.....	Mr. Abbot.
Damon.....	Mr. Macready.
Pythias.....	Mr. C. Kemble.
Damocles.....	Mr. Egerton.
Lucullus.....	Mr. Connor.
Cleante.....	Miss Dance.
Hermion.....	Miss Foote.

The tragedy opens with the designs of Dionysius to subvert the republic of Syracuse, in which he succeeds. Damon, a disciple of Pythagoras, indignant at the usurpation, enters the Senate while they are in the act of surrendering their liberties and appointing Dionysius their king. Failing in his endeavours to avert the calamity by reasoning with the Senate, Damon attempts the life of the tyrant; but is seized and condemned to die.

While these transactions are going on, his friend Pythias is engaged at the altar of Hymen with the fair Cleante; but the marriage ceremony is interrupted by a messenger, who informs him of Damon's sentence. Pythias flies to meet his friend, and, imploring Dionysius in his behalf, obtains permission for him to visit his wife Hermion before he suffers. His prayer is granted upon the condition that he shall remain in Damon's place, and undergo the sentence in case he should not return.—Dionysius, resolving to put

Pythias to the severest trial, assumes a disguise, and informs him that means have been taken to intercept Damon and prevent him from keeping his promise. He contrives also to bring Cleante and his father into the dungeon to enforce his persuasion, and induce him to escape. But their arguments and entreaties fail. Pythias remains unshaken. The visit of Damon to his home gives rise to an affectionate scene between him and his wife and child, and the device of Lucullus, to save his master's life by killing the horses on which they were to travel, creates a suspense at the moment when it is most necessary. The preparation for the execution of Pythias, the agony of his wife, and his own anxiety, fill up the interval until Damon arrives just in time to rescue him from the axe. The friends embrace, when Dionysius appears, and in person pronounces pardon to the condemned in admiration of the friendship which they had mutually exhibited.

As a deviation from the history of this striking instance of friendship was unavoidable, the question is, whether the alteration made by the author is the most judicious; to us it does not appear so, for the overwrought anxiety of Pythias for the return of Damon at the critical hour, though very natural to a man in such circumstances, interferes with and degrades that fine sentiment of friendship which he was born to dignify. This might certainly have been avoided, if the author had made these two friends rivals for the hand of Cleante, and Damon the favoured lover; the friendship of Pythias would then have been heightened (if such friendship could receive any augmentation), by placing himself in jeopardy for his friend. Another defect in this tragedy is not only the want of interest, but the similarity between the few incidents of which the drama consists. The interviews between Damon and his wife resemble those between Pythias and his wife too closely, for the situations are the same, and the sentiments dictated by those situations cannot be widely different. Each wife implores her husband to save himself, and each is unsuccessful in her entreaties. Their respective sufferings originate in the same cause—the apprehension of losing those to whom they are the most attached; there is consequently a monotony in their grief, which prepares our feelings, not for sympathy—but resistance.

Notwithstanding these defects, the tragedy has abundant redeeming merit. Much ingenuity is displayed in the construction of the plot, which is so judiciously arranged and divided into acts,

that the interest accumulates with the progress of the story. The language is good, and there are many poetical passages of great force and beauty. The throes and struggles which tear the bosom of Damon and Pythias, when by turns they are called on to sacrifice the tenderest feelings of the heart at the sacred shrine of friendship, impart to the principal scenes an intensity of interest which we seldom meet with in modern tragedy. Every advantage has been taken, which the subject afforded, of producing stage effect, and no expense has been spared by the managers in bringing it out. The acting was admirable throughout, Macready displayed great vigour, and, in some passages, quite electrified the audience. C. Kemble was very impressive in the character of Pythias, and in the enthusiasm which he displays, when he beholds his friend returning, but wishes he may be mistaken, he was very fine. Miss Dance and Miss Foote were very effective in their respective characters. The tragedy, we understand, was originally written by a Mr. Benham, of Dublin, and afterwards retouched and adapted to the stage by Mr. Shiel. It was completely successful.

Literature and Science.

Musical.—We understand that a very curious invention, or discovery, we know not well which to call it, has been made in the art of musical composition. As it has been described to us, cards are prepared, on each of which a bar of an air is arranged according to a certain rhythm and key. Four packs of these cards, marked A, B, C, and D, are mingled together; and as the cards are drawn, and arranged before a performer in the order of that series, it will be found, that an original air is obtained. The cards hitherto made, we have been told, are as waltzes, and succeed perfectly. The invention may be called Musical Permutation. It has received, however, improperly, the name of The Musical Kaleidoscope.

The Bee.

*Flammarion et apus in cultibus omnia limant,
Osmia nos titulum depascitur aurea dicta.*
LUCRETII.

Lalla Rookh.—Moore's gorgeous descriptions of eastern scenery and manners, had given a new direction to the regal magnificence of the Prussian court, at a fete at the Castle of Berlin,

on the 27th of January. It was supposed that the royal couple, Lalla Rookh and the Prince Abris, along with Aurenzeb and Abdallah, attended by their queens and the people forming their courts, were present at the representation of the principal episodes, by *tableaux vivans* formed by people, whose attitudes, remaining unchanged for a certain time, convey the idea of a living picture. For this purpose a theatre had been constructed in the hall, in which these pictures were exhibited. They consisted of scenes taken from the four poetical narratives interwoven in the poem. Each of these performances was precluded by a song from the pen of Dr. Spiker. Lalla Rookh was represented by her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Russia, daughter of his Majesty, and the Prince Abris by his Royal Highness the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia. Aurenzeb was Prince William, brother of his Majesty; and Abdallah, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. The rest of the royal family appeared as Indian or Bucharian princes, sons, daughters, and nobles of Aurenzeb and Abdallah, all in the dresses they were to represent. The last *tableau* was followed by a ballet executed by the ladies and gentlemen of the court, in the national dresses, and wearing wreaths of roses. The number of people present, is estimated to have amounted to more than 4000.

American Criticism.—As some of our readers may entertain a better opinion of American criticism than ourselves, we copy the following *profound* remarks on the last novel of Kenilworth, from the *New York Evening Post*, of April 14th. The editor, Mr. Coleman, we believe, must have a strange taste, and we leave him to all the enjoyment it is capable of affording him, and to prefer, if he wishes it, the novels of Mackenzie or Miss Burney to the *Heart of Mid Lothian*.—Ed.

'I will make but a single observation on this novel, for which I must beg pardon of its numerous delighted readers, or at least those who affect to be so, which is, that I have found it, (as I have found most of those from the same pen), made up of improbable incident and frivolous dialogue; quite unworthy of that serious portion of time consumed in perusing it, and which is very inadequately compensated for in the neatness of style in which it must be allowed its inanity is conveyed. Beautiful traits, it undoubtedly pos-
sessed, after all, it is a grain of wheat hid

senses, as is the case with most of them, in a bushel of chaff. The world of novel readers appear to me to be infatuated in their predilection for the works of this author; who I can never believe is Sir Walter Scott, after the gross ignorance he discovers in the *Heart of Mid Lothian* of the laws of evidence and the practice of courts. For artless pathos, natural incident, interspersed with moral and sentimental reflections, the Julia de Roubrine of Mackenzie is worth the whole brood. In broad humour, Smollett, (bating his coarseness and obscenity;) in genuine wit, Fielding; and in busy and interesting incident, Miss Burney, (not Mrs. De Arblay;) are, I think, much his superiors.'

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE attention of Advertisers is particularly called to the peculiar advantages that must result from their Advertisements being placed in the columns of *The Literary Chronicle*, over any weekly or daily publication. Besides finding a station in a work not merely of immediate but of permanent interest and constant reference, it must be obvious that they came directly before the eye and under the notice of intelligent readers, who are looking for novelties in literature and subjects connected with the Arts and Sciences. Far different are the views of the readers of *Journal* journals, where the news of the day is the principal object of pursuit, and where the crowded miscellaneous advertisements bury or exclude those for which a literary paper is evidently a fitter medium.

* * * To insure regular insertion, it is requested that Advertisements may be sent by Thursday, at the latest, the extent of the weekly impression of the *Literary Chronicle*, requiring that the work should go to press early.

This day is published, with an Engraving, 14s.
SECOND EDITION,

AN AUTUMN NEAR THE RHINE; or, SKETCHES OF COURTS, SOCIETY, and SCENERY IN GERMANY, near the RHINE. To which are now added, an Account of a Tour in the Taunus Mountains, in the Year 1820, and Translations from Schiller, Goethe, and other German Poets.
Printed for JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

This day is published, price 18s.
BANNOCKBURN, a NOVEL, in Three Volumes.
London: Printed for JOHN WARREN, Old Bond Street; and W. BLACKWOOD, Edinburgh.

New Poems, by a Sailor.
This day is published, in foolscap 8vo. price 7s.
LAYS ON LAND:
By ISMAEL FITZADAM.
Formerly an able Seaman on board the Frigate.

Also, by the same Author, 5s. 6d.
THE HARP OF THE DESERT, containing the BATTLE OF ALGIERS, &c.
Printed for JOHN WARREN, Old Bond Street.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 108.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c. during the Years 1817, 1818, 1819, and 1820. By Sir Robert Ker Porter. With numerous Engravings of Portraits, Costumes, Antiquities, &c. In two Volumes. Vol. I. 4to. pp. 720. London, 1821.

Just as the last number of the *Literary Chronicle* had gone to press, we found that Sir Robert Porter's valuable work was that day published, and, however anxious we are ever to be the first to give an account of every work of interest, yet we would not even purchase that advantage at the expense of our critical independence. Although a bulky volume, as the one before us is not to be digested like a half-crown pamphlet, yet we trust that we shall, (the short space that we have had to examine it and our other avocations duly considered,) this week be enabled to furnish our readers with the marrow of the principal part of it.

Few persons combine so many qualifications for a traveller as Sir Robert Ker Porter, who is an elegant scholar, an accomplished gentleman, a skilful artist, an intelligent observer, and an agreeable writer. To such an individual, the countries he has travelled presented a field of incomparable riches and abundance; and, as he gleaned copiously, yet with great discrimination, he has produced one of the most valuable and interesting works of the day.

Sir Robert Porter commenced his journey on the 6th of August, 1817, from St. Petersburg to Odessa, on the Black Sea; and during the three years that he was travelling in the east, he kept a regular journal of all he saw worthy of observation, and wrote his remarks with the impression of the moment. From this diary, sanctioned by opportunities of comparing his own remarks with others, he collected the materials of two volumes, the first of which is now presented to the public. It will readily be conceived, that it

must far exceed our limits to endeavour to give an itinerary of our traveller's route, nor would this be the most interesting; we shall, therefore, select such passages as appear to us the most important, without detaining our readers from the author by speculative opinions or unnecessary remarks.

Odessa, one of the most flourishing cities of the Russian empire, contains upwards of thirty thousand inhabitants. Several ancient churches ornament the city, but none of its buildings equal the theatre in beauty. This edifice stands in a fine situation, on a sort of square, over-looking the sea, and presenting a portico, which, at a distance, reminds the spectator of the Temple of Minerva, at Athens:—

Personal labour at Odessa and its dependencies, is excessively high. A soldier may gain three rubles per day for manual work; a regular carpenter, seven; consequently all articles of living are dear; and to lessen the expense of labour, every expedient is adopted to effect its purpose with the fewest hands. One attempt is, to divide the corn from the ear without flail or threshing machine. Several four-wheeled carts are filled with stones, and each drawn by two horses; they are then driven in a regular circle over the sheaves as they lie on the ground, carefully disposed in rows. Some of the proprietors perform a similar operation by the tramping of horses without carts.

This used to be the practice in the east, and it was a part of the Mosaic law not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. During our travellers short stay at Koblinka, he witnessed a grass-fire, a calamity almost peculiar to the farmers of the Ukraine, and which often spreads a temporary desolation over vast tracts of this country:—

This terrible accident generally happens by the carelessness of the bullock-drivers, or of persons belonging to caravans of merchandise, who halt for the night on the open plain, and on departing in the morning, neglect to extinguish their fires. Wind, or some other casualty, brings the hot embers in contact with the high and dry grass of the Steppe; it bursts into flame, and burns on devouring as it goes with a fire almost unquenchable. That which I now behold, arose from negligence of this kind, and soon extend-

ed itself over a space of forty wrosts; continuing its ravages for many days, consuming all the outstanding corn, ricks, hovels, in short, every thing in its devastating path; the track it left was dreadful.

The grass-fire is scarcely less destructive to the crops of grain, than a little worm (peculiar to the Black Sea) is to the fleets of Russia:—

The progress of that worm is as certain and as swift as the running grains of an hour-glass. It preys on the ships bottom, and when once it has established itself, nothing that has yet been discovered can stop the ravages. Even coppered vessels are ultimately rendered useless, when any small opening admits the perforation of this subtle little creature.

At Kherson Sir Robert Porter visited the tomb of the philanthropic Howard; which is an obelisk of whitish stone, sufficiently high to be conspicuous at several miles distance. About six miles from the ancient city of Sardis, is still to be seen part of the great tumulus erected in memory of Alyattes, father of Croesus, and which has been described by Herodotus as of prodigious height; and by Strabo, as two hundred feet high in his time; the circumference being three-quarters of a mile. At New Tcherkask, the capital of the Donskoy country, our traveller paid his respects to the celebrated Attaman Platoff, who received him with the utmost kindness and hospitality. The palace of this chief is a fine building; a guard of Cossacks kept the gate; others, with naked swords, stood at the great door of entrance; while officers in waiting, orderlies, and every other degree of princely and military state, occupied the passages and anti-rooms:—

On being ushered as a stranger into an apartment, where I was met by the Attaman's secretary, (the only person in his establishment who could speak French,) I mentioned my name to him, and the good gentleman's joyous surprise was no unpleasant token of his chief's welcome. I did not delay being conducted to the Attaman's presence; and words cannot express the hospitable greeting of the kind old man. He embraced me, and repeatedly congratulated himself on the events,

whatever they might have been, which had induced me to change my route to that of his territory. When he could spare me to proceed, he said, he would pledge himself that I should have every facility in his power to bring me to Tiflis in safety. The police-officer of Tcherkask being in the room, was ordered to provide me suitable quarters in the town; but the Attaman's table was to be mine, and he commanded an equipage to be placed entirely at my disposal. I urged that my stay must be short; but he would not hear of my leaving him till I had shared with him the honour of a visit he was then expecting from his imperial highness the Grand Duke Michael. Anxious as I was to lose no time in crossing the Caucasus, I could not withstand persuasions flowing from a heart so kindly to myself, and grateful to my country. He expressed, in the most enthusiastic language, his sense of the attentions bestowed on him by all ranks of persons during his stay in England, in the year 1814; he said, that, independent of private respect for individuals, he must always consider himself fortunate when circumstances brought any Englishman into the Donsoyko country, to whom he might evince his gratitude.

I passed the remainder of the day with my venerable host; and on my return to the city, found most comfortable quarters, to which, in my absence, my carriage, servants, &c., had been carefully transferred. All were placed under a guard of honour, which was to hold attendance there during my stay at Tcherkask.

Next morning Count Platoff called upon me to see how his hospitable orders had been fulfilled. He took me to dine with him at his house in Tcherkask, whither he was going to inspect the preparations he had ordered for welcoming his imperial highness [the Grand Duke Michael.]

The hour of dinner, in this country, is generally two o'clock; but Count Platoff always dined at five, or sometimes a little later. The manner of serving the repast differs in nothing from the style at Moscow, excepting that more wine is drank. The wines most in use, came from the Greek islands; yet his excellency boasts his own red and white champagnes of the Don, which, when old, are hardly inferior to the wines of that name in France. I drank at the Attaman's table another sort of red wine, as excellent as any from Bordeaux. It is made by a family of Germans, whom his excellency brought from the Rhine. And, from these specimens, I have little doubt that were the like culture of the grape, and similar treatment of the juice when pressed from the fruit, pursued throughout the country, the Donsoyko vineyards would produce wines that might rival, not only those of Greece, but of France and Germany.

Game is abundant here, and of the most delicious sort, particularly bustards, pheasants, partridges, &c. &c. Fish, too,

is in equal plenty; and, as a luxury, sturgeon holds an eminent place. Indeed, good cheer of all kinds is procured at a very moderate expense; and, if it may be allowed to judge, by the liberal examples I saw, the bounties of nature are neither neglected nor churlishly appropriated by the natives of the Don.

Our author speaks in high terms of the Cossacks of the Don, as robust, fair, and handsome, hospitable, brave, honourable, and scrupulously religious; the Cossack women are inferior to the men in personal endowments, as well as in mental ability:—

'The usual female appearance is short stature, faces of strong Tartar features, with eyes, however, almost invariably large and dark. The style of dress is decidedly fashioned from the east. A sort of chemise, (or small shift,) of coloured linen, buttoned round the neck, and with sleeves to the wrist; a pair of trousers, of similar stuff, are covered by a silk caftan, reaching as low as the ankles. This upper garment is fastened from the neck to the bottom of the waist, with buttons of small pearls, in form and workmanship like those in gold or silver from the Brazils. The waist is bound with a girdle also, ornamented with pearls, and frequently clasped by a diamond buckle. The heads of married ladies are adorned with, literally, a silken night-cap, which is wrapped about with a gaily-coloured handkerchief, in the form of a fillet. The unmarried, (like the damsels in Russia of the lower class,) wear their hair in a long plait down their backs; but with this difference from the Russian girl,—instead of a bunch of ribbons at the termination of the plait, the handkerchief with which the head is bound, twists round the braid, nearly to its end, something in the manner of the Corsican caps.'

The author's animated description of the stupendous mountains of Caucasus, is one of his most picturesque scenes. He says,—

'No pen can express the emotion which the sudden burst of this sublime range excited in my mind. I had seen almost all the wildest and most gigantic chains in Portugal and Spain, but none gave me an idea of the vastness and grandeur of that I now contemplated. This seemed nature's bulwark between the nations of Europe and of Asia. Elborus, amongst whose rocks tradition reports Prometheus to have been chained, stood, clad in primeval snows, a world of mountains in itself, towering above all, its white and radiant summits mingling with the heavens; while the pale and countless heads of the subordinate range, high in themselves, but far beneath its altitude, stretched along the horizon, till lost to sight in the soft fleeces of the clouds. Several rough and huge masses of black rock rose from the intermediate plain; their size was mountainous; but being

viewed near the mighty Caucasus, and compared with them, they appeared little more than hills; yet the contrast was fine, their dark brow, giving greater relief to the dazzling summits which towered above them. Poets hardly feign, when they talk of the genius of a place. I knew not who could behold Caucasus, and not feel the spirit of its sublime solitude arising his soul.'

The author describes, with great minuteness, the dangers and difficulties he had to encounter in passing Mount Caucasus, an attempt in which numbers of persons perish annually. On arriving at Annanour, he was obliged to perform four days' quarantine, and sleep in a hut, on a floor overgrown with mushrooms, and the windows and door admitting the rain and storm. After the first night, he preferred sleeping in his own carriage. At Tiflis, in Georgia, which is 2627 versts, (about 1700 English miles,) from St. Petersburg, there is a mountain stream, pure and cold at its fountain-head, but mingling here with the hot springs which take their rise in the adjacent heights, it derives all those medicinal properties whose fume gave birth to Tiflis. Over this steaming flood the public baths are erected. The water which supplies the bathing-houses, both for the men and women, which are distinct, is strongly impregnated with sulphur. Its degree of heat may be reckoned at about from fifteen to thirty-six degrees of Reaumur, in the several basins; but at the source of the hot stream it is about forty-two. The baths of the men are described as extremely filthy; what those of the women are will appear from the following extract. Our author says,—

'I was urged by the gentleman who accompanied me, to try if we could not get a glimpse into the baths dedicated to the fair sex. The attempt seemed wild; but, to please him, I turned towards the building, and, to our astonishment, found no difficulty in entering. An old woman was standing at the door; and she, without the least scruple, not only showed us the way, but played our sybil the whole while. In one of the bathing-rooms nearest to the door we found a great number of naked children, of different infantile ages, immersed in a circular bath in the middle of the chamber, where their mothers were occupied in washing and rubbing them. The forms of children are always lovely; and, altogether, there being a regularity, and its consequent cleanliness, attending the adjustment of their little persons, we looked on, without receiving any of those disagreeable impressions which had disgusted us in the baths of their fathers. Passing through this apartment, without any remark of surprise

or displeasure from the mothers of the children, we entered a much larger chamber, well lighted, and higher vaulted in the roof. No water was seen here; but a stone divan, spread with carpets and mattresses, was placed round the room, and on it lay, or sat, women in every attitude and occupation consequent on an Asiatic bath. Some were half-dressed, and others hardly had a covering. They were attended by servants, employed in rubbing the fair forms of these ladies with dry cloths, or dyeing their hair and eyebrows, or finally painting, or rather enamelling, their faces. On quitting this apartment (which we did as easily as we entered it, without creating the least alarm or astonishment at our audacity), we passed into the place whence they had just emerged from the water. Here we found a vast cavern-like chamber, gloomily lighted, and smelling most potently of sulphuric evaporations, which ascended from nearly twenty deep excavations. Through these filmy vapours, wreathing like smoke over the surface of a boiling cauldron, we could distinguish the figures of women, in every posture, perhaps, which the fancy of man could devise for the sculpture of bathing goddesses. But, I confess, we were as much shocked as surprised, at the unblushing coolness with which the Georgian Venuses continued their ablutions, after they had observed our entrance; they seemed to have as little modest covering on their minds, as on their bodies; and the whole scene became so unpleasant, that, declining our conductress's offer to show us farther, we made good our retreat, fully satisfied with the extent of our gratified curiosity.

* Persons who bathe for health do not remain longer than a few minutes, or whatever time may be prescribed, in the water; but when the bath is taken for pleasure, these people are so fond of it, that, like the Turks in the case of opium, they profling its application to such an extent, as ultimately to be equally injurious to their strength and personal appearance. Some pass many hours every day in this debilitating atmosphere, independent of one whole day in each week; great part of which, however, is spared from the water, to be spent in making up their faces, blackening the hair, eyebrows, and eye-lashes, so as to render only occasional repairs necessary during the ensuing week. Thus occupied in the vaulted room, these Eastern goddesses, growing in renewed beauty under the hands of their attendant graces, meet each other in social conference; discussing family anecdotes, or little scandals of their acquaintance; and, not unfrequently, laying as entertaining grounds of retaliation, by the arrangement of some little intrigue of their own. For, I am told, there are days in the week when any lady may engage the bath for herself alone, or with any other party she may choose to introduce as her companion. The good dame who was our conductress, I understood, is

never backward in preparing such accommodation.

There are many singular traditions respecting the mountain Elborous, which is sixteen thousand seven hundred feet above the sea. The inhabitants say, that during the subsiding of the deluge, the ark, while floating over these mountains, smote the head of Elborous with its keel, and the cleft it made in the mountains has remained ever since. Heathen traditions and classical writers affirm, that Elborous was the huge and savage rock of the Caucasus, to which Prometheus was chained; and there is still a tradition among the natives, that bones of an enormous giant, exposed there by divine wrath, are yet to be seen on its small summit.

Sir Robert, who appears very partial to the Russian government, describes Georgia as having been much improved since it has been annexed to Russia. At a banquet given by the Governor of Georgia, General Yarnoloff, our author had an opportunity of witnessing the dances and music of the Georgians, of which he does not give a favourable account; he also saw several Circassians, whom he describes as no way inferior in beauty to the long-celebrated charms of their fair country-women. The costume of the Circassians is martial and graceful; and, to show how expert they are in the use of the fusil, as well as in the management of the horse, he states, that,—

* One morning, while riding with the Circassian Prince and Colonel Yarnoloff, the governor's nephew, the former put his horse off at speed; and while going the distance of a verst, he loaded and discharged his gun six times, taking, at the same time, very deliberate aim in various directions.

The Circassians have nothing like a written law among them, but are governed by a sort of common right. On momentous occasions, the great bulk of the people meet in the open air, when a certain number of grave personages are selected to represent the *nat*, and are called elders; and if these agree with the prince and the nobles on the measure proposed, it is adopted. These meetings resemble the *wittenagemots* of our ancestors. The women of Circassia are brought up in simple and domestic habits by their mothers, a mode of education that must make the act of being torn from their parents and country (so frequently the case) doubly distressing to the youthful victims:—

* They are taught by their mothers not

merely the use of the needle in decorative works, but to make their own clothes, and those of the men of their family. Soon after a female infant is born, her waist is encircled by a leathern bandage, sewn tight, and which only gives way afterwards to the natural growth of the child. It is then replaced by another; and so on till the shape is completely formed, according to the taste of the country. The first night of her nuptials, the husband cuts the cincture with his poniard; a custom something dangerous, and certainly terrific to the blushing bride. After marriage, the women are kept very close, not even their husband's own relations being suffered to visit them; but what seems an extraordinary inconsistency, a man has no objection to allow that privilege to a stranger, whom he permits to enter the sacred precincts of his home, without himself to be a guard over its decorum. For it is a rule with the Circassians never to be seen by a third person in the presence of their wives; and they observe it strictly to their latest years.

* On the morning of the celebration of a marriage, the bride presents her intended husband with a coat of mail, helmet, and all other articles necessary for a full equipment for war. Her father, on the same day, gives her a small portion of her dowry; while he, at the same time, receives from his son-in-law, an exchange of genealogies; a punctilio, on which they all pique themselves with as great a nicety, as on any point of personal honour; every man being more or less esteemed, according to the purity and illustrious names of his descent. When the first child of the marriage is born, the father of the bride pays up the residue of her fortune to the husband; presenting her, at the same auspicious moment, with the distinguishing badges of a married woman (never put on with this tribe until offspring is the fruit of union,) which honourable marks are, a long white veil over a sort of red eol; all the rest of the dress being white also. Indeed, white is universal with the women, married and single, but the men always wear colours. The wife has the care of her husband's arms and armour; and she is so habitually anxious he should not disgrace them, that if she have the most distant idea, he has used them with less bravery, in any particular action, than his brethren, she never ceases assailing him with reproach and derision, till he washes away the stain of imputed cowardice, either in the blood of his enemies or his own. At present, the professed religion of these people is Mahometan; but this sort of female heroism, speaks more like the high mind of a Spartan virgin or a Roman matron, than one of the soulless daughters of the Arabian prophet. Formerly the Christian faith had made some progress among them, but not a vestige of its ordinances is now to be found. Hospitality, however, is an eminent virtue with the tribe of the true Circassians; and it is a no in-

consequential one, in the remote regions of savage men, and more savage hostility. One of the courtesies peculiarly reserved by this tribe, to do honour to strangers, I have already mentioned; that of admitting them to the sacredness of their domestic hearth; but this sort of welcome goes still farther, and even to a preposterous length (to say the least of it) amongst other tribes of the Caucasus, and particularly that of the Kity. When a traveller arrives at one of their abodes, the host orders one of his daughters to do the honours of his reception, to take care of his horse and baggage, to prepare his meals, and when night comes on, to share his bed. The refusal of the latter part of the entertainment, would be considered as a great affront to the young lady and her father. The natives of a part of Lapland, not very far from Torneo, have a similar custom; but then it is the wife of the host, whom he delivers into the bosom of his guest; and she remains with the stranger as his exclusive property, during the whole of his sojourn under her husband's roof. This fact I learnt while I was in that part of the world, during the months of December and January, in the severe winter of 1812-13.

It is remarked, that every seven or eight years, an overwhelming avalanche takes place in the Caucasus. One of these, in November, 1817, which blocked up the course of the Terek, was full twenty eight fathoms, or one hundred and eighty-six feet high, and its extent more than four English miles:—

'The pale summit of the mountain Kasibek, on the side which shelves down into the dark valley between Derial and the village which bears the mountain's name, had been seen abruptly to move. In an instant it was launched forward; and nothing was now beheld for the shaken snow and dreadful overshadowing of the falling destruction. The noise that accompanied it was the most stunning, bursting, and rolling onward, of all that must make death certain. As the avalanche rushed, huge masses of rock, rifted from the mountain's side, were driving before it: and the snows and ice of centuries, pouring down in immense shattered forms and rending heaps, fell like the fall of an earthquake; covering, from human eyes, villages, valleys, and people! What a awful moment, when all was still! when the dreadful cries of man and beast were heard no more; and the tremendous avalanche lay a vast, motionless, white shroud on all around.'

A similar avalanche stopped the course of the Terek, in June, 1776; when it impeded waters rose to the height of two hundred and fifty-eight feet, and suddenly tore a passage through the rocky barrier of that tremendous defile, and rushed onward in a devastating flood. At Amamluo, a wild haunt of a burrow-like character,

our traveller experienced the kindness of the inhabitants, although their dwellings were extremely unpromising, and in form like a large rabbit hole:—

'Within is a room which fills the whole compass of the house, being from sixteen to eighteen feet wide, and often of still greater length; a size we might deem ill-proportioned to the outward lowness of the dwelling; but it is dug three or four feet below the surface of the earth, which gives a height to the apartment, not to be anticipated from without. At one end, commonly near the door, a space is always left, untouched by the spade, sufficient to form a sort of distinct chamber; but not otherwise divided from the sunken part, than by the more elevated floor. At one side of this superior quarter, we find the hearth with its chimney; and opposite to them, a small hole in the roof, to admit light. The floor is the bare earth, beaten very hard; but coarse carpets are spread along the sides for the people to sit and sleep on. No table or stools are visible. The walls are merely dried mud, with something like cup-boards left in them, to hold the little property of the family. Directly over the fire place, we find a small hollow of the same kind, for the reception of a hand-lamp, and this they never failed lighting up, whenever I happened to be their guest, though I always, on such occasions, burnt my own candles. So much for the human-habitable part of this sepulchral-like abode; the rest of it, that is, the pit, was assigned to the pigs, sheep, horses, &c. of the family.'

On entering, the Persian frontier, at Kutchivan, our traveller was particularly struck with the depopulated state of the country. The wildest steppes of Russia were nothing to its desolation, 'proofs standing every where of a once flourishing people, now swept from the face of the earth; the remains of great cities, of towns, of villages, all over the plains and valleys; with the lines of their wide communications marked by numerous watch-towers, still existing on the spots whence they had dispensed protection.' Sir Robert rested at a Mahometan village on the side of the Moschian hills: his escort, seeing a flock of sheep, plunged in among them, and seizing two or three, soon had them dressed and eaten. This was nothing more, in their opinions, than a mere exercise of their horses, and as much their right as the air they breathe.

Sir Robert Porter is of opinion, that the ark of Noah rested between the two heads of Mount Ararat, distant 12,000 yards, and called Great Ararat and Little Ararat. The height of this stupendous mountain has never been ascertained correctly; though Captain Monteith, of the Madras Engineers,

has gone nearer to the mark, perhaps, than any preceding traveller. By trigonometrical observations he made at Ecrivan, he found, that from that place to the highest point of the loftiest head, was fifty-two thousand yards, and from the same spot to the minor head, fifty-five thousand yards.

Various attempts have been made, in different ages, to ascend these tremendous mountain pyramids, but in vain; their form, snows, and glaciers, are insurmountable obstacles; the distance being so great from the commencement of the icy region to the highest points, cold alone would be the destruction of any person who should have the hardihood to persevere. Our author contradicts the assertion of Dr. Reinig, that there was a volcanic eruption in Mount Ararat, in 1783, for, on arriving at the monastery of Eitch-mai-adzen, and discouraging with the fathers on the subject, he found, that 'a register of the general appearance of the mountain had been regularly kept by their predecessors and themselves, for upwards of eight hundred years, and that nothing of an eruption, or any thing tending to such an event, was to be found in any one of those notices.' They further assured him, that although several of them had been resident in the plain for upwards of forty years, that during the whole of that period, they had never seen even a smoke from the mountain.

The monastery of Eitch-mai-adzen had long been celebrated for its relics, so minutely described by Chardin; among these are the stone on which St. Gregory sat, or, perhaps, more properly, slept during his celestial vision, and the spear head, with which the soldier pierced the side of our Lord. The spear-head is very large, and has a Greek cross cut in its centre; a testimony that may be received of its former lodging, at Constantinople (as mentioned by several writers), but a direct contradiction to the pretended evidence of its having belonged to a heathen soldier. Another relic is also shown here:—

'A fragment of the ark, which had happened in the mountain, under whose shadow this venerable monastery has continued for so many centuries in perfect safety. The circumstances which brought the relic into the possession of the fathers is thus related:—Many hundred years ago, a certain pious monk of the order, undertook the hitherto unattempted (and unaccomplished) task of ascending the top of the mountain, to find the remains of the sacred vessel, and to bring away

some part of it, to receive a due shrine in the church at the foot of Ararat. But ere he had gone far over the snows of the last terrible regions of ice and cold, he fell asleep, and an angel appearing to him, in a vision, told him, that beyond such a point no mortal since the descent of Noah was permitted to pass; but that, in reward to the singular piety of the content, a heavenly messenger had been commanded to bring to this, its devout brother, a plank of the holy ship; which, at his awaking, he would find at his side. When the monk arose, he found it was as the angel had said, and the remainder of the long story may easily be guessed at.

(To be continued.)

The Third Tour of Dr. Syntax in search of a Wife. A Poem. 8vo. pp. 279. London, 1821.

A WRITER who has contributed so largely to the amusement of the public, as the author of *Dr. Syntax*, though certainly entitled to retire at his own time, cannot, however, be quitted without regret; and although he is an octogenarian, and it would seem cruel to send a person of his age again on his travels, yet we confess we are sorry that he declares this to be his last tour, and has actually consigned the worthy hero of his muse to the tomb. The 'Third Tour of Dr. Syntax' is written in the same pleasantly tripping style as the preceding ones; the incidents are all natural, and are narrated so familiarly as to present themselves before us at once, they are not aided by the excellent designs of Rowlandson. The doctor, in his search for a wife, meets with a variety of adventures, and after making some overtures to ladies who did not entertain them, he at length met a more compliant fair, and was married. The happy pair retired to the rectory, where they had only passed two summers, when, during a fishing excursion on the Lakes, Mrs. Syntax fell into the water, when the doctor instantly—

Plung'd into the wave,
The darling of his life to save,—
When Patrick follow'd, nothing loth,
And found 'ring, nearly drown'd them both;
But they were near the grassy shore,
And all the danger soon was o'er.

The consequences were, however, fatal to the doctor, who was taken ill the next morning; the lancet and blisters were applied in vain, and he was conveyed to bed:—

Torpor then o'er his senses crept,
And he appear'd as if he slept;
But Death had given the final stroke,
For from that sleep he never woke;
Now will he o'er again awake,
His Creation's self shall shake,
And the last trump its silence break,

To call him, with a life renew'd,
To the bright gerdon of the good.'

The funeral of the worthy doctor concludes the volume:—

'When the good man had breath'd his last,
Poor Mrs. Syntax stood aghast;
Then clasp'd her pale cheek to his face,
And clasp'd him in a long embrace:
Nor did she on the horror wait,
To contemplate the work of fate;
But to the hall in hurry hied,
With little Johnny by her side.
She told her state, pale as despair,
And fill'd the house with sorrow there.
Thus SYNTAX clos'd his life's career,
With all to hope and nought to fear.
The frequent tear still in his eyes,
Worthily prepar'd the obsequies—
With all due rites to grace the end
Of his belov'd lamented friend.
O 'twas a melancholy scene,

When he was borne along the green!
With train of mourners did appear,
And scarce an eye without a tear:—
No toll the hurst field display'd,
It seem'd grief's mournful holiday:
The village wept,—the hamlets round,
Crowded the consecrated ground;
And waited there to see the end—
Of pastor, teacher, father, friend!
When in the cold ground he was laid,
Poor Patrick, from his trembling spade,
Could scarce the light dust scatter o'er
The form which he should see no more.
At first the bursting sorrow came
In floods, upon the widow'd dame;
But, by affection's care consol'd,
Unruly grief was soon controul'd;
Religion, too, had taught her mind,
In law divine, to be resign'd;
Though, for the mangled heart-felt wound,
A perfect cure was never found.

O 'twas a loss! the blessing few—
Th' enjoyment and the prospect too!
It was a tranquil calm delight;
No glare,—but ev'ry day was bright.
Though life's lone way she travell'd on,
In gloomy guise, with Little John,
The relief of the man they lov'd,
She still the *Worthies'* kindness prov'd;
While Dicky Bend, and his fond wife,
Had been and were her friends through life.
But, once a year, affection's claim,
The pilgrim widow always came
To Somerden, to shed a tear
Beside his tomb who died for her;
And Little John, as there he knelt,
Was taught to weep for what she felt;
And, as he wept, he scarce knew why,
Lap'd the instinctive agony.

The tomb, near path-way side appear'd,
By *Worthies'* sudden'd friendship rear'd:
Near it, the dark o'erhanging yew,
Sheds tears of morn and evening dew;
And, as the sculpture meets the eye,
'ALAS, POOR SYNTAX'—with a sigh,
Is read by every passer by;
And wakes the pensive thought sincere,
For ever sad!—for ever dear!
My verse has now no more to tell,
The story's done.—SYNTAX—farewell!

'Alas! poor Syntax,' was involuntarily exclaim, but cannot yet say 'farewell,' until we have introduced thee to our readers in a less painful character than in thy tomb. In the tour of the doctor, he encounters a Miss

Crotchet, who he was told prided herself on her musical attainments; the doctor, therefore, to please the lady, mentioned the subject of harmony:—

'Please her it did, for off she ran
With the same thought,—and thus began.

"You doctor, as I understand,
Are fit to aid an opera band;
And, therefore, you may scarce incline
To add to such a cross as mine:
But if your powers will condescend
To treat me as a common friend,
You shall, sir, in the evening try
My little school of harmony."
It is not oft 'mong ladies seen,
But I play on the violin.

To touch the harp and the piano,
Is what each farmer's daughter can do;
And therefore 'tis I wish to move
With those who by their science prove
An honour to the art I love.
Hence my fond mind is solely bent
To chase this arduous instrument.
I have a foreign person here,
Who at our dinner will appear,
A widow of the music tribe,
Whom I with handsome sal'ry bribe
To live with me in friendly guise,
As mistress of my harmonies:
She plays the bass, blows the bassoon,
And keeps the instruments in tune;
Teaches the parish boys to sing
Psalms, anthems, and God say the King."

'At length came the appointed hour
When, in the garden's softly bow'rd,
Where flowers and climbing plants o'erlaid,
Comb'd in to form a shaded scene,
These voices of sweet sounds appear
To wake Apollo's list'ning ear
—Miss C— began with furious force,
The doctor follow'd her of course,
While the old dame, with slower pace,
Came rumbling after on the bass;
But 'ere they got to the conclusion,
Th' harmonious piece was all confusion.
If great Corelli, from the dead,
Could have rais'd his list'ning head
And just then heard his mangled strain;
He would have wish'd to die again.
Miss was too fast by many a bar,
The old one was behind as far,
While Syntax strove their faults to cover
By smooth'ring one and then the other.
"O ho," he whisper'd, "this same trio
Will shortly end in my *Adieu*."

—He thought at least he would be civil
And try to check the coming evil;
For he saw in Miss Crotchet's face
That rage was working his disgrace.
If music be the food of love,
Let us another trip prove,

Syntax exclaim'd; when she replied,
'I tell you I am petrified;
To me, you humstrum, it appears,
That you have neither eyes nor ears,
You could as well bestride the moon,
As keep your time or stop in tune;
And 'twas, in an extreme degree,
Impertinence to play with me."
—Instead of time he thought he'd best,
With all good manners a retreat;
But in retiring from the threat,
With which he thought he was beat,
He overtook the o'ergrown fiddle,
And set his foot plump in the middle!
The crash produc'd a shriek of rage,
Which might he utter'd could assuage,

When, to avoid the rout and roar,
He quickly pass'd the mansion door,
And driven by Discord, sought to fly
From this strange scene of harmony,
While, with vociferating halloo,
He call'd on his man Pat to follow.

The coloured engravings are highly characteristic and humorous; and, to the lovers of light reading, few productions will afford so rich a treat as the *Three Tours of Dr. Syntax*.

Oliver Cromwell and his Times.

By Thomas Cromwell.

(Concluded from p. 339.)

IN the trial of Charles, Cromwell does not appear to have taken any prominent part, although his name stands the third in the list of signatures to the warrant for beheading the unfortunate monarch. 'Cromwell,' says our author, 'to hide the perturbation of his soul, enacted his part with an affectation of sport.' The sport, it appears, consisted in joking with Henry Marten, by marking each others faces with the pen, previous to subscribing their names to a mandate that consigned their sovereign to an ignominious death. It has been often asserted, on the authority of a passage in Spence's *Anecdotes*, that Cromwell wished to save the King, but there appears little ground for the assertion, and if he did not give an active, it was at least an un-interrupted acquiescence in all the proceedings against him.

The death of the King was followed by the abolition of the House of Peers, which was declared to be 'useless and dangerous.' A 'council of state was appointed, and the commons, to put the finishing hand to their work, ordered the statues of the late King at St. Paul's and the Royal Exchange, to be taken down, and in the niche where the latter stood, they caused the following inscription to be substituted:—
'EXIT TYRANNUS REGUM ULTIMUS.'

Six months after the death of the King, Cromwell was sent to Ireland as the Parliament's Lord-lieutenant, where, by the celerity of his movements, his military severities, and his well-timed clemency, he in less than nine months reduced the island to submission. His career in Ireland is described by his biographer as 'executioner-like,' and his ferocity in the military slaughter of nearly three thousand men within the walls of a subdued town, which he directed and personally superintended at Drogheda, is an indelible stain on his memory.

Cromwell's next campaign was against the Scots, and his Declaration,

in the name of the Parliament, setting forth the grounds of his hostile march, was singularly enough addressed,—
'To all that are saints, and partakers of the faith of God's elect in Scotland.' In the early part of the war, he was not very successful, and his army had from various causes suffered immense losses, which made him determine to retreat:—

'Previously to resolving upon this step, Cromwell, stung by the pertinacity of the Scots, himself, on one occasion, headed a 'forlorn' against two or three thousand of their horse, who were drawn out on the west side of the city, hoping to bring them to a conflict; but they retreated immediately upon his appearance. One of them, however, fired a carbine at him as he "went before" his men; upon which Cromwell hallooed to the Scotchman, that "if he had been one of his soldiers, he would have cashiered him for firing at such a distance!" The man, having formerly served in England under Leslie, knew the general, and, coming over to him, told him he was "Cromwell himself," and that he had seen him in York-shire with his master, (Leslie).'

Cromwell, drawing his force, which scarcely numbered twelve thousand men, towards Dunbar, shipped his heavy baggage and the sick, when the Scots' army, twenty-seven thousand strong, closely followed him. A battle was now inevitable, and Cromwell, though feeling the difficulties of his situation, was not dismayed;—

'Accordingly, on the night preceding the memorable 3rd of September, 1650, he called his principal officers together, and gave general instructions to his army—to "seek the Lord," the customary expression for prayer in that day. After their devotions, he assumed his wonted serenity of manner and countenance; and feeling, as he said, his heart enlarged, and his spirits quieted, he bade them "all take heart, for God had certainly heard them, and would appear for them." As the daylight broke, they walked in the Earl of Roxburgh's gardens; from whence, through the morning mists, they could indistinctly trace the extended (too extended) position of their enemies. On the preceding evening, Cromwell's tact had detected an error in the posture of their right, towards the sea, from which he thought an advantage might be derived; noticing this to those around him, they concurred with him in the idea; and he had dispatched, during the darkness, a detachment to turn the flank of the Scots in that direction. This detachment attacked the enemy at six in the morning, on the eminence where they were posted, and put them in some disorder. Just as the manoeuvre on this flank was, therefore, taking effect, Cromwell, still watching the Scots through his prospective glass, perceived a general stir throughout their

camp; upon which he at once daringly exclaimed, "God is delivering them into our hands!—They are coming down to us!"

He had not purposed waiting the general attack; and, instantly arraying all his remaining forces, he led them to meet the deluge of Scottish war that in reality was soon seen sweeping from their hills. Coming up with the rear of the troops who were still in close conflict with the Scottish right, he ordered an extension of his line, by which he brought both armies into a position to be "engaged all over the field." The meeting on either side was more than commonly determined; the Scotch rushing forward with the confidence resulting both from their individual bravery and the sense of their to great superior strength; the English advancing with that cool energy, the source of so many triumphs recorded in their history, and which, on so many other occasions, has taught them how to derive victory from desperate circumstances. Almost from the first clash of the hostile weapons, it became apparent to which side the victory would incline. Never did Cromwell more enthusiastically, and yet more calmly, exert himself: never, with his highly silvered locks, and piercing looks of stern composure, did he appear so like the ancient genius of war, less contending for an uncertain triumph, than assuring it to every soldier of the little band in whose every breast his energies expanded. In the thick of the fight, the sun then rising in majesty from the sea, he seized upon his appearance with a poet's feeling, united with an intense conviction of the presence and favour of the god of battles; crying aloud, "Now let God arise, and his enemies shall be scattered!" And, in truth, vain were all the advantages which the Scots derived from their numbers, and from the pouring of their masses down, while the English had to toil and fight their way up, the steep hills of this bloody contest. In something more than an hour, during which, but for Cromwell's well-judged flanking attack, (whereby several bodies of the Scots, when once routed, themselves routed entire regiments in their rear,) every man in his army might have been at least twice met by an opponent, the enemy were thrown into unextinguishable confusion. In a few minutes the route along their own line was then complete, and the English had "the chase and execution of them near eight miles."

When Cromwell returned from his Scottish campaign, he began seriously to aim at absolute power, and consulted Whitelock on the subject of the probable consequences of a man taking 'upon him to be a king.' Whitelock was against it. Soon afterwards Cromwell dissolved the Parliament by a military force; and it is one among the thousand instances of the subversion of the public journals to the powers that

be, to find in the 'Mercurius Politicus,' the authorized gazette of the time, the following notice of this event:—

"Westminster, April 20. The Lord General delivered in Parliament *divers reasons* wherefore a present period should be put to the sitting of this Parliament; and it was accordingly done; the Speaker and the members all departing. The grounds of which proceeding will (its probable) be shortly made public."

Every day and every measure tended to strengthen the power of Cromwell, and on the 16th of December, 1653, he was ceremoniously inaugurated Lord Protector, in the Chancery Court, at Westminster, in which office he gained the respect of all the courts of Europe; and it must be admitted that, during the time of his government, the character of England was maintained with all foreign powers.

Cromwell called a new and what he called a free Parliament; but he assumed an unwarrantable dictatorship, and although he found it tolerably compliant, yet he dissolved it on the 22d of January, 1655. His speech to the members on this occasion, contains some curious passages. Speaking of the necessity he should be under to raise money and do other things 'for the benefit of the nation,' without parliamentary authority, he observes that some may,—

"Object—it is an easy thing to talk of necessities, when men create necessities. Would not the Lord Protector make himself great, and his family great? Doth not he make these necessities?—And then he will come upon the people with this argument of necessity. This were something hard indeed; but I have not yet known what it is to make necessities, whatsoever the judgment or thoughts of men are. And I say this not only to this assembly, but to the world, that man liveth not, that can come to me, and charge me that I have in these great revolutions made necessities. I challenge even all that fear God; and, as God hath said, 'My glory will I not give unto another,' let men take heed, and be twice advised, how they call his revolutions—the things of God, and his working of things from one period to another—how, I say, they call them necessities of man's creation; for, by so doing, they do vilify and lessen the works of God; and rob him of his glory, which he hath said he will not give unto another, nor suffer to be taken from him. It was (say some) the cunning of the Lord Protector, (I take it to myself); it was the craft of such a man, and his plot, that hath brought it about; and, (as they say in other countries) there are five or six cunning men in England, that have skill; they do all these things. Oh! what blas-

phemy is this! because that men are without God in this world, and walk not with him, and know not what it is to pray or believe, and to receive returns from God, and to be spoken unto by the spirit of God, who speaks without a written word sometimes, yet according to it. Therefore, whatever you may judge men for, and say,—this man is cunning, politic, and subtle,—take heed, again I say, how you judge of His revolutions as the products of men's inventions."

Whatever may be said in favour of Cromwell's government, so far as related to foreign policy, it is certain that he was a tyrant at home:—

Once he did not hesitate to imprison counsel of the first eminence, (Maynard, Twisden, and Windham,) in the Tower, for merely pleading the cause of their client at the bar; and would not release them, but upon their petition, couched in the humblest terms. Many also were imprisoned by him, upon warrants under his own hand alone; or without cause assigned; or secured in Jersey, and other islands, without the reach of a *habeas corpus*. Nay, sometimes, the civil officers received their instructions from him in the following laconic terms: "Sir, I pray you seize A. B., &c. and all others whom you shall judge dangerous men; do it quickly, and you shall have a warrant after it is done." These are facts which can be substantiated by genuine historical documents; or by the journals of the House, containing the reports of committees of Parliament after Cromwell's death, and his son Richard's accession: well were it for his credit, as a consistent character, if their authenticity could be disputed; for they are certainly rival the most flagrant acts for which Charles had been deposed, as they prove the criminal weaknesses, that are liable to beset the strongest minds, when ambition has hurried their passions beyond the bounds which reason and duty prescribe to them.

But the most sweeping instance of his tyranny was the establishment of a military government, by dividing the whole kingdom into eleven districts, and placing a military officer over each, in quality of major-general, with the most arbitrary and unlimited powers. The disturbed, though not inglorious reign of Cromwell, now drew to a close:—

An old age of cares and troubles, rather than of years, had overtaken him; and his pictures taken at this time, are strongly marked with the lines written by iniquity, in his features. Robust as he had been, the madness of parties, the estrangement of friends, the increasing disaffection of that vast army, whom to support, without parliamentary supplies, had plunged him into very considerable pecuniary embarrassments, exhausted his frame, while they lacerated, and at length greatly weakened, his mind; in so much,

that the recollection of the numerous schemes for his assassination, that he had either himself discovered, or had been informed of, haunted him continually; he grew pensive, melancholy, and seemed devoured with self-disatisfaction and chagrin. Gradually, he became more and more difficult of access, and would seem uneasy in the presence of strangers; never travelled, unless surrounded with his guards; and seldom slept on two successive nights in the same apartment.

This wretched state of existence terminated on his 'beloved and victorious' third of September, 1658. He was buried with more than regal pomp, his requiem being sung by a thousand bards; and his son quietly succeeded to his power, which, however, he soon resigned, and the royal family was restored. The Appendix contains many valuable documents illustrative of the subject, and including several of Cromwell's letters; the puritanical style in which his correspondence was always written, is, however, so well known, that we do not deem it necessary to extend this review by any further extracts. We shall, therefore, only add, that, notwithstanding some inaccuracies and inelegancies of style, our author has given a very interesting memoir of Cromwell, and has better enabled us to form a due estimate of the real character of that extraordinary individual, than any preceding biographer or historian.

THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

Part XVIII. Anecdotes of Shipwreck.

OF all the miseries to which a life of adventure is subject, that of shipwreck is, perhaps, the most afflicting. It is not merely contending with the warring element in the storms of the ocean, but when the wretched mariners are fortunate enough to survive the disasters which it occasions, it is often only to perish on an inhospitable shore, or to encounter new dangers and difficulties, in all the varieties of hunger, fatigue, and savage hostility. Of all the subjects which the brothers Percy have selected for anecdote, that of shipwreck, though one of the most interesting, is the least novel; and we unavoidably meet with much that we have before seen; the only merit, therefore, that this work possesses, is, that the narratives are much condensed, and related with great spirit, by which means, the substance of half a dozen octavo volumes is compressed within the narrow limits of a half-crown 18mo.

We select three anecdotes, which, though neither the best nor the most

interesting, appear to us as not the most generally known:—

'Negro Devotion.—An English gentleman and his lady, who were on their passage to the East Indies, in one of the vessels of an English fleet, paid a visit to the admiral's ship, leaving two young children in the care of a Negro servant, who was about eighteen years of age. A violent storm arising during their absence, the ship containing the two children was fast sinking, when a boat arrived from the admiral's ship for their relief. The crew eagerly crowded to the boat; but the Negro lad finding there was only room for him alone, or the two children, generously put them on board, and remained himself on the wreck, which, with the generous boy, was immediately engulfed in the ocean.

This interesting circumstance has been made the subject of the following lines, by Sellbeck Osborn:—

" Tremendous howls the angry blast!

The boldest hearts with terror quake!

High o'er the vessel's tottering mast

The liquid mountains fiercely break!

Each eye is fix'd in wild despair,

And death displays its terrors there!

Now plunging in the dread abyss,

They pierce the bosom of the deep;

Now rise where vivid lightning glows,

And seem the murky clouds to sweep—

Thro' the dark waste dread thunder roll,

And horrors kill the fugid soul!

The storm abates; but shattered sore,

The leaky vessel drinks the brine;

They seek in vain some friendly shore,

And, spirits sink, their hopes decline!

But, lo! what joy succeeds their grief,

Kieft Heaven grants the wish'd relief.

See, on the deck, young Marco stands,

Two blooming cherubs by his side,

Entrusted to his faithful hands.—

'A mother's joy, a father's pride—

Thro' black his skin, as shades of night,

His heart is fair; his soul is white!

Each to the yawl with rapture flies,

Except the noble generous boy;

'Go, lovely infants, go,' he cries,

'And give your anxious parents joy.

No mother will for Marco weep,

When fate entombs him in the deep!

Long have my kindred censur'd to grieve,

No suter kind my fate shall mourn;

No breast for me a sigh will leave,

No bosom friend wait my return.

He said, and sinking, sought the happy shore,

Where toil and slavery vex his soul no more."

'Greenland Solitude.—A Greenland whale ship from Archangel, with fourteen men, destined for Spitzbergen, was driven near an island, called by the Russians, Little Broun, in the year 1743. The vessel was suddenly surrounded by ice, and the crew reduced to a very dangerous situation. In this alarming state, a council was held; when the mate, Alexis Himkoff, informed his comrades, that some of the people of Mesen had formerly intended wintering on this island, and had erected a hut at some distance from the shore. The crew conceiving

that they most inevitably perish in the ship, dispatched the mate and three others in quest of the hut. Two miles of ice intervened between the ship and the shore, and rendered reaching it very difficult. Having provided themselves with a musket, a powder horn, containing twelve charges of powder, and as many balls, an axe, a kettle, about twenty pounds of flour, a knife, a tinder box, some tobacco, and such a wooden pipe, the four men left the ship, and soon reached the island, where they discovered the hut alluded to, about a mile and a half from the shore.

Rejoicing greatly at their success, they passed the night in the hut, and next morning hastened to the shore, impatient to communicate their good fortune to their comrades; but what was their astonishment on beholding an open sea instead of ice; and not a remnant of the ship, which they doubted not had been dashed to pieces. This unfortunate occurrence, for a while, deprived them of utterance:—

" The pale mariners on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words pre-
pared;

The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the falt'ring tongue."

Astonishment gave way to horror and despair; and without the hope of ever being able to quit the island, they returned to the hut. Their first attention was directed to the means of providing subsistence, and repairing their habitation; which had suffered much from the weather. The twelve charges of powder and ball procured them as many rein-deer, with which the island fortunately abounded.

The Russians collected a quantity of wood on the shore, with several bits of iron, some nails five or six inches long, and an iron hook. They also found the roof of a fire-bent nearly in the shape of a bow, and of which one was soon formed; but a string and arrows were still wanting. Unable, at present, to procure either, they resolved to make two lances to defend themselves against the white bears. Tools they had none, and materials very few; but

" The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious."

The iron hook was fashioned into a hammer; a large pebble served for an anvil; and a couple of rein-deer horns supplied the place of tongs. By means of such tools, two spear heads were made, which were afterwards fixed on two strong shafts; and thus equipped, the Russians ventured to attack a white bear, which, after a most dangerous encounter, they killed. This was a new supply of provisions, which was much relished. The tendons being divided into filaments, served for strings to their bow; and some bits of iron which they pointed and fixed on fir rods, for arrows. They now were enabled more easily to obtain food; and during their abode in the island, they

killed not less than two hundred and forty rein-deer, and a great number of blue and white foxes. They killed only ten white bears, and that at the utmost hazard, for these animals are amazingly strong, and defended themselves with great fury. Nine of these were killed in self-defence, for they even ventured to enter the outer room of the hut.

To prevent the scurvy, Ivan Hinkoff, who had wintered several times on the coast of West Spitzbergen, advised his companions to swallow raw and frozen meat in small pieces, and to drink the blood of the rein-deer as it flowed warm from the veins of the animal. Those who followed his injunctions, found an effectual antidote; but Feodor Wereglin, who was of an indolent habit, andaverse to drinking the blood, was soon seized with the scurvy; and under this afflicting distemper passed nearly six years, his humane companions being obliged to attend on him, and feed him like a new-born infant. When they had passed nearly six years in this dismal abode, he died in the winter, and was buried in the snow, which was dug as deep as possible to receive his corpse.

Various were the expedients of these poor men to alleviate their sufferings; a lamp was made of clay, oakum, and cordage, found on the shore; and afterwards, pieces of their shirts and drawers supplied the wick, and rein-deer fat served as a tolerable substitute for oil. The skins of rein-deers and foxes, served for bedding; and some were tanned for clothing, by steeping them in water, until the hair could be rubbed off; and then putting rein-deer fat upon them, which rendered them soft and pliant. The want of awls and needles, was supplied by bits of iron which they collected. Of these they made a kind of wire, which being heated red hot, was pierced with a knife, ground to a sharp point, which formed the eye of a needle. The sinews of bears and rein-deer, split into threads, served for sewing the pieces of leather together, which enabled them to procure jackets and trousers for summer dress; and a long fur gown, with a hood, for their winter apparel.

After passing six years and three months in this useful solitude, a Russian vessel, driven from the place of her destination, unexpectedly came in view, on the 15th of August, 1749. As soon as they perceived her, they hastened to light fires on the nearest hills; and then ran to the beach, waving a flag made of rein-deer's skin, fastened to a pole. The prince on board observing the signals, and coming to an anchor, took the wretched sufferers on board. Tears of gratitude, trickled down their cheeks at such a deliverance; for true it is, that—

" Pleasant joys,
Waxen in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow."

When they embarked, they took on board about two thousand weight of rein-deer fat, many hides, the skins of the blue

and white foxes they had killed, and all their tools and weapons, which had become sanctified in their misfortunes. The vessel then set sail; and on the 25th of September, 1749, arrived safe at Archangel, where they were received with transports of joy by their friends and relatives, who had abandoned all hope of ever seeing any of them again.

'Blowing up.'—The Amphion frigate, commanded by Captain Israel Fellow, while getting her foremast repaired at Plymouth, in September, 1796, blew up with a dreadful explosion. It is believed, that there were two successive explosions. The first threw Captain Fellow, Captain Swaffield, and the first lieutenant, who were drinking wine together, from their seats, and struck them against the ceiling of the upper deck. Captain Fellow, with great presence of mind, flew to the cabin windows, and with an amazing leap, which the sense of danger alone enabled him to take, threw himself upon one of the hawser, and was taken up by a boat. The first lieutenant saved himself in the same manner, but Captain Swaffield perished.

'The exact number of individuals who suffered is not known; but as the frigate was to have sailed on the following day, there were nearly a hundred men, women, and children on board, above the ship's complement. The survivors, who did not exceed ten in number, were most miraculously preserved. The fore magazine had taken fire; four men, who were at work on the tops, were blown up, and fell into the water without much injury from the explosion. The fate of a child was still more singular; the terror of the shock having made its mother grasp it fast, the under part of her body was blown away, while the upper part remained with the child fast locked in her arms.

'At the moment of the explosion, the sentinel at the cabin door happened to be looking at his watch; he felt it dashed from his hands, after which he became insensible, and how he escaped he was ignorant; but he was carried ashore very little hurt. The boatswain was directing the men in rigging out the jibboom, when he felt himself suddenly thrown upwards, and he fell into the sea. He was taken up by a boat, without any other hurt than a broken arm. One of the seamen (a Gascon we are afraid) declared that he was below when the frigate blew up, and went to the bottom in the hull; that he recollected having a knife in his pocket, with which he cut his way through the companion into the gun-room; already shattered by the explosion, and rising to the surface of the water, swam unharmed ashore.

'This part is very appropriately dedicated to Sir Murray Maxwell, of whom an excellent portrait is given.

Rhymes. By G. C. 12mo. pp. 64.

We love brevity and modesty, and this title suits us. These 'Rhymes,' unlike such productions in general, were not written for sale, (though, if known, they would scarcely fail to ensure a pretty extensive one,) but merely for private circulation among the author's friends, and we are not certain but our giving them this publicity may be deemed a somewhat unwarrantable liberty. The poems, which display an amiable and moral feeling, are written with unaffected simplicity, and the versification is easy and harmonious. We quote two short pieces as specimens:—

'INTEMPERANCE.

Where dread Phlegethon follows her burning stream

In night eternal! save the lurid gleam
From choking sulphur's vlow consuming fire,
To show the horrors of these regions dire:
Hell's grisly King, whom mortal ne'er beheld,
His fiends conven'd, and solemn council held,
To choose for premier in the shades below,
Who peopled most those realms of pain and woe.

When bending Age, by shaking Palsy led,
Tottering, approach'd the monarch of the dead,
Who justly own'd his certain final doom,
But deem'd too slow his steps towards the tomb;
The lengthen'd day by peaceful Virtue given,
Would thicken his realms, and people bated heaven.

Bade him return; since, if he held the sway,
Death's stroke were lost in unperceiv'd decay.

Next Fever came, with inward flame oppress'd,
And Phosphy rose her palpitating breast;
Then Woe Consumption shew'd her hectic cheek,

And lifted Apoplexy essay'd to speak;
While Suicide, to self-destruction arm'd,
With lurid glare, grim Death had nigh alarm'd;
Now lurking Murder shook his reeking knife,
And War and Rapine told their bloody strife;
High in the air their gleamy furies war'd,
And all their master's ghastly terrors brav'd.
Giant Famine next came stalking in their path,
And grin'd exulting on their ghastly death;
Swold Pestilence now clos'd the dreadful train,
Boasting the myriads his breath had slain.

In Hell's abyss none dared with these contend,
And Death now paused, which fiend to hail his friend.

But in the Vices rush'd! Hell view'd with dread

The desperate throng, by hot Intemperance led,
Who reud blasphemous on. When Death aloud

Exulting thus address'd th' infernal crowd:
'Ye Gods! ministers of justice here below,
Who most delight in blood and human woe,
Behold my choice! The Parent of ye all!
This bloodied form whom men Intemperance call!

Who'er within her foul embrace lies,
The wretch infatuated, lingering dies;
Or, from her arms, to thy dire vengeance given,
Is thus at once bereft of life and Heaven.

HOPE.

Oh! never say, that Hope deceives,
When she the aching breast relieves;
Of pangs too much to bear;

'Tis those insatiate vain desires,
Which every mortal bosom fires,
And seem her smile to wear.
Love shrinks from Poverty's dread name;
Sleep, too, deserts the couch of Pain;
Time hastens on our doom—
But Hope, dear Hope! man's constant guest,
Still pointing how he may be blest,
Attends him to the tomb.

Original Communications.

DISCOVERY EXTRAORDINARY!!

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Allow me to inform you that I have contracted an awkward habit of stooping in the shoulders, of which I find it is now too late to get rid, though I confess it exposes me to a good deal of unpleasant remark from the ladies.

There is, however, one advantage attending this graceless carriage of the body, which may occasionally compensate for its unpleasant qualities; I mean the chance a person of this description possesses of discovering any thing which may have fallen from careless pedestrians, and have been overlooked by more upright walkers than himself. For myself, I certainly cannot boast of having been very fortunate in this way till last Saturday morning, when, as I was hurrying along the Strand, to your attractive office, for the purpose of purchasing my weekly treat, I espied a paper, folded letter-wise, lying in rather a dirty condition on the pavement, near a certain office, not a hundred miles from your own. I found that this packet contained a quantity of verses written on the envelopes of letters addressed to A. A. W. Esq. These unfortunate effusions were written partly with a pen and partly with pencil, and much that had been traced by the latter was nearly obliterated, a circumstance which will account for the many chasms I shall be obliged to leave in the following copy of this interesting MS. I call it interesting, and am induced to send it you, because it is connected, in some measure, with a subject which has occupied the minds of several of your ingenious correspondents. Having said this much by way of preface and explanation, I will now, Mr. Editor, with your leave, proceed to lay before you as much of this poem as I have been able to make out:—
'Tear off the veil that darkens eye and mind—
Be ye no longer duped, ye senseless many!
Long have I warned, but ye continued blind,
Nor would accept your critic's proffer, when
Offer'd him labours to enlighten you.

Who might, with obstinacy dull and hard,
Still say that Byron is a genuine bard.

Well, Byron's fate is certain, and his fall is
Fix'd and immutable; he must decline,
Since I, by duty urged and not by malice,
A passion which I swear was never mine,
Have pour'd o'er certain volumes, and do call his
Best poems, which the world deems wondrous
poems fine,

No more than stolen goods, for—every word
He uses in them has before been heard.

His truth to nature he has stol'n from Scott,—
His elegance and tenderness from Moore,
His energy from—whom I have forgot—
(The name is in my book of written lore.)
His mystery from Goethe, whose sad lot
I mix with a fellow-feeling do deplore;
Him and myself, whom all the public sneer at,
Lord Byron steals from; (by Jove they shall
hear that!)

But not in English bards alone he cozens.—
To foreign stores all recklessly he flies,
And pilfers from Italian bards by dozens,
Deeming them all fair game and lawful
prize.

All this we have, and will expose, that us
hence—

Forward he may fear—but not despair!
For we will pull down the Byronic towers,
And, with the scatter'd fragments, build up ours.

This work we will accomplish in despite
Of all our foes who may take his part;
We know what's true, and understand what's
right,

And we will wreck his fame by force or art;
Our motives are our own, and they are white,
While he is villainous—plague on his heart!
We do not base enough the other day,
To recommend Lord Oxford's holiday?

And when thus did he not then declare
(The lying calist!) that for full five years
He had not read an English paper where
He has been roaming?—This to us appears
A falsehood palpable, yet this to swear,
That he would accuse us, we have our fears,
Although we know his publisher to send him
Every new book that's likely to befuddle him!

But we can see through this, and the plain fact
is,
(We state it with contempt and not regret),
Before we honestly exposed his practice
Of mean deception, he is in a pet;
And so the meaning of this word and act is
To make folks think he sees not our ga-
zette!

But Galignani quotes us, and my lord
Reads him—for this, at least, we have his
word!

Here, Mr. Editor, follow some
stances which I cannot wholly read, in
consequence of the accident I stated
above; their drift, if I may judge of
it by such of the lines as are rather
more legible than their companions, is
to convey an idea that it is more plea-
sant than profitable to the "Cannynge
Advertizer" to enrich himself now and then
with a paltry wood-cut or so. That
Surgeon Fisher's work is much cheaper,
and, in many respects, much superior
to Captain Parry's, a thing which he
tudoity initiates may be easily
accounted for, Surgeon F. being a

very particular friend of his. . . —
A hint to Mr. Moore, that it is ex-
tremely improper to let Irish patriots
ism intrude itself into Irish Melodies,
and an Eulogium on Mr. Craly, for
heightening the effect of beautiful po-
etry, by mingling with it furious ex-
pressions of triumph over a fallen foe! . . .
He then makes a sudden transi-
tion, and exclaims:—
'Percy Bysshe Shelley! the unearthly bright-

And wild expression of thy fearful eye
Prove thou hast forfeited thy bosom's white-
ness,
And lusted thy soul to shame and perdition.
And then thy 'gait perturbed,—its wondrous
lightness,—

Thy long unequal strides—all these supply
The clearest proof, that if thou'rt not the devil,
Thou art his equal in all kinds of evil.

Percy Bysshe Shelley! while almost a child,
You wrote a profligate and wicked book,
At which it seems you ne'er were weak or wild
Enough to let the public have a look;
But one it seems has printed it, beguiled
By hope of gain,—and so, by hook or crook,
We'll bop on you slander, reproach, and
shame,
And play the very devil with your name.

Here, Mr. Editor, in a fit of virtuous
indignation, our author seems to have
thrown over his ink-standish; since,
in consequence of a huge stain, I can-
not make out a line, though many
seem to have been written, till I arrive
at the following concluding stanza,
which I have carefully copied, that
you may perceive that yourself and
your facetious correspondent, W. L. B.,
together (by anticipation) with Z.,
have been honoured with the notice of
our enraged detector of plagiarisms:—

A curse upon the Literary Chronicle
For doing what no journal else has done!
Through it have we been struck by the ironical
W. L. B., whose pen's a powerful one
And keen; and now there's the laconical
More serious double Z, who carries on
This fearful combat, which is fearful only
Because we in the fight are standing lonely.

I have, now, Mr. Editor, sent you
all I can read of this valuable gift of
fortune; and I trust you will justly
appreciate my liberality in transmit-
ting to you, without delay, a treasure,
for the recovery of which, I have no
doubt that a handsome reward will
speedily be offered. Disdaining, how-
ever, all idea of lucre, I leave it in your
hands to be treated as it may deserve.

And I am, Mr. Editor, &c. &c.
Your obedient humble servant,
J. W. D.

P. S. I forgot to state, that the ori-
ginal MS. is now lying in my hands,
for the inspection of the curious, and
may be seen upon application.

ON THE

PLEASURES OF A CHOP-HOUSE.

Particularized by W. B. L., Gourmand,
&c. &c. &c.

THERE are few pleasures to be placed
in juxtaposition with those afforded by
a CHOP-HOUSE; and, indeed, had we
said, that all descriptions would suffer
by the comparative view, we had not,
we think, overstepped the modesty
of nature. For ourself, we may most
truly say, that we were totally ignorant
of true happiness until we had partici-
pated in that which a CHOP-HOUSE is
so fitted to induct;—we had experi-
enced our share too. To such an ex-
tent do our propensities that way ex-
tend, we even scruple not to advance,
that had the divine PLATO tasted its
delights, the world would have never
seen (nor needed) his mighty specula-
tions. In truth, we much marvel, that
in those days of profundity, chop-
houses were never 'dreamt of in man's
philosophy'; but, perhaps, it is better
as it is; for it is a self-evident thing,
that PLATO and a CHOP-HOUSE could
not, by any possibility, have existed in
the same age. With the incorrigible
Liston, the admirers and the followers
of each, would for ever have been at
contentious purposes, each, perhaps,
assuming for their motto,—"Plate! oh
thou reason'st well!"

Reader, we solemnly assure thee,
upon our honour, (and we place our
hand upon our breast most emphati-
cally) that if thou wouldst know true
and unalloyed delight, thou must enter
a chop-house. Within its doors are to
be found food for both body and soul
—feasting for corporeal cravings and
cravings intellectual—nourishment for
the faculties, mental and bodily; there
you may invigorate the brain while you
satisfy the palate, and feed the mind
with good things while you devour
your mutton chop, and suck in huge
dainties of wisdom while you drink
your pot of porter.

A chop-house is a little world of it-
self.—A world!—it is an absolute uni-
verse in miniature!—and has its own
peculiar system and planets, and satel-
lites, and fixed stars, and revolutions,
and its motions, annual and diurnal,
in all the wide diversity of waters,
cooks, sauce-pans, stoves, and smoke-
jacks. Not Pythagoras, Philolaus,
Archimedes, Ptolemy, Aristotle, Co-
pernicus, nor all the sages that ever
drew breath, with our glorious Newton
to boot, ever dreamt of a theory half
so exquisite, or afforded to man a treat
so delicious.

In it there is provender for philosophers and fools, stoics or epicureans—contemplation for genius of all denominations,—and it embraces every species of science and of art (having an especial eye to the art of cookery). It compasses all that is worthy of the sublimest faculties and capacities of the soul. It is the resort of all that is good and glorious on the earth, the needy and the noble, the wealthy and the wise. Its high estimation is acknowledged on all hands; it has the suffrage of the world. At all times, and in all seasons, its supremacy is admitted, and its influence recognized. The name, the very name alone is sufficient to excite all that is pleasant to our senses (five; or seven, how many sever there be.): A chop-house! at that word, what a clashing of knives, and forks, and plates, and pewter-pots, and rushing of footsteps, and murmurings of expectant hosts, enter into our delighted ears—what gay scenes of varied beauty, and many-natured viands and viscous soups rise before our visual nerves—what fragrant perfumes and sweet-scented odours, and grateful gales of delicate dainties stream into our olfactory perceptions:—

Like the sweet south,
Upon a bank, a bank of violets, giving
And taking odour.

Its power is as vast, as wonderful, and goodly, and extends over all animal and animated nature, biped and quadruped, the earth, the air, the sea, and all that therein is. By its high decree, the beast may no longer bask in the noon-tide of its nature—the birds must forsake their pure ether, and the piscatory dwellers of the deep may spread no more their finny sails towards their caves of coral. The fruits and the upgrowings of the habitable world, and all created things, by one wave of the mighty wand, are brought together into this their common tomb. It is creative, too; of the lordliest independence of spirit. It excites the best passions of the heart. It calls into action every kind and generous feeling of our nature. It begets fraternal affection, and unanimity, and cordiality of soul, and excellent neighbourhood among men. It will correct antipodes; for its ministerial effects will produce a radical advantage. Its component parts go down with the world, and its principles are well digested.

But it is not alone admirable as a whole; its constituent and individual beauties are as provocative of respect as the mass is of our veneration. From

forth of its unimpeachable excellencies, let us, for an instance, select one, which should ever be uppermost in our thought and beneath our contemplation. What is more delightful than a beef-steak?—Spite of lexicographers, there is something of harmony even in its name—it seems to be the key-note of our best constructed organs (organs differing from all others, only because they have no stops). It circles all that is full, rich, and sonorous; not in its articulated enunciation (we grant)—for there, to waive discussion, it may be somewhat weak and impoverished,—but, in its internal acception, there—there, we feel all its strength and diapason of force and quantity.

If, however, it were our purpose (which it is not) to descend into the detail, we should have commenced *commentement*, and begun with Tom the waiter: for Tom is the civilist and best tempered fellow in the globe; he is the personification of the abstract exquisite, and is endeared to every body by that eternity of smile which is hovering o'er his lips, day and night; now and for ever. Yes, Tom! thou art a good dog, and I will surely give thee immortality, ere long, by portraying thee in the *CHARACTERS*.

Collectively, what, would we seriously and with due gravity ask,—what is more worthy the incense of men than a chop-house? what more deserving the speculations of the wise? what more fitted to display the vastness of the human intellect? Reader, ponder; consider well what we have said, and be by us assured, that—

The proper study of mankind is
A CHOP-HOUSE.

HISTORICAL ORIGINS AND ILLUSTRATIONS. (FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

The Lotus.

THE lotus, or water lily, has been supposed by some writers to allude to the ark; but it must be remembered that the Egyptians in very early times made of the lotus a sweetish bread, so that this flower was as natural a type of plenty amongst them as ours of wheat became afterwards in Greece.

Anubis, Osiris, and the Romans of the several days of the week:—

André war	Dies Solis, the Sun's day.
Sens war	Dies Lunæ, the Moon's day.
Mengala war	Mercurii dies, the Mercury day.
Boopha war	Jovis dies, the Jupiter day.
Vishnu war	Veneris dies, the Venus day.
Shiva war	Saturis dies, the Saturn day.
Shooker war	

The Pygmæi.

The Pygmæi are described as a small but remarkably strong race of men; and it is singular that the same tradition exists to this day in Scotland concerning the *Pechts*, or *Picts*, whose name may be of the same origin.

America.

That there was in the western ocean a rich and happy island, or large continent, was a vague tradition or superstition among ancient nations; but of its history no one pretended to have the slightest knowledge. We can hardly think that the notions which they entertained of it were any thing more than the mere dreams which all rude people have of some happier clime and country than their own, at a distance beyond the limits of sea, or mountain, or desert, to them impassable. This traditional belief, however, was generally prevalent, down to the time of the actual discovery of the western hemisphere. One of the most ancient poems now extant in the old English language, is founded entirely on it; beginning,—

Far in sea by west of Spain
Is a land bright Colcaigne.

This land of Colcaigne, or Coquina, from whence our word *cockney* is derived, was the supposed seat of idleness and sensual pleasure; the graver philosophical poets placed in the same situation the abodes of spiritual purity and celestial happiness.

JOIDA.

Original Poetry.

Lines

Overlaid spreading Lord Byron's Dedication to the Prophecy of Dante:

Endy, for the cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born, but where I would not die.

LORD BYRON.

My native isle, the cold thy clime.

Thou'rt very dear to me,

And twain'd around my very heart

Is lasting love for thee.

For art thou not the house where I

Who trust and prize me best

And if we were not so, I'd pray

Thou might'st have been

I could not wish so foreign clime

The grass might o'er my grave

Oh no! In the land that gave me birth,

Pray bless me I find a grave.

There's beauty in thy sweet green fields

To my partial eye

Beyond the orange grove and lemon tree

Of far fair Italy.

There are noble hearts and hands that dwell

Beneath the cloudy sky

That in the cause of their oppressors

Would bravely freely die

Oh! noble men, can't thou then

A land like this forget?

Surely, tho' thou canst not rightly speak

Thine heart must feel regret.

The birth-place of an only child,
Oh! let that parent bless,
And if it be but for her sake,
Learn to despise it less.

ELIZA.

THE INQUIRY.

WHAT sorrow binds Eliza's soul,
What fears her senses chain?
What doth her woe's grief control,
And what her tears restrain?
Has she not lost a virtuous friend?
Has death not closed her eyes?
And will not grief its powers lend
When her companion dies?

Say, shall her love for Mary cease,
Because that virgin's dead?
No; rather should her woe increase
That 'tis a sister's fled.
Can she not weep, or will not tears
Their dueful office do,—
Can she not weep, or why appears
That face of ghastly hue.

Sore 'tis affection binds her soul,
And doth her senses chain;
Sure 'tis distress her woe control,
And all her tears restrain.
The heart that silent suffering lives,
And weeps but when unknown,
No sorrow to another gives,—
Its woes are all its own.

J. C. P.

TO A CHILD SLEEPING.

Emblem of innocence, in slumber there,
Offspring of her to whom thy cheek is pressed,
In thy light breathings there is thought of care,
And the warm signs that heaven thy gentle breast,

Send forth no token of unquiet rest,
But soft they come as summer's fragrant air.
Sleep on, while yet with quiet slumbers blest'd,
Sleep on, the hours too soon advance, when care

May come, and thou, no more of peace possess'd,
May 't be to ev'ry blast of fortune bare.

And thy young form, in purest beauty dress'd,
Will fade, and thy soft cheek time shall not spare.

Sleep on, while pleasure o'er thee spreads her wings,
Morn comes apace, and sorrow with her brings.
SAN SPIRITAIL.

TO *****

CAN I forget; can't thou forget
The hour of pleasure we have known?
Or will thy heart with mine regret
To think how quickly they have flown?

Will thou with me one sigh bestow,
Or will with mine thy bosom heave,
Or will thou feel with me the glow,
That joys like ours behind them leave?

Thou wilt!—why need I doubt thy heart?
It e'er has been sincere to me;
Oh be it still, till life depart,
The same as mine shall be to thee.

Alike our feelings e'er have been,
Alike our thought, our wishes were,
Alike our hearts, our minds were seen;
Alike our joy, alike our care.

Unchang'd by time, still shall they prove
From every mind impression free,
Life may be quench'd, but faithful love
Shall last in sweet eternity. SAN SPIRITAIL.

Fine Arts.

MONUMENT IN HONOUR
OF

GEORGE THE THIRD.

THE occurrence, during this week, of a grand public dinner to commemorate the commencement of a subscription for a work of art, (for such was in sooth the design till the dinner was on the table,) demands from us, as friends and annals of the Fine Arts, something both in the way of record and of observation.

Mr. Matthew Wyatt, the projector of the unfinished cenotaph to the Princess Charlotte, encouraged, no doubt, by the careless generosity with which the public had contributed to that ingenious speculation, had projected a similar one in honour of his late Majesty George the Third; nor had he any difficulty in again finding a number of highly distinguished and respectable individuals, who, pleased with the general purpose of his scheme, consented to become patrons, vice-patrons, general-committee-men, and acting-committee-men, of a subscription to be opened for carrying it into effect, but *probably*, (we might say *certainly*), without paying much attention to the particular plan of Mr. Wyatt, which seemed thus to have obtained their patronage. At the head of the list were H. R. H. the Duke of York, several other members of the royal family, and many of the most ancient nobility and commoners of the land.

Thus far, 'by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on; but it happened to occur to some kind friend of the artist, (it is an old adage,—save me from my friends and I will protect myself from my enemies,) that to give éclat to the affair, it would be a good idea to have a grand public dinner to celebrate the commencement of the subscription, not reflecting how fatal the public gaze must ever be to any thing in the shape of a job or monopoly. This, which may be considered as the under-plot of the drama, succeeded at first to admiration. The newspapers soon announced to the curious public, that a grand dinner would take place on the fourth of June, the anniversary of his Majesty's birth, at which H. R. H. the Duke of York would take the chair; and a list of persons, scarcely ever perhaps exceeded for rank and respectability on any similar occasion, would act as stewards. The expectation of the public was certes prodigiously excited; but accompanied

every now and then with some rather troublesome inquiries from sensible people, as to what the great preparations were all about. At first the dinner was positively stated to be to commemorate the opening of the subscription for the nominal trophy to the honour of George the Third,—that is, to Mr. Wyatt's design of a trophy, engravings from the cartoon of which have been busily circulated, as the thing agreed, fixed, and determined on. For some reason or other, this style of announcement was dropped, and the dinner was at last only called 'A Commemorative Dinner to celebrate the Glories of the longest Reign of any British Sovereign,' (we believe we quote the jargon rightly, though only from memory.) It would seem that there were sensible people among Mr. Wyatt's crowd of patrons, as well as among the public at large, who, as the day of the festival approached, began to inquire a little more seriously than they had hitherto done, into the merits of the speculation to which they were lending their countenance. A larsum was most probably to be collected—was it certain to be rightly administered? A monument was to be raised to his late Majesty,—was the design proposed by Mr. Wyatt, such as would do honour to the spirit and taste of the age? An example of encouragement altogether unprecedented, was about to be given to an important department of art: was that department sure of doing fair play by permitting the patronage intended for it to be forestalled, and all liberal competition excluded? How these sensible inquirers answered the question to themselves, we come now to record.

The dinner took place on the day fixed, and H. R. H. the Duke of York was in the chair. After some public toasts were given, and some indifferent poetry, written in honour of the occasion by the Rev. Geo. Croly, (who can do better things,) had been recited, the Earl of Blessington rose, and, as the papers report, spoke as follows:—

He (the Earl of Blessington) came forward on the present occasion, as appearing at the head of the list of stewards, and at the head of the acting committee, who first, under the sanction of their royal chairman, brought this measure before the public. (*Applause*) When he looked around, and saw the illustrious persons who had that day honoured the meeting with their presence, he was sure the acting committee would stand acquitted of

any charge of not having done their duty; and that it would appear manifest to every one, they made the present proceeding worthy of its object, and commemorated in a becoming manner the memory of George the Third. (*Cheers*.) He must, however, take leave to observe, that the first object of the meeting was, for reasons then not necessary to explain, abandoned—he meant the proposing of a subscription to carry into execution the plan of a monument to his late Majesty. What they had in view was not the offspring of a moment. For a period of twelve months the committee had laboured at this object, and acted on no other feeling than a sense of honest public regard towards the fulfilment of a public intention.—(*Hear*.)—The plan which they fixed upon, and which was that of Mr. Wyatt, was not chosen in preference to others, but because it was the only one of the kind offered to public notice. He (Lord Blessington) had personally undergone great labour, in the exertion of the humble talents which he possessed, to bring the matter thus forward. But he bowed to the suggestion of their illustrious chairman, who thought it proper to withdraw the intended toast of “Success to the Subscription for the Triumphant Monument to the Memory of George the Third.” (*hear, hear*.) lest one word should be raised in that illustrious assembly against the project offered to the public. This design was, indeed, opposed by some noblemen and others, under the impression that it would be improper to convert the funds intended for such a purpose to the benefit of one particular artist; but that, when the adequate resources were subscribed, the execution of the plan should be open to competition. There was nothing fairer than this in a general point of view, and had it been stated twelve months ago, he could have offered no objection to it; but, as the affair stood at present, one particular design had been offered, approved of, and adopted; and he, for one, could not feel himself justified in bestowing upon another person the benefit of the original idea, and depriving the real author of the copyright of his performance. (*hear, hear*.) under the notion that somebody coming after him could do better.

Such is the speech which the daily journals, in reporting the proceedings of the meeting, ascribe to the Earl of Blessington, and to which we have as yet seen no contradiction, either in whole or in part, from his Lordship. We have, however, great difficulty in believing that it can be either in words or in substance an accurate report of what the noble earl said on the occasion; for we cannot conceive that any British Peer (we know nothing of Lord B. personally) would willingly give currency to a very erroneous history of any

transaction of importance to the public. The obvious impression which this speech must make on every one who reads it is:—1st. That a Committee of noblemen and gentlemen had spontaneously associated, and had been labouring these twelve months past to promote the erection of a monument to the memory of George the Third; and 2dly. That this Committee had fixed upon the plan of Mr. Wyatt, because it was the only one offered, meaning of course to say, or otherwise, meaning nothing at all, that other artists had had an opportunity of presenting plans, as well as Mr. Wyatt to the Committee, and were to blame for not doing so. Now, in the first place, we challenge the Earl of Blessington to shew a single act or proceeding of this said Committee of an earlier date than six months preceding the 4th of June; and in the 2nd place, we respectfully, but seriously, ask him, whether, instead of the Committee fixing upon the plan of Mr. Wyatt, it be not the fact that Mr. Wyatt fixed his plan upon the Committee, by taking the selection of that Committee upon himself; by making sure, in some degree, of personal friendship towards himself in the majority of the persons whom he chose to place upon it; and by taking care (with their concurrence we must presume) that neither the invitation nor opportunity should be given to other artists to offer a plan in competition with that of Mr. Wyatt? We need not, however, wait for his lordship's answer on these points. It is a fact too notorious in the circle of art to be denied, that of the whole affair, down to a most recent day—plan, committee, diener, and all,—Mr. Wyatt was the prime deviser and director to the exclusion of every thing like fair competition, selection, or choice,—that no other artists were ever invited to offer plans, and that no artist had an opportunity of offering a better design than that of Mr. Wyatt, except indeed Mr. Wyatt himself, to whose house all communications on the subject were ordered to be addressed.

The real state of the case being as we have now informed our readers, they need not be surprised at what follows the noble earl's speech. The illustrious chairman (seldom more illustrious than by the good sense which he has shewn on this occasion) thought proper to withdraw the intended toast of “Success to the Subscription for the Triumphant Monument to the Memory of George the Third;” that is to Mr. Wyatt's plan of such a monu-

ment—the plan supposed to be fixed on, not by the Committee—lest the harmony of the meeting should be disturbed by those noblemen who had opposed the design, under the impression, ‘that it would be improper to convert the funds intended for such a purpose to the benefit of one particular artist, but that, when the adequate resources were subscribed, the execution of the plan should be open to competition.’

We are sure that every person who knows any thing,—we will not say of the Fine Arts, but of a clear field and fair play,—must feel and acknowledge that H. R. H. the Duke of York and the noblemen to whose judgment he has shewn a deference, have deserved well of their country, for the part they have taken on this occasion. They have shown that they will not deliberately lend themselves to the abuse of public patronage for private ends, nor consent to encourage subscriptions, from a liberal people, to any design which is not proved by public competition to be, if not the best which the age can produce, at least the best which the age can procure.

The result has been, that the dinner, which was expected to seal the success of Mr. Wyatt's scheme, by a magnificent subscription towards it, has laid it for the present under the table: what it is to be the next step we know not.

It now only remains for us to advert briefly to the plea advanced by the Earl of Blessington in behalf of Mr. Wyatt's exclusive claim to the execution of the projected monument. His lordship says, that had the argument for laying the plan open to competition been stated twelve months ago, he could have offered no objection to it. Does his lordship mean to say, that there was any opportunity for bringing the argument forward twelve months ago? Was there any Committee formed and advertising for a competition of plans twelve months ago? His lordship knows there was not. What his lordship, we presume, means to say is, that nobody came forward like Mr. Wyatt, with a plan to be patronized; that Mr. Wyatt was the only speculator who was at gull-shooting with the same powder and shot, and meaning that your lordship could mean no more the simple truth. But is it any reproach, my lord, to the artists of the day—a numerous and meritorious class of men—that they have not acted as Mr. Wyatt has done?—that they have not gone a-fore-

stalling as he has done—that they have not been baffled as he has been, and as all foretellers ought to be? Your lordship proceeded, (always supposing for the moment that the report of your lordship's speech is correct)—as the affair stood at present, one particular design had been offered, approved of, and adopted. Say rather, my lord, that a particular design had been formed by one individual, and was offered to, approved of, and adopted by a Committee nominated by that individual himself, because no other design was allowed to be brought under their notice. The affair standing thus, your lordship, it is added, was pleased for one to confess that you 'could not feel justified in bestowing upon another person the benefit of the original idea, and depriving the real author of the copyright of his performance, under the notion that somebody coming after him could do better.' What original idea? We ask; what copyright? The idea of a monument to George the Third! Indeed! Original ideas must have become cheap things, if this is to be ranked among the number. There is nothing in it, which anybody, (must we except Mr. Wyatt?) would think of claiming as an invention. Then as to the copyright of Mr. Wyatt's performance! Who is talking or even dreaming of infringing on that copyright? Be assured, my lord, the plan of your protégé is in no danger from piracy or imitation for any monument. It has a merit peculiarly its own, that nothing but itself can be its parallel, and that no artist would run the risk of being discredited in his profession by stealing from it.

We shall now bestow a few words on this much wanted plan, before we lay aside the pen. The following description of it, which we take to be official, is given in the newspapers:—

'The monument is to consist of a statue of his late Majesty, in a car drawn by four horses, accompanied by figures of Fame and Victory; the whole to be executed in bronze, and raised on a massive pedestal of granite, containing on the four sides bas-reliefs, representing his late Majesty encouraging the Fine Arts in one; in another Agriculture; in a third Religion; in a fourth Commerce. It is to be erected in a conspicuous part of the metropolis, and to be considerably larger than life.'

To make this ungrammatical jumble a little more descriptive, it is necessary to add, that in the engraving of the plan, his late Majesty is represented

standing upright in the car, dressed in a morning gown, or, according to more classical pretension, after the Roman fashion, with a globe in one hand and a sceptre in the other; the figures of Fame and Victory are running along at the heels of the horses on different sides of the car; the one blowing a trumpet, and the other holding aloft a wreath of laurel. Fame and Victory each employ the remaining hands in holding the car steadily, a very unnecessary precaution, as the four horses are not yoked to the car, though in advance of it; nor even bridled, though in a reined attitude, of bounding furious velocity.

The defects of this plan must force themselves at once on the eye of taste. It is a great mass of incongruity, with not one particle of merit in it that we can discern. We marvel much who the members of the committee could be (in addition to my Lord Bessington) who could approve of such a monstrosity. First of all—of the four horses, which, to the disparagement of the good old king, are the central and most striking objects in the design.—What are they for we would ask? They are neither yoked to the car, nor bridled, and, though a complete suit of harness might be added to them, yet there is no hand to hold the reins; the hands of the King, as well as those of Victory and Fame, being, as we have shown, otherwise occupied. Now, every one who knows any thing of art, must be aware, that in any representation, where a human being is the hero, the figure of the horse is never introduced, but in perfect subordination to the man, in order the better to illustrate his power and pre-eminence. The fiery steed, under the curb of an Alexander, is characteristic, but place the conqueror at his ease in a buggy, and make the steed running off with the said buggy, and you, at once, convert the conqueror into a stupid blockhead, who is staring carelessly about him, while madness is galloping off with him to destruction. In the design before us, the absurdity is still greater. We have four mad steeds in place of one, and the king, with whom they are running off, is not seated, but standing as calmly erect, in the rapidly moving car, as if his feet were on a rock. This is not merely absurd; it is impossible. But it may, perhaps, be said, 'I can cut down the front of my car; convert it into a very pretty phaeton; make George throw away the globe and sceptre, and supply their place by reins

and a good whip, and what will you say then?' It is true all this may be done, and then we shall have, as an emblematic trophy to the honour of the puissant and venerated George the Third, a representation of this monarch driving four-in-hand. A very nice expressive characteristic representation truly! But we have forgot the figures—Victory and Fame. What is to become of them? We ought, perhaps, first to ask, what brought them there? We can remember nothing like to them, by the side of four prancing steeds, unless it be the running footmen by the side of the king's carriage, when he goes in state to Parliament. If that, as we rather suspect, be the intent with which they are so placed, the idea is British at any rate; but the wings of these personages—do, pray, let these be lopped off, and then, as running footmen by the side of the phaeton and four, they may be suffered to pass. But to be serious: let it not be said, that we are shutting our eyes to the allegorical character of these figures. To look at them in that respect, is only to open our eyes on a still greater absurdity; we shall then have reality and allegory in a glorious jumble. There is nothing allegorical in the horses, nor in the car, nor in the King, who is in the car. With what consistency, therefore, can allegorical personages be brought to play a part in such an exhibition of simple reality? The *fancy*, besides, of Victory and Fame running by the side of the King in his chariot, has nothing in it to recommend it to adoption; it is a piece of most unimpressive and puerile common-place. From the King, the gods, the car, and the horses, let us now descend, to take a look at the emblematic figures on the four sides of the massive pedestal. We are told that the designs will be emblematic of the King's encouragement, first, to the Fine Arts, (the advantages of which must not certainly be estimated by this specimen;) second, to Religion; third, to Agriculture; and, fourth, to Commerce. 'Ought not Mr. Wyatt to have shown us sketches of these designs, before he talked of having matured a plan?' They form at least a good half of the whole plan; and, from what is to be seen above the pedestal, we suspect few persons will be inclined to trust to the artist's genius and good taste for what is to be exhibited below it. But why only the fine arts, religion, agriculture, and commerce? Is there to be nothing for his

Majesty's encouragement of science, of literature, of morals, and of humanity? Such large omissions as these are conclusive and convincing proofs of the want of comprehension, judgment, and genius which distinguishes the whole design.

In making these remarks, we are not actuated by any feeling of hostility to Mr. Wyate; they are our unbiased opinions, and cannot possibly be influenced by any feeling of professional rivalry towards him or any one within the sphere of the arts. A sense of duty to the public alone has induced us to use our efforts to show, that the part which H. R. H. the Duke of York, and other noblemen, have acted on this occasion, is that of liberal yet discriminating patrons; who will not lend themselves to any plan of art that is not brought forth in the fairest manner, and which is not positively certain of being an honour to the genius of the country.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—A new serious opera, entitled *Dirce, or the Fatal Urn*, was produced at this theatre, on Saturday night. It is taken from Metastasio's opera of Demofonte, and is an avowed attempt to naturalize the recitative drama on the English stage; but recitative is neither adapted to the language nor the taste of this country, and the simple fact, that more than half a century has elapsed without any successful follower of Arne, in his *Artaxerxes*, rendered it extremely doubtful that such an attempt would be successful. The story is classic.—The wrath of Apollo has demanded of the Thracians the annual sacrifice of a virgin, and the victim is to be determined by lot. Timanthes (Braham), the supposed son of Demophoon (Horn), is secretly married to Dirce (Miss Wilson), the daughter of Cleantes. The fatal lot falls on Dirce; and Timanthes, to save her, reveals his marriage; but the Thracian law punishes with death the union of a subject with any of the royal progeny, and Dirce, from a victim, becomes a criminal. At the instigations of his younger son, Cherinthus (Madame Vestris), and of his mistress, Lemis (Miss Povey), her life is spared. Timanthes has, however, further trials for his fortitude; he discovers, that Dirce is the daughter of Demophoon, and the discovery would be fatal, did he not ascertain, at the same moment, by a fortunate coincidence, himself to

be the son of Cleantes. In this event is involved the fulfilment of an oracular prediction. The wrath of Apollo ceases, and the dreadful sacrifice is abolished. There is some fine music in this piece from Mozart, Rossini, and other composers of eminence; and a few original airs have been supplied by Mr. Braham and Mr. Horn. Miss Wilson (for whose benefit the opera was first performed) executed many of the airs with great spirit; and Braham shone conspicuously in a brilliant air, 'Awake my soul to glory.' Madame Vestris sang charmingly, and Horn executed some elaborate airs with great facility. The opera was very favourably received, and, as an instance of the liberality of Mr. Elliston, we are happy to state, that he has allowed it to be performed on benefit nights.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—On Thursday night, Mr. Mathews performed his *Trip to Paris*, with as much spirit and as much to the gratification of a crowded audience, as when it was first produced. We believe he closes his performances next week; the public, we are sure, will part with him with regret, and, with us, long for the return of the ensuing season.

SURREY THEATRE.—The performances at this house were, on Thursday night, devoted to the funds of the Masonic Charity, where, in addition to an excellent bill of fare, Brother T. Dibdin wrote a new burletta for the occasion, entitled *The Secret of Masonry*, which was received with great applause. We know few managers would go so far in the work of charity.

NEW THEATRE, KING STREET.—M. Alexandre having, with singular rapidity, acquired a sufficient knowledge of our language, now gives the whole of his very curious entertainment in English. This renders it still more attractive, and ensures him a continuation of the public patronage.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Several of M. Theodor's curious mechanical views and landscapes have been exhibited at this theatre during the week, and, together with a nightly change of interesting stock pieces, have kept alive the attraction of the house.—Wilkinson's benefit, on Monday, closed his engagement, and drew a crowded audience.

Literature and Science.

Bibliographical Curiosity.—There is at this time on sale, at the Museum of Mr. Ackermann, one of the most splendid specimens of bibliography which

has ever perhaps been offered to the world. It consists of the History of Westminster Abbey, published by Mr. A. and this copy is characterised by the following circumstances: the letter press is on vellum, the 24 original drawings by our first artists have been introduced, the titles of the drawings and of the volumes are by the late Mr. Tomkins, and the binding unites every point of magnificence, having cost no less than 78*l.* The total cost of the three volumes in drawings, vellum, writing and binding, has been 179*l.*; but the proprietor, gratified with the honour of preparing such a book, asks no more than 150*l.* for it.

British Travellers.—Mr. Campbell, the missionary, whose former travels in South Africa are before the public, has lately returned after another journey equally interesting. He penetrated 800 miles from Cape Town, a greater distance than any other traveller whose good fortune it has been to return, and considerably beyond Latakoo. He has discovered several new and large towns. The population of some of those amount to 10,000 or 12,000 persons; the people friendly and docile, possessing much skill in the manufacture of pottery, in smelting of iron, and other useful arts; besides so intelligent as to know the value of, and wish for, the introduction of better informed artisans. They have likewise desired missionaries to be sent to them, a wish which will be doubtless complied with by the directors of that society.

An Englishman of the name of Cochrane, has reached Irkutsk on foot, on his road to America, by the north east promontory of Asia. On the 13th of September last, he had travelled 8000 versts, in 123 days, entirely on foot, and sleeps in the open air, and wears nothing but nankeen breeches.

Two adventurous English travellers in Upper Egypt and Ethiopia, Messrs. Waddington and Hanbury, may be expected to return to their native country before Christmas. These gentlemen are said to have discovered the city of ancient Meroe, spoken of by Herodotus, lib. ii., ch. 99; by Diodorus Siculus, l. 39; by Strabo, xvii.; and by Josephus, ii. 10. From the three authors last mentioned, it appears that the city of Meroe was situated in an island, formed by the Nile, the Astapus, and the Atabara (the Bahr-el-Abiad, the Abawi, and the Taccas). It was anciently called Saba, which

name was changed to that of Meroe, by Cambyse, in honour of his wife or sister. The geographical situation of Meroe is thus described by Herodotus:—After quitting the island of Tacpompoo, and again reaching the bed of the Nile, 'you will travel forty days by the side of that river, the stream being rendered un navigable by rocks and sharp crags. After the land journey of forty days, you again embark, and at the end of twelve days you will arrive at a great city, the name of which is Meroe. This is said to be the capital of the nest of the Ethiopians: the only gods that are worshipped there are Jupiter and Bacchus.'

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No. 109.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Notes on the Cape of Good Hope, made during an Excursion in that Country, in the Year 1820. 8vo. pp. 207. London, 1821.

Since the British government determined to encourage, or rather to divert emigration to a new settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, the public interest has been strongly excited respecting it; and although we are pretty well acquainted with the general character of the colony, yet little satisfactory intelligence has hitherto been received as to the situation of those emigrants who accepted the offer of the British government to form a new settlement at Algora Bay. Of the importance of the Cape of Good Hope to England, in a commercial point of view, there can be but one opinion; and it is certainly desirable that we should strengthen our power there as much as possible; but there is not the slightest prospect of its ever becoming a flourishing colony. The soil is extremely barren and unproductive, and were it even otherwise, the difficulty of conveying the produce by land conveyance would so enhance the price, as to render it too dear for European markets.

The author of these Notes reached the Cape of Good Hope in January, 1820, and remained there some months; his information, therefore, has the advantage of coming before us with all its freshness, and as he appears to be not only an intelligent but also an unprejudiced observer, we consider his statements entitled to full credit, and of considerable importance. Although it is our intention to dwell more particularly on his account of the new settlement, yet we shall quote a few of his observations in the earlier part of this clever and useful little volume. The country in the immediate vicinity of Cape Town is a flat unproductive sandy waste, with the exception of the village of Wynberg, distant about six miles, and where many of the merchants have country houses. The greatest part of

the grain brought to the Cape market, is grown in the Koeberg, or Corn Country, lying between thirty and forty miles to the north of Cape Town. The soil here would be productive but for the want of water; the price of farms is high: an estate with tolerably good farm-buildings, but very indifferent house, lately sold for 3000*l*. In a journey up the country, the author is led to make the following observations on travelling in this desert region. 'We're he called on to decide the Bowles' controversy, it may be seen that he would incline in favour of Campbell and Lord Byron as to art and nature:—

'The traveller in Southern Africa soon becomes sensible how much the delight of travelling depends upon adventitious circumstances, not necessarily connected with the ground he traverses; and that the contemplation of mere terrestrial nature, unstamped with any images of departed greatness, awakening no historical recollections, but harbouring in its bosom only ignorance and barbarity, becomes even an humiliating occupation. It is not the soil we tread on, but the "deeds that have been done in the clime," that speak like living voices, and awaken corresponding emotions within us—the imperishable fame of the mighty dead:—

"Quod non imber edax, non aqua impotens Possit diruere,"

has never flung the witchery of its enchantment over this dreary region; its inhabitants have rotted away like the "grass of the field;" or if a "village Hampden," or a "bosom pregnant with celestial fire," ever felt the glow of patriotism, or the inspiration of genius, no stone has arisen to tell the tale: the deserts are without pyramids, and the towns without a trophy. Man is here to be found but one step removed from the baboons that surround him; possessing all the barbarity, without the dignified independence of the savage. By the side of his wretched hut the Hottentot may be seen, seated in passive indolence; or, perhaps, regaling himself with the undressed entrails and blood of a sheep, while the partner of his life is picking a bone of carrion at his side. Although Rousseau laments our deviation from the path of primitive simplicity, and declares, "que l'état de réflexion est un état contre nature, et que l'homme qui médite est un animal dépravé," few would probably feel

inclined to exchange their depravity for such nature and garbage, even if they could regain their tails, by the experiment which Monboddo and other philosophers think we have lost by our degenerate habits.

The Dutch farmers have no opportunity of realizing money, there being no market for produce, but at an immense distance; there is consequently no encouragement to the labours of the agriculturist; they occasionally sell horses and cattle, or send their waggon to Cape Town, laden with grain, in exchange for which they take home groceries, clothes, &c.; but this is rather a journey of idleness and amusement than of profit. The farms have nothing of neatness about them; there are no inclosures, except, perhaps, round the vineyard or garden. The farmers drink their own sour wine; burnt barley is their coffee, and they sometimes make tea of a plant which grows on the hills. These Dutch bores view with jealousy the several European adventurers who have purchased land among them, and feel still greater alarm at the extensive plan of colonization adopted by the British government. 'They look upon the landing of a threshing machine with as much amusement as the inhabitants of Troy did upon the wooden horse; and as they are strenuous opposers of these new-fangled inventions, so they are proportionably mortified at the success of foreign ingenuity.' The manners of the boers are, however, prepossessing to travellers, and as there are no inns, their hospitality becomes doubly valuable: 'Supper is their grand meal, which takes place shortly after sun-set, and consists of mutton, roast or boiled, with potatoes, all swimming in sheep-tail fat, but not disgusting or unpalatable; the bread is white, but often sour; to this is added a large tureen of rice-milk, boiled with sugar and cinnamon; a very savoury morsel.' The price of labour is high: an industrious labourer or mechanic will earn from fifteen to twenty *rix-dollars* per month, including his board and lodging. Of Dutch agriculture we are told, that—

'It is the same now as when they first colonized the country, and if their stagnant genius was not disturbed by the example of our countrymen, I question whether it would ever receive any improvement. Nothing, in fact, can savour more of primitive barbarity. Their plough is a couple of heavy boards nailed together, and armed with a clumsy share, which it requires a dozen oxen to work. Their harrow, if they use any at all, is a few brambles. Their waggons, (which will carry about thirty Winchester bushels, or a ton weight, and are generally drawn by sixteen and sometimes twenty oxen,) are well constructed to go tilting up and down the precipitous passes of the Kloofs with safety; but they have no variety for the different roads. The small one-horse cart, so useful upon a farm and upon hard roads, is unknown. The Dutch loan farms, the most common tenure in the colony, were originally measured out and allotted in the following manner. A stake was stuck in the ground as near the centre of the future estate as could be guessed, and a man, starting from thence, walked for half an hour in a straight line, to each of the four points of the compass, giving thus the radii of a circle that comprised a space of about six thousand acres. Small rents were reserved upon the grants, that were made renewable at the option of the government; this renewal is now grown into a customary right. Many of the farms have been enfranchised, and other alterations in the original tenures have taken place, which it would be unnecessary for our present purpose to point out; but no subdivision has been thought of, so that a farm or place is usually of the dimensions alluded to, viz. about six thousand acres. There were small freehold estates, originally granted, of about two hundred acres in extent; but they are not numerous.'

The method of beating out the corn is similar to that used at Odessa, noticed in our last. Eighty horses are sometimes employed in trampling the grain from the sheaves, working by relays of forty at a time. The winnowing is performed by tossing the trampled grain in the air, with shovels, or by exposing it to the wind in a sieve.

The Dutch colonial laws are still in force at the Cape, but the English are all clamorous to have them superseded by their own. The criminal code is remarkable for its lenity; capital punishment is not inflicted without an admission of guilt; and, therefore, it is at the option of the condemned, either to linger out their days in prison, or undergo the sentence of the law. Since the arrival of the English, torture (which was used to extort a confession of guilt,) has been abolished. The law of divorce is curious. A divorce is obtained upon application, upon the

simple grounds of domestic unhappiness, resulting from bad temper, or the like infirmities of disposition, and the parties are with mutual consent permitted to marry again:—

'A curious decision took place a little time ago; an English prentice boy had been flogged, according to an order, improperly and unwarrantably, (as it afterwards appeared,) given by the landrost of the district. The boy made his complaint before the court at Cape Town, and the court decreed, that the master, and the man who had flogged the boy, (in pursuance of a written order which was produced,) should be fined in equal proportions.'

Our author recommends that part of the colony, lying between Mossel Bay and George Town, as possessing the most decided advantages over every other part of the colony, as a place of settlement for an English farmer. There are few farms rented, which arises from the infant state of the colony, and the desire every man has of becoming a landholder. The author thinks 'a practical farmer, who, taking with him a good set of labourers, possesses capital enough to stock a farm, and set himself going, say 600l. or 700l. might with activity and industry, do well; but he must not look forward to large or immediate profits:—

'That a wide field is open for labour and industry is beyond a doubt; but if any man embarks for the Cape of Good Hope with the idea of realizing, by agricultural pursuits, large sums of money, or has so partaken of the prevailing delusion, as to imagine that he is to be exempt from the curse of toiling in the sweat of his brow, he will not be long in finding his mistake. Here is no manna to be gathered in indolence, and even sheep-skill fat does not overflow the land. Perhaps there is no country in the world where the mere necessities of life are more easily supplied; but to ensure a comfortable subsistence, no inconsiderable degree of exertion is requisite. A good economist of labour and of money, possessing a practical knowledge of husbandry, who can command from 1000l. to 2000l. when upon the spot, and who comes properly provided with steady men, cannot fail of succeeding; that is, he will be enabled to purchase an estate in an eligible situation in the colony, in the vicinity of one of the bays, with house and buildings; the latter very indifferent, it is true, but timber will be within his reach, and he may improve at leisure.'

'If a settler comes provided with good letters of credit, and can prevail upon two respectable inhabitants to become security for him, (for this is generally insisted on,) he will obtain six or twelve months credit in the purchase of an estate, which is generally paid for by two or more in-

stalments, according to the agreement; a certain portion of the money being paid down. Not unfrequently, the principal is suffered to remain for years upon the security of the property and the bond of the two sureties; and there is, perhaps, no country where great purchases are so easily accomplished with little money. More than one half of the estates in the colony are thus unpaid for, especially by the Dutch proprietors; and whatever exterior indications of riches may be visible, they possess in general but the mere semblance of wealth, without the substance.

'Money is advanced by the bank at Cape Town, upon good security, at six per cent.; but there is always a long string of applicants upon the list, and it is a rule to supply them in regular succession. The sum advanced will only amount to the value of one-third of the property, if in the country, and one-half if in the town. The emigrant will thus have the greater part of his capital in hand, to lay out in stock of all kinds. Sheep and cattle are not dear; the former average three rix-dollars in the country, and four near Cape Town; the latter about thirty rix-dollars per head: a rise in these may be looked for.

'It would be desirable that he should provide himself with a good stock of implements at home; such only as are adapted to strong soils should be selected, in consequence of the drought. The broad wheels and bodies of waggons and carts, ready to be put together upon landing, would save time and labour, and probably expense. Seeds of all kinds, excepting wheat, should by no means be omitted. The greatest care should be taken in selecting good and steady men, whom he can depend upon, and these should be bound in articles to serve him for seven years. He may make his agreement with them upon as advantageous terms as possible, at home; but he will find that he cannot, according to the present price in the colony, give less than fifteen rix-dollars per month, if he wishes to preserve content among his people; it is probable the price may fall as low as twelve dollars; but it is as well to agree for as little as possible, and to convert that into an act of favour which is in fact a matter of necessity. The wages of English servants in Cape Town vary from twenty to thirty rix-dollars per month. A good house and dairy maid will be found of great use, and married people will be on every account preferable to single ones. If an opportunity offers of bringing out, at a moderate cost, house furniture of any sort, chairs, tables, beds, &c. he will find his advantage in it. Mattresses are good, and as cheap as at home; but furniture is sold at a profit of 100l. per cent., excepting occasionally at public auctions, which a man cannot always wait for, or make it convenient to attend. He will find it necessary to employ a Hottentot or two in his service; and if they are good men, he cannot hire

them under fifteen rix-dollars per month; twenty dollars is not an uncommon price.'

It is the opinion of the writer, that the Cape is preferable to Mr. Bickbeck's settlement in the Illinois, which, however, is no strong testimony in its favour. Of the new settlement, formed in 1819, we are told that—

'The soil of the new settlement partakes of the general character of the Cape soil; that is, very various within very narrow limits; but, upon an average, it will bear a comparison with the best parts of the colony. It inclines generally to sandy. Care is taken that the allotments should have water upon them, or within reach; but the supply is frequently scanty; and will be generally found insufficient for the purposes of husbandry.

If we except a few houses, dignified with the name of Bathurst Town, Graham's Fort, a small garrison town, containing, perhaps, a hundred houses, is the only town in the settlement. A few houses have been built at Algoa Bay, the inhabitants of which are occupied chiefly in salting butter and drying fish, for the Cape market, for which the situation is sufficiently well adapted. This butter is sent down in considerable quantities from the district of Graff Regnet, which lies far in the interior, at the back of the new settlement, and is the great grazing country of the colony.

'It is impossible to view with indifference this attempt to colonize the quondam territory of Kaffraria. Accordingly, its progress has been anxiously watched, and opinions are much divided as to its future failure or success. The more prevalent opinion at the Cape is, that the settlement will altogether fail to the ground. Yet, perhaps, we may more safely affirm, that a few of the most determined characters will surmount the difficulties of the undertaking, and eventually succeed. But as this word success has meanings as various as are the hopes and expectations of different individuals, it may be deserving of a little farther consideration.'

The first of the transport ships arrived towards the beginning of April, 1820, with settlers on board, at Table Bay; others, to the amount of twelve or fourteen, followed, and the last anchored in Simon's Bay, about the middle of June: the first of the parties reached the new settlement in May, and the last before the end of June:—

'As fast as the people disembarked, they were encamped under the tents at Algoa Bay, until waggons could be procured, and every thing put in readiness for their march up the country, to the different places of their destination. This journey usually occupied from seven to nine days. The men walked; the women, provisions, and implements of husbandry, were carried in the waggons. These were provided at the expense of the heads of parties, and the money de-

ducted from the deposit. The same plan was pursued with respect to the provisions, which were furnished by the government at the rate of seven-pence a-head per day. Such of them as chose to purchase tents, agricultural implements of British manufacture, provisions, and, in fact, such necessities as were thought requisite for the occasion, and which could be procured, were permitted to do so, to a certain extent, at prime cost; a government store having been opened at Algoa Bay for that purpose.

'Some of the party suffered a good deal from the heavy rains, when encamped under the tents, previous to their march up the country. Men, women, and children, were seen up to their knees in mud; and the blankets and bedding were drenched with water; but, luckily, the season was unusually dry; the rains fell late; and not much sickness prevailed. It is but justice to add, that no exertion was omitted on the part of Sir Ruffane Donkin, the acting governor, and the heads of the colonial department; the former of whom superintended in person the disembarkation at Algoa Bay, and the removal of the parties to the place of settlement.'

'The allotment of one of the principal settlers near the mouth of the Great Fish River, amounting to ten thousand acres, proportioned to the number of families he took out, contains, according to his own statement, (as related to me,) only about one thousand acres that are fit for cultivation. This is probably, (if true,) a much greater proportion of barren ground than may generally be expected; but it is sufficient to show that all has not been done which will in many instances be required, especially by those who look forward to exporting produce; and the only advantage which the settlement affords over the more eligible situations of the colony, is that of having for nothing, what elsewhere is to be purchased. The allotments are, after the expiration of ten years, to be subject to an annual quit-rent of £1. for every hundred acres, a rent that few, if any farm in the colony, (excepting in the immediate vicinity of Cape Town, or other choice spots,) would bring at this day. This will probably not be insisted upon.'

From the following statement, it would seem that the quality of the emigrants was not such as was likely to ensure success:—

'The labouring men have too generally been picked up about large towns; they have more the look of manufacturers than ploughmen; and I thought the proportion of tradesmen, or those exercising the mechanic arts, too great. Thus there were clockiers, hatters, printers, engravers, brass letter-founders, musical instrument-makers, &c.; men whose labours must be nearly useless in an infant settlement.

'The heads of the parties themselves seem to have entertained the most erro-

neous notions upon the subject of emigration. They apparently concluded, that it was merely shifting the scene from Middlesex to Kaffraria; and that the elements of a society, like the materials of a patent house, may be shipped from England and put together in Southern Africa. Thus, one gentleman had provided himself with types and a printing-press, with a view to setting up a weekly courrant, and another had accommodated his wife with a sedan-chair. Two teachers of the piano-forte, (and there may have been more for aught I know,) were among the number; and a poet of great respectability, with an introduction to the governor from the poet-laureate of England, was ready to invoke the muses of Kaffer-land. Though it is not meant to impute any man's poverty to him as a fault, it will be found to be as great a bar to his advancement in this as in every other undertaking in life. Indeed, a small capital in money seems an absolute requisite for such an attempt, though it has, in a great many instances, been overlooked.'

'A party of near five hundred men was located at about one hundred and eighty miles to the eastward of Saldanha Bay, with what prospect of success is not yet known.

'One or two large parties, who were settled upon some government lands by the Sonderend River, at the distance of about seventy miles to the east of Cape Town, have already abandoned the place allotted to them, having found the land unfit for cultivation.

'Some others are returned to Cape Town, having given up the undertaking; several individuals have engaged passages home; and more have applied for a passage at the government expense, which has of course been refused.

'His Majesty's ministers were particularly anxious that clergymen should accompany the expedition; conceiving, no doubt, that the encouragement of religion was the best method of insuring habits of industry and sobriety. Whether by design or accident it is difficult to say, but in addition to the regular clergymen provided, there was a most copious sprinkling of preachers, to grace the new settlement with their eloquence, and disperse the light of God. How far the efforts of these gentlemen are likely to be beneficial, may be collected from their practice on shipboard, where these religious parties, as they were termed, were embarked. There was constant discussion, with dissensions and divisions innumerable—"a little eloquentia, sapientie parum"—an incessant ranting about virtues, with no endeavour at the attainment of any. Such ignorant pretenders are not likely to diffuse the mild lessons of Christianity, or to benefit the cause of social order.

'Such, then, are the individuals from whose loins are to spring the future lords of South Africa. If their moral habits and general character would induce us to form too favourable an opinion of their future

greatness, we may be less inclined to indulge in gloomy forebodings, when we consider that Rome, the mistress of the ancient world, was founded by a band of robbers; and that the mighty empire now rising in the west, was at no distant date the receptacle of crime and infamy.

Some useful hints to emigrants, some judicious reflections on emigration generally, and an official report of a survey of the rivers and the coast, by Captain Moresby, close this part of the work. To these are added, a brief notice of St. Helena, and some interesting particulars respecting Napoleon; but our limits will not allow us room for extract.

It will be seen that this work is not likely to add to the rage which predominates for emigrating to the Cape of Good Hope, although the author shows, that if judiciously undertaken, and with the necessary means, it might be attended with success. That the new settlement will not flourish, is his opinion, for had the emigrants been better suited for commencing a colony, yet it is not likely that they will be able to retain their servants and labourers after their limited service is expired, when they can be more advantageously employed elsewhere. To such as may still entertain the idea of emigration, we strongly recommend this work, as containing much valuable information, with which it would be highly desirable that they should become acquainted.

A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Pictorial Tour in France and Germany. By the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, F. R. S., S. A. 3 Vols. super royal 8vo, pp. 1780. London, 1821.

We do not know of any author whose works are in themselves of so opposite a character as those of Mr. Dibdin, or any which would bear cutting down or pruning with so much advantage. There is not, so far as we are acquainted with his labours, a single production from his pen that does not contain much that is valuable and interesting; but these portions are loaded with so much that is worthless, that we feel almost as much pain as pleasure in their perusal. That Mr. Dibdin is a bibliomaniac in the strictest sense of the word, he will not himself deny; but while he has contributed largely to foster a taste which is carried to an extent that makes it injurious to the real interests of literature, we must not forget to acknowledge that, as a bibliographer, he is entitled to much praise; that he has

unfolded many treasures of the 'olden time,' that lay buried in obscurity; and that he has done more towards the history of early English literature than all his contemporaries. He, however, carries his passion for old books to a ridiculous excess—he feels as much pleasure in finding a unique Caxton or Wynken de Worde as a modern navigator would in discovering the north-west passage; and is quite in raptures if he can decide a disputed point as to whether the first edition of a twopenny tract was printed in quarto or octavo. But, notwithstanding this, Mr. Dibdin is entitled to the praise of having done much for English typography, not merely in his own beautiful hot-pressed tomes, but in diffusing a good taste generally; and then, as to the embellishments of his works, he certainly surpasses all others. But, here again, we cannot but censure that Vandalism, which, after printing a small number of copies, consigns the beautiful engraved wooden blocks to the flames, and breaks up the plates. Mr. Dibdin, perhaps, thinks that his works are not for the million;—their price certainly prevents it, but there are some portions of almost every thing that he has written which cannot be too extensively made known. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the previous literary labours of Mr. Dibdin:—his first work, we believe, was the 'Introduction to the Classics'; and, perhaps, few persons ever read it without enjoying their beauties with increased pleasure ever after; his 'Bibliotheca Spenceriana' is an elegant work, in which he displays considerable learning; his Bibliomania certainly added to the rage for black letter lore, but yet it contains much that is curious and interesting; while his 'Bibliographical Decameron,' for its variety and elegance in ornamental decoration, is an almost matchless work, and leaves every thing of the kind at an immeasurable distance,—the volumes now before us only excepted.

But much as Mr. Dibdin has written, he now appears before the public or at least such portion of it as get a glance at his ten guinea work, in a new character,—that of a traveller.

Although, since the establishment of peace upon the Continent, travellers and volumes of travels of almost every species have been common; yet Mr. Dibdin is the first to give us an account of the treasures of the libraries, or of the general literary character of the persons with whom they have associated. His object has been, as he

states in his preface, to bear away many of the curious, splendid, and interesting specimens of art of former ages, which, till their present appearance, were, probably, scarcely known even to their possessors. By means of the beautiful embellishments selected from such volumes, and especially from those in the Royal Libraries of Paris and Vienna, he has certainly thrown a few flowers upon the otherwise unalluring path of bibliography. The volumes, in addition to numerous engravings of every description, which are of the highest order of excellence, contain several original portraits, now published for the first time, and a great many specimens of art which have been hid for centuries from general knowledge. The Antiquarian embellishments are principally architectural, and include views of some of the most interesting cathedrals, monasteries, &c. visited by the author; the picturesque embellishments also partake of the Antiquarian, and the whole does great credit to Mr. George Lewis, the artist, who accompanied Mr. Dibdin in his tour.

The work is in the epistolary form; the letters being understood to have been written abroad, and the notes added at the author's leisure. The first volume, and a portion of the second, is exclusively devoted to Normandy. The treasures of the public libraries of Paris, furnish the chief materials of the second volume, and a portion of the third also relates to France; the remainder being devoted to Germany, the account of it has been confined to narrower limits than was originally intended. Having given this general view of the work, we shall proceed to detach a few of the gems with which the pages of this splendid work are abundantly studded. In the Abbey of St. Ouen, at Rouen, there are some circular windows, which have attracted much notice from the tale attached to them, rather than from their positive beauty:—

'These windows were finished about the year 1430. One of them was executed by the master mason, the other by his apprentice; and, on being criticised by competent judges, the performance of the latter was said to eclipse that of the former. In consequence, the master became jealous and revengeful, and actually poisoned his apprentice. He was of course tried, condemned, and executed; but an existing monument to his memory attests the humanity of the monks in giving him Christian interment.'

In the square called *La Place de la*

Pucelle, is one of the oldest houses in Rouen; and as interesting as it is ancient:—

'It is invisible from without; but you open a wooden gate, and quickly find yourself within a small quadrangle, having three of its sides covered with basso-relievo figures, in plaster. That side which faces you is evidently older than the left; indeed, I have no hesitation in assigning it to the end of the fifteenth century. The clustered ornaments of human figures and cattle, with which the whole of the exterior is covered, reminds us precisely of those little wood-cut figures, chiefly pastoral, which we see in the borders of printed missals of the same period. The taste which prevails in them is half French and half Flemish. Not so is the character of the plaster figures which cover the left side on entering. These, my friend, are no less than the representation of the procession of Henry VIII. and Francis I. to the famous *Champ de drap d'Or*: of which, Montfaucon, after his fashion, has published engravings. Having carefully examined this very curious relic, of the beginning of the sixteenth century, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the copy of Montfaucon (or rather the artist employed) to be most egregiously faithless. I visited it again and again; considering it to be worth all the "huge clocks" in Rouen put together. It was, of course, too tempting a subject to be neglected by the pencil of Mr. Lewis.'

This house, so interesting to the antiquary, is now a lady's boarding-school, kept by an English woman. Mr. Dibdin being, as he acknowledges, what Tom Hearne said of Harry Dyson, of old, 'a person of a very strange, prying, and inquisitive genius, in the matter of books,' we must not be surprised to find him devoting a letter or two to the typography at Rouen and Caen, its printers, booksellers, and book-collectors. To our taste, there is more attractive metal in these volumes, and, therefore, we shall touch least on their bibliographical treasures. At Caen, Mr. D. met with a metrical cantique of the *The Prodigal Son*, with six wood-cuts, exhibiting the leading points of the gospel narrative. In the second of these,—

'The Prodigal is about to mount his horse and leave his father's house in the cloak and cocked hat of a French officer. The fourth of these cuts is droll enough. It is intitled "*L'Enfant Prodigue est chassé par ses malices*." The expulsion consists in the women driving him out of doors with besoms and hair-brooms. It is very probable, however, that all this character of absurdity attaches to some of our own representations of the same subject. If, instead of examining (as in Pope's time) "the walls of Bedlam and Song," we take a survey of the graphic

broad-sides which dangle from strings upon the wall at Hyde Park Corner.'

Mr. Dibdin gives a very minute description of the Bayeux Tapestry, with several engravings of some of the principal figures. Mr. Lewis, we are told, made a fac simile of this celebrated piece, in the course of an application of six or eight hours for two successive mornings, 'stitch for stitch, colour for colour, size for size.' In the review of Mr. Turner's Tour through Normandy, we gave an account of it, and, therefore, shall pass over our author's more elaborate description. In an account of Vire, our author notices Baseline, the father of Barchanalian poetry in France, and has given a few specimens of his *Vanderlives*. The Abbe de la Rue had told Mr. Dibdin, that there was a statue or head of William the Conqueror, at Falaise. Mr. D., on reaching that place, inquired, and found that the head was in the possession of a Madame Rolle; he hastened there, and when he had cleaned it of the hardened white and ochre washes, with which every feature had been obliterated, he became convinced that the Abbe de la Rue was in error, and that the head was rather Saxon than Norman; he, however, offered ten louis for it, which were refused. We now accompany our author to Paris, and quote his lively description of the *Boulevards Italiennes*, of which the pencil of Mr. Lewis has furnished a delightful view. After describing the morning scenes of this spot, he says,—

'Afternoon approaches; then the innumerable chairs, which have been a long time unoccupied, are put into immediate requisition; then commences the "high exchange" of the loungers. One man hired two chairs, for which he pays two sous; he places his legs upon one of them, while his body, in a sea-saw, or slanting position, occupies the other. The places, where these chairs are found, are usually flanked by coffee-houses. Incessant reports, from drawing corks of beer-bottles, resound on all sides. The ordinary people are fond of this beverage; and for four or six sous, they get a bottle of pleasant refreshing small beer. The draught is usually succeeded by a doze in the open air. What is common, excites no surprise; and the stream of population rushes on without stopping one instant to notice these somniferous indulgences. Or, if they are not disposed to sleep, they sit and look about them; abstractedly gazing upon the multitude around, or at the heavens above. Pure, idle, unproductive listlessness is the necessary cause of such enjoyment.'

'Evening approaches; when the Boule-

wards put on the gayest and most fascinating livery. Then commences the bustle of the ice-mart; in other words, then commences the general demand for ices; while the rival and neighbouring *Cafés* of Tortoni and Riche have their porches of entrance choked by the incessant ingress and egress of customers. The full moon shines beautifully above the foliage of the trees; and an equal number of customers, occupying chairs, sit without, and call for ices to be brought to them. Meanwhile, between these loungers and the entrances to the cafés, move on, closely wedged, and yet scarcely in motion, the mass of human beings who come only to exercise their eyes, by turning them to the right or to the left; while, on the outside, upon the chaussee, are drawn up the carriages of visitors (chiefly English ladies) who prefer taking their ice within their closed morocco quarters. The varieties of ice are endless; but that of the *Pavilée* is justly a general favourite; not but that you may have coffee, chocolate, pinch, peach, almond, and, in short, every species of gratification of this kind, while the glasses are filled to a great height, in a pyramidal shape, and some of them with layers of strawberry, gooseberry, and other coloured ices, like pieces from a harlequin's jacket—are seen moving to and fro, to be silently and certainly devoured by those who bespeak them. Add to this, every one has his tumbler and small water-bottle by the side of him; in the centre of the bottle is a large piece of ice, and with a tumbler of water poured therefrom, the visitor usually concludes his repast.

'It is getting towards midnight; but the bustle and activity of the Boulevards have not yet much abated. Groups of musicians, ballad singers, tumblers, actors, conjurers, slight of hand professors, and raree-showmen, have each their distinct audiences. You advance; a little girl, with a raised turban (as usual, tastefully put on), seems to have no mercy, either upon her own voice, or upon the hy-dugurdly, on which she plays; her father shews his skill upon a violin, and the mother is equally active with the organ; after a "flourish," not of "trumpets," but of these instruments, the tumblers commence their operations. But a great crowd is collected to the right. What may this mean? All are silent; a ring is made, of which the boundaries are marked by small lighted candles stuck in pieces of clay. Within this circle stands a man, apparently strangled; both arms are extended, and his eyes are stretched to their utmost limits. You look more closely—and the hilt of a dagger is seen in his mouth, of which the blade is introduced into his stomach! He is almost breathless, and ready to faint—but he approaches, with the crown of a hat in his hand, into which he expects you to drop a sou. Having made his collection, he draws forth the dagger from its carnal sheath, and making a bow, seems to anticipate the

plaudits which invariably follow. Or he changes his plan of operations on the following evening. Instead of the dagger put down his throat, he introduces a piece of wire up one nostril, to descend by the other—and thus self-tortured, demands the remuneration and the applause of his audience. In short, from one end of the boulevards to the other, nearly two English miles, there is naught but animation, good humour, and it is right to add, good order;—while having strolled as far as the Boulevards de Bondy, and watched the moon-beams sparkling in the waters, which play there within the beautiful fountain so called.—I retrace my steps, and seek the quiet quarters in which this epistle is penned.

On the literary treasures in Paris, Mr. Dibdin dwells long and writes very ably; he appears to have, with unceasing industry, ransacked every shelf of every book-case in the royal library, to discover what was rare, valuable, and curious. In his researches he was much assisted by the kindness and urbanity of the librarian, Von Praet, who has held the situation nearly forty years, and of whom he gives a well-drawn character:—

‘To the left of the third room,’ says our author, ‘you observe a well-dressed gentleman, (of somewhat shorter stature than the author of this description,) busied behind a table, taking down and putting up volumes; inscribing names and numbers and titles, in a large folio volume; giving orders on all sides; and putting several pairs of legs in motion in consequence of those orders; while his own, perhaps, are the least paraged of any. This gentleman is no less a personage than the celebrated Monsieur Von Praet, one of the chief librarians in the department of the printed books. His aspect is mild and pleasant, while his smart attire frequently forms a striking contrast to habiliments and personal appearances of a very different and less conciliating description by which he is surrounded. M. Von Praet must be now approaching his sixtieth year: but his age sits bravely upon him, for his step is rapid and firm, and his physiognomical expression indicative of a much less protracted period of existence. He is a Dutchman by birth; and even in shewing his first Eustatius, or first Pliny, each upon vellum, you may observe the natural enthusiasm of a Frenchman, tempered by the graver motions of a Hollander. But, on the other hand, use, or the frequent habit of displaying these treasures, undoubtedly pall and makes the exhibitor less vehement in his commendations.’

The Royal Library is precious beyond conception in medals and in antiquities of a variety of character; the specimens of Greek art, in coins and other small productions, are very fine. In prints, the library is equally rich.

We must, however, pass over these, as well as the account of the printed books, and the sketches of some of the principal literary men to whom Mr. D. was introduced. Among the illuminated manuscripts, the ‘Hours of Anne of Brittany’ is the most curious, and is deemed the most precious; and Mr. D. describes it with great minuteness. In an account of the library of St. Genevieve, we have an interesting anecdote of the celebrated biographer Mercier:—

‘In 1792, a decree passed the convention for issuing a ‘commission for the examination of monuments.’ Mercier was appointed one of the thirty-three members of which the commission was composed, and the famous Barrière was also of the number. Barrière, fertile in projects, however visionary and destructive, proposed to Mercier, as a *bright thought*, ‘to make a short extract from every book in the national library; to have these extracts superbly bound by Didot; and to burn all the books from which they were taken.’ It never occurred to this revolutionizing idiot, that there might be a thousand copies of the same work, and that some hundreds of these copies might be out of the National Library. Of course Mercier laughed at the project, and made the projector ashamed of it. Robespierre, rather fend than man, now ruled the destinies of France. On the 7th of July, 1794, Mercier happened to be passing along the streets, where he saw sixty-seven human beings about to undergo the butchery of the guillotine. Every avenue was crowded by spectators, who were hurrying towards the horrid spectacle. Mercier was carried along by the torrent; but having just strength enough to raise his head, he looked up, and he beheld his old and intimate friend, the Ex-Abbé Roger, in the number of devoted victims! That sight cost him his life. A sudden horror, followed by alternate shiverings and flushings of head, immediately seized him, and a cold perspiration hung upon his brow. He was carried into the house of a stranger; his utterance became feeble and indistinct, and it seemed as if the hand of death were already upon him.’

Mercier never recovered, but lingering five years, and then died. We need not say that Mr. Dibdin visited all the public libraries, which are six in number, and are said to contain 1,125,437 volumes. An account of booksellers, bookbinders, and men of letters, including Gail, Millin, and Langles, follows the description of the public libraries. While at Paris, Mr. Dibdin gave a festival in honour of the Roxburgh Club, and nearly innoculated some of the French literati with the mania. The private collections in Pa-

ris were next visited by Mr. D. particularly those collections of Denon, M. Quatin Crauford, and the Marquis de Sommariva, Willemin’s *Monuments François Inédits*, &c. Mr. D. closes his account of Paris with some observations on the Fine Arts, and an estimate of the national character:—

‘Every body here,’ says he, ‘is busy and active, yet very few have any thing to do in the way of what an Englishman would call business. The thoughtful brow, the abstracted look, the hurried step, which you see along Chapside and Cornhill, are here of comparatively rare appearance; yet every body is “*sur le paré*.” Every body seems to live out of doors. How the *menage* goes on—and how domestic education is regulated—strikes the inexperienced eye of an Englishman as a thing quite inconceivable. The temperature of Paris is no doubt very fine, although it has been of late unprecedently hot; and a French workman or labourer enjoys, out of doors, from morning till night, those meals which with us are usually partaken within. The public places of entertainment are pretty sure to receive a prodigious portion of the population of Paris every evening. A mechanic or artisan will devote two-thirds of his daily gains to the participation of this pleasure. His dinner will consist of the most meagre fare, at the lowest possible price, provided in the evening he can hear. Talma declaim, or Madame Albert varble; or see Pol leap or Bigotoni entrance a wondering audience by the grace of her movements and the pathos of her dumb shew in Nina.’

Accompanying our author to Strasbourg, we have an account of the rise and progress of Protestantism in that place. The forerunner of Luther, in Mr. Dibdin’s opinion, was John Geyler, a man of singular intrepidity of head and heart:—

‘He was a very extraordinary genius, unquestionably; and the works which he has bequeathed to posterity evince the variety of his attainments. His memory is yet held in reverence by his countrymen, although it may be doubted whether any one library contains a complete collection of his works. Geyler preached boldly in the cathedral, against the lax manners and doubtful morality of the clergy. He exhorted the magistrates to do their duty, and predicted that there must be an alteration of religious worship, ere the general morals of the community could be amended. They preserve a stone chair or pulpit, of very curious workmanship, but which had nearly been destroyed during the revolution, in which Geyler used to deliver his lectures. He died in 1510; and, within a dozen years after his death, the doctrines of Luther were sedulously inculcated. The ground had been well prepared for such seed.’

The pulpit here alluded to, is a

which ranked her among the heroes of the age. Being wounded at the siege of Orleans, she exclaimed, for the purpose of encouraging her army, 'it is glory, not blood, that flows from this wound.' When the English were obliged to raise the siege of Orleans with precipitation, she said to Dunois, who would have pursued them, 'the object is gained—no useless carnage.' The glory of Joan of Arc was that of France: it is the more to be regretted, that her misfortunes and the cruelty which presided at her death, should stain these brilliant recollections, and produce a mingled feeling of profound horror and national gratitude, which will never cease to accompany her memory.

France, elevated by numerous victories, had resumed her courage, and reconquered her name; seconded by the valour of the king's servants, Joan had witnessed the accomplishment of part of her predictions. Weary of glory, she would have retired after the coronation of Charles VII., at Rheims: 'my mission,' said she, 'is fulfilled; would to God I could quit the field, and return to tend the flocks, and serve my parents with my brothers and sisters!' Being detained by the solicitations of the king, she continued to lead the troops to victory; but fortune grew tired of favouring her, and, on the 19th of May, 1430, she was taken at the gates of Compeigne, in a sally, which she herself had conducted.

The Duke of Bedford, who was Regent of England during the minority of his nephew, Henry VI., and conducted, in person, the war in France, fearing lest Charles should ransom the prisoner, availed himself of the right given to him by the customs of that age, to purchase her of John de Luxembourg, who was obliged to resign her to him, on being paid the sum often thousand livres. There was, therefore, no other alternative than to ransom her, or carry her off by main force; but, to avoid the reproach of refusing to exchange her, the duke, by the advice of the Bishop of Beauvais, caused her to be declared a heretic and a sorceress by the Parliament of Paris. From that moment the Maid of Orleans was treated as a criminal, and not as a prisoner. The clergy, that power, which, in all ages, has exalted itself above the authority of kings, could alone decide her fate. Hurried from prison to prison, Joan was confined at Rouen, in a tower, which is still standing, and to which this horrible catastrophe has given the name of *Tour de la Pucelle*.

Joan of Arc, though a prisoner, excited such terror, that the enemies of Charles VII., did not think themselves sure of victory so long as her name could serve for a rallying point. Her destruction was resolved upon; she was cruelly treated, and immersed in a dungeon, where she was farther confined by two iron chains; she was exposed defenceless to the insults of her guards, who were chosen

from among the lowest class of the soldiery, called *houspiliers*; she was surrounded by all the snares that fanaticism, and the desire of finding some pretext for putting her to death could suggest. Long did this noble female, by her heroic fortitude, frustrate the designs of her enemies, and uphold the glory which she had acquired in the field; but she was at last charged with fictitious crimes, and a Frenchman, Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, betraying his country and violating humanity, took upon himself to send her to execution.

The examination which she underwent, served but to render the nobleness of her character still more conspicuous. 'I never killed any person,' said she to her judges, or more properly speaking, her executioners. 'I always abhorred the shedding of human blood: I carried my standard at the head of the troops; the soldiers fought, and God gave the victory.' Cauchon, with a view to avoid the censure of having singly decided the fate of his victim, associated with himself a member of the Inquisition. A canon, named Loyseleur, was both judge and accuser; for he had the baseness to reveal the confessions, with which, on the faith of an oath, Joan of Arc had intrusted him. Lastly, this unfortunate creature was surprised into the signing of a recantation of assertions to which she was an utter stranger. From this period, Joan of Arc resumed her female apparel; but it was soon taken from her in the night, and the dress of a man substituted in its stead. When forced to rise, she was enraged at being compelled to put it on; and on this paltry incident, thus purposely contrived, she was accused of violating her oath, and relapsing into heresy. Sentence of death was pronounced upon her; the Inquisition placed on her head the fatal mitre; a scaffold was erected in the old market, now the *Place aux Veaux*, and on the 30th of May, 1430, the Maid of Orleans, preceded by her executioners, and surrounded by eight hundred armed men, was led to execution, accompanied by the public pity. The moderation of her complaints, her tears, her youth, the recollections of glory and virtue which she called forth, and, lastly, the sight of the pile destined to consume her, extorted demonstrations of the strongest sympathy from all the spectators.

In 1449, Charles VII. having become master of Normandy, lost no time in exerting the power which enabled him to restore the name of the illustrious female in all its purity. A great council was assembled; the witnesses of her sentence and death having been summoned and heard, the process was unanimously declared void in form and unjust in principle; and the memory of Joan of Arc, re-established by her contemporaries, was held forth to the grateful admiration of posterity. A spirit of piety caused a cross to be erected on the spot where she was executed, but it was soon replaced by a

fountain, surmounted by a statue of Joan of Arc. The elegant style of this monument, and the lightness of the arabesques, bespoke the period of the revival of the arts in France. In 1775, it fell to ruin, but, instead of being repaired, a pedestal, destitute of elegance, was erected on the same spot, and now supports the statue of the heroine.

AMERICAN EXPEDITION TO THE INTERIOR OF THE GLOBE.

ABOUT three years ago, the American papers contained a singular proposal from a Captain Symmes, who was stated to be a respectable man, a man of intelligence and of sane mind. This gentleman declared that the 'earth was hollow, and habitable within, containing a number of solid concentric spheres, one within the other, and that it is open at the poles, twelve or sixteen degrees.' He pledged his life in support of the truth of his theory, and offered to explore the hollow, only asking 'one hundred brave companions, well equipped, to start from Siberia in the fall season, with rein-deer and sledges, on the ice of the frozen sea; but although he engaged, that on reaching one degree northward of latitude 82°, they would find 'warm and rich land, stocked with, thrifty vegetables and animals, if not men,' yet we do not hear that he has got any one to join him in the enterprise, although he has often appealed to the world to support him. His last call appears in one of the American papers just received, and is as follows:—

[CIRCULAR.]

Newport, Kentucky, April 17th, 1821.

TO THE MARITIME AND OTHER CIVILIZED POWERS OF THE WORLD.

HAVING, three years since, published a circular, in which I declared the earth to be hollow, and habitable within, &c. &c., and in which I offered my services to the world at large, for exploring; and having applied to several influential members of the government of the United States, to the Russian minister, (when at Cincinnati,) and to each of our resident ministers abroad, for their interest and countenance in my behalf, without yet hearing of any prospect of being called upon to fulfil my proposal, I am induced again to repeat my offer; and it is my desire that every nation or government will consider this address, when printed in the National Intelligencer of Washington, in the same light as a direct and personal application from me.

To that government which may first accept my services in a way suitable to the occasion, I shall hold myself pledged to wholly devote (for the particular honour and benefit of such nation,) my corporeal and mental powers—and even my life, if

necessary, to the utmost practicable examination of the new world I have announced.

Let any one who may deny the Theory to be well founded, answer all, or at least some, of the many arguments offered in support of it, before they undertake to pronounce its baseness. And if the author and his advocates are to be charged with defending an absurd position, let them be questioned in a court of argument, and judged by the world after a hearing pro and con.

It is held by the author, that the theory is a pious one; that there is nothing ignominious in it; that it is simple, and so well supported by principle and by facts, that its supporters have nothing to fear from any sort of test that can be applied to it.

The author is charged with over-doing the matter, by being too enthusiastic; and is told, that it would be better policy not to take such high ground at first, but dispense with concentric spheres for the present, and maintain only one sphere, &c. The reply is, that he does reserve some of his conclusions to be ripened by further reflection; others, however, though too new to be readily admitted by the world, are necessary to exemplify, with due consistency, the first principles of the theory; such, for example, is that of concentric spheres.

Most of the particulars already published in relation to that principle of philosophy which I have discovered and declared to exist, are to be found over my name on the files of the National Intelligencer.

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES,

JOHN C. SYMMES

Addresses himself to any who may deny that his theory of the earth is well founded, and asks them to shew the advocates of the theory wherein it is erroneous; and to offer any other theory, either old or new, which will better agree with the facts, phenomena, and occurrences, which have been cited in support of it. For example, how the principle explained in his Memoir, No. II. founded on the known or acknowledged laws of gravity, may be refuted? Why Saturn is seen surrounded by a concentric circle or ring, which, if not solid, must at least be liquid? Why the migrating quadrupeds and water-fowl about Hudson's Bay, go northwardly in autumn, and return from

* The former states, that the grand Athapascow River is two miles broad, with loamy banks one hundred feet above the ordinary surface of the water; the depth of the river not ascertained. And the latter describes the river he descended as being three hundred feet deep, and a very rapid and long river, with several large rivers coming into it. West, where Hearne went, must have been in a direction tending toward the concave equator, and at right angles with the oblique meridians marked on the wooden hemisphere shown in the lecture room. Both those travellers describe very large trees, and mention the country as being amply inhabited by men and quadrupeds.

the same course in the spring? Why certain rivers, found by Hearne and Mackenzie, (who were doubtless beyond the verge without being sensible of it,) were so remarkably broad and deep as they are described to be? Why none of the Indians Hearne saw, had ever heard of any sea to the westward? Why those Indians represent the country farther to the west or south-west, as so warm as never to have any frost or snow? Why the Esquimaux Indians at Copper-mine River, have goods such as the Danes of Greenland sell, and none such as the British sell at Hudson's Bay? Why Me-lo-no-be, the Indian chief who was Hearne's guide from Hudson's Bay, pointed out Copper-mine River as lying north and running an easterly course, whilst Hearne makes it lie north-west and run north? Why the variations described by Captain Parry, as lately published, corroborates the meridians long since marked out on the before-mentioned wooden hemisphere?

Now is the time for America to shew her enterprise. The difficulty of getting as far north as Baffin, Ross, or Parry went, is as nothing: from thence, an armed force of one or two hundred men, could travel with hand-sledges on the snow and ice, as Hearne did, and, as they return from the woodland and country in the spring, haul, as he did, light bark canoes to cross the rivers and lakes, which open at that season before the snow disappears.

As certainly as this new theory is true, and Hearne an honest journalist, so certainly could the party soon reach that country of abundant game which Hearne describes: in travelling through which, he did not complain of cold, although he travelled all winter, and had many Indian women in company.

There appears to be this advantage in making the trip in winter, (in case the ships cannot pass the ice northward in September,) that the waters are then all bridged with ice, although the cold is not excessive; this is, most probably, owing to the centrifugal action produced in the concave, by the rotation of the earth operating so as to increase or aid the gravity acting on the molecules of water; hence, they may be formed and preserved in a fixed state, under a less degree of cold than is requisite for a like fixation here; the elastic molecules of quicksilver must be reduced by the same law; therefore, the cold there can, at present, only be tested by feeling, and not by the thermometer.

† It is thought that Captain Parry should have sailed southwardly from the extremity of the verge, towards the concave equator, down Prince Regent, or some other southerly inlet, where it is probable he would have found a passage through the ice, especially if he waited sufficiently late in August or September; and on not succeeding in getting through, he might have proceeded on the ice during the winter, as Hearne did; for Parry, as well as Davis, Baffin, and Ross, were doubtless beyond the verge of the verge after they passed that line where the needle varied ninety degrees.

meter; hence it is accountable why Parry's crew hunted in winter, when the average of the thermometer was below zero, and why at that season they were only driven under deck when the winds blew hard; and why Hearne could sleep without fire, by only digging a hole in the snow, down to the moss, and lying with his sledge set up edgewise to windward.

The same law should, continually, or generally, reduce the elastic molecules of the atmosphere there, and hence set free heat therefrom; and thus, by the reduction, produce a flow of air from without toward the interior, which would be an apparently northerly wind, every where beyond the brow of the verge.

Doubtless, the south polar opening would afford, at its lowest part, opposite New Holland, a more certain passage by water than can be expected in the north. Indeed, it would be well to equip two expeditions—one for the north, and the other for the south. And we should lose no time, lest the maritime nations of Europe out-do us in the enterprise.

Lexington, March 14, 1820.

Original Poetry.

EPITAPH

For a Perfect Liar of the Name of TELL.
He lies all the day like a knave;
He lies all the night-bours away;
And when he is dead, he will lie in the grave,
And TELL lies till the judgment-day.
J. R. P.

EPIGRAM

Written after hearing the Charity Children sing the old 100th Psalm, at the Anniversary, June 7, 1821.
"WHAT thought you of the singing at St. Paul's?"
Cried Miss to Man, as by her side she sat:
"Why, if I must speak plainly; Madam
bawls—"
"Twas, like our table-beer, by far too flat!"
J. R. P.

STANZAS.

Oh, gone for ever are the beams
That on life's morning shone so bright:
Remember'd but as faint, faint dreams;
Seen like dim stars in life's dark night!
Clouds, clouds are intervening fast;
Deep, deep I sink in sadness;
And memory soon will look her last
At aught that tokens gladness!
Oh! once the world for me was made—
For so my young heart told me;
But I was by myself betrayed,
For sorrows now infold me.
All that I dearly prized are fled,
Fled to the silent tomb;
The choicest flowers of life are dead,
Mould'ring in church-yard gloom!
My boyhood's friend,—my boyhood's love—
To brighter worlds have flown,
And I am left at last to prove
Man's misery, alone!
Queen Street, Cheapside, L. Y.

SONNET.

Occasioned by seeing Miss Dance as Juliana, in the Housewren, particularly in the dance scene, where she gained considerable applause.
Nor with more grace the beauteous sisters three!

Who sought the lovely prize *Againt* won,
When round the golden circlet of the sun
Their polish'd limbs, light waver'd gracefully!
Nor spightlier mov'd the nymph *Euphrosyne*,
When o'er the springing flow'rs, with fairy
tread,
She tripp'd, scarce shaking off the trembling
dew-drops's head

That kiss'd her sicklen feet—more soft than thee!
Whose motion, airy, gay, harmoniously,
Combin'd by nature to delight and prove
That mortal forms have angel's symmetry,
Can tune the chords and melt the soul to
lore!

All these, and more are, Juliana, thine,
Tune make a constellation here divine!

HARR.

A QUAKERESS YEARNING AFTER THE
VAIN WORLD.

THIS meeting is a doleful place,
Fairwell!

Where one may sit with antique face,
And scarcely dare, though crisp and trim,
Convey one glance from hood to him:
Spirits—farewell!

O could I dress my bonnet gay,
Fairwell!

And let my hair in jewels play,—
Adorn my cap with lace and flower,
And wear a founce and Babel tower;
Uprights—farewell!

O if I might to opera hie,
Fairwell!

Be favour'd with the royal eye;
Yea, a *la mode*—with ostrich plumes,
Be constant at the drawing-rooms;
Tobacco—farewell!

Then to the friends at Whitehall,
Fairwell!

His lordship's or the captain's bide;
The pink at ball,—the ton at play;
From *Gracians* Street for e'er and aye,
Fairwell! Fairwell!

J. R. P.

THE PARKS.

AN EPISTLE TO —

O! bless us—here's Wilford's epistle at last;
I wonder, now, what he's been doing so long?
Perhaps this contains some account of the past,
Of his little amours, in the shape of a song—
I fancy I hear you exclaim, as you break
The seal that hides all that I scribble to you;
But I have excuses, and many, to make—
And the whole of them weighty and feasible
too.

But now I must touch, as I promis'd you once,
On the parks, and draw pictures of many a
dance—

Who there, in the dust that the vehicles make,
Might be taken for nobles, by those who mis-
take!

Who having deserted the shop boards they sat
on

From Monday 'till Saturday—terrible bore!
Or of counter-worn tired—with a 'golden ball'

hat, &c.

* *Againt*, *Thadde*, and *Euphrosyne*. they
were represented in the attitude of persons
dancing; when Horace says, (lib. 1. od. 4.)
Altoque tamquam quæsitæ pede.

I mean one whose brim, as I told you be-
fore,

Falls over his ears:—and a coat mighty fine—
And all else too, of course—like themselves—
quite divine!

They strut to and fro, in a dandified way—
With nought in their pockets, and nothing to
say,

Not deigning to turn to the left or the right—
Of the ground which they tread, they have
never a sight,

For so primely put on are the kerchiefs they
wear,

So stiffen'd with starch, and so folded they are—
That the head seems as if 'twere immovably
fix'd,

Not a joint the proud chin and the shoulder
betwixt!

And some of these knights of the counter and
shears,

In whom Lady Fashion so charming appears—
Well booted and spur'd—take a steed for the
day,—

To drive, like their betters, dull sorrow away—
And straight to the Park like true heroes, they
must,

To ride round the ring in the midst of the dust,
Just to shew themselves off—what it is to be
higher

Than some 'paltry fellows'—their shopmates
I mean—

In the world—and the like—what there is
to be seen—

That the horses earn well what is paid for their
hire!

And ladies, too, here, who have sighed all the
week

For the first dawn of Sunday upon them to
break,

Come clad in green silks—like the rest of the
gay—

That scuffle like leaves on a boisterous day—
With founces that nearly extend to the waist—
Which, tight as a drum, is *delightfully* braced—
That to breathe were a pain—but that's no-
thing you know—

Since fashion decrees—why it still *must* be so!

And really I think, by and by there will be
Set rules for reposing, when weary are we!

To proceed with my subject, the ring you must
know

Is a long dusty road, where the fash'ables go
to see and be seen,—and at out the day,
As if they were waiting the close of a play:

No matter to them, whether shining or raining,
'Tis Fashion decrees it, and there's no com-
plaining.

Each promenade now is a beautiful place,
And adorn'd too with many a beautiful face,

Whose smiles are as lovely as morning ap-
pears,

When night has been weeping, and earth is all
tears!

But where so much folly on all sides is seen,
As here in the group, is parading the green.

Perfection itself is a sensible fair,
If sense can be found in one visitant there!

My stars! what a number of gentleman spurr'd!
What a clanking of heels is on either side
heard!

And all I declare, from a party of such
As would fear the most tractable courser to
touch!

Thus much have I said of the parks, and when I
Againt seize my pen, in description to vie

With my brothers in rhyming—the play house
shall be

Tut theme I will touch on,—till then, think
of me!

WILFORD.

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 161. 'Pemburst Place, Kent,'
the seat of Sir John Sidney, Bart.;
Miss Jackman. This is a very charm-
ing picture: and, independent of its
merits as a work of art, it will create
an increased interest when it is known,
that the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*,
Sir Philip Sidney, who was a
compound of all that was high spirited
and romantic, of all that was gallant
and brave,—that this darling son of chivalry
was born in the house which is
here so faithfully represented.

No. 164. 'The drunken Smith,'
W. Kidd. This is a very correct pic-
ture of a very common scene in low
life; the effect of the liquor on the be-
sootter toper, is seen in his countenance,
and the complaint that Garrick once
made of a French actor, that his legs
were sober, while he personated a
drunkard, will not apply to the smith,
who is drunk all over.

No. 171. 'Portrait of Sir Hum-
phrey Davy, Bart. President of the
Royal Society,' Sir Thomas Law-
rence, P. R. A. is an admirable like-
ness of this truly great man. The two
Presidents ought to be mutually obliged
to each other; Sir Thomas, that the
President of the Royal Society pre-
sents so fine a person, of which to per-
petuate a likeness; and Sir Humphrey
that the P. R. A. has exercised his al-
most matchless pencil with such happy
effect. Sir Humphrey is, we believe,
the first instance of a gentleman being
elevated to the chair of the Royal So-
ciety, solely for his talents, at so early
an age as forty;—his discoveries, how-
ever, seem rather the result of centu-
ries than of years.

No. 193. 'Portrait of the late Ben-
jamin West, P. R. A.' Sir T. Lawrence.
There is not a portrait in the whole ex-
hibition which pleases me so much as
this, which represents the venerable
President in his study, and in his usual
painting gown, and is a faithful re-
semblance. If we mistake not, this
picture is painted for the United
States, and although it is the portrait
of one of their own sons, who reached
the summit of his art in this country;
it will also shew that we possess a
native who is worthy of being his suc-
cessor. It is a masterly performance,
chaste and simple, but producing all
the effect possible by its modesty: the
colouring is rich without gaudiness—
the drapery natural, without the slight-
est appearance of art, and there is a

tranquil majesty about the whole picture worthy of the greatest portrait painters of any age or country.

No 194. 'Dover from the sea;' a equally day, wind against the tide: A. W. Colcott, R. A. is a very well executed sea-piece, both as to composition and colouring.

No. 217. 'The marriage of Richard of Shrewsbury, brother of Edward V. to the Lady Anne Mowbray, only daughter and heir of the Duke of Norfolk,' J. Northcote, R.A. Whatever the policy of former times might have dictated, the unnatural union of two children in marriage, at an age when whipping a top or playing with a doll would be most congenial to them, is now no longer practised either from mercenary or political motives. The venerable Northcote has, in this picture, given a vigorous display of his talents; the little chubby faced bride, who is a sweet infant, is an original composition, and the constrained gravity of the infant bridegroom is well expressed.

No. 261. 'Cleopatra's arrival in Cilicia;' W. Etty. Whether it is that the languid and luxurious beauty of Cleopatra is too much for human eye to dwell upon, or that the merits of this picture escape casual observation, we know not, but we see the visitors to the exhibition, turn from it with a slight glance, and it would seem almost involuntarily. The artist has really embodied the descriptions of Plutarch and of Shakespeare—the magnificent galley—the stern covered with gold—the sails of purple 'and so perfumed the winds were love-sick with them,' the oars of silver, keeping time to the music of flutes and pipes and harps;—the quern, in the character of Venus, reclining under a canopy embroidered with gold,—the boys like Cupids fanning her,—the maids like the Nereids and Graces assisting in the steering of the vessel;—all these are represented so far as the pencil can represent so luxurious a scene. The languishing beauty of Venus, and the exquisite loveliness of her attendant maids, and lovely Cupids are most delightfully portrayed; and the artist has only to proceed in the noble career he has chosen to reach the summit of his art.

No. 273. 'Scene in the musical entertainment of *Lock and Key*, with portraits of Mrs. Orger, Miss Cubitt, Mr. Munden, and Mr. Knight;' G. Clint. This is an admirable picture, whether considered as to the composition or the fidelity of the portraits; the broad humour of Munden, the naiveté of

Knight, the arch leer of Mrs. Orger, and the modesty of Miss Cubitt, are all well expressed; the back ground of the picture is appropriate, and the colouring harmonious.

No. 282. 'An Author reading his Play, in the Green Room, to the Performers of Drury Lane Theatre,' Mr. W. Sharp; has some good portraits, but there does not appear to us sufficient character in the expression of the author; indeed, there is a tameness about this picture, which is not sufficiently redeemed either by the composition or tone of colouring, both of which, however, are entitled to praise.

No. 293. 'The Discovery of the Regalia of Scotland, with the Portraits of the Commissioners, &c.;' A. Geddes. The Scottish interest must certainly have been very strong, when the Committee of the Royal Academy consented to let this acre of spoiled canvas usurp the largest space and one of the best situations in the whole exhibition. The subject may, perhaps, be deemed of interest to some persons, but the picture itself is not calculated to please any one. The portraits may be likenesses for any thing we know, but as most of the individuals are not known beyond the precincts of 'auld reekie,' this picture, if exhibited any where, (an honour of which we think it unworthy) should have been confined to Edinburgh. We cannot sufficiently reprehend the conduct of the managers in admitting this picture, which has not one single claim to a place among works of art.

We had intended, in our present number, to have turned to the Model Academy, which contains some very excellent productions from our first sculptors, but we find we must defer it to our next.

MR. WARD'S PICTURE OF THE TRIUMPH OF WATERLOO.

THE very existence of this picture furnishes a proud instance of the patronage of British art, and a strong proof that it is not unworthy of it. The British Institution, which, since its establishment, has rendered such eminent services to the fine arts, in 1816, advertised and circulated letters, inviting the painters of the united kingdom, to send to the gallery a finished sketch of the battle of Waterloo. Mr. Ward, whose talents as an artist are well known, sent a sketch, in which the subject is treated allegorically. This met with the approbation of the directors, who commissioned Mr. Ward to

paint a picture from it, at the liberal price of two thousand guineas, designing to present it to the Royal Hospital, at Chelsea, as a national commemoration of the moral and political effects of this great victory.

Although we are decided enemies to the mixture of allegory and reality, and even to all allegory, where the allusion is too remote to be easily understood, yet we cannot deny, that this is a noble picture, and, in order that our readers may comprehend it as the author designed it should be understood, we quote a portion of his own description:—

'The Genius of Wellington, upon the car of War, directed by Britannia, who bears in her hand the trident, which, with the tri-coloured cross, upon her shield, (supporting the hero,) is emblematic of that Power which superintends the whole. On her head is a richly embossed helmet, composed of gold, silver, and steel, intended to convey an idea of the three ages; and for her crest the Dove of Peace, sustaining the fiery rays of Genius.'

'The hero is commanding away the demons,—Anarchy, Rebellion, and Discord, with the Horrors of War; as variegated serpents, and harpies. Bellona is endeavouring to take the reins of the horses of war; and is urging them on with her many-thong scourge, while they are tightly restrained by Humanity or Love to Mankind, seated upon the head of Britannia's Lion. Between these two contending principles, Hatred to Mankind the origin, and Love to Mankind the conclusion of the War, the horses are regulated by the cardinal virtues, Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance, and Justice. The horses are of the Hanoverian breed, in allusion to the house of Hanover. Usurpation, with the crown removed from its head, and marked with blood, is sinking under the feet of the horses. Opposition and Tumult are expiring under the wheels of the car; on the side of which are the rose, thistle, and shamrock,—England, Scotland, and Ireland, which have formed the splendid carriage composed of pearl and gold, and decorated with gems, and upon its end is the palm-tree, emblem of Victory, and to which are endeavouring to fasten themselves, the passions,—Anger, Cruelty, and Revenge; but they are overturned, and sinking under the foot of Charity, whose other foot is on the emblems of Slavery. She is raising her children into the bosom of Religion.'

'In the back-ground, are Blucher and Platoff, expressive of the allies, in union with Wellington, bearing the colours of the different nations engaged in this important struggle.'

'Before the horses, and descending from the clouds, is the Hydra-headed monster, as the seven evils, in contradistinction to the seven virtues, which, with Religion, are the companions and suste-

tants of Britannia. This creature alludes to those direful principles which have disturbed the civilized world, and followed by serpentine monsters, as its companions or satellites, streaming from darkness, flames, and blood, are sinking into the pit of confusion and remorse. Immediately under this whirling overgrown reptile, is Rapine, with its many teeth, and Fear, a terrified Harpy, flying to Despair, who is leading them into the abyss, to which they are all hurrying.

We are far from thinking with Mr. Ward, that this picture is 'capable of furthering the morals and establishing the happiness of man,' nor do we see what the battle of Waterloo had to do with advancing 'the spirit of truth' or 'stemming the torrent of infidelity,' of which Mr. Ward speaks. For our own parts, we would have had politics and religion entirely left out of the question, and feel very confident, that as a battle piece, it would not only have been more appropriate for Chelsea Hospital, but much more easily understood, and more likely to perpetuate the event it is intended to record.

But, after all, this picture is the production of no ordinary genius, the very conception bespeaks a superior mind, the composition is one of great skill, and the execution does the artist great credit; the portraits are good, the emblematical figures are striking, and the whole is powerfully impressive.

The Drama.

The benefits of this season have generally been well attended at both houses; and this we rejoice the more at, as the performers have, almost without a single exception, avoided rendering themselves ridiculous by attempting characters for which they were totally unsuited; for, although it may afford some sport, and attract a few gallery customers, to see Mr. Young play Macbeth, or Liston play Ophelia, yet who is there that has the slightest pretensions to dramatic taste, would not much rather see them adhering to that walk in which they so eminently excel. Among the principal novelties at the benefits, may be mentioned Mr. Macready's personification of Hamlet, which was one of the finest and most successful performances we ever witnessed. It was a truly original and masterly representation of the character of the noble Dane, and one that we long to see repeated, when we shall notice it at greater length than our present limits will permit.

DRURY LANE.—On Saturday night,

being Whitsun-eve, an oratorio was given at this theatre, being the last under the direction of Sir George Smart; and, as if to make us feel his loss the more strongly, he rendered his last effort doubly attractive. It comprised such an array of vocal and instrumental talent, as we scarcely ever saw combined, and the entertainment was consequently rich, varied, and animating. It was a cento of the most popular compositions that had been performed at the Lent Oratorios, and included the Coronation Anthem, the famous quartette from the grand Requiem, Luther's Hymn, and several favourite airs, which never weary in the repetition. Mrs. Salmon gave 'Sweet Bird' in her best manner; and in a duet with Miss Stephens, she was particularly successful. These two unrivalled voices blended in perfect harmony, and the duet was encored. Ambrogetti, in the duet with Mrs. Salmon, taken from 'Il Funatico,' raised continual shouts of laughter. Braham was in fine tune, and, as usual, was much applauded. Mesdames Camporese and Vestris also sung delightfully. The instrumental part was not less powerfully sustained; the violin of Kresewetter, the violoncello of Lindley, the French horn of Puzzi, the fine flute of Nicholson, and Bocha with his thirteen harps, played by his thirteen pupils, gave a powerful assistance on the occasion. The house, we are happy to say, was well filled:

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos titidem depascitur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

Walking on Water.—Mr. Kent, from Glasgow, exhibited, on Friday, his machine for walking upon water, in one of the new wet docks at Leith. The novelty of the circumstance drew together a considerable crowd to witness the uncommon scene. The apparatus consisted of a triangle of about ten feet, formed of iron, to each angle of which was affixed a case of block tin, filled with air, and completely watertight. These little boats or cases seemed to be about two feet and a half long, by about one foot and a half broad, and served to buoy up the machine and its super-incumbent weight. These cases, we understand, are filled with little hollow balls, attached by a chain, and capable of floating the machine, should any accident happen to the outer case. From the centre of the little boats, rose other rods, bent

upwards, so as to meet in the middle at a convenient height, and forming at this junction a small seat or saddle, like that of the common velocipede. Like that machine, likewise, it has a cushion for the breast, and ropes or reins to guide the case at the apex of the triangle; and, upon the whole, the motion is produced in nearly the same manner. When in the seat, Mr. Kent's feet descended to within a few inches of the water; and to his shoes were buckled the paddles, made of block-tin likewise, and having a joint yielding in one direction, so as not to give a counter-motion to the machine when moving the leg forward for a new stroke. His heels rested in stirrups attached to the saddle, and the motion was performed by the alternate action of the feet. Mr. Kent started about half-past two o'clock, and after various evolutions, crossing and re-crossing the dock several times, and firing a fowling-piece, which, with a fishing-rod, were buckled to the rod in front of the saddle, he proved, to the satisfaction of the numerous spectators, the complete safety of his machine, and the practicability of using it even for a considerable distance.—*Edinb. Courant.*

Federal Wealth.—Hugh, Lord Despensers, called Earl of Gloucester, (who was executed,) was possessed, at his death, of no less than 59 lordships in different counties, 28,000 sheep, 1000 oxen and steers, 1200 kine, with their calves, 40 mares, with their colts of two years, 160 drawing-horses, 2000 hogs, 3000 bullocks, 40 tons of wine, 600 baccons, 80 carcasses of Martinmas beef, 600 muttons; in his larder, 10 tons of cyder; armour, plate, jewels, and ready money, better than 10,000*l.*; 26 sacks of wine, and a library of books.

Wine.—Jemshead, who is celebrated as the founder of Persepolis, was the first who discovered wine. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some; which were placed in a large vessel, and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented; and their juice in this state was so acid, that the King believed it must be poisonous. He had some vessels filled with it, and poison written upon each; they were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favourite ladies was affected with nervous head aches; the pain distracted her so much, that she desired death. Observing a vessel with poison written on it, she took it and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell

down into a sound sleep, awoke much refreshed and delighted with the remedy,—she repeated the dose often, so the monarch's poison was all drank. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made; and Jem-sheed and all his court drank of the new beverage; which, from the circumstance that led to its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of Zcher-e-Kooshon—the delightful poison.

In a French paper of the 1st June, 1821, a Scotch dog is advertised to be sold; the owner demands 1500 francs for him, which he will consent to take in works of science of an equal value.

The Lancastrian system makes a rapid progress in France; in the department of the Moselle there are of an age to go to school 27,507 boys and 24,513 girls; of these 23,916 boys and 21,040 girls attend the schools.

Saving banks are becoming general in France; at Rouen, in six months, the receipts amount to 100,000 francs, (4000l.); and at Paris in eight months, above 16,000l. The effect on the morals of the lower classes is already felt.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE REVIEW OF Sir Robert Ker Porter's Travels will be resumed in our next.

Mr. S. R. Jackson is requested to send to our office for a letter.

The favours of J. R. P., H. A., **M., Alpheus, W. W. M., and D. W., have been received, and shall have early attention.

This day is published, in folscap 8vo., price 5s. boards,

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London.—Published by J. Lindell, 25, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed to Mr. Lindell, 25, Strand.—Covers by Messrs. Smith and Marshall, Stationers' Court, Chancery Lane; Ornaments, Letter-press, and all the other parts of the Press, by Messrs. G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane, and John Warren, Old Bond Street, &c.

riched with small figures of the latter end of the 15th century; its sculptured ornaments are varied and elaborate. At Stuttgart, our author visited Dannecker, the sculptor, whom he calls the Chastrey of Suabia. Of the productions of this artist he speaks with raptures. He was admitted to the study of the sculptor, where, says he—

‘It was my good fortune to witness one original of transcendent merit. I mean the Colossal head of Schiller; who was the intimate friend and a townsman (Stuttgart) of this able sculptor. I never stood before so expressive a modern countenance. The forehead is high and wide, and the projections over the eyebrows are boldly but finely and gradually marked. The eye is rather full, but retired. The cheeks are considerably shrunk. The mouth is full of expression, and the chin somewhat elongated. The hair flows behind in a broad mass, and ends in a wavy curl upon the shoulders; not very unlike the professional wigs of the French barristers, which I had seen at Paris. Upon the whole, I prefer this latter, for breadth and harmony, to the formal conceit of the wig à la Grecque. “It was so,” said Dannecker, “that Schiller wore his hair; and it was precisely with this physiognomical expression that he came out to me, dressed en roqueleur from his inner apartment, when I saw him for the last time. I thought to myself on so seeing him,” added the sculptor, “that it is thus that I will chisel your bust in marble.” Dannecker then requested me to draw my hand gently over the forehead, and to observe by what careful and almost imperceptible gradations, this boldness of front had been accomplished. I listened to every word that he said about the extraordinary character then, as it were, before me, with an earnestness and pleasure which I can hardly describe; and walked round and round the bust with a gratification approaching to ecstasy. They may say what they please at Rome, or at London, but a finer specimen of art, in its very highest department, and of its particular kind, the chisel of no living sculptor hath achieved. As a bust it is perfect. It is the man; with all his mind in his countenance; without the introduction of any sickly airs and graces, which are frequently the result of a predetermination to treat it as Phidias or Praxiteles would have treated it.’

From Stuttgart, Mr. Dibdin visited Ulm, Augsburg, and Munich, where he made several bibliographical gleanings; but we cannot pursue the subject farther, and shall, therefore, only quote two anecdotes; the first, of Bonaparte, is related on the authority of Moreau:—

‘It was during the crisis of some great battle in Austria, when the fate of the day was very doubtful, that Bonaparte ordered Lasnes to make a decisive movement with his cavalry. Lasnes seemed to hesitate—

Bonaparte reiterated the order, and Lasnes appeared to hesitate again—as if doubting the propriety of the movement. Bonaparte eyed him with a look of ineffable contempt; and added, almost fixing his teeth together, in a hissing but biting tone of sarcasm,—“*Est ce que je t’ai fait trop riche ?*” Lasnes dashed his spurs into the sides of his charger, and prepared to put the command of his master into execution.’

The next anecdote, with which we shall conclude, relates to Bonaparte’s successful opponent, the Duke of Wellington, and was related to Mr. Dibdin when on his route from Ratisbon to Nuremberg. He says,—

‘We reached Neumarkt about night-fall and got into very excellent quarters. The rooms of the inn which we occupied had been filled by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh on their journey to Congress in the winter of 1814. The master of the inn related to us a singular anecdote respecting the duke. On hearing of his arrival, the inhabitants of the place flocked round the inn, and, the next morning, the duke found the tops of his boots half cut away, from the desire which the people expressed of having some memorial of the “Great Captain of the Age”; so I heard him called every where in Austria and Bavaria by men of every rank and degree in society, and by professional men as frequently as by others. I recollect when at Landsturt, standing in the gall of the hotel, and conversing with two door-looking Bavarian officers, who had spent half their lives in the service, one of them declaring that ‘he should like to have been opposed to Wellington; to have died in such opposition, if he could not have vanquished him.’ I asked him why? “Because,” said he “there is glory in such a contest, for he is doubtless the first captain of the age.”

Mr. Dibdin afterwards visited Vienna, and turned the Imperial Library, and every public and private collection, almost top-sy-turvy, in order to discover their rarest contents; this part of the work is almost exclusively bibliographical: we could extract curious particulars from it, but we must now take our leave. It appears to us, that this work possesses all the merits and all the faults of the author’s former productions; there is much that is interesting, but more that is trifling; sometimes ingenious trifling, we admit, but it is unworthy of such a work; his affectation, in introducing scraps of French and bits of black letter, is, to say the least of it, very silly; and his continued eulogies on the talents of Mr. Lewis, though well merited, savour strongly of puffing. We cannot, however, avoid awarding the highest praise to this artist, whose pencil

has been abundantly exercised in all the varieties of portrait, landscape, architecture, &c., with the happiest success. The embellishments are certainly of the highest order, and the work does much credit to the graphic and typographic taste of the age.

My Note-Book; or, Sketches from the Gallery of St. Stephens. A Satirical Poem. By Wilfred Woodfall, Esq. 12mo. pp. 97. London, 1821.

It is now 5 o’clock p. m. on Thursday, a time when our critical labours are usually concluded, but so smart a little satire has been put into our hands that we will not suffer a moment’s delay before we introduce it to our readers. Wilfred Woodfall, Esq. is a worthy successor to the ingenious authors of the Bath Guide, and the Rejected Addresses, and he has a more legitimate subject for his poetical cat-o’-nine-tails than either of his predecessors. His little poem has nothing of party in it: he has been contented ‘to shoot folly as it flies,’ whether he found it on the treasury, opposition, or cross-benches, and, therefore, we find faithful portraits of members of all descriptions from the Marquess of Londonderry to Mr. Richard Martin, including Messrs. Croker, Peter Moore, Bragge, Bathurst, Bennet, Wynne, Hobhouse, Wood, Douglas, Brougham, Lord Lowther, Sir Joseph Yorke, &c. The scene may be said to be one night’s debate, in which the characters appear naturally and without constraint. It is commenced by Peter Moore, who whines to Sheridan’s memory, and abuses ministers for sending a commission to inquire into the conduct of the Queen; Martin calls him to order without cause. At length, Mr. Bragge, with ‘paunch obese and gills of livid hue,’ rises to answer the member for Coventry; and those who have heard the right honorable member, will think the following no bad imitation of his style:—

“If principles ‘gainst principles be set,
Then let those principles be fairly met:
I mean sound principles,—the House will see
That principles, in which we all agree,
Are not like principles that raise a doubt:
Now, sir, a man may often turn about,
And take up principles oppos’d to those;
But, what’s the consequence? no mortal knows.
This, sir, I think, does certainly embrace
The great and leading features of the case.
The honourable member has no right
A premature discussion to invite
Upon a Bill drawn up with so much care,
And now in progress, as we know, elsewhere:
I deprecate the course he has pursued,
As calculated only to delude.

Why, sir, we know that inferences just
Are drawn from premises when well dissuad'd;
Some measures may be censur'd in detail,
But the great principle will never fail.
When, from the proposition, comes that sense
Which proves the necessary consequence. (A
laugh.)

My noble friend and I have ever tried,
Upon this principle, our plans to guide;
But, I lament, sir, that in times like these,
Do what they will, no ministers can please."

After some interruptions and explanations
from Peter, Mr. Bennet rises,—
"He, who, living, for each creature lives,
Who both his ears with prompt delusion gives
To every sharper, swindler, knave, or thief,
If he, who asks them, will but ask relief."

He rises to present a petition, to
complain of the conduct of some mag-
istrate; and the silly, trifling, and
affected sensibility of this gentleman, is
very well hit off in the following story
which he relates:—

"A little boy, who drove a little ass,
A month ago, thro' Fulham chanc'd to pass;
Two pendant baskets which the donkey bore,
Contain'd its master's last remaining store
Of baking apples, which, in tedious rout,
The little vagrant daily hawk'd about.

Not far from Fulham had he bent his way,
When his poor ass, with fear, began to Bray;
And well it might,—for soon a fellow grapples
The harmless lad, and tumbles out his apples.
But, why this outrage?—Sir, I know not why,—
Except that in each basket chanc'd to lie
A quarter loaf, which some vile baker swore
Had left his basket half an hour before,
Alleging, as a proof of what he said,
That he could well identify the bread;

And that the boy upon his dog had gain'd
While he was by a customer detain'd.
Was ever tale more clearly void of truth?—
Yet, neither could the innocence nor youth
Of this poor lad secure him from a goal;
He had no friends, so could procure no bail.

The magistrate, a scandal to the land,
Refus'd to listen,—would not understand
The artless story which the prisoner told,—
How he bought bread, his apples when he sold.

To Newgate, sir, at once he had him sent,
And, still on cruel violence intent,
He thus address'd him, with unfeeling heart:—
"You graceless thief, your back is sure to
smart;

The cut shall teach you people's goods to pass,
And steal no leaves when next you drive your
ass."

These were the words, the barbarous words, he
spoke;

But words cannot describe the piteous look
Which the dumb brute, with terror and dismay,
Cast on the boy, as he was borne away.

Now, sir, I ask, is not this flagrant case,
To British justice, a most foul disgrace?
Can we,—can we,—say, sir, can we sit
Within these walls, and such disgrace permit?

The noble lord may bear it as he will;
But, as for me, my duty I'll fulfil,
And "drag the struggling monster into day,"
Who dur'd to act — (Hear, hear, from
C—st—ugh.)

Yes, this I'll do,—I tell the noble lord,
Unless the boy is to his ass restor'd.

Castlereagh next—
"stands forth,

By native care to give his nonsense worth."

How well this observation applies to
him, let the following, which is a fair
specimen in verse of one of his speeches
in prose, testify:—

"The House, I think, will find
That matters may with questions be combin'd;
Which have no common texture in their loom,
If party will be warp'd to give them room;
Th' invectives we have heard from t'other side
Come floating on the perforating tide
Of declamation, and the slimy beach
Is wash'd with all the noxious weeds of speech
At this conjuncture, when the vital spring
Of moral action takes a lawless swing;

Of moral action takes a lawless swing;
When the pure stream of justice finds its links
By faction question'd in its public chinks;
When men of probity are sure to fall
Within the reach of that outrageous gale,
Which blights the virtues and corrupts the heart;

When none are spar'd who act an honest part;
When black sedition runs its odious race
To subjugate the intellectual pace,
Which leads to social order by a course,
Distinct from mobs and democratic force,
And turns the scale of equi-potent pow'r
Obedient to the working of the hour,—

That working which the Constitution feels,
As each new impulse operates on wheels
That never cease their circumambient rounds,
Yet never go beyond their proper bounds. (A
laugh.)

At such a time I see, with great regret,
That in this House some gentlemen are met,
Who draw upon their figurative stores
To outdistance the clamorous out of doors,
And speak in terms which no man can endure
Of individuals scrupulously pure.

Really, sir, it is too much to brook
That such a worthy man as Mister C—
Should have his name dragg'd forth to public
scorn;

No better man, I'm sure, was ever born.
The breath of calumny could never reach
The spotless character of Sir John L—ch,—
A man whose mind no pow'r on earth could
sway,

If standing prostrate justice marr'd the way;
A man, who in his public conduct shews
The private qualities by which he rose. (A
laugh.)

A man, of all, who knows not to collapse
With circumstances into open gaps;
Nor seeks, by retrogressive movements, to ad-
vance,

The retrogression may sometimes enhance
The value of that honourable prize
Which fair ambition holds before its eyes."

"Smell-Journal W—ne" next speaks,
and is followed by—
"John Cam, the glory and the rising hope
Of fam'd Sir Francis,"

Whose small talk and fondness for
Latin quotations is well ridiculed.
Speaking of Latin quotations, brings us
to the worthy member for Galway,
who, in the course of a very luminous
speech, introduces the following "epi-
sode:—

"I have a garden, sir, at Conamara,
Where Mick Mullowny one day drew the har-
row."

"Now Mick," says I, "take care of the young
trees!"

"Don't fear," says he, "tis I that sav'd the
bees,"

And sent them swarming back into the hive;
They came out dead, but now they're all alive."

(A loud laugh.)
I walk'd away, but, when I came to look
At all the pains the lazy rascal took,
I soon exclaim'd—"You prince of stupid
brutes!"

Upon my soul you're torn up all the roots!"
The fellow stood, and, gaping like a fool,
Listen'd a while most insensibly cool,—
"Then, sir," says he, "don't say a word
about 'em;

The trees, I know, will grow as well without 'em."
(Laughter.)

Need I observe how well this case applies
To every wicked radical, who tries
To pluck those roots from which the church and
King,

And all the lords, and all the judges spring?
None will assert, that, if the roots were gone,
The trunks would thrive as hitherto they've
done.

Sir, as for freedom, we have quite enough!—
The Mayor of Galway gave a smart rebuff
To one Jim Shaughnessy, the other day,
Who wish'd to dictate rather than obey;
And ask'd the worthy magistrate to call
A public meeting, with intent to brawl
Against the constitution of the land.

"Tim," says the mayor, "I'll answer your de-
mand,

By letting Galway see your naked back,
If one word more of politics you elick;
You are, I find, a most *ishman* pig;
You don't regard the venerable wig.

Upon the parson, or the parish priest,
You've turn'd philosopher, you dirty beast."
(Much laughter.)

Here is a mayor on whom we can depend,—
I always was and still will be his friend;
His uncle's grandson, Mr. Daly knows,
To me some lasting obligations owes.

I made him bailiff of my own estate;—
(Hem! question! question!)

D—ck—"Wait a little, wait!—
But one word more, sir, and I shall sit down.
(Hear, hear, cries N—n—hear, cries D—s—
B—n.)

Hence compar'd his nation to a ship,
I sometimes into that fine author dip;
And now I say—"O *navis mea fluctans*,"

"I rise to order," cries Sir W—m C—ts:—
No member ought to quote broad Irish here."
(A laugh.)

"Irish!" says D—ck:—"Irish it may appear
To those who sit in judgment at Guildhall,
To every alderman both great and small;
But, in this house, it will be understood."

As Latin, metaphorically good" (A laugh.)
Sir W—m explains:—
"Yes, I perceive I made a slight mistake;—
D—ck—"I once mistook a gander for a drake."

The city worthy, Alderman Wood,
though lashed in rhyme, is praised in
prose, in a note, for his activity as
chief magistrate of the city, and for
his humanity in rescuing the three con-
demned Irishmen from the gallows.

The minute detail of this worthy bur-
gess is well described, but we have
only room for the exordium of his
speech.

"Now sapient W—m, that alderman so great,
Who, in the pomp and pageantry of state,
For two whole years a city monarch sate,
Dispensing justice from his coachy throne,

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Who, in the pomp and pageantry of state,
For two whole years a city monarch sate,
Dispensing justice from his coachy throne,

And sending harlots, with their flashmen, hopping,
Beyond the bounds of Temple Bar and Wapping;
—W—, whom the halls of Brandenburg confess
The boldest scourge of ladies in distress;
Whom Count Vassali hails with heartfelt glee,
And Countess Oldi calls her *cher ami*,
Because their pensions, as they think, were
sav'd

By his emprise, so nobly he behav'd;
Now does he in his wretched style essay
A congruous, clear, consecutive display.
"I hope and trust the house will not expect
That I should now her Majesty protect,
By telling of the various facts I know;
And I *ashore* the house they'll give a blow,—
A blow, that, falling like a clap of thunder,
Will strike nation and the house with wonder.
I was at breakfast, in my morning gown,
My eldest daughter, then, was out of town;
My youngest boy was sitting by my side;
My eldest son had just gone out to ride:
My cook and butler had that day got marry'd,
And three months after, the poor bride mis-
carry'd." (A laugh.)
I'm thus minute, to show that I can tell
The very day I heard from Sergeant Pell
A fine quotation—"I forget the book,
From which these words the learned sergeant
took:

"But he who fishes from me my good name,"
Let all the Queen's traducers, to their shame,
Observe the words, and learn at last to stop;—
Now off to France I soon resolv'd to pop.
I certainly no longer could remain,
From circumstances which I can't explain;
I take no credit in the thing,—not I;
My services I never could deny
To any lady; and for Caroline,
Our gracious Queen! my life I would resign."

The barbarous pronunciation of the
modern Whittington does not, of
course, escape Mr. Woodfall. We
must pass over Mr. Brougham, though
the satirist has been quite at home
with him, to notice

That plodding pioneer,

Hume, who, in despite of himself and
the horse, renders good service to the
country, by his unconquerable pertinacy
and zeal. Among articles that
require retrenchment, the member for
Aberdeen complains of the dress of the
yeomen of the guard, and the expense of
the men who have 30l. per annum, in
the island of Ceylon, for guarding ele-
phants' teeth. He has, however, a
more serious charge to make against
Ministers—that of neglecting his coun-
trymen in the affair of the

COAL METERS.

"The house, I hope, will give me leave to add
A word, or two upon a case so bad
That language of the strongest kind must fail
Its gross injustice fairly to detail.
It shows how far a system can proceed
By which alone the droves of office feed—
A system, that, regardless of their worth,
Neglects those hardy yeomen from the north,
My countrymen, who fought before they fed,
While gay Cockneys go'd and went to bed:

(A laugh.)

No Abercrombies, Doughlasses, or Grubams,
Are station'd as coal-meters on the Thames.

On these, a bold and independent race,
The partial minister confers no place.
Too proud to sue, they never haunt the spot
Where the rewards of bows and scrapes are got.
But is it, sir, because a Scotchman's feet
Dare'n't chance to lead him into Downing
Street,
Or near the Treasury, that he must forgo
The claims of justice? Sir, I answer, no!
As clever men as ever cross'd the Tweed
Are disregarded for a puny breed
Of stupid cockneys, insolent and vain,
Who all the places on the Thames obtain:
On every wharf where colliers land their coal,
The cockney rules with absolute control.
In short, because he has a lucky lot
He's sure to get whatever can be got.

* * * * * Vote. * * * * * Bought.

Sir, this corrupt monopoly is vile,
And I'll give notice in a little while
Of some decisive motion that shall make
The city jobbers and their masters quake."

(Cheers and laughter.)

Here we terminate, and we could not
do it at a more appropriate expression,
for if the perusal of this very smart
little work does not produce 'cheers
and laughter,' we shall henceforth
have no faith in our judgment, and no
very enviable opinion of the reader's
understanding.

*A Dialogue in the Shades; between
William Caxton a Bibliomaniac, and
William Wyken, Clerk. Rare Do-
ings at Roxburgh Hall, a Ballad.
The Diary of Roger Payne. 8vo.
London, 1821.*

Our readers will this week have 'the
bane and antidote set before them.'
We have already devoted some space
to the last production of the first of
bibliomaniacs, and we now turn to a
very smart *jeu d'esprit* on biblioma-
nical follies, which it happily ridicules,
while it censures with due severity
those pretended patrons of literature,
whose only object is—

— "to look

On tatter'd scraps of ancient book;
A catchword seize as quick as Barto,
And tell a folio from a quarto;
Uniques with piercing eye to ken,
Prize one of two leaves more than ten;
Old Homer, Pliny, Plato, Caesar,
Discard for Tom, the courtly sneezer;
"Joe Spynner's" gestic" and "Withers' cruma"
Prefer to Plutarch's axioms."

The 'Rare Doings at Roxburgh-
Hall' is an imitation of the well-known
ballad of Chevy Chase, in honour of
the sale, of the Valdrafer Decanetion,
which, after a spirited contest, was pur-
chased at the Duke of Roxburgh's
sale at the immense sum of 2360l. by
the Marquess of Blandford, now the
Duke of Marlborough. 'Bibliomania
has somewhat declined since then, as,
when his Grace, after having the toy in
his possession half a dozen years, sent

it again to the hammer, it only fetched
875 guineas.

The diary of Roger Payne is in
prose; this honest tradesman was a
bookbinder, who lived close to the
Mew's Gate, and he has had all the
immortality that bibliomania can confer
on him for his skill in his art or pro-
fession. Whatever talent, however, he
possessed in this line, he must not be
thought to have been infected with the
mania of his employers, as will be seen
from one or two extracts from his di-
ary:—

Saturday.—Took Sir John Trusthold's
six folio volumes of Turnpike Tickets to
his house in C— square, No. 1. to
3690 from 1737 to 1771: bound in the
best Levant morocco, nicely inlaid, with
a ruled border round each—squared true
with the compasses—the dirty ones re-
quired several washings to take out the
dirt and grease—made them quite clean;
sewed with the best silk; no false bands—
made them open well—took a great deal
of time finishing.—Sir John's arms on the
sides being obliged to be worked off plain
first, and afterwards the gold laid on, and
worked off again—carefully and honestly
done.

Wednesday.—Sir John gave me seven-
teen volumes of small outlandish books,
Elsevirs he called them, for binding in
plain morocco, single lines—ordered to
be well beat to stretch them out, and with
stilted boards to make them look tall.
Sir John told me to be sure to put plenty
of alum in my paste, and bind the worms,
to prevent them from breeding."

Roger next visits Mr. Gorge-Book,
a great collector of 'old songs, strange
stories, and doleful ditties,' whom, after
wading through long alleys and rows of
quires and bound, he at last finds block-
ed up in a corner:—

"He had just finished collating a little
book called the "*Mousings of Tibby the
Black Cat*;" which he told me he had
bought at the last Chumcheat sale for
twenty six pounds and fifteen shillings;
and that it was a unuch." It so happened,
as I told him, that I had the week before
bound a very fine copy of the same *unuch*
for Miss *Felissa C.*—who has a very
large collection in the Pussu line: this lady
was a very good customer of mine, and I
took great pains to make her *unuch* as
beautiful as possible, by picking the best
leaves out of three copi: this I reckoned
one of my best performances; and, as it
gave great satisfaction to Miss *Felissa*,
thought I could not better recommend
myself to Mr. Gorge-Book, than by tel-
ling him how tastily it was bound—when
I talked of the three copies, I observed
him to make a wry face, but could not
guess why: after a little shaking of the

* * * * * Without adverting to the gender of the
cat, it is conjectured Roger mispelled the word,
which probably means *unique*.—S.

under lip, all was smooth again. Being always very careful not to offend, I concluded he was not displeased with my behaviour, but that something unpleasant at that moment came across him. Desired his Cat-Book to be bound exactly in the same way, that is in gray tortoise shell, with a great variety of *cat-eye* tooling on the back and sides, and the inside lined with *water-labby*—promised me "*Witt's Bridal*" and nineteen more *unuchs*, as he called them, when I had finished the Cat.

Thursday.—Carried home the Cat-Book.—Mr. Gorge-Book called me a noddy, for mislettering *Musings*.—I defended myself by telling him, Mr. S. said that musings was wrong, and that it ought to be as I lettered it: Miss Felissa's copy was done the same way.

Those who are at all acquainted with the characters and proceedings of the bibliomanics will see some very fair hits at them generally, and will not even fail to identify some gentlemen who are more immediately alluded to.

Woman in India. A Poem. With Notes. By John Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta. Part I. Female Influence. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 36. London, 1821.

WHILE our local, lake, and metropolitan poets are endeavouring to gratify us by 'penning sonnets to their mistresses' eyebrows,' or by giving us fictitious narrations of elfin queens, Mr. Lawson, in a truly devotional and missionary spirit, tunes the strings of his harp in behalf of 'Woman in India.' For this attempt, we give him our warmest thanks, and we hope to be able to shew our readers that he is well deserving of them. We think, however, had the poem been written in rhyme instead of blank verse, its author would have enjoyed a larger share of popularity with the ladies of Britain, to whom it is dedicated, and is designed to attract their attention towards a most interesting but degraded portion of their own sex. We admit that woman's love ought to be as 'strong as death and secret as the grave,' but we cannot reflect without the softest emotions of pity, on the sight of a beautiful creature voluntarily sacrificing her life through a mistaken notion of dutiful attachment. In this country, when one parent is separating from the other in the omnipotence of death, the sweetest consolation of the dying is, that its survivor will prove a guardian to the surviving offspring,—a 'father to the fatherless,'—a friend that loveth at all times, and that sticketh closer than a brother.

The passage we shall select as a specimen of the poem, must come home to every bosom where nature and affection reign. It is on the death of a child:—

* O she is gone!

The cherub basted to its native home.
All-waiting death hath triumphed o'er my child,—

Sweet wither'd lily! thou wast riven and flung
Across my shaking knees, a lovely wreck
Of innocence and beauty. Long I saw,
Long, long, the fearful presage hung about
Her beauteous features, darkening round her eyes;

But they would smile with gladdening love
Upon me.

To me thou wast a plaything beyond price,—
Health in thy countenance, and sprightliness
In all thy motions, made thee like a being
Of fancy sporting in a pleasant dream.

O 'twas too like a dream! Thy yellowish locks
Of shining hair, parted with infant grace
Upon thy snowy forehead, and thy smiles,
Pleading expressively when thou would'st play
With my fair sea-shells, tinged with blushing stains,

Like thy own ruby lips, and thy clear voice,
So musical and merry, with thy arms
All plump and white, entwined around my neck,

Glow on my anguish'd mind, while I remember
Thy labouring breath when dying; and thy
pale

Shivering and sickly hands, which could no longer
Grasp the cold cup of water; and that look,

That plaintive look, which spoke a thousand words

Of calm unutterable fondness. Mute
Became thy little tongue for ever quenched;
In settled dimness, were thy sorrowful eyes.
Upward me not! speak not of the great soul,
Nor shame these burning tears. May not stern

One moment weep? I could not then control
The tumult of my heart, when death had done
Such deadly work.

Were it not for our limited space, we could enlarge this quotation by passages still more calm and melancholy; but we must pass them over for our readers' closets and retired boudoirs. The blemishes, not only of 'Woman in India,' but of Mr. Lawson's production, are but few. Without advancing sectarian principles, sweet tones of purity and benevolence pervade the whole poem; many of its descriptions are natural and pathetic; it discovers much good taste, laudable energy, and original thought, which rarely fail of being highly appreciated by cultivated minds, and of proving instructive to all classes of readers. That the author's design may be completed, and oriental civilization advanced to the perpetual abolition of those unhallowed and unnatural rites, which at present stain so extensive a portion of the world, must be the sincere wish of every benevolent mind.

JOAN OF ARC.*

It was during the last domination of the English, that Joan of Arc, called the *Maid of Orleans*, was executed at Rouen. This atrocious procedure, which must be attributed partly to the policy of the foreign power which then held Normandy, partly to the superstitious bigotry and narrow spirit of the times, and partly, perhaps, to revenge, is connected not only with the history of Rouen, where it took place, but also with that of the age.

In 1429, France was plunged into an abyss of calamities and humiliations; Charles VII. retained possession of no more than part of the banks of the Loire; a series of defeats had realized the title of *King of the City of Bourges*, which the gallantry of his enemies had bestowed on him. Enfeebled by his misfortunes, against which his natural indolence prevented him from struggling with sufficient fortitude, forsaken by the chief supporters of his throne, betrayed by his own mother, this prince, round whom yet rallied a group of faithful soldiers, had retired into Touraine.

The appearance of Joan of Arc at this juncture, her solemn assurances of the reconquest of France, the enthusiasm which animated her, and which she soon communicated to others, must undoubtedly be attributed to the policy of some of the ministers or persons in power, who, reckoning upon the credulity of an ignorant people, employed this young female as a useful instrument. Her mind, imbued with the superstitious notions which then prevailed, and especially at Domremy, her birth-place, led her easily into a belief of pretended revelations. The natural exaltation which characterized her was thereby heightened. There is every reason to believe, that Joan was thoroughly convinced, that her mission was truly divine. Joan, therefore, thinking herself inspired, all France was interested in thinking her so too; and this enterprise, which would have been ridiculous had it failed, was rendered heroic by its success. The French must have given credit the more easily to this miracle, as it seemed to be announced by ancient prophecies, for which superstition had gained implicit belief.

Joan of Arc, in the battles which she fought, brought victory back to the French banners; and infused such valour into the army, that, in the course of a single year, Charles VII. delivered and retook part of the most important cities of his kingdom, caused himself to be crowned at Rheims, and inflicted the severest blows on the power which had driven him from his very throne.

During this brilliant campaign, the Maid of Orleans displayed a courage,

* Abridged from the '*Picturesque Tour of the Seine*,' No. 6, which contains a highly interesting account of Rouen, and four beautifully coloured engravings of 'La Roche,' 'Babouin,' 'Pont de L'Arche,' and 'Tiel.' Google

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Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Travels of Cosmo the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany, through England, during the Reign of King Charles the Second (1669.) Translated from the Italian Manuscript in the Laurentian Library at Florence. To which is prefixed a Memoir of his Life: Illustrated with a Portrait of his Highness, and Thirty-nine Views. 4to. pp. 506. London, 1821.

Cosmo the Third, whose travels in England are now for the first time presented to the public, was the son of Ferdinand II. Grand Duke of Tuscany, and was born in the year 1642. His education was entrusted to his mother, who, separated from her husband and surrounded by priests, permitted his youthful mind to contract a disgust for the pursuits of elegant literature, and to consider the attainment of true philosophy as inconsistent with his religion; thus, at a period when the intellect is most easily encouraged to engage in the pursuits of useful knowledge, the mind of Cosmo was devoted to solitude, or exercised only on the barren themes of scholastic divinity. His mind, thus early alienated from all occupations of genius, inimical to poetry and music, and averse to the natural vivacity and gaiety of youth, found no pleasure but in the conversation of priests and the ceremonies of the Catholic religion; and his father, too late discovering that error which entrusted his education to the maternal care of the grand duchess, sought to rectify its defects by an appropriate marriage. Many princesses were offered to his choice, and, amongst other, one of the exiled family of the Sturges; but the fear of giving offence to Cromwell, induced Ferdinand to reject this proposal. One of the daughters of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, appeared the most eligible alliance, and Margaret Louisa, the eldest, a princess of rare beauty and extraordinary vivacity, whose hopes had been directed to the French throne, was compelled by the authority of Louis XIV. to accept the Tuscan alliance.

After leaving in his hands a protest against it, she externally consented with a good grace, and her espousals were solemnized by proxy, at the Louvre, on the 18th of April, 1661.

Scarcely had the princess arrived in Tuscany, when she openly expressed an unconquerable dislike to the country, a contempt for the people, and an abhorrence of every Italian custom. The character of Cosmo, who was proud and cold, was little calculated to sooth the disappointed feelings of his bride. Domestic feuds, which could not be concealed within the palace, soon followed this unhappy union. The princess, whose conduct had been highly censurable, was for some time exiled from the court, and confined to the Villa of Poggio a Cajano. She had not been long in this solitude, when, impatient of confinement, she suddenly returned to Florence, and throwing herself into the arms of her husband, she besought with tears and entreaties a remission of her offences and oblivion of her conduct. A reconciliation took place, but very soon after she was detected in forming an intrigue with a Frenchman of the lowest rank, a perquisite it is supposed, with whom she had projected an elopement. This discovery produced the necessity of the strictest guard being placed upon her conduct, and this restraint still more increased her desire of flight; so that, when in Pisa, it was discovered that she had formed a plan of escape by associating with a company of gypsies. So disgraceful an attempt could scarcely have been credited, had she not been overheard, from a window of the palace, carrying on her treaty with these new allies. We will not trace this princess through the succeeding years of her disgraceful life, which terminated in 1721. She had been long separated from Cosmo, and had resided in France; for some time she was at a convent at Montmartre, the discipline of which she grossly violated, but she still had the protection of the French court, which shielded her from the revenge of her husband, whose monkish solitude

had ripened into the most absolute tyranny.

It was to escape the scenes of domestic discord, that Cosmo relinquished the happy clime and polished society of Florence; and in the month of Sept. 1668, he set sail from Leghorn, and landed at Barcelona, and passing from thence to Madrid, in the usual incognito of princes, he traversed the whole western part of Spain, and proceeded into Portugal. From Lisbon he went to Corunna, where he embarked for England, and afterwards visited Holland and Paris. A most elaborate account was kept of all that occurred in these travels, accompanied by designs made upon the spot, wherever the royal stranger rested, was received, or detained. These travels form two immense folio volumes in manuscript, which are preserved in the Laurentian Library at Florence. That part of these travels which relates to our own country has excited considerable interest among the numerous English travellers who have visited Florence.

In this history of his travels, Cosmo must be considered as the traveller only. Under his direction, the narrative, or rather journal, was written by the celebrated Count Lorenzo Magalotti, one of the most learned and eminent characters of the court of Ferdinand II. The friendship and correspondence which this elegant scholar enjoyed with Lord Somers, and Sir Isaac Newton (by whom he was denominated the 'magazine of good taste'), elevates the character of the narrative, and adds considerably to its interest.

The period in which these travels were undertaken, was not, perhaps, the most favourable to our national character. A licentious court, which will never fail to have an extensive influence on the manners of a people, had just succeeded the whining hypocrisy of Cromwell's puritanical government, and the recent restoration of the exiled family, had carried the public from republicanism to a blind and infatuated attachment to royalty. The travels of Cosmo will, however, be read with

great interest, as they afford a transient view of the state of society at that time, not only in the metropolis, but throughout the kingdom. The drawings made of the different towns and houses are highly interesting, and when contrasted with the present state of many of these places, show an advancement which could scarcely have been expected, even in the course of a century and a half.

This work is said to be a faithful translation from the original Italian, by a distinguished pen. It is a plain and unartificial narrative, recording events as they occurred during the progress of the prince, and describing places as they really appeared. As illustrative of England at an interesting period, the work is curious and valuable, and we regret that it has been published in a form so expensive, as to prevent its being read so universally as might have been wished.

The journal is interspersed with characteristic sketches of the inhabitants, the court, and nobility; an account of the various sects at that time known in England, the laws and constitution of the country, &c.

Cosmo embarked at Corunna, on board the English ship Portland, on the 19th of March, 1669. The captain, mistaking the British Channel for that of St. George, landed the prince in Ireland instead of England; and the first description in the journal is that of Kinsale, of which we have a view. Of this part of Ireland, we are told, that—

“The greater part of the inhabitants are English, who were restored by the royal clemency to the possessions of which they had been deprived by the preceding kings, and particularly by Cromwell; and came to inhabit this island, and having established several colonies, gave their minds to commerce. The Catholics of Kinsale, who are also scattered over the surrounding territory, are estimated at about two hundred; many of them live miserably in the country, in mud cabins, badly thatched with straw, sleeping on the ground on short mats, and subsisting chiefly on fish and cockles, which are much smaller than the oyster, and are found in these seas, adhering to the rocks; they have seldom an opportunity of eating bread. Since the insurrection of this kingdom, they have been considered almost as the people of a conquered country, and are treated as slaves, being obliged to cultivate the ground, and to account to the owner even for their scanty profits. They pay to Southwell, the proprietor of this desert, a guinea and a half a year for the rent of a cabin and a few square yards of land; and for the farms

which they rent, they give three-fourths of the produce, reserving to themselves only one-fourth. A Catholic priest attends them, who is subordinate to the apostolical internuncio of Flanders, and who lives there clandestinely, celebrating mass in a house where they assemble secretly, to avoid those molestations to which they would unquestionably be subject, if they were discovered; and each person contributes six shillings towards his maintenance.”

Lord John Roberts was, at that time, Viceroy of Ireland, and the profits which he received from the government, are stated, perhaps, not very correctly, at 40,000*l.* per annum. Having inspected some cabins belonging to the peasants, the prince found they had no place to rest upon but the bare earth; and, having caused them to be reconnoitred for curiosity, he discovered that within they lived like wild beasts.

After remaining in Ireland four or five days, the prince re-embarked, and, touching at the Scilly Islands, landed at Plymouth, where he was received with the accustomed salutes from the castle, fortress, &c. Among the persons who paid their respects to the prince was Sir Jonathan Spark, who, we are told, possessed an estate of a thousand pounds a-year; consequently, he is considered the principal person of the place. Ten times this sum would not now entitle a man to be so considered at Plymouth. The manufacture of white lace was then so common, that, our traveller says, there was not a cottage in the whole counties of Devon and Somerset, where it was not made in great quantities. When at Dorchester, the prince visited the celebrated Roman amphitheatre, which is thus described:—

“When the magistrates were gone, his highness mounted his horse with his attendants, and with a retinue composed of many of the inhabitants of the town, and was conducted by the mayor to see a celebrated antiquity, two miles distant, called the Roman Camp, and, by the English, Fossway, it being an ancient tradition, that the Roman armies, who subdued this country, were there reduced to straits on a certain occasion. A little more than two musket shots from the place, is seen an elevated mound of earth, more than twice the height of a man, of an oval form, which served for a theatre, as the inhabitants have a notion, judging not only from the shade as before-mentioned, but from its having an inclination or declivity similar to that of theatres. It appears rather that this might be an advanced post, it being betwixt the camp and the town, and having, as they say, a subterraneous passage, by which it communicates with it; moreover, another similar enclosure,

of a circular form, situated in another direction with respect to the larger fortification, appears to favour this supposition. At last you reach the camp, which, instead of being composed of earth conveyed thither, appears very clearly to have been an isolated mountain, and cut all round into three tiers of very high entrenchments, distinct from each other, with wide ditches between. The shape cannot be exactly ascertained, appearing for the most part circular; but in some places the angles may be clearly perceived, yet without one's being able accurately to distinguish the plan. There are in all two entrances; before each of which the three tiers of entrenchments multiplied into numerous other fortifications, which served perhaps better to secure the ingress, as it is at present the custom to conceal the gates of fortresses behind a double half moon. Hills of earth, which are reported to have been monuments of Roman soldiers and captains, are scattered all over the surrounding country, and extend to the distance of thirty miles in every direction.”

On his way to town, Cosmo stopped at Wilton, ‘the country house’ of the Earl of Pembroke, which was then, as now, celebrated for its rich furniture and splendid productions of the fine arts:—

“Here his highness returned the visit of a young unmarried daughter of the earl (another being married to the Baron Paulet) and died. There was prepared for his highness, at the head of the table, an arm-chair, which he insisted upon the young lady's taking; upon which the earl instantly drew forward another similar one, in which the serene prince sat, in the highest place; all the rest sitting upon stools. His highness obliged the earl to take the place nearest to him, though in his own house; and there were at table, besides all his highness's gentlemen, the sheriff and several other gentlemen, in all sixteen. The dinner was superb, and served in a noble style; they remained at table about two hours. In the course of the afternoon, his highness went down to the garden, and entertained himself a long time in conversation with the earl alone; and as it was nearly sun-set, he walked about the garden, through the centre of which flows a river called the Nadder, which passes under a bridge on a level with the ground, and produces trout in abundance. His highness went to see the grotto, rough-cast with pumice stone and cockle shells; several fountains that play in different ways; some rooms newly built, as well for pleasure as for the convenience of a foundry; and the maze park, and whatever else of the pleasurable and agreeable the nature and character of the country affords. He then went to view the rest of the palace, which is richly ornamented with many pictures of Vandike; and as evening now drew near, went back to Salisbury, accompanied by

the same persons who had attended him in the morning. His highness there understood that a great number of ladies of the province were assembled at the house of a lady, a widow of the family of Platt, who said that they intended to come and see his highness sup; he, therefore, caused it to be signalled to them, that, without taking that trouble, he would visit them at the place where they were. This he did, and passed half an hour in their company, standing; during which time, two of them sang an English air very indifferently—the fault either of the music or of the singers. Having taken leave of them, he returned home, retiring at his usual hour."

When the prince reached Brentford, he was met by a gentleman of the King's bed chamber, with two of his majesty's carriages and five of the royal servants, to congratulate him on his arrival, and to offer him the royal palace of Somerset House for his residence; but this he declined in order to preserve his *incognito*, and went to the house of the Earl of St. Albans, which had been prepared for him. Here he remained three days before he could go out, 'so little punctual or anxious was the person who had the care of providing his highness's dresses.' Our modern tailors would scarcely have detained him three hours without equipping him completely. The prince having got dressed in the English fashion, visited Westminster Abbey, the ruins of St. Paul's, and the Royal Academy, from the account of which we make an extract:—

'It has for its coat of arms, a field of silver, denoting a blank tablet, enlivened with the motto "*Nihilius in verba*," to shew that they do not suffer themselves to be induced by passion and prejudice, to follow any particular opinions. The cabinet, which is under the care of Doctor Robert Hook, a man of genius, and of much esteem in experimental matters, was founded by Daniel Colwal, now treasurer of the academy, and is full of the greatest rarities, brought from the most distant parts; such as quadrupeds, birds, fishes, serpents, insects, shells, feathers, seeds, minerals, and many petrifications, mummies, and gums; and every day, in order to enrich it still more, the academicians contribute every thing of value which comes in their hands, so that in time it will be the most beautiful, the largest, and the most curious, in respect to natural productions, that is any where to be found. Amongst these curiosities, the most remarkable are an ostrich, whose young were always born alive; an herb, which grew in the stomach of a thrush; and the skin of a Moor, tanned, with the beard and hair white; but more worthy of observation than all the rest, is a clock, whose movements are derived from the

vicinity of a loadstone, and it is so adjusted as to discover the distance of countries, at sea, by the longitude. Towards this, the planets or satellites of Jupiter, are of great service, by the observation of whose eclipses (these succeeding one another almost every day) they are studying to find out a method of forming astronomical tables, in order to discover the true meridians of the earth; for the different meridians will be shewn by the different hours at which they will happen, when observed at different places, beginning from the east, and proceeding westward. The academy has a library (given also by my Lord Henry Howard, and continually increasing in the number of its books) for the convenience of the academicians, and particularly of the two professors, who are to live in the said college (as soon as the fund from which their stipend is to be paid, can be arranged,) in the apartments preparing for that purpose, distinct from the halls and chambers appropriated to the meeting and to the council; and it is to be their duty to refer to the society, all subjects on which their opinion shall be required, and to collect the philosophical and mechanical experiments from the authors who shall be discussed, in order to facilitate the discovery of truth.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Italy. By Lady Morgan. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 840. London, 1821.

It has been the good fortune of Lady Morgan, (and to one who possesses so much vanity as her ladyship, it must be peculiarly agreeable,) that she has a bookseller who keeps her name continually before the public. Her last production, 'France,' had scarcely run the gauntlet of the reviews, in some of which it was, perhaps, treated with too much severity, when it was announced, that her ladyship was residing in Italy, and would soon furnish a volume on the subject. From that moment up to the present hour, Lady Morgan and Italy have figured in newspaper paragraphs in all the varieties of puff prelude, puff oblique, and puff direct; and the birth of an heir to the House of Bourbon did not appear of half so much importance to the family, as this last offspring of her ladyship's fertile pen did to the public library bookseller of Conduit Street. Whenever we see these pompous announcements and attempts to forestall the public opinion, we become somewhat suspicious, and the old proverb of 'great cry and little wool' involuntarily forces itself upon us.

That Lady Morgan is an agreeable writer, and possesses considerable talents, those who have read her novels will readily admit; but it is in fiction

and romance alone that she shines, and when she ventured to quit it,—in her work on France (we are wrong, she did not quit it),—she evidently committed a great error. To that work, it is now scarcely necessary to revert. Every one acquainted with France, and particularly those acquainted with Lady M. during her residence there, knows that it is a tissue of mis-statements, gross perversions, and unwarrantable assumptions; it was, however, in spite of the silly affectation of the author, a pleasing work, and was read with interest.

The present volumes are ushered to the world without preface or dedication; an advertisement, briefly stating that it has been composed from a journal kept during a residence in Italy, in the years 1819-20, and that the notes on law, statistics, and on literary disputes, together with the appendix on the state of medicine, have, at the author's request, been contributed by Sir C. Morgan. This is really very kind of her ladyship, to divide her literary honours with her husband, and thus afford him the only chance, we suspect, he could ever have of being in the least degree known in the republic of letters.

The work was not published until Thursday, which is much too late in the week to allow us to estimate its literary merit; we may, however, observe that, *primâ facie*, we like it better than her 'France,' although it shares largely in the faults of that much talked-of production. The work commences with an historic sketch of Italy; this is followed by an account of the passage of the Alps, and descriptions of Piedmont, Lombardy, Genoa, Parma, Bologna, Tuscany, Rome, Naples, and Venice; such is the order of her ladyship's lucubrations on Italy. The first volume, to which we shall at present confine ourselves, terminates with Bologna, or rather with Sir Charles Morgan's Medical Appendix. 'Give physic to the dogs,' we say, for our attentions shall be devoted to the lady exclusively. In contrasting the facility with which the Alps are now passed, with the dangers that formerly accompanied the attempt, her ladyship displays her political partialities. She says,—

'All that had been danger, difficulty, and suffering, but twenty years back, was now safe, facile, and enjoyable; secure beyond the reach of accident, sublime beyond the reach of thought. Legitimate princes! divine righted sovereigns! houses of France, Austria, and Savoy! "which of you have done this?" There

is not one among you, descendants of a Clovis, a Barbarossa, or an Amadeus, but may, in safe conscience, shake his innocent head, and answer, "Thou canst not say 'twas I did it!'"—Neither does the world excuse you.

Her ladyship is right; it was Napoleon and not the descendants of Clovis or Barbarossa, who made the road over the Alps; and this fact, so very new, we recommend to Mathews, as an addition to his song on truisms. In the route to Turin, the fruitfulness of nature in vines, groves of mulberries, and fields of ripening corn, was contrasted with moral suffering and human infirmity:—

It is in these laughing vales that beggary assumes its most disgusting form, and that want and penury are not the least evils the wretched have to contend with. As often as we stopped to change horses, groups of miserable beings crawled round, and raised the deafening cry of "*Carità, Elemosina*," in the name of those negligent saints who had abandoned them to every species of physical evil. All the maladies incidental to the Alpine region seemed here accumulated. Some were blind, others devoured with scrophula, and few had their entire complement of limbs and senses. But by far the most shocking objects were the *Cretini**, here strikingly numerous; and their idiot chatter and wild laugh were more fearful than even maimed limbs and distorted forms. Opposed to these groups usually stood the mistress of the pot-house, with a head piled with tawny lace and ribbons, in all the opulence and pride of the Piedmontese toilet, the spruce gens d'armes, with whom she coquetted, the whiskered corporal of the village detachment quaffing his *boccale* at the door, and the sleek, sly, well-fed friar again permitted to present his scrip and his *benedicite* at every gate.

The bippant manner in which Lady Morgan speaks of religion and religious ceremonies, however extravagant they may be, is, to say the least of it, in bad taste, and ill accords with the liberality she professes. Speaking of Turin, she says:—

But all the churches in Turin yield in consequence and celebrity to the *Superga*, which crowns the steepest and least accessible mountain in the vicinage of the capital. This splendid church rose to fulfil a vow of Victor Amadeus, who promised, that if his patron saint should rescue him from the clutches of the French, who were then (.700) advancing to the very gates of Turin, under the Duc de Vendôme, he would build him such a church as should *surpass after less expence de l'edifice, le bras de every saint in*

the calendar. The engagement was provisional: no cure no pay. But the battle was won, the French were beaten, and the saint called for his church. Victor, however, begged a long day, and ten years elapsed before the work of gratitude began. Being a prince as renowned for his wisdom as his piety, he endeavoured to make the best of a bad bargain; and, instead of a spick and span new church, he obliged his architect, Philip Juvara, to use a quantity of old columns, which had long lain on his hands. The saint was done by the knowing one, [how elegant!] and the cupola of the *Superga*, disfigured by torses and ill-matched pillars, remains a monument of the difficulty of getting kings to remain true to their treaties, even when heaven itself is a party in the agreement.

In the illegitimate abuse which this gentle lady heaps on all legitimates, the King of Sardinia comes in for his share. His restoration in 1815 is thus described. "His majesty of Jerusalem and Cyprus, after a retreat of fifteen years in his island of Sardinia, returned from his government of the Anchovies, accompanied by an odd fish (his grand vicer Count Cerutti) his priest, his madonna, his court, and a little army of tin soldiers, which he had daily exercised in the queen's drawing room." The account of the King's remodelling his government for sixpence is amusing—if true. When he saw the alterations that had been made during his absence—

He invoked every saint in the calendar to witness his astonishment and indignation; and called upon his "bosom's counsellor, his better self." Cerutti, to know what was to be done, how the fragments of the ancient structure were to be collected, how put together, and by whom. Cerutti laughed at the royal consternation; and told the King, that for about six-pence of Piedmontese money, he would build up the ancient government *dél del nuovo*. The sixpence advanced, the old minister hobbled off, and in less than an hour returned with a court calendar, or red book for the year 1790. "There Sire," said he, "is your government ready made. Replace all the persons you find here, who are still living, and fill up the vacancies; and then, for the price of this book, found on a stall near your majesty's palace, you have your government re-established without trouble." The King was enchanted; the active ministry of the previous regime were immediately bani-hed; and in a few days little remained of the former system, but the abuses which it suited the new order of things to retain.

Lady Morgan denies the charge made against the French soldiery of firing at, and otherwise mutilating Leonardo da Vinci's fresco of the Last Supper in the

convent of the Dominicans. She says the story is entirely false, although we have the authority of Eustace and other travellers to the contrary. We quote her ladyship's account:—

When the French army arrived at Milan, some cavalry were quartered in the convent, which had previously been devoted to military services, and the horses were stabled in the refectory, by order of the subaltern Milanese authorities, who had the direction of this measure of police. A young French officer, who had heard something of the picture, was the first to discover the risk to which it was exposed, and hastened to inform the commander-in-chief of the circumstance, who arrived in time to save this precious monument, which might have fallen a sacrifice to the brutality, not of the French, but of the persons who superintended their quarters. The circumstance of the pistol shots is universally denied. We took some pains to discover any trace of such violence; but if even a single shot had been fired by some wanton individual, it is now impossible to verify the fact.

When the French arrived in Milan, no part of the picture remained uninjured, but the sky (which, being painted in ultramarine, a colour not easily decomposed by moisture, had resisted the injuries of time), the three figures of the apostles to the left, which had been restored by Ballotti, and the profanations of Mazza. The barbarians, therefore, who have destroyed it, are the salt-petre which exudes from the wall, the smoke of the lamps, the poor cheer of the monks, and—Signore Mazza.

It is generally known that, in order to open a communication from the kitchen of the convent to the refectory, a door was made through this picture; it is through the legs of the principal figure, and that the figure of our Saviour; "thus," says Lady M. "the last supper was destroyed, that the Abbot's dinner might be served hot." Among the establishments at Milan, there is one of singular interest: an Egyptian school formed for the subjects of the Pacha. This school has already sent back some clever draughtsmen, chemists, and mathematicians. Besides the living languages, and natural sciences, the boys are taught to work in making machinery of the finer kinds, in order to introduce at home the European arts, which are yet unpractised there. In the Casa Trivulzio, there are a few good pictures, and the library is singularly rich in MSS, and in rare and precious editions, of the fifteenth century. Among the greatest rarities may be noticed a MS. Dante, and a sort of Album of Leonardo da Vinci, where a page of geometry is followed by a page of cancer.

* Cretinism is a manifest degradation of the organisation, accompanied by imperfect osseousness, as in rickets.

tures, taken perhaps from Borghetta, where he used to seek them on market days; and a vocabulary is succeeded by a sketch that portrayed all the divinity of his own genius. 'Another still more curious object, is a primer, or school book, written and beautifully illuminated by Leonardo for the use of the young Maximilian, son of Sforza del Moro, the usurping Duke of Milan.'

Our fair author gives a melancholy picture of the state to which the Milanese are reduced under Austrian domination. The viceroy has no power, or rather does not presume to exercise it, even in the merest trifle, without consulting the court at Vienna:—

'On one occasion, he wrote for leave to permit the Milanese to *mask* in the carnival, and the answer arrived from the Aulic Council—the *first week in Lent*!! Another time, he wrote for leave to fill the Arena with water, in order, during a course of severe weather, to form a sheet of ice, and enable the young Milanese to skate. There being nothing *suspected of being suspicious* in this proposal, it was cheerfully granted, and a brevet expedited in all possible haste, which arrived in Milan—early in the month of July!!! All papers relative to administrative affairs, however trivial, are sent to Vienna, and, sooner or later, are returned to Italy. The porters in the public offices are very poor, and paper is dear at Vienna. They take all the half sheets which remain blank, and thus the other halves, being loose, are readily lost. Sometimes they even take pieces written on one side. When this was made the subject of reiterated complaints, the viceroy at last was stimulated to promise that he would *write to Vienna*.

We shall now, for the present, content ourselves with separating a few of the most *piquant* anecdotes, or passages, that remain in the first volume, reserving the whole of the second for next week:—

The Duc de Richelieu.—During our delightful residence on the Lake of Como, we frequently used to walk to a frontier village of Italian Switzerland, called *Chiasco*. Although the barrier, with its placard of 'Swiss Territory,'—*Territorio Svizzera*—is scarcely two miles from the town of Como, the difference between the character and manners and physiognomy of the people, is most striking. One evening, we observed a large, but faded tree, planted in the main street; on enquiring, we found it had been placed there to celebrate the birth-day of William Tell. A few days before, the Duc de Richelieu, the present minister of France, then visiting the beauties of Como, drove with the Austrian commandant to Chiasco; he was struck by the appearance of this tree, and asked what it meant. Some of the

people replied, "It is the tree of liberty." The duke took off his hat, made it a bow, and said jocosely,—" *Bon jour, mon ami, haurcment tu ne fleuris plus!*"

'*Holy Advertisement, at Como, in 1810*—The artificial fireworks, which the public (the municipality,) of Como had prepared, to evince its joy on the occasion of the desired arrival of their royal and imperial majesties, in this royal city, offer, this year, the means of celebrating in a singular manner, the festival of Saint Abbondio, patron of the city and diocese of Como. To this effect will contribute the afore-mentioned fire-works, ceded by the municipal congregation to the pious, who propose, in concert with the authorities, to *set fire* (incendiate) to the grandiosa macchina, which represents a temple, on the evening of the thirty-first of August, the festival of our holy protector; and thus, in an extraordinary manner, aid to the usual pomp of the cathedral, where, with due veneration, the service will be solemnized by our lord the bishop. Under these fortunate circumstances, all the faithful may partake of the treasures of the Papal Benediction, of a plenary indulgence, and, at the same time, profit by the spectacle of the artificial fire-works.—Como, 14th of August, 1810. Printed by Carlantonio Ostinelli, Episcopal Printer.'

'*Palace of Oliver Cromwell at Genna*.—We were, one evening, visiting the elegant villa, and enjoying the view from the singular gardens of Signore Carlo di Negro, when a gentleman pointed out to us a yellow palace, built, he said, by Oliver Cromwell, of England! A fact so startling, so contrary to all historical probability, is thus cleared up and established. Sir Horajon Pallavicini was collector of the Pope's taxes in England, in the reign of Queen Mary. On the death of that bigot princess, and on the changes in the religion of the country, Pallavicini forgot to go back to Rome; remained in England; married a noble lady, and built a superb Italian palace on English ground, with the money intended to raise palaces for Papal nephews in Rome. In 1601, the lady Anne Pallavicini, his widow, married a Mr. Oliver Cromwell, who accompanied her to Genoa, to arrange the affairs of her late husband. There they continued to reside, and he is supposed to have built that yellow palace, which is still called the 'Palace of Oliver Cromwell.'

The church of St. Lorenzo, at Genoa, is celebrated for a most sacred relic, the 'Sagro Cutino,' a dish of one entire and perfect emerald, said to be that on which our Saviour ate his last supper. This dish had been carried away by the royal crusaders, when they took Cesarea in Palestine, in the twelfth century. It was once pledged for nine thousand five hundred livres, and when redeemed and replaced, was put under a particular guard, and

only exposed once a year. Millions knelt before it; and the penalty on the bold but zealous hand that touched it with a diamond, was a thousand gold ducats. The French, on entering Italy, seized this relic, and, submitting it to the Institute of Paris, this emerald dish was discovered to be a piece of green glass!

While at Bologna, Lady Morgan was taken to hear a celebrated preacher, the Canonico ***, and his sermon, both for its manner and matter, was extremely curious:—

'Like all the Italian preachers, he had a conventional style and jesticulation; he commenced each phrase with a sort of whipping cant,—then suddenly dropping his declamatory tone, he adopted a familiar gossiping manner, the most humorous and effective that can be imagined, alternately twirling his cap, taking it off, or putting it on; or appealing to the crucifix, (which is always affixed to the sides of the pulpit in Italy.) His subject was *charity*. "Charity," he said, "is the love of your neighbour; I say," he continued, emphasizing the word, "in the homely expression and homely sense of the scriptures, meaning, literally, your neighbour, whom you should love through Christ, (the church,) and not in the vague sense of modern philosophy, which talks of humanity and philanthropy, and such jargon, (*quasto d'ergeno, Christiani mei!*) but this sort of charity, my dear Christians, means *murder and spoliation*, which is the true object of philosophy. Charity, my dear Christians, is a mantle made net only to cover your own sins, but the sins of your neighbour." Here he paused and shook a little tin-box, on which a friar went about collecting, and the preacher proceeded. "Charity is silent on a neighbour's frailties. It does not, like philosophy, attack vices to a class; for the charity of modern philosophy is to exclaim against *holy mother church*. With these philosophers, (*i monachi sono furfanti, i preti barbari*.) monks are rogues, and priests robbers." Here he fixed his eye on some young men, and at his familiar question of '*Cher pensati Christiani mei?*' (What think ye, my Christians?) there was a general titter! Then putting on his cap, after a long pause, he opened another exordium, in the usual nasal whine, which he concluded by saying, "Charity, my Christians, bids you open your mant's wide, so—and close it upon the sinner, so"—here most gracefully he imitated the act with his own robe; "for the sum of charity is to give and to forgive." Here he again rattled his box, and his coadjutor again resumed his office, and again collected from the congregation. He preached as they all do in Italy—*extempore*; and, after a short pause, resumed his sermon, apparently at the entrance of fresh auditor—who seemed to change every twenty mi-

nutes, and to come in and go out as a thing of course.'

Here we leave her ladyship for the present, and we congratulate her admirers, either on her imperfect knowledge of Italian or her moderation in using it; for although she brings her French phrases pretty freely into action, yet she is tolerably sparing of Italian ones. Her ladyship still remembers the severe criticism of the Quarterly Review, and loses no opportunity of showing her resentment, though we confess, in every effort that we have yet seen, her attacks are very impotent.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Takings; or, the Life of a Collegian.
A Poem. Illustrated by Twenty-six Engravings, from Designs by R. Dagley, Author of 'Select Gems from the Antique,' &c. &c. Royal 8vo. pp. 184. London, 1821.

THE first title of this work, 'Takings,' appeared to us so unpromising, that had we not seen the name of Mr. Dagley, whose eminence as an artist, gives great value to every thing with which he is connected, we should scarcely have ventured on *taking up* the work, lest, among all other *takings*, we should have been *taken in*. A slight glance at a few of the etchings, and the perusal of half a dozen pages, soon convinced us how groundless had been our fears, and that the work is really one of great merit. It is a proof of the versatility of Mr. Dagley's talents, that he shines almost equally in the serious and the ludicrous in art, and there can scarcely be a stronger contrast than his drawings from the antique gems, and his caricatures in 'flim flams,' which, though his first effort in that line, was so completely successful, that a literary friend suggested the word 'Takings,' as furnishing a good subject for his comic pencil. The hint was taken, and the result appears in the present volume.

The poem was written to illustrate or introduce the pictures, and not to be illustrated by them, as stated in the title; and, therefore, considerable allowance might be made for a poet adapting his muse to the feelings of another, but, in the present case, no indulgence of that sort is necessary, the poem itself being a very clever production.

The poem is in six cantos, and is the history of Tom Takeall, a gay thoughtless Oxonian, tracing his progress in life, in *taking* leaps, advice, measures, notice, bets, amusements, courage,

lessons, a-miss, aim, nothing, something, stitches, hints, time, pledges, little, likenesses, home, comfort, physic, flight, thought, pleasure, all, caudle. To follow the author through all these *takings*, each of which is the subject of an excellent description, would be an undertaking, on which we dare not venture; we shall, therefore, imitate our hero in one thing, that of 'taking leaps,' which we must do from one of the sketches to another. Tom, after *taking leaps* in hunting, is found, though very reluctantly, *taking advice* from his father: he, however, does not follow the advice, but—

'In pleasure's chase
Consumes his days, and each succeeding night;
And fix'd a fashionable name to get,
Gets fashionably very deep in debt.'

Tom avails himself largely of 'the dashing tailor's never-failing aid,' and when he presents his account, quiets him by another order, until at last he was—

'Content to give his bills;
This met the tailor's.—Each bill had a brother;
One good turn always must deserve another.'

This brings us to *taking measures*:
'In ancient times, law gave for eye an eye,
And tooth for tooth. This rule, from law-courts driven,
To Fashion's haunts has been compell'd to fly,
Where bill for bill is uniformly given.
The dealer's bill is given for double pay,
The purchaser gives him to run away.'

Snip took his measures—Snip his bill had got,
I mean Tom's bill, (twas over due some moons),
And now appear'd to measure for a coat
And inexpressibles—or pantaloons.

'I have you now,' said he,—'I've made a hit,
I know you're partial to a close good fit.'
So he departed, and another came,
'His man,' thought Tom. He was beyond dispute.

'Your name is Takeall, I presume.' 'The same.'

'I come to you about a little suit.'
Some parchment slips he shew'd, which made Tom stare,
For these seem'd broader than the others were.

With indignation he began to foam,
'I hate,' he cried, 'this round-about delay;
Your master measured; bring the things soon home,
I cannot tarry trifling here all day.'

'No, sir, you can't, sir,—that is very true.
Bring the things home! I come to bring home you.'

This was a bailiff, who arrests Tom; but, in going towards the prison, Tom leads him into a man trap, when, giving him 'leg bail,' he escapes. Tom becomes a gambler, figures at Newmarket, in *taking bets*, and at the Moulsey Hurst, *taking amusement*. We afterwards find him *taking a-miss*, that is, eloping with a young lady from a

boarding school, whose brother challenges Tom, and they *take aim* at each other, but both, fortunately, miss; a second shot was demanded, when Tom was wounded, but recovers. He now runs a career of great misery, and goaded by want, contemplates turning highwayman, but is fortunately diverted from the terrible project by taking hints;—

'By conscience driven to rob, Tom hired a horse,
Pass'd to the road, and now about to mount,
Tried to suppress misgivings and remorse,
When two bleac'd felons, sent to their account,
High on a gibbet rivetted attention!—
Made him take fearful hints from their suspension.'

Tom sets off to Margate, and commences portrait-painter and author. He sends a play to Drury Lane Theatre, and hastens to know whether or not it had been accepted:—

'And there he found it waiting, cut and dry.
As capricious scribblers grumble at delay,
The kind lessee, intent to gratify,
Printed the answer while Tom wrote the play.'

A good expedient this, because one call might easily be made to serve for all.

The insult which the great lessee offers to those who submit dramatic productions to him, by returning a printed answer, is happily burlesqued in the 'Drury Letter of Rejection,' as follows:—

'I am instructed to return you, sir,
The manuscript——' (a blank Tom stared to see,

Left by the printer for the manager),
'By you submitted to great Mr. E.
The reasons he your play thinks unworthy
You'll spare me the necessity of writing.'

'But they are founded, it should be expressed,
On strict impartiality, (which force
Must give them), and attention too—the best.'

(The best in quality was meant, of course;
The manager could not intend to say,
He much in quantity had thrown away.)

'And Mr. E.—don't let it make you blush,
Is flatter'd by the preference you, who sent
A tragedy not worth a single rush,

Have thus evinced for his establishment.
Its interests still he hopes will be your care,
And further has the honour to declare,

'That all his doors, 'tis his determination,
Shall open wide to each aspiring bard—
To talents of all kinds in every station,

That Mr. E. can sanction or reward;
So do not for a moment be deluded,
To think that merit is with you excluded.'

Tom becomes embarrassed, and is arrested and thrown into the Fleet, where, in 'a wretched third-floor room immersed,' he 'abandoned hope and yielded to despair.' Sickness is added to his other miseries, and he is on the verge of a death by starvation, when his father visits him. Tom expresses his contrition, is released, and gets mar-

ried,—his moral character, of course, re-established. Independent of the main story, which is written in a chaste and happy vein of satire, there are some charming episodes, both of a comic and serious character, one or two of which we shall quote. Among the designs which we have noticed, (and they are all worthy of a distinct notice, if our limits permitted it) there is one intitled *Taking Pleasure*. A cockney, with his wife on one arm, is dragging behind him a small *shay*, in which two children are seated; while a little boy, and a dog who carries his master's cane in his mouth, completes this family picture. Tom is on a visit to Mr. Wiggins, when he learns the 'day's disaster' of the *pleasure taking* couple:—

"Just then the knocker sounded an approach,
Some one appeared impatient to get shelter,
And while they heard retire a hackney-coach,
Entered a comely couple, better-seller.
"Here! here has been a pretty job of jobs!"
Cried Mrs. first, and after Mr. Hobbs.

"What! what's the matter?" every body cried,
The lady answered, "You must know, to-day

We thought of taking pleasure—so we hied
To Higbygate, with our pretty children's shay,
Which Mr. Hobbs bought Kinty for a fairing,
To give the little dears a little airing.

"And there we drewed 'em in such pleasant places,
They seemed at least a hundred miles from town—

When suddenly, full bang in all our faces,
Torrents of rain in deluged came down.
So Mr. Hobbs's coat and hat got soiled,
And my new saracen gown completely spoilt'd.

"My parasol, used for an umbrella,
Saved me but little 'ere beneath a tree;
And while we stood up, every saucy fellow
Seem'd quite delighted our distress to see.
So we was forc'd to leave behind our shay,
And in the Higbygate stage to come away."

"Yes," said the husband, "and poor Pompey's gone;

You know how well he carried.—I to jail
Could need the rogue, who, when the storm came on,

Tied a tin kettle to his faithful tail;
He dropped, and I have lost through this vile trick
My bamboo cane, my Sunday walking-stick.

"Twill warn me how I pleasure take again;
Spotted hat and coat, and half-destroyed my wig."

"But," cried the wife, "we nearly had this pain
Had saved, if you, like others, kept your gig.
Before we go about another day,
I vow as how I'll have a vone-home shay."

We will conclude our extracts with a song, which will show that the author's poetical talents are not confined to the satirical or the ludicrous:—

How thrills the youth with wild delight,
When Celia, in the silent grove,
Permits him, throur'd by the night,
To breathe his ardent vows of love:—

Where prudence, forced to stand aloof,
Strives feebly nature's throb to quell,
And the soft-whispered fond reproof
Invites the kiss it would repel.

Oh! that precarious joy is dear,
Whose throb each passing moment breaks,
And blissful those alarms—that fear,
Which every rustling leaf awakes;

There the swain's bosom, passion-fired—
The hopes that swell the fair one's zone—
Make, from the haunts of men retired,
A world of rapture all their own.

Give me, give me such scenes to prove;
Give me a maid whose generous breast,
And "increase-breathing" lip of love,
May full each anxious care to rest!
Thus blest through life, my glistening eye
Shall speak my bosom's grateful glow,
'Till death transports above the sky,
The Hour of my heaven below."

Mr. Dagley, after a brief and well-written advertisement, has given some very judicious observations on the ludicrous in art. This work, whether considered as to the excellence of the designs or the merits of the poem, deserves a large share of the public patronage, and we venture to say that it will obtain it.

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylon, &c. &c. By Sir Robert Ker Porter.

(Continued from p. 357.)

AT ERIVAN, Sir Robert Porter waited on the Persian sardar or governor, who received him courteously, and furnished him with a mehemandar, or provider, to accompany him to Tabreez. The women in this part of the country have not the smallest degree of prettiness; those who had passed the immediate blush of youth, were become mere hags; this premature destruction of youth in the higher ranks, is attributed to the excessive use of the bath, and habitual want of exercise; and in the lower classes, to a similar misuse of hot water and vapour, with the addition of noisome clothing and close unwholesome lodgings. Tabreez, the principal residence of the heir apparent of the Prussian crown, Abbas Mirza, has been recently fortified, and surrounded with a thick wall, protected by towers and bastions, with the addition of a very deep dry ditch:—

Out of two hundred and fifty mosques mentioned by Chardin, the ruins of only three are visible. The most considerable is that of Ali Shah, erected nearly six hundred years ago, by Ali Koja; and which still presents lofty arches, and the mouldering vaulted work of splendid domes. The whole of the building, within and without, has been cased with lackered tiles of porcelain, adjusted into intricate and elaborate figures, with an ingenuity and taste that would honour the

most accomplished artists of any age. The colours of these decorations are green, dark and light blue, interspersed with Arabic sentences in letters of gold; and a broad band of such legends, formed in white, upon this beautifully varied ground, and interwoven with flowers in green and gold, winds round the entire extent of the building. This fine ruin is within the new fortifications of the city, as are also the remains of the arch or citadel. In former times, it is said to have contained the royal palace, with its attendant mosque. Very legible traces of these different structures are yet to be found within its lofty though riven walls. The height of those walls may be about eighty feet, commanding an extensive view on every side, over the lately erected works, and making a conspicuous object to a great distance from the town. The materials of the whole structure are of brick, and put together with the nicest care. Indeed, that so much of it exists, after the general overthrow by two earthquakes, proves the excellence of its workmanship. Part of it is now used as an arsenal; and also to a very dismal purpose. A few years ago, a woman was precipitated from the top of the highest point of its wall, into the ditch beneath, as a punishment for the murder of her husband; a crime till then almost unheard of in the annals of Persian domestic life.

Abbas Mirza is doing all in his power to restore Tabreez to its former military importance; a palace building for his own residence, but he does not aim so much at adorning the city as at strengthening it. While at Tabreez, Sir Robert had an opportunity of observing the manners of a great state dinner, to which he was invited by Mirza Bezork, the Kyme Makaum, or prime minister of the prince. Our traveller and his countrymen assembled at the house of the 'Kyme Makaum, a little before sun-set, and took their stations on the nummuds appointed for their accommodation, in the true eastern style of sitting on the heels or cross-legged, which ever way their plastic limbs could easiest conform to the attitudes of the more plastic Asiatics:—

"A few minutes elapsed," says Sir Robert, "before our host made his appearance. On his entrance we all rose; and, on being re-seated, he bowed to each person according to his rank, uttering at the same time a compliment befitting the esteemed importance of the guest. The routine of the entertainment was then as follows:—"kalions were presented; then coffee, served in very small cups, and without cream or sugar. Kalions succeeded; then tea, in large cups; and this, over conversation, filled an interval of ten minutes, when the minister gave a signal for dinner to be brought. Several

vants immediately entered, bearing a long narrow roll of flowered cotton in their arms, which they laid down and spread before the whole company, who now occupied both sides of the room. This drapery was placed close to our knees. The next service was to set a piece of the thin sort of bread or cake before each guest, to be used as a plate and napkin.

Then came a tray between every two persons, containing the following articles of food: two bowls of sherbet, each provided with a wooden spoon of delicate and elegant workmanship; a couple of dishes of pillaw, composed of rice soaked in oil or butter, boiled fowls, raisins, and a little saffron. Two plates, with melons sliced; two others, containing a dozen kabbobs, or morsels of dry boiled meat; and a dish presenting a fowl roasted to a cinder. The whole party along the extended web being in like manner supplied, the host gave the sign for falling to; a command that seemed to be understood literally, for every back, became bent, every face was brought close to the point of attack, and every jaw, in an instant, was in motion. This is done by a marvellous dexterity in gathering up the rice, or victuals of any kind, with the right hand, and almost at the same moment thrusting it into the mouth. The left hand is never used by the Persians but in the humblest offices; however, during meals at least, the honoured member certainly does the business of two, for no cessation could be observed in the active passage of meat, melon, sherbet, &c. from the board to the mouths of the grave and distinguished assembly. I must say, I never saw a more silent repast in my whole life, nor one where the sounds of inattention were so audible. In some countries it may be "merry in the hall, when heads wag all;" but here I could only think of a similar range of respectable quadrupeds, with their heads not farther from their troughs than ours were from the trays. For my part, whenever I wished to avail myself of the heaps of good provender on mine, [the tray] at every attempt to throw a little rice into my mouth, it disappeared up my sleeve; so that after several unsuccessful essays, I gave up the enjoyment of this most savory dish of the feast, and contented myself with a dry kabbob or two.

When the servants cleared away, it was in the order that the things had been put down. A silver-plated jug, with a long spout, accompanied by a basin of the same metal, was carried round to every guest, by an attendant, who poured water from the jug on our right hands, which we held in succession over the basin, while each individual cleansed his beard or mustachios from the remnants of dinner. We had no towel to dry one or the other, save our own pocket-handkerchiefs; the bread-napkin or plate, having no capability but to be eaten off, and to wipe the ends of the fingers between every new plunge into the opposite dish. A kalfoun, with tea, followed; and con-

tinued, with a few interruptions, during the conversation which had broken the dead silence on the departure of the rolled-up web and its appendages. A fresh kalfoun finished the entertainment, and we then rose to take our leave.

The education of Persian princes, which was formerly left to women and eunuchs, has been entirely changed, and they have now every requisite instructors. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather at Tebrez, few of the Persians of either sex put on additional clothing, and many of them, young and old, go with the breast entirely bare. This strange neglect of the common means of protection, accounts, in some measure, for the frequent recurrence of the most melancholy catastrophes; and scarcely a day passes without one or two persons being found frozen to death, in the neighbourhood of the town. Our author relates one very painful calamity of this kind:—

'The gates of all towns and cities in Persia, are shut a little after sun-set, and re-opened at sun-rise. Strict adherence to this injunction, and carelessness or unavoidable delays on the part of travellers, often subject them to the inconvenience of reaching the gates when they are closed. Hence they must stay without till morning. And, during the inclement season, at opening the gates, very often a terrible scene of death unfolds itself, close to the threshold; old and young, animals and children, lying one lifeless heap. But the particular instance I would now recount, relates to a solitary traveller, who had performed a long journey on his own horse; a member of their families, to which these people are eminently attached. When he arrived at Tebrez, the ingress was already barred. The night was one of the severest which had been known; and the poor man, to save himself from the fatal effects he too surely anticipated, pierced his faithful horse with his dagger, and ripping up its body, thrust himself into it; in the vain hope of the warmth which might remain, preserving his own vital heat until the morning. But, in the morning, when the gates were opened, he was found frozen to death in this horrible shroud.'

During the stay of our traveller at Tebrez, Abbas Mirza arrived, and, after receiving him 'as an old friend,' he took him in his own suite to Tebran, where he was repairing to assist at the celebration of the feast of the Now-roose. The cavalcade consisted of nearly a thousand persons, and among the honours paid to the prince, was one of very singular ceremony:—

'A concourse of people appeared, coming towards us, and leading forward a cow, which they brought near to the

prince, and instantly immolated at the feet of his horse. A signal from Abbas Mirza, to prevent so disagreeable a compliment, was not observed in the hurry of the scene; and the poor animal's blood flowed all over the path we must pass. Besides this, another act of respect is performed, by breaking a vessel containing sugar or honey, in the way of the prince; after that, the cavalcade moves on.

The town of Mianna, and its immediately adjacent villages, are infested with a plague they have found it impossible to eradicate, in the form of a small but poisonous bug:—

'It breeds in myriads in all the old houses, and may be seen creeping over every part of their walls, of the size and shape of the bugs in Europe, only a little flatter, and in colour of a bright red. Its bite is mortal, producing death at the expiration of eight or nine months. Strangers of every sort, not merely foreigners, but persons not usually inhabiting the town or its vicinity, are liable to be thus poisoned; while the people themselves or the adjacent peasantry are either never bitten, or if so, the consequences are not more baneful than the sting of the least noxious insect.

The neighbourhood of Irak Ajem, was the scene of the dreadful and mysterious murder committed on Mr. Browne in 1813. This enterprising traveller, who had perfected himself in the Turkish language, assumed the Turkish dress, and, thus equipped, set forward with an intent to penetrate through Khorasan. During the early part of his Persian journey, he had a conference with Sir Gore Ouseley, and was admitted to an audience of the Persian King:—

'So little was danger from attacks of any kind apprehended, by the persons best acquainted with the state of the country; that no difficulties whatever were suggested as likely to meet him, and accordingly he proceeded in full confidence. Having reached this pass of Irak, he stopped at the Caravansary to take a little refreshment. That over, he remounted his horse; and, leaving his servant to pack up the articles he had been using, and then follow him, he rode gently forward along the mountains. Mr. Browne had scarcely proceeded half a mile, when suddenly two men on foot came up behind him; one of whom, with a blow from a club, before he was aware, struck him senseless from his horse. Several other villains, at the same instant, sprang from hollows in the hills, and bound him hand and foot. At this moment they offered him no further personal violence; but as soon as he had recovered from the stupor, occasioned by the first mode of attack, he looked round and saw the robbers plundering both his baggage and his servant, the man having come forward on the mad in obedience to the commands of his master. When

the depredators found their victim restored to observation, they told him, it was their intention to put an end to his life, but that was not the place where the final stroke should be made. Mr. Browne, incapable of resistance, calmly listened to his own sentence, but intreated them to spare his poor servant, and allow him to depart with his papers, which could be of no use to them. All this they granted; and what may appear still more extraordinary, these ferocious brigands, to whom the acquisition of arms must be as the staff of life, made the man a present of his master's pistols and double-barrelled gun; but they were English, and the marks might have betrayed the new possessors. These singular robbers then permitted Mr. Browne to see his servant safe out of sight, before they laid further hands on himself; after which they carried him, and the property they had reserved for themselves, into a valley on the opposite side of the Kizilouzan, and, without delay, terminated his existence. It is supposed, by strangulation. They stripped his corpse of every part of his raiment, and then left it on the open ground, a prey to wolves and other wild animals. The servant, meanwhile, made the best of his way towards Tabreez, where he related the tale I have just told.

This barbarous murder is supposed by Sir Robert Ker Porter, to have been committed by some roving and desperate band of Kurds; but, notwithstanding every exertion was made by Abbas Mirza to discover the perpetrators of this nefarious deed, the individuals still remain unknown.

(To be continued.)

An Autumn near the Rhine: or, Sketches of Courts, Society, and Scenery in Germany. With a Tour in the Taurus Mountains, in 1820. Second Edition. To which are now added, Translations from Schiller, Goethe, and other German Poets. 8vo. pp. 602. London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH the continual and abundant supply of new works, renders it unnecessary for us to resort to second editions for subjects for review, yet we think the circumstances under which the volume before us has appeared, would justify us in noticing it, were it not one of the most pleasing volumes of the class to which it belongs. Since the first edition of this work was published, the author says in his Preface, 'a second visit to some of the scenes described—a considerable intercourse with individuals intimately conversant with Germany,—its society,—its language,—and its manners, and the lapse of above two years, at a period of life when most men live, to unlearn some

errors, have given him the opportunity of considerably altering and of making some material additions to his work.' The alterations introduced, are, in general, either corrected inaccuracies, or substituted matter, which appeared to the author of greater interest than that which before occupied its place.

It can scarcely be necessary to say much on the merits of a work which English critics have most universally praised, which has been translated both in Germany and in France, and which was thought of sufficient consequence to obtain the especial abuse of the pensioned correspondent of the *Emperor of Russia*, Kotzebue, who, in his *Literary Journal*, published at Weimar, severely attacked the author. The work is in the form of letters, and while it has all the ease and familiarity of epistolary correspondence, never relaxing into idle details or commonplace remarks, it forms a clear and succinct narrative of the author's route, with animated descriptions of the scenes which he witnessed; these descriptions are interspersed with acute reflections, and numerous interesting anecdotes of distinguished persons, forming, altogether, an admirable picture of the state of society in Germany, its local scenery, and the peculiar manners and customs of the people. The affectation of commencing each letter with some quotation, is a very useless imitation of modern novel writers, which we should have wished our author to have avoided; it is even worse at the commencement of a letter than at the beginning of a chapter, and should his work reach a third edition, we would suggest this as one of its curtailments.

The author commences with an account of Mayence, which has suffered severely since the commencement of the French revolution. Dr. Moore, when he visited this city thirty years ago, remarked the elegant abbés with their handsome equipages, and the well-behaved troops, who appeared to be kept under by the ecclesiastics; but things are now altered: 'you see the men in the garb of the plundered stalls skulking to mass in threadbare soutanes, their looks proclaiming them no longer the monopolizers of the old hock of the neighbourhood; while the Austrian and Prussian soldiers, to the amount of fourteen thousand, are parading about in the insolence of military superiority.' The inhabitants are quite disheartened: the French, they say, knew how to spend their money, but the Austrians are brutes, who buy no-

thing but beer and tobacco, and the Prussians so proud, that there is no speaking to them without the chance of being knocked down. The Austrians and Prussians detest each other, and are continually disturbing the city with their broils:—

'Prussian conceit and vivacity sometimes treat the heavy gormandizing Austrian rather unceremoniously. A Prussian officer, drinking with some Austrians, joined in toasting military exploits with some cordiality, when an Austrian, by way of compliment, proposed to drink to the battle of Waterloo, a favourite theme of Prussian pride—calling to the waiter to bring a bottle of Champagne and six glasses. The Prussian taking fire at the paltry honour intended for his achievements, bawled out with an expression of contempt, "bring me six bottles of Champagne and one glass."

Mayence abounds in historical associations, but it has few vestiges of antiquity.—It was the birth-place of the art of printing; the site of Gutenberg's house is now occupied by the Casino and the *Cabinet de Lecture*, and his printing-office is possessed by a learned professor; but the house of Faust is degraded into a low inn. We now accompany our author to Darmstadt, of the court of which he gives a very lively account:—

'The metropolis of a minor sovereign of Germany, presents a curious union of splendour and insignificance, a sort of miniature elegance and microscopic grandeur, which is perfectly novel to a foreigner. There is nothing in England that resembles it. Our cities are more antique, interesting, and gloomy—our little towns more mean and plebeian—a neat watering-place, with its regular white buildings, its absence of the bustle of trade, and its air of quiet gentility, will, perhaps, best bear a comparison. The resemblance may be pushed to the inhabitants, in one single particular—a sort of strained elegance and economical refinement in the manner of life, which bespeaks persons of better family than fortune.'

'Hospitality is a praise eminently due to a German court; and this is no contemptible one, considering that it is costly, and that their revenues are by no means enormous. The court entertainments at Darmstadt are principally dinners, to which invitations are issued with obliging liberality to the nobility and such strangers as have the honour of presentation. The *fourrier* of the court visits you in the morning with the hospitable invitation of the prince, which, of course, it is not seemly to decline. Sunday is a grand day, when the table is more than ordinarily crowded and splendid. The guests assemble in full dress at the old fashioned hour of two o'clock, in the large and

handsome saloons of the palace. The grand duchess enters with her ladies of honour and chamberlains, and, after half an hour occupied by her progress round the circle, gracefully addressing appropriate conversation to each individual, the exchange of affectionate kisses of greeting between the members of the reigning family, and of civil speeches between the company, the party proceed, arm in arm, with ceremonious regularity to the spacious dinner saloon. Here they take their seats in the order of the procession, the grand duchess and court occupying the centre of the table. The table is splendidly covered with gold and silver plate, *ypetras*, *plateaux* and flowers. The system of a German dinner, which is national, because the same at the table of a prince and at the *table d'hôte* of an inn—bating the additional plate and delicacies of the former—would have precisely hit the taste of a Justice Greedy, as being admirably contrived for the undisturbed dispatch of the business of a meal. On sitting down, you find the board amply covered with dishes—there, merely to afford the eye a preliminary feast. In an instant the servants transport them to the side-board, from whence they are offered, one after another, in prescribed routine, ready carved to the company. In this way the knife and fork are kept in constant occupation, without the awkward interruptions of attention to others, by a succession of from fifteen to five-and-twenty dishes; beginning with invariable soup and *bouilli*, continued by ragouts, made dishes, and *extremis* of various kinds, of course including sausages and spiced kout, summed up with substantial roast meat. Every lady and gentleman have their decanter of light Rhenish or Burgundy before them, which they drink without ceremony; and the more precious wines are handed round in the course of dinner. An attractive neighbour is thus the only possible diversion from the business in hand, which can happen at a German table. The Germans, in fact, dine as might be expected of people who do not breakfast—a meal much out of use with them, and rarely extending beyond a light milk roll and a cup of coffee.

I confess I approve the ease and sociability of this system. Conversation flows on without interruption, and the guests enjoy all the indolent luxury of a banquet. The desert forms the conclusion of the dinner—and is not, as with us, a systematic recommencement. It is soon dispatched, and the whole company rise—for the gentlemen have neither radicals nor parliamentary debates to discuss; and they prefer coffee, *liqueurs*, and the society of their ladies, to toasting them in bumpers in their absence. The Germans, though not invariably sober, and though often fond of society, do not appear fully to understand those social pleasures of the table, which, when enjoyed in moderation, must be admitted to

be no contemptible attraction of English society. I believe the true relish for these “*noties conque Deum*” is peculiar to ourselves.

Our author speaks in high terms, and we believe very justly, of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, and relates an interesting anecdote of the sister of the Grand Duke, Louisa, Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, the friend and patron of Schiller, Wieland, Goëthe, and Herder. It was owing to her undaunted persuasions, that her husband was prevented from allying himself with Bonaparte. After the battle of Jena, which decided the fate of the north of Germany, when the grand duke was still absent from the army, the duchess remained in Weimar:—

‘On the approach of the French, headed by Napoleon, the poor deserted women, children, and inhabitants of the town all flocked to the castle for safety. The gates were opened to them, and the grand duchess sheltered and protected them with the kindness of a mother. On Napoleon’s entry, he summoned her royal highness to abandon the castle and attend him. She refused; and an order for the pillage of the palace and town was instantly issued. The duchess remained firm; determined, if possible, to avert this fate from her little capital. Her efforts were crowned with success, and her dignified firmness even at last induced the Emperor to wait on her in person. The interview between Napoleon and the grand duchess might have afforded a subject not unworthy of the historical painter. Her noble deportment and energetic reasonings, wrought upon the conqueror, and induced him to withdraw his cruel order:—

“Oppressors big with pride, when she appear’d,
Blush’d, and believed their greatness counter-
feit.”

The grand duchess underwent the severest hardships for the accomplishment of her admirable purpose; remaining shut up in the castle with her helpless subjects for several days, almost without the bare necessities of life. A triumph like this, of the energy of female character, over animosity, pride, and military violence, is one of those rare examples which occasionally occur to tinge history with a tone of romance.

Goëthe, idolized as he is in Germany as a poet, is by no means personally the object of the universal love inspired by Schiller, who is spoken of with a fondness and respect as much called forth by his character as his genius. Our author has here introduced a translation, which he has made of one of Schiller’s most pathetic and beautiful poems, Cassandra, which has been cited by Madame de Staël with great admiration. The spirit of the original

is so happily conveyed into the translation, that we shall make no apology to our readers for quoting it:—

‘CASSANDRA.

(SCHILLER.)

Ilion’s sons with joy are bounding,
Hymn’s hall with festing rings;
Throns of jubilee are sounding
From the lyre’s entrancing strings.
Stopp’d the war-ensanguin’d tide is,
Peace her gleams induce sheals;
For the godlike brave, Peleides,
Priam’s beauteous daughter weh.

And with laurel garlands gleaming,
Proudly throng the festive train,
Tow’rds the hallow’d temples streaming,
Tow’rds the sacred Thymbrion fane—
Lo! through the city seeling,
Bacchanian pleasure pour;
While apart her wees concealing,
One forsaken breast deplores.

Joyless ’midst the glow of gladness,
Uncompanion’d and dismay’d,
Walks Cassandra forth in sadness,
To Apollo’s laurel’d shade;
There the priestess, melancholy,
Seeks the deepest darkling wood,
Flinging all her chaplets holy
On the earth in anguish’d mood.

“Life with bliss is overflowing,
Every other heart is blest,
Parents’ souls with hope glowing,
Brighten my sister’s bridal vest—
I alone must lone some anguish,
Me the dear illusion flies,
O’er these walls, I see with anguish,
Hovering destruction rise.

“In my sight a torch is gleaming,—
Not, alas! in Hymen’s hand,—
To the delectable lustre streaming,
Not like holy altar band;
Feast and pomp I see preparing,
But with and foreboding eye,—
Soon he comes, the god unsparing
Comes to rend them ruthlessly.

And they chide my wild upbraiding,
And they mock my bitter smart,—
Where the wilderness is shading,
Must I drag my lab’ring heart;
By each happy soul forsaken,
And a sport for all the gay—
Cruel vengeance hast thou taken,
Unrelenting God of day!

“Pythian! why with dire unkindness,
Bid me here thy fates unveil,
’Midst these walls of mortal blindness,
With a heaven-illum’d soul?
Ah! why grant the gift of seeing
Woes I still in vain defy?
From the destin’d there’s no fleeing—
Still the dreaded doom draws nigh.

“Boots it from impending terror,
Rash the flatter’ing veil to raise;
Life is our’s alone in error—
Death the price that knowledge pays;
Take, oh take the tort’ring visions!
Blood-stained future form we see!
Horrid lot of thy decisions,
Pow’rless instrument to be!
“Give my blindness back—the treasure
Of my happy darkling slate;
Never knew I joyous measure,
Since I sang the notes of fate;
Future thou hast all unshrouded,
But thou blight’st the present day.”

'All life's joyous hours are clouded—
Take the treach'rous gift away.

'Ne'er with bridle chaplets braiding,
Deck'd I giv my fragrant hair,
Since before thy altar hailing,

'Tis sad rites have been my care:
Youth has still in weeping wasted,
Grief her chain has on me laid,
Every woe my race that blasted,
On my heart hath truly pre'd.

'See my youth's companions smiling,—
All around me lives and loves,—
Youthful joy each breast beguiling;
Mine alone in sorrow moves!
Spring for me in vain disposes
O'er the glittering earth her store;
Where's the joy that life discloses,
When on fate's abyss we pore?

'Love's divine illusion blestes
Polyxena's blooming charms—
Soon with bridal joy she presses
Græcia's Hero in her arms;
Proud with joy her bosom's glowing,
Soon her heart's delight to prove;
Not for bliss of Heaven's bestowing
Would she yield her dream of love.

'I too on the heart's desired
Oh with sweet delight could gaze;
I have seen his looks inspired,
Plead with passion's lambent rays.
Happy with love the dæmon tried
Had I dwelt a blissful bride—
But a Stygian specter loathed
Nightly tore him from my side.

'Proserpine has fast possess'd me,
With her lurid spectre crew;
Where I wander, where I rest me,
There the lurking fiend pursue:
Midst gay youth's inspiring dances,
Throng the shuddering monster train;
In each eye the fury glances—
Peace I ne'er shall know again.

'Lo! the murderous steel is gleaming!
Glares the bloodshot midn'rous eye—
Right and left around me teeming,
Threat'ning forms of horror fly—
Pow'less still the gulf to cover,
Knowing, seeing, bound I stand,
Doom'd, when Fate's dispute is over,
Sad to fall in foreign land."

'Still resound her plains immortal—
Hark! distempered miztrun run
Rushing from the Temple's portal
Dead lies Thetis valiant son!
Eris all her snakes is shaking!
Fly th' immortal one by one—
Aloft the thunder-clouds are breaking
Loth o'er fated Iliou.

The English language is more cultivated and admired in Germany than any where else on the Continent. The German is the only language in Europe that can boast a complete translation of Shakespeare, which has been tolerably executed, by Voss and his sons. English literature is, indeed, as much in request as the productions of English manufacture; and 'it is as common to find ladies studying the works of Pope, Gray, Byron, or Scott, as it is to hear them inquiring in the shops for English needles or English pelisses.' They have a great dislike of

French poetry, which is even less read in Germany than in England. In an account of Homburg, which is happily called 'a less than duodecimo territory,' after noticing the marriage of the Landgrave with our Princess Elizabeth, we have a curious anecdote of its having once been a fief of England:—

'As far back as the year 1294, Homburg became, by a singular bargain, a fief of our Edward I. The Emperor Adolphus (of Nassau) was involved in a dispute with Philip of France, with whom our Edward being also disposed to quarrel, entered into a close alliance with the Emperor, and engaged him to declare war against Philip. The chief agent between the two sovereigns, and the great promoter of the alliance, was Adolphus's favourite, Eberhard Count of Katzenellenbogen (anglic'd Cat's Elbow) and Lord of Homburg. The King of England, in his anxiety to secure this ambassador to his interest, persuaded him to become his vassal, seconding his proposal by 500l. of good English gold, which it appears possessed not less attraction to little princes in those days than in these. The count could not resist the offer, and actually took the oath of allegiance, before an English ambassador, to the English King, for the castle and town of Homburg.'

The fair, at Frankfort, furnishes an interesting extract:—

'The Michaelmas fair, during which I was in Frankfort, commences early in September; and its bustle and vivacity last throughout the month. The most considerable wholesale dealings are, however, transacted within the first week, when numbers of the merchants flock to the fair at Leipsic. The Exchange, a small neat quadrangle, surrounded by a range of warehouses and shops, called the *Braunfels*, is thronged during the fair with a respectable cluster of merchants of all nations; perhaps a twentieth part of the number who assemble daily on our exchange. High change is about twelve o'clock, from which the merchants return home to dinner; they generally commence business at six or seven in the morning, and toil till ten or eleven at night; not having, as yet, attained to that methodical colerity, which, in London, dispatches a hundred times the amount of affairs between the commodious hours of nine and six. The large rooms in the *Braunfels* are fitted up as show-rooms and shops, in humble imitation of the *Palais Royal*, and loaded with merchandizes, showy and useful, from all quarters of Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, Poland, and Bohemia. "Thomson's fine cotton goods from Manchester"—"Picard, Marchand de Modes de Paris"—"Zwinger, Uhrmacher aus der Schweiz;" and other such announcements of the trades and domiciles of the traders, attract notice in glittering capitals. The fairs, which had naturally declined during the

obstructions of war, are gradually resuming their former alacrity. Frankfort has, during the fair, the animated aspect of a bustling trading city. The inns, the theatre, the casino, are thronged and lively; the drives round the suburbs crowded with gay equipages; the *tables d' hôte* with a motley assemblage of persons of all ranks and nations—the flowing costume of the Turk, and the venerable bearded Jew, often meet the eye.

'During the fair, in company with the Countess —, a Polish lady, we agreed by way of amusement to dine at the *table d' hôte* of the hotel. A large party was assembled, in which French, Dutch, Poles, Germans, Russians, and English might be reckoned. The long table was covered with a handsome repast—a band of wandering French musicians in green jackets and scarlet gowns, presently entered and struck up an old French minstrel air, which one of the females accompanied with an animating treble voice. They were presently succeeded by a German band, who played some fine inspiring waltzes. The whole scene was lively and exhilarating.'

Frankfort will soon be distinguished for the fine arts; a rich banker, M. Stüdel, has lately bequeathed a sum of above 100,000l. sterling, for the foundation of an academy, together with a respectable collection, containing some morsels of the Flemish school, of considerable merit. In our review of Mr. Dibdin's last work, we noticed that gentleman's praise of Danekker, the sculptor; the author of the present volume speaks in equally strong terms of his talents, and particularly of a marble statue of his:—

'It is an Ariadne seated on a tiger—in an attitude of great difficulty of execution, but easy and graceful in the highest degree. She is reclining on one side—her right elbow supported on the animal's shoulder, her head turned with a pensive grace—one drooping hand holds a slight drapery, while the other lightly supports her right foot. The attitude is so involved, that nothing but the most consummate art could have reconciled it with nature. It is one of the happiest conceptions of grace, which a favoured moment of inspiration ever suggested to the imagination of an artist. The figure is the perfection of soft feminine beauty—with none of the unreal pomp of a goddess—reclining in the voluptuous graces, and the flowing loveliness of a simple but noble form. The marble seems, from the exquisite truth of execution, to be imbued with the warmth of life, and the *contour* of the figure have all the melting roundness and softness which charm us in the females of Titian. The tiger is a majestic animal, not unworthy of the lovely burthen he bears. The statue stands on a pedestal turning on a pivot, for the convenience of viewing it in various lights.

A rose-coloured window is also contrived, the light through which, when raised, is intended to shed on the marble the warm hue of flesh; but the effect is rather that of salmon-colour, and the natural light is far preferable. Danekker had this admirable work fifteen years in hand. He composed it for M. Bethmann, and received one thousand guineas for his inimitable labours. M. B. has, I understand, since been offered for it nearly three times the sum. The artist is now employed for him on another work as a *pendant* to it.

In a subsequent part of the volume, our author gives the following interesting account of this distinguished artist. He says,—

'I regretted that circumstances deprived me of the pleasure of seeing Danekker, the distinguished artist whose works I have before mentioned. He is a native of Stutgard, born of humble parents, and owed the means of cultivating his genius to the patronage of the Duke Charles, predecessor of the late King. The early bent of his mind, which first led him to a fondness for drawing, and made him once spoil some smooth hewn stones by scratching flowers and figures on them with a nail, afterwards appears to have become too powerful to be checked by the opposition of his parents. When the duke offered to admit one of their children into the public seminary at Stutgard, his parents refused, from a false idea that the students were only designed to recruit the ranks of the army. The boy intreated in vain permission to accept the offer; and his importunities were at last only to be silenced by a confinement in his chamber. This gave him leisure to brood over his favourite objects, and to devise a scheme for accomplishing them. He contrived to communicate from his window with eight or nine of his comrades, whom he persuaded to stand by his cause, and to accompany him boldly to the duke himself, at Ludwigsburg, to entreat an admission into the academy. The boys announced themselves, were admitted, and kindly received by the duke, who was delighted with the resolution and boldness of the young would-be academicians of thirteen. He was immediately placed in the seminary, where he found the means of a liberal education, which afforded him a fund of acquisitions useful in his profession. He studied here nine years, then made pedestrian tours to Paris and to Rome, profiting, almost disabled, by the opportunities they afforded him. In Italy he received kindnesses from Canova and Trippi; and was recalled by his prince in 1790, to his great grief, from the bright skies and noble relics of Rome, to the foggy atmosphere and cramped occupations of Stutgard. By the way of recompense, he was made court sculptor and professor at the academy, with a salary of eight hundred florins, now considerably increased, for which he is under conditions to execute

all the orders of the court. Danekker's history adds one to the many instances of that early development and decisive bent towards one particular career, which have so often distinguished genius of the first order.'

(To be continued.)

Vicissitude: a Poem in Four Books. Nottingham Park, and other Pieces. By Robert Millhouse, Corporal of the Staff of the Royal Sherwood Foresters. 12mo. pp. 109. London, 1821.

THERE is something so very praiseworthy and commendable in a private soldier seeking to beguile the fatigues and hardships of a military life, by 'gentle poetry,' that we are sorry we cannot give the offering of such an attempt our unqualified approbation. We feel still more reluctant to speak slightly of the production, when we are told that the author has 'no other chance of bettering his condition than by a publication.' The poems, however, when resting on their own merits, have a slight claim to praise; but, when the circumstances under which they have been written are considered, they must be judged of with indulgence, especially as they appear the genuine flowings of a most amiable disposition. From the principal poem, on 'Vicissitude,' we quote one passage, which is a fair specimen of the author's talents at versification:—

'Detested War! thy desolating strife
Sprinkles with blood the gloomy walks of life;
'Tis thy delight to hear the orphan cry,
And to behold the widow's weeping sigh;
To see the father and the husband bleed,
And lose with pleasure on each murder's
deed;

Famine and Sickness are to thee allied,
And Guilt and Outrage riot at thy side;
Grim Devastation moves at thy command,
And turns a paradise to heaps of sand!

Ye sons of Adam! when shall Reason's ray
Prompt you to drive the demon War away,
And cultivate the sacred arts of Peace,
That smile to see the human race increase?
O say, does mother earth, (too scant of room)
Compel to chase our neighbours to the tomb?
Millions of acres yet unused I remain,
In forest-wilds, on common, heath, and plain;
Where undisturb'd the timid wild fowl lies,
And the sweet flow'ret flourishes and dies;
Or is it that the high-born sons of pride
Hate to behold an equal by their side?

Vicissitude can bring their greatness down,
Ari mould to dust the sceptre and the crown,
O'er humble life a royal robe can fling,
And lead the shepherd to become a king.'

We are happy to see that the author has a respectable list of subscribers to his little work,—a tribute, we doubt not, well merited by his private worth and unassuming manners.

Original Communications.

ANCIENT & MODERN WRITERS.

As digested by W. B. L.
(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

IN contrasting the present with the past age, the most uncultivated eye must be struck with the mighty alterations which a few rapid years have effected; and whether it direct its search to the common doings of men, or upon the more subtle ramifications of the human intellect, it will readily discover the wide dissimilitude which exists in the comparative estimation. If it were our purpose to enter into dusty discussions, we could, we are persuaded, raise such clouds of impenetrable argument, as effectually to suffocate all scepticism; but having this morning, (unwittingly,) encountered our woman domestic, whilst in the actual discharge of her professional duties, and our memory being somewhat retentive as to the chokative effects of her nebulous vocation, we in tender consideration forbear. We were, however, entrapped into the above grave proposition by a hasty contemplation of the change which has been wrought by no great interval of years on the manners and the taste of the literary world.

In the 'elder time,' writing was a matter of much moment. An author was a being whose peculiar attributes were but indistinctly conjectured. His ways were not of this world,—there was a certain elementary ambiguity about him, that defied the analysis of vulgar faculties; he was an immeasurable remove from his fellow mortals, and yet not absolutely seraphic. His essentials were incomprehensible, and every thing incomprehensible commands our veneration,—he was of a race to whose influence the world bowed submissively; there was a splendour and a glory round about him, which rebuked all scrutiny and men, as from the sun, received the emanating light without questioning its source. To arrive at this so exalted a distinction, was not the work of days nor months; it was the labour of a life. It was not the mere opening of a paragraph,—the squaring of a sentence,—nor the polishing a period, that enabled a man to take his seat among the gods; such a thing was, contrary to the 'standing orders,' and altogether unsufferable, however less tenacious the House of Commons might be on such a point. Isolated verbiage was never dreamt of. A man must have written, and what was of a nearly paramount importance, he must have written about

something. In those days, Fame was wont to be a staid and proper personage, and none dared to woo her favours and her voice but the grey, the musty, and the garrulous; nor to come into the presence without especial letters of introduction from Starvation, Death, and Co.

But, thank the gods, those days are gone. Neither lives nor years are now needed to acquire her trumpet; nor is it necessary that one should sigh his soul and years away upon moth-eaten tomes, cheating his fellow-insect of its lawful right; nor write what nobody for their very soul can comprehend, the writer not even excepted. The times are changed; such ages are extinct, and philosophers are universally esteemed but fools; for they have been weighed in the balance, and found wanting. We would not wish to speak irreverently of antique worthies,—far be it from us; for, as our very excellent friend, Quinfilian, hath it, ‘*Modeste tamen et circumspicito iudicio de tantis viris prouocandum est, ne, quod plerisque accidit, damnetur qua non intelligant.*’ But mankind will be no longer clapped: its eyes have been opened, and, that with the assistance of microscopes, horoscope, and certain other scopes, its vision has been most miraculously extended. It is true that wisdom was their eternal theme, but good people have discovered that there is so much thing as wisdom is in the earth.—it is all a fodge; and ‘*Mihi beati martini;*’ that is, all my eye and Betty Martin. For, after all that has been thought, said, and written, wherein—as a city friend, who does nothing out of the way of average and computation, very shrewdly observed to us the other day—‘*wherein is the world wiser or better than it was?*’ Behold the countless millions that have inhabited the globe—allow to each individual a life, of, say thirty years, and to have said as much in each week as might fill a post ledger, (he never dreamt of an octavo;) now then, said he, ‘30 by 52—1560,—just so; and 1560 by the countless millions before mentioned. Debit the world with the total, and carry ‘wisdom’ to the credit side of the account current—and strike the balance!’

The thing was unanswerable.

* Our readers are no doubt aware, that in these days it is deemed perfectly consistent to concur in the detraction of our correspondent in one page, and to assert our high admiration of an anonymous party in another. The practice is spontaneous, and we adopt it as a matter of course.—Ed.

Genius was like good metal in the ore, excellent sort of stuff within, but most incorrigibly ungracious in its external costume. In the ‘days of other years,’ authors arose from their native clay with a snail-paced velocity, and came—

‘Like angels’ visits, few and far between.’

But now, (O joy!) legions of delicious writers start up, like the days of spring,—young, fresh, and lovely. An author of the present age excites but two passions in the hearts of men, and those are love and envy. There is not a bliss that the earth or the heavens can afford but is his. He is a perfect glutton, and revels and riots in the fulness and the fatness of the land. His labour is his love,—the world his workshop,—and infinity his material. He is as wild, as fickle, and as varied, as the very air he breathes; and quite as pure. His genius is as rarified as the highest atmosphere, and as deep as the ocean. It discovers beauty in a rotten apple; fragrance in assafoetida,—

‘Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks,

And good in every thing.’

There is not a cloud that passes through the heavens,—

‘Nor tree nor bush,

Nor meadow-flower nor summer-scented gale,’

but is made subservient to his high purposes. He draws most important conclusions from the whelp of a young puppy, and discusses a mutton-chop or a metaphysical inquiry, with an equal facility. He will deduce most sapient inferences from a par-boiled turnip, and preach on the stings of conscience from the contemplation of a hedge-hog. He will indite a dissertation on the Justinian code, or a lascivious sonnet on a dirty ditch; and luxuriate in them both; he will think for ever on a nullity, and talk ‘an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice;’ he will dwell with raptures on the sublimity of a broom-stick, and associate most exquisite sensations with the grunt of a sucking-pig. He will write you an epitaph for a love-sick poodle, or play you the coronation anthem on a Jew-harp, and discourse most excellent music on either. He will get up a waspish satire, or try his hand at a ‘boat’ of single stick, and use both weapons with the same felicity of touch; and will spin a negative into utter extension, in a ream of the ‘best wove,’ off-handed, and put any scrivener to the blush at the purity of its penmanship. But it were a task of less toil and time to wade through Rees’s

Cyclopadia, from the indefinite ‘A’ to its unequal ‘Zootomy,’ than to detail the versatility of his reconcilable powers; and we do not, under the absolute persuasion that every one of our readers has a full and perfect intimacy with all and each of them, severally and respectively; we know it, we say, because we are convinced there is not a single page in any given number of our paper, but exhibits one or other of the transcendent capacities which have been above enumerated. Indeed, we wish it to be distinctly understood, that we have had a most allusive eye upon ourselves in the latter examination, and in doing so, we can, we think, be hardly amenable to a charge of egotism, a quality of all others we thoroughly abominate; the innate modesty, (so pre-eminently characteristic of our writing,) suggesting the external injustice we should be doing to ourselves and our exertions by withholding those praises which all the world awards to us; and it would be worse than affectation to assume an ignorance of that which is proclaimed with a loud and a lasting voice. From all parts of the island, in truth, and from every town and hamlet in the three kingdoms, ecumeniums, praise, and flattery, come threatening fast upon us in all the varied forms a lavish patronage can exhibit. And so anxious are our city friends to testify the high estimation in which they hold us, that we were compelled to return, last week, no less than two-pounds-fifteen-shillings-and-four-pence worth of two-penny posters. Our friend LIMBIRD, too, (for whom we have much regard,) respectfully hinted to us last Thursday’s night, that from the influx of customers, and the heavy duties which the sale and publication of the CHRONICLE imposed upon him, he was fearful that his constitution would be seriously injured, but soon resumed his wonted courage, when reminded that his difficulties are somewhat less than those overcome by Hercules, when he destroyed the Lernean hydra.

Although these immediately preceding observations are in no wise necessary to the precise illustration of the proposition with which we set out, yet we deemed it due to our character and capacity to assert our true position in the republic of letters; and to devote the little portion left us in boldly throwing the gauntlet before all comers, and undoubtedly declaring, that from a confucian controversy to the disquisition of a cabbage-stump—WE HAVE NO EQUAL!!

Original Poetry.

REMEMBERED BEAUTY.

To *****

*'She came—she is gone—we have met—
To meet, perhaps, never again.'—COWPER.*

THY sweet remembrance flits across the waste
Of memory's void, like some bright stful
glimmer
Of light on dusky clouds—the phantom
dance
Of Hopes, flies like the waking of a summer
dream.
Where all was lovely, gliding 'mid the gleam
Of thousand tapers, and the fairy feet
Of Beauty shot along in evensong haste,
As jealous of the space they lightly beat.
Twas e'en in such a dream as this thy beam-
ing eyes
Told to my heart the tale I wish'd were true;
'But, as the mist of morn, the vision flies—
And thou, alas! art fled for ever too.
This sad faint trace of love will never fade,
But hover round my heart, affection's shade.
24th May, 1821. H. A.

EPIGRAM,

*Occasioned by the Gazette of Saturday,
9th June, 1821.*

ENGLAND, complaints have long been made,
About thy bankrupt state,
Thy great taxation, loss of trade,
And thy impending fate;
I fear that these are facts too clear,
Tho' not quite prov'd as yet,
For 'to-day, I saw appear,
George Rex in the Gazette. O. F.

THE CAVALIER.

THE cavalier has bared his blade,
The bugle has rang, and the trumpet bray'd,
And he's ta'en his leave of his own lov'd maid,
Like a true and a gallant soldier.
The banner of war to the wind is spread,
The plume waves high o'er each proud head,
And the dark earth rings with the charger's tread
That bears the gallant soldier.
The fight's begun, and the well-poised blade
A thousand times in dust has laid,
And the shot is fired, and the pray'r is said
O'er the corse of the gallant soldier.
His maid! she sits in her tower on high,
And she hears the wind in her dark locks sigh,
And she looks abroad, but can naught desirey
Of her brave and gallant soldier.
Tho' the shock was loud, she heard it not,
She thought but of their happy lot,
And she little dreamt, that the farwell shot
Had been fired o'er her gallant soldier.
High hopes at morn, in the bosoms play'd
Of the gallant youth and his dark ey'd maid,
But, at eve, those hopes in the dust were laid,
A corse was her gallant soldier.
He silent lay in the lone cold tomb,
And a broken heart was his true love's doom.
Oh! that maiden's life is a life of gloom,
Whose love is fix'd on a soldier.
Too soon she heard the story told,
And long she wept for the true and bold,
But her eye is dim, and her heart is cold,—
She sleeps with her gallant soldier.
And sweet, oh sweet is the lover's sleep,
No more they sigh, no more they weep,
And gentle beats the memory keep
Of the maid and her gallant soldier.
SAM SWEETBAIL.

Biography.

THE ABBE FARIA.

THE Abbe Faria was born at Goa; his father was a black and a pagan; he, however, embraced the Catholic faith, and even became a member of the priesthood. His son came to Europe at a very early age, went through his studies at Lisbon, and was made a priest at Rome. He came to France during the revolution, and on the thirteenth Vendemiaire, he marched at the head of one of the battalions of insurgents, directed against the convention, since which period he attentively followed the practice of magnetism, having always been one of its most active disciples. It is also asserted, that such was the dread he inspired by the power these mysteries afforded him, that a gaming-house, which he had been in the habit of frequenting, paid him a weekly salary to discontinue his visits; and what, perhaps, is singular enough, is that it was in this very house he made an acquaintance with a gentleman who procured him the place of Professor of Philosophy, at the Lyceum at Marseilles. This fact, however extraordinary, is, notwithstanding, perfectly correct. On arriving at his new residence, he wished to preach in one of the parish churches, but his discourse was of such a nature, and so very uncommon, that the curate was obliged to interfere, after having politely thanked him for his zeal. It so happened, that this same curate was shortly after made inspector of the Lyceum, where the Abbe Faria was professor, and who now was determined to revenge himself by instigating the whole of the class under his care to revolt against their new chief. This he did not find much difficulty in effecting, having great influence over his scholars, occasioned either by his favourite doctrines, or interesting their curiosity by his very extraordinary manners. The confusion and disorders he produced in this establishment caused him to be transferred to the Lyceum, at Nismes. In this town, he established a trough, where he magnetized the crowds that flocked around him; many persons either were, or fancied themselves cured. At length, however, having once consulted a somnambulist respecting a female, he quickly discovered the evil, without, having been able to find out also, that the woman was pregnant; the remedy was applied, and the result was, that the poor patient died shortly

after, in consequence of having miscarried. This circumstance determined the police, which had previously been alarmed, to forbid the magnetizer's proceedings; just at this period, a small curacy in the neighbourhood became vacant, and M. l'Abbe Faria, without either the permission of the bishop of the diocese (the Bishop of Avignon), or any power, whatever, hastened to the place, took possession, and began to preach, confess, and magnetize all those who approached him. The bishop, informed of the fact, applied to the authorities to dispossess the usurper; it was not, however, without considerable difficulty that he was torn from his parishioners, who had considered him a prophet, or at least a saint. It was at this period that he returned to Paris, where he again established himself in the year 1813, about which time he was frequently spoken of by the journals; his residence, during the later years of his life, was in the rue St. Anne, where he gave, every Thursday, consultations and representations upon somnambulism: any person was admitted by paying five francs. The Abbe Faria used to say, that a short time previous to the exile of the Braganza family, he had been named by the Regent of Portugal, to a bishopric of that kingdom. The Abbe Faria's character was ardent, active, and turbulent; the expression of his countenance was both terrifying and extraordinary, and served him wonderfully well in his magnetic operations; he was well made, and of an advantageous height. The race of blacks from which he sprung, and whose colour he preserved in a degree, do not resemble those of Africa: they have neither their flat nose, large lips, nor woolly hair, &c. M. Faria excelled in scholastic argument; indeed, it would have been difficult to cope with him in subtlety: he spoke several languages with fluency, amongst which was the modern Greek. We are also informed, that he had composed a Latin Grammar, which he intended to have published.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—On Friday last, this theatre closed, we can scarcely say for the season, as we find it will re-open on Wednesday next. The attraction of Miss Wilson, and the general success which has attended the operas, has, no doubt, rendered it the best season that Drury has known for some

years. It might, however, have been rendered much better, if a small portion of that attention which was exclusively devoted to the operatic department, had been bestowed in bringing into action the excellent comic company which belongs to the establishment.

On Monday night, a grand masked festival was given at this house, in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo, for which the most extensive preparations had been made. The pit was boarded over level with the stage, so as to form one immense floor, and it was boarded, too, in a much better style than we have seen elsewhere. The stage, with the side scenes taken away, formed the interior of a magnificent temple; the cornice supported by pilasters of glowing variegated lamps, and the compartments between the pilasters, filled up with romantic scenery and appropriate allegorical designs. In the principal compartment, opposite the audience, appeared a gigantic transparent portrait of the King, surrounded by rays of glory in brilliant lamps; and opposite to this, on the front of the boxes, was placed a portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of York; and all around were portraits, much larger than life, of the principal commanders of the allied armies on the field of Waterloo. The entire front of the boxes, in addition to their every-night splendour, was hung with festoons of many coloured lamps, intermixed with wreaths of artificial flowers; and from the centre of the temple depended a stupendous *buhl* chandelier, with moon lamps. In short, it would be difficult for the warmest fancy to imagine a more brilliant coup d'œil. From eight till eleven, the assembling visitors were entertained with a variety of dramatic entertainments. An appropriate ode was recited by Mr. Cooper. 'God save the King' was next sung with great applause. The interlude of the *Blue Devils* was then acted: Mr. Elliston, as Megrin, was received with particular marks of approbation; it was, however, often interrupted by bursts of laughter, provoked by the ludicrous assemblage which the boxes opened to the view. A periwinkle woman, with a black-eye, and a basket on her head, attracted much notice in the dress circle.

Some disappointment was experienced when Mr. Cooper informed the audience that Mr. Braham was so exclusively hoarse it was impossible for him to have the honour of appearing

before them that evening. But the efforts of Mr. Horn and Mr. T. Cooke, of Signor Ambrogetti, of Miss Wilson, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Bland, Miss Cubit, and Mrs. and the Misses Ashe, made them forget every promised pleasure in the enjoyment afforded by a rich feast of harmony actually before them.

The *Actress of All Work* was acted, in which Mrs. Edwin and Mr. Knight displayed all their wonted humour. They were much applauded; but, towards the close of the piece, the spectators became impatient to change place with the performers, and, to meet their wishes, it was terminated rather abruptly.

Then commenced the animated humour of a masquerade, and those who took a part in them were at once lively and decorous. Many of the groups were most whimsically diversified. Parsons and clowns, lawyers and flower-girls, pilgrims and ballad-singers, went through the mazes of the sportive dance with great vivacity; while the fantoccini, slack-rope dancing, vaulting, and a variety of other well-selected exhibitions, furnished an endless round of amusements, which, sustained by the comforts of a substantial English supper, splendidly set out with an infinity of decoration; produced the most unbounded glee and satisfaction. At two o'clock the theatre presented a scene of jolity and mirth which Comus and his bacchanals could not surpass. It was seven o'clock in the morning before the company separated.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This theatre opened, for the summer season, on Thursday, when the favourite pieces of *Free and Easy*, *the Rump*, and the *Vampire*, were admirably performed to a crowded audience. The company retains most of its old favourites, and some new performers, including Mr. J. Knight and Miss E. Blanchard, who will add to its strength, so that we anticipate for ourselves and the public much entertainment.

Mrs. GLOVER.—This lady took her benefit at the above theatre on Monday night, and not on the Thursday previous, as our contemporary had it*. The

* The editor of LONGMAN'S CUNNINGYME ADVERTIZER is so fond of 'anticipatory inspections,' that he not only reviews books before they are published, but has actually criticised a performance before it took place. In his number of Saturday last, we met with the following notice:—'On Thursday, Mrs. Glover was Hamlet. We wish it had been Othello well blacked, had it only been for the chance of recalling to our delighted memory the

play was *Hamlet*, and the royal Dane was enacted with much spirit by Mrs. G. particularly in the fencing scene with Laertes, for which she had been, in some degree, prepared by four lessons from Angelo.

MR. MATTHEWS.—This gentleman terminated his fourth season, which has continued unabated in attraction since its commencement, on Saturday night. We cannot say, 'we could have spared a better man,' for we do not know one; but we could gladly relinquish one half of the company, including the managers of some of our royal theatres, to keep Charles Matthews 'at home.' We must not, however, entirely monopolize his talents, but allow him to go abroad, if it is only for the benefit of his health.

SURREY THEATRE.—A very excellent melodrama, called *Edith, or the Hag of Poland*, has been produced at this theatre, in which there is much good acting by Miss Taylor and Mr. Burroughs. This house has recently attracted very crowded audiences.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Since our last notice of this compact little theatre, a pantomime, *Harlequin at Home*, has been produced, highly creditable to the taste of the manager. The peculiar excellence of this over pantomimes in general, consists in the elegant, chaste, and interesting style in which the piece commences;—the scenery too is extremely beautiful, and the piece is altogether well fitted for the gratification of juvenile holiday folks.

The Bee.

'*Floris et apes in silvis omnia liant,
Omnia nos itidem depascitur aurea diem.*'

LUCRETIUS.

Singular Advancement in Life.—The Roman Emperor C. Julius Emilianus was a Moorish slave; Aurelian, the Emperor of Rome was the son of a poor peasant; Pope Alexander the Fifth was a common beggar in the Isle of Candia; and Pope Adrian the Fourth was a poor English monk.

charms of a Venus once exhibited in London. The burlesque was admirable. How so unmerited an attack on a lady whose talents and misfortunes entitle her to respect, could have escaped the editor, we know not, as he has the reputation of liberality; and in the very same page he speaks of the propriety of benefits being exempted from the ordeal of criticism, and even in the same column with this uncharitable notice, has the following observation, to which we most cordially subscribe: 'When we look at the frail tenure by which actors hold all that is valuable to them in public opinion, we cannot but lament every instance of injustice.' To such a lamentation we leave this editor.

Bull of the 'Times'—The Times newspaper of Wednesday se'nights, in a report of some proceedings at the Mansion House, respecting the famed Bridge Street Association, says, Mr. Thackeray 'read over the names of several anonymous correspondents.'—*Nil desperandum pro Rege et Lege*, P. J., P. V., &c. &c.

Appropriate Texts.—The public have often been amused with cross-readings in the newspapers, in which, from casual combinations of words, very curious ideas are sometimes produced. The following, though not of that class, owes its effect entirely to a fortuitous circumstance:—Dr. Blair, in the third volume of his sermons, after an elegant dedication to her majesty, chooses, for the text of his first discourse, 'Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; extol her, and she shall bring thee to honour.'

There is another laughable instance of a text, accidentally made choice of by a worthy clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Enfield, who, the first Sunday after his marriage, preached from the following text:—'Have pity upon me, Have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me.'

The Coronation.—It is usual for two gentlemen of the court to walk in the procession as Dukes of Normandy and Guienne, habited in the ancient dress of the ducal peers of France. They are described as follows, in a book of the age of Henry VII. and the account agrees with those of later times: 'Two squires for the king's bodie, bearing in baudrick wise two mantelles, [of crimson velvet] furred with ermyons, wearing two hattes of estate of crysmen clothe of golde, beked over heke, turned upp behinde, and furred also with ermyons, in representation of the king's two duchesses of Gyen and Normaudie.' Of the first appearance of these characters in our coronations, I have not found any account; but it may be conjectured that they were introduced after the conquests of Edward III. for the purpose of perpetuating the claims of our Norman and Angevine princes.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. and Obed Danistler, have been received.

* M. is informed, that the subject to which he alluded in his last letter, will not be pursued further for the present.

Philo-Wyatt, in defence of the Earl of Macclesfield and the Monumental Trophy, reached us too late for insertion this week, but it shall appear in our next. In reference to Philo-Wyatt's private note, we can assure him that we have nothing to do with the fiction he speaks

of, nor do we believe that any such fiction exists; and if either the speculating artist or his noble patron think themselves aggrieved, our columns are open to the best defence they can make.

To Parents and Guardians.

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No. 111.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Memoir of the Operations of the British Army in India, during the Mahratta War of 1817, 1818, and 1819. Illustrated by Maps and Topographical Plans. By Lieut. Colonel Valentine Blacker. 4to. pp. 494. London, 1821. With a Volume of Plates.

We love peace, and feel much more pleasure in recording the conquests of science and the arts than the triumphs of armies or the aggrandizement of empires; but our duty as reviewers does not always allow us to consult our own taste, and we should very reluctantly pass any new work of four or five guineas' price without a notice. Hindostan, so fertile in wars, has, for the last five or six years, been the only theatre in which the British arms have been engaged; and the war there, though always of much importance as relates to our power in this mighty empire, has attracted much attention, not only from the ability with which it was conducted, but also from its results, which have added so much to our territorial possessions, and extended our sway over provinces which had so often been among the most formidable of our enemies in this quarter of the globe.

Colonel Blacker's work contains a succinct narrative of the operations of the British army during the whole of the three years' Mahratta war; it is a military commentary, written for the information of professional men only, and therefore little calculated for the general reader. The author adheres closely to the subject, and is never for a moment diverted from it by the slightest episode; it is a modest narrative, in which, although 'honour is given to whom honour is due,' yet it is in that sobriety of style, which distinguished all the military reports and despatches of the Duke of Wellington. Here are no affecting incidents, no private anecdotes, no florid descriptions, nor remarkable adventures, and yet, in a literary point of view, we consider it almost as a model for works of this de-

scription; of the correctness of the author's judgment, as a military man, we confess our incompetency to judge, for we know little of sieges, marches, and counter marches, stratagems, alarms, and the other numerous details of warfare.

It will, perhaps, be in the recollection of some of our readers, that the conduct of Sir Thomas Hislop, a British general in India, who, on taking the fort of Taloor, hung the Killedar, was the subject of severe animadversion, both in Parliament and at the East India House, although the gallant officer was, we then thought, successfully vindicated; but we confess the account of the affair given by Colonel Blacker has somewhat shaken that opinion. Sir Thomas Hislop, it appears, was quite astonished to find that an insulated place like Taloor should be 'so rash as to oppose the advance of a respectable force'; and, in the first instance, he sent 'a summons to the Killedar, with an intimation of the consequences which would attend his attempt at resistance.' They did not regard the summons, nor the fire which was opened against their defences in general; but the preparations against the gates did not fail to alarm them, and 'they sent out to demand terms of capitulation. In reply they were informed that unconditional surrender alone would be accepted; and they were invited to avail themselves of this offer before the assault of the gates should commence.' The fort of Taloor is well calculated for defence, as will appear by the following description of it:—

'One side of Taloor fort rises out of the Taptee, and the three other sides are surrounded by a hollow way, varying in width from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards. The walls rise to the height of about sixty feet above this hollow, and the interior of the fort has the same elevation. The only entrance is on the eastern side, and secured by five successive gates, communicating by intricate traverses, whose inclosures gradually rise to the height of the main wall. A winding ramp, interspersed in some places with steps, ascends through the gates to the terrace

of the rampart. Great native ingenuity had been exercised to render this part as strong as possible, apparently under the idea that the profile of the rest rendered it secure, notwithstanding the absence of a ditch. The ground immediately surrounding the hollow way, is cut by deep ravines, which run into it. The intermediate parts are crowned with clusters of houses which form the town of Taloor, distant from the fort about three hundred and fifty yards. The country surrounding the town is flat, but separated from it by other ravines which branch off in various directions.'

The garrison did not accept the terms of unconditional surrender, and in the evening the attack was commenced. The storming party passed through the first and second gates without opposition. At the third it was met by the Killedar with a number of Bunjams and artificers:—

'Lieutenant-colonel Conway, the adjutant-general of the army, with Lieutenant-colonel Macgregor Murray, and several others, had entered with the storming party; and it was still doubtful whether resistance would ultimately be made, for at this time there was none. They accordingly passed through the fourth gate, which, as well as the second, appeared so much out of repair, as to be incapable of being shut; but at the fifth, or last gate, they were stopped, though the wicket was opened. A hurried conversation about terms of surrender now took place. It was probably little intelligible, under the circumstances of noise and apprehension which attended it. Colonel Murray, under this state of uncertainty, concluding that there was an urgent necessity for establishing a footing such as would secure eventual success to the attack, should the enemy hold out, entered by the wicket, with Major Gordon, and about three grenadiers; but refrained from drawing his sword, to shew that he had no intention of breaking off the parley. He expected to be followed by as many men as should be able to maintain themselves in a confined situation; but four or five persons only had got in, when the enemy, apprehending the consequences, attacked most furiously, and in a moment laid them all dead except Colonel Murray, who fell towards the wicket covered with wounds. They attempted then to close the wicket; but their efforts were rendered ineffectual by a grenadier, who thrust his musket

(with a happy presence of mind) into the aperture, and secured that hope, while Lieutenant-colonel Mackintosh and Captain Mac Craith forced it open. It was held in this state during the time that the captain was, with one hand, dragging Colonel Murray through it, and warding off blows with his sword in the other. A fire was now poured in through the wicket, which cleared the gateway sufficiently for the head of the storming party, under Captain McGregor of the Royals, to enter; and the place was carried without further difficulty, but at the expense of that officer's life. As soon as the supporting detachment could open the gate, many troops poured in, the garrison were shortly put to the sword, and the Killdeer was hanged on the same evening to a tree on the flag-staff tower.*

We quote as a favourable specimen of Colonel Blacker's style, his account of the submission of the Peishwah:—

'Two more days were lost in fruitless negotiations, before Bajee Rao consented to advance to meet the British commander. Even this concession was marked by evident tokens of apprehension; and he stipulated that he should come only five miles, and but half a mile distant from his hills; while Sir John Malcolm, leaving his force at Metawal ten miles in the rear, should advance with a small escort. Unreasonably as was this proposal, it was not rejected; and the interview took place agreeably to appointment, on the afternoon of the 1st of June, near the Keirree Ghut, where he had established a battery to cover his retreat, in case of need. Previously to this measure, which probably appeared rash to Bajee Rao, he sent his treasures into Asseergurg; and, however he might have expressed acquiescence in the terms which had been communicated to him, in order to induce Sir John Malcolm to come forward, his subsequent conduct shewed his mind was not yet prepared to abandon the flattering illusion of princely ceremony. He affected a *durbār* on coming to the ground; and seated himself under a canopy, on a thick stuffed bedding, maintaining the form of addressing him through a third person, for Sir John's information, as if he were still in the plenitude of power at Poonah. This melancholy farce was maintained about a quarter of an hour; after which he retired with Sir John into a tent, to discuss, with ease and privacy, the important topics of his future fate. This private conference lasted two hours, during which the conversation principally referred, on Bajee Rao's side, to the subject of his bitter misfortunes, and his hopes that Sir John Malcolm, as his only friend, would intercede in his favour. He pressed his solicitations with a degree of eloquence, which could have been little expected from his pre-

vicious habits of supercilious form in conversation. This, however, was natural to him, and is the portion of every inhabitant of India, in a much greater measure than falls to the share of the natives of Europe, of similar rank in life. He warmly invoked the sentiments of disinterested friendship, as his sole resource in hours of difficulty; when not only the tribe of flatterers had abandoned, but even adherents of old attachment were forsaking a distressed master. He designated Sir John as the repository of this inestimable and solitary treasure; for, of his three earliest and best friends, he alone remained, Colonel Close* being dead, and General Wellesley in a distant land. But his mind was not yet humbled by all his misfortunes, to the measure of relinquishing without a struggle, the hopes of maintaining the name of Peishwah, and residing at Poonah; and Sir John's remonstrances on the fruitlessness of his perseverance, appeared to have made insufficient impression, when they separated to return to their respective camps.'

Colonel Blacker says that 'more victories have been gained in the field by British armies in India, through the bravery of the British troops, than by manoeuvres of the commanders; and he gives the following pleasing and proud character of our countrymen:—

'The French make excellent light troops, for that service appears conformable to their genius; but the same cannot be said either of the English, or of the class of natives into whom English feelings, before an enemy, are infused by their officers. They love at once to encounter the very worst to which they can be exposed, and arguing from their own feelings, consider as ineffectual the cautious and indirect manoeuvres of light troops. The same disposition was found in the infantry corps organized for native powers by a few British adventures. They made and received desperate assaults which quite astonished their employers; and during twenty years' active service, when the number of French and British officers in Scindiah's army were equal, only four of the former to fifteen of the latter were killed.

It is a pleasing fact to find the British character maintained by British subjects in all parts of the world, and under the most cheerless circumstances; and the hard service and brilliant exploits performed by these men and their corps, would do honour to any army. It would be a mistake to suppose that De Boyne's corps were officered entirely by foreigners, because his name is French; and whenever

* The late Major-general Sir Barry Close, Bart., during whose nine years' residence at Poonah in a political capacity, the Peishwah had been rescued from the hands of Holkar, and his affairs placed in that train of prosperity which furnished him with the power of exciting hostility against the British government, when he ceased to appreciate the benefits of their connexion.'

they have suffered severely, the names of the officers killed and wounded are found invariably to be British. In the action between Holkar's and Scindiah's troops, in September 1803, we find on the latter side Colonel Vickers, Major Harding, and Major Armstrong; and on the former, Dawes, Catms, and Douglas, all of whom were killed, with six hundred of their men, out of fourteen hundred killed and wounded. Only one officer survived, and Major Harding was killed on the other side. In the previous year also, Holkar had attacked, under the walls of Oojein, a corps of Scindiah's, consisting of four battalions, commanded by Colonel Hlesing's son. Notwithstanding an immense disparity of numbers, these battalions never broke. Three-fifths were killed, one-fifth wounded, and out of eleven officers, seven were saved at their guns. Their names were Captains Graham, Urquhart, and M'Pherson, Lieutenants Montague, Lany, Doolun, and Haden, all British subjects.'

The volume of illustrations contains eight maps and thirty-eight plans, admirably engraved.

Travels of Cosmo the Third, through England, during the Reign of King Charles the Second.

(Continued from p. 337.)

THE Grand Duke went to the King's theatre to hear a comedy, in his majesty's box:—

'This theatre is nearly of a circular form, surrounded, in the inside, by boxes separated from each other, and divided into several rows of seats, for the greater accommodation of the ladies and gentlemen, who, in conformity with the freedom of the country, sit together indiscriminately; a large space being left on the ground-floor for the rest of the audience. The scenery is very light, capable of a great many changes, and embellished with beautiful landscapes. Before the comedy begins, that the audience may not be tired with waiting, the most delightful symphonies are played; on which account many persons come early to enjoy this agreeable amusement. The comedies which are acted, are in prose; but their plots are confused, neither unity nor regularity being observed; the authors having in view, rather than any thing else, to describe accurately the passions of the mind, the virtues and the vices; and they succeed the better, the more the players themselves, who are excellent, assist them with action, and with the enunciation of their language, which is very well adapted for the purpose, as being a variation, but very much confined and curtailed, of the Teutonic idiom; and enriched with many phrases and words of the most beautiful and expressive description, taken both from ancient and modern languages.'

The grand Duke Cosmo did not remain long in London during his first

* A recent instance, in another hemisphere, affords an additional proof, were such necessary, of the reluctance with which the forms of gratitude are relinquished.

visit, but after 'seeing the lions,' and attending the King and the Duke of York, in a party, down the river to Greenwich, he set out for Newmarket, to see the races. On his way, he stopped at Audley End, the splendid seat of the Earl of Suffolk, of which three charming views are given, accompanied by the following brief notice of this celebrated mansion:—

'The entrance is into a quadrangular court, whose sides are surrounded by porticoes of stone, which, extending with perfect regularity to the distance of several bowshots, inclose a large meadow. The balustrade which runs round the court, is formed, on one side, of the letters which compose the following words:—*Sapientia est in consilio fortunam semper habere*; and on the other, with those of the motto belonging to the arms of the order of the garter, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. The interior of the house consists of many apartments, well proportioned and judiciously disposed; and of a well-lighted gallery, ninety paces or more in length, having a ceiling of stucco, adorned with arabesques, and walls lined with wainscot, which is the custom in all the houses of the English nobility, as a protection against the cold. The architecture of the palace, although it was built only sixty years ago, is nevertheless not regular, but inclines to the Gothic, mixed with a little of the Doric and Ionic. The materials of which it is composed, are brick: the ornaments of all kinds are splendid, and entirely of stone, and the roof of lead. Upon the roof is a gallery, in the midst of which rises a small cupola, containing a clock, the sound of which proclaims to a great distance, the magnificence of this vast fabric; and from the top of this is an infinitely diversified prospect of gardens, meadows, hills, woods, and valleys, which appear at different distances in the most beautiful points of view. The king is so much delighted with this place, that he is in treaty with the earl for the purchase of it, and they say, that some time ago, the price was agreed upon, but as it was not paid, the earl still retains possession.'

The English horse-race appears to have pleased Cosmo, who, not to lose any time while at Newmarket, passed his leisure either in coursing, shooting dotterels, or visiting the villas in the neighbourhood; at one of which, the country seat of Sir John Russell, he saw a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, married to Sir John, whom his highness treated with great politeness, 'giving her the place of honour.' The king was at this time at Newmarket; either from affability or in accordance to the prejudice of the times (for we scarcely think that Charles believed in the mummery), he set apart a day for

touching for the king's evil, which, we are told, he was accustomed to perform every Friday, 'according to the ancient usage of the first Catholic Kings of England, which was handed down to their successors, continued after the apostasy, and preserved to the time of the present king.' Cosmo witnessed the ceremony:—

'When his majesty was informed that all was ready, he went from his chamber into a room adjoining, where was placed on a table a cushion, on which lay the prayer-book, appointed by the Anglican ritual, for the use of his majesty. As soon as he appeared, and at a signal given by him, the two assistant ministers, dressed in their surplices, began the prayers with a great appearance of devotion; his highness standing, while they were read, in another room; from which, when the service was finished, he passed into the room in which those who were afflicted with the king's evil, were assembled, for the purpose of observing the ceremony, from the side of the door which led into the room. A carpet was spread upon the floor, and upon it was a seat, on which the king seated himself, and certain invocations in the English language, taken from the prayer-book, having been read by one of the ministers, his majesty began the ceremony of touching the patients in the part affected. These were conducted into the king's presence, one at a time, and as they knelt before him, he touched them with both his hands; after which, without interfering with the others who came after them, each returned to his former situation. This being over, the minister, kneeling with all the by-standers, the king alone remained seated, repeated some other prayers; after which, all rising, the diseased came again in the same order as before, to his majesty, who put round their necks a ribbon of an azure colour; from which was suspended a medallion of gold, stamped with his own image, in shape and weight resembling an Hungarian sequin.'

Cosmo, on leaving Newmarket, visited Cambridge, where he was received with great honours by the magistrates and the heads of the university. He was first complimented in an address of congratulation in English, which was translated to him afterwards in an oration, which, 'although it was in Latin, yet being pronounced with a peculiar accent, was not less difficult to be understood, than that which followed in the English language.' A number of degrees were conferred; and Dr. Dornie, physician to his highness, was placed 'in the number of the *Baldratrici* of the university.' More Latin speeches, equally unintelligible to the prince, followed. Cosmo next visited the several colleges, of which his-

torical notices are given. At Trinity College, he saw a Latin comedy represented by the scholars, but could not understand it on account of the accent.

From Cambridge, Cosmo went to Northampton, where, on his arrival, 'the bells were immediately rung as a mark of joy, and being well tuned, the sound of them was very agreeable; but the ringing being continued a great part of the night, they proved a great interruption to sleep.' At Althorp, Cosmo dined with the Earl of Sunderland at his lordship's villa:—

'His highness paid his compliments to my lady, the wife of the master of the house, and daughter of my Lord George Digby, Earl of Bristol, by whom the earl had three children, one son and two daughters; and when he had spent some time in this visit, the hour of dinner arrived, which was splendid, and served in the best possible style. At table his highness sat in the place of honour, in an arm-chair, he having previously desired that my lady, the wife of the earl, might be seated in a similar one; the earl also was obliged by his highness to take his place close to him, the gentlemen of his retinue sitting separately upon stools. When dinner was over, his highness was conducted through the other apartments of the mansion, all of which were sumptuously furnished; and having observed the manner in which one apartment communicated with another, he went down into the garden, in which, except some ingenious divisions, parterres, and well-arranged rows of trees, there is little to be seen that is rare or curious; as it is not laid out and diversified with those shady walks, canopied with verdure, which add to the pleasantness of the gardens of Italy and France, but of which the nature and usage of this country would not admit.'

Oxford was next visited, where his highness was received with similar honours to those he had met with at Cambridge; and he went the same round of visiting each college in the university. The library did not appear to his highness to merit the praise bestowed on it, and at the Anatomical Theatre he saw nothing curious, 'except the skin of a man stuffed with tow; a human foot, from the end of one of whose toes was a horn growing out; and sundry animals and skeletons hung up against the wall.'

From Oxford, Cosmo proceeded to Windsor, with the castle of which he was much pleased; he then returned to town, and, among his earliest visits, went to the house of Mr. Boyle, 'whose works have procured him the reputation of being one of the brightest geniuses in England.' The eulogy on

this great man is sadly qualified, because he was not a Catholic; it is, however, curious:—

'This gentleman [Mr. Boyle] not only reduced to practice his observations on natural philosophy, in the clearest and most methodical manner, rejecting the assistance of scholastic disputations and controversies, and satisfying the curiosity with physical experiments, but, prompted by his natural goodness, and his anxiety to communicate to nations the most remote and idolatrous the information necessary to the knowledge of God, caused translations of the Bible into the Oriental languages to be printed and circulated. In order to make them acquainted with the Scriptures; and has endeavoured still further to lead the most rude and vicious to moral perfection, by various works, which he has himself composed. Indeed, if in his person the true belief had been united with the correctness of a moral life, nothing would have remained to be desired; but this philosopher, having been born and brought up in heresy, is necessarily ignorant of the principles of the true religion, knowing the Roman Catholic church only by the controversial books of the Anglican sect, of which he is a most strenuous defender and a most constant follower; his blindness, therefore, on this subject, is no way compatible with his great erudition. He shewed his highest, with an ingenious pneumatic instrument, invented by himself, and brought to perfection by Christian Huygen, of Zuylichem, many beautiful experiments to discover the effect of the rarefaction and compression of the air upon bodies, by observing what took place with animals when exposed to it: and hence may be learned the cause of rheumatism, catarrhs, and other contagious disorders produced by air, and of various natural indispositions. It was curious to see an experiment on the change of colours: two clear waters, on being poured into one another, becoming red, and by the addition of another red, becoming clear again; and the experiment of an animal shut up in a vacuum, and the whole exposed to the pressure of the air. There was an instrument which shows of itself the changes of the air which take place in the twenty-four hours, of wind, rain, cold, and heat, by means of a watch, a thermometer, a mariner's compass, and a small sail, like that of a windmill, which sets an hand in motion, that makes marks with a pencil as it goes round; there was also another instrument of a most curious construction, by means of which, a person who has never learned may draw any object whatever. He showed also to his highness, amongst other curiosities, certain lenses of a single glass, worked facet-wise, which multiplied objects; a globe of the moon of a peculiar construction, and several other things worthy of attention.'

The account of Exeter Change, then

called the New Exchange, is very curious:—

'The building has a façade of stone, built after the Gothic style, which has lost its colour from age, and is become blackish. It contains two long and double galleries, one above the other, in which are distributed, in several rows, great numbers of very rich shops of drapers and mercers, filled with goods of every kind, and with manufactures of the most beautiful description. These are, for the most part, under the care of well-dressed women, who are busily employed in work; although many are served by young men, called apprentices, who, in order to qualify themselves for this craft or business, are obliged to serve their master for a certain time, not only in the shop, but in the house and out of doors, at his discretion; nor can they claim any exemption, except on certain specified days in the year, on which, being freed from all subjection towards their masters, they do whatever they choose; and so great is their number, that, in order to prevent the inconveniences which might arise, the government of the city finds it necessary, by a particular provision, to oblige the heads of the houses in every street to keep on foot a certain number of men, armed with spears, at the head of the street, by way of preventing the insolence of the apprentices on the days in which this freedom is allowed them, which are at the Easter and Whitsontide holidays, and some others, according to the custom of the city, for uniting together to the number of ten thousand, (and they are supposed to amount to that number or more,) they divide themselves into separate parties, and spread over the different quarters of the city, meditating and frequently accomplishing the annoyance of the public, as it may suit their fancy, taking confidence from their numbers, and from the cudgels which they hold in their hands, (the carrying any other sort of weapon being prohibited), and this they push to such an extent, that it frequently happens, that the authority of any lord mayor has not been able to restrain their headstrong rashness; and even towards this magistrate they have not unfrequently failed in proper respect, and have treated him with contempt and derision.'

In the course of a tour through the city, we have the following brief notice of the Temple, Covent Garden, Moorfields, &c.:—

'His highness spent almost the whole of the morning in conversation, so that there was but a short time left for him to take a tour through the city before dinner; nevertheless, he went in his carriage to the College of the Temple, that is, of the Knights Templars, who, before their suppression by Pope Clement V., used to reside there; and on the pavement of the small church belonging to it, there are still to be seen many figures in *baso relievo*, representing several of these knights

in armour, with the badges of their order, from which the name was taken. The gate of London, which is contiguous to it, serves at present as a residence for some collegians, who study the ancient Norman language, in which are written the laws of the kingdom relating to the administration of justice; there are many masters appointed to instruct them, and to qualify them for pleaders. On his return, he passed by the place of the Common Garden, which is in a square, on rather higher ground than the New Exchange. Two sides are occupied by houses, one by the façade of a church, in a good style of architecture, and the other by the garden of the palace of the Earl of Bedford, the trees of which project over the walls, they not being raised much from the ground; and in the middle of the place or square is erected a pillar, on which are several sundials, which serve for emblems, enlivened by various mottoes, one of which, alluding to the hours, says "Per cent et imputatur." His highness then returned home; and there dined with him some of those lords and gentlemen who had been a little before to pay their respects to him, and his own retinue as usual. After dinner, he again went out in his carriage, extending his drive to the most distant parts of the city, as far as Moorfields, a place composed of two large inclosed squares; this leads to a second, and that again to a third, which are surrounded by abundance of mulberry trees, and add much to the agreeableness of the space of ground occupied by this grand place, which is appropriated to the sale of horses.'

A review of two or three regiments in Hyde Park, leads to a notice of the king's guards, and, among others, the Beefeaters, of whom we are told, that,—

'In the hall, called the Guard-Room, is the guard of the Manica, or sleeve (you mean of the guard), consisting of two hundred and fifty very handsome men, the tallest and strongest that can be found in England; they are called, in jest, Beef-eaters, that is, eaters of beef, of which a considerable portion is allowed them by the court every day. These carry an halberd when they are in London, and in the country a half-pike, with a broad sword by their sides; and, before the king had his body guard, they escorted his carriage.'

His highness appears to have been determined to see every thing, and to make himself fully acquainted with our manners, customs, and amusements; hence we find him at the Cock-pit, and have a page devoted to a description of cock-fighting:—

'Attended by Lord Philip, Nevil, Gascoyne, and Castiglioni, his highness went out in his carriage to see the theatre appropriated to cock-fighting, a common amusement of the English, who even in the public streets take a delight in seeing such battles; and their partiality towards

these animals is carried to such an height, that considerable bets are made on the victory of the one or the other. To render the cocks fit for fighting, they select the best of the breed, cut off their crests and spurs, keeping them in separate coops or walks, and mix with their usual food, pepper, cloves, and other aromatics, and the yolks of eggs, to heat them, and render them more vigorous in battle; and when they want to bring them to the trial, they convey them in a bag, put on artificial spurs, of silver or steel, very long and sharp, and let them out at the place appointed for the sport. As soon as the cocks are put down, they walk round the field of battle with great animation, each watching for an opportunity to attack his rival with advantage. The first who is attacked places himself in a posture of defence, now spreading himself out, now falling, in his turn, on the assailant; and in the progress of the contest, they are inflamed to such a pitch of rage, that it is almost incredible to such as have never witnessed it, with what fury each annoys his adversary, striking one another on the head with their beaks, and tearing one another with the spurs, till at length he that feels himself superior, and confident of victory, mounts on the back of his opponent, and never quits him, till he has left him dead; and then, by a natural instinct, crows in applause of his own victory. This amusement was not new to his highness, for he had seen it on board ship, on his voyage from Spain to England, the two young volunteers who were on board frequently diverting themselves with making two cocks fight, which they had previously trained for the purpose.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

THE first part of a new work, under the above title, has just appeared, and will be followed by a number every succeeding month. It is printed in the same size as the 'Percy Anecdotes,' and in all the qualities of elegance and embellishment, it is one of the first and cheapest publications of the day. The work, however, possesses stronger recommendations than even its elegant form or its low price—the interest and importance of its contents.

Numerous as are the biographical collections that at present exist, and valuable as we admit some of them to be, yet, from the time of Bayle to the present day, they have been but copies or abridgments of each other; it is true, new lives have been added to continue the work chronologically, but in former lives there has seldom been any attention either to obtain new facts or even to examine into the truth of those already stated. Not so, however, are the 'Lives of Eminent Scotsmen';

for, although the first part contains biographies only of persons who are so well known, that it might be supposed every thing respecting them had already been published, yet we here meet with many new facts, some new productions of the authors, and an original estimate of the talents and character of each individual. We are not led into the track of former biographers, but each is an original memoir, as much so in style and diction as if no other had ever existed.

The work purports to be by the Society of Ancient Scots, and edited by the secretary, Arthur Sempil. It is intended to embrace original memoirs of all Scotsmen 'eminent in arts or arms, in letters or science, arranged into separate classes, of poets, historians, philosophers, &c.' The first part commences with the poets, and includes memoirs of James the First, Thomas Rhymer, (not the Rhymer, as former biographers have invariably called him,) John Barbour, Andrew Wyntoun, Gavin Douglas, Allan Ramsay, William Meiton, John Home, James Beattie, and Robert Burns.

We will not inquire whether the Society of Ancient Scots exists or not, but shall look at the work without the slightest reference to who may be its author or authors; and in going through the first part, we are led to award it our warmest praise. The work is written with great ability, and with the true spirit of a biographer, avoiding, on the one hand, a dry detail of facts and dates, and, on the other, prolix dissertation. All the important facts in each man's life, such we mean as enable us to estimate his character, are briefly related, and the necessary inferences which they warrant are drawn. The theories and speculations of former biographers are fairly weighed, and the merits of each 'eminent Scotsman' is discussed with bold independence and impartiality.

It is not our intention to attempt to abridge or condense any one of these memoirs; but, as we spoke of its originality, we shall select a few passages which appear to us to entitle it to that character. The first extract we shall make, is from an admirably written memoir of Allan Ramsay, and relates to the beautiful pastoral opera of that bard:

'The "Gentle Shepherd," though adapted to the stage, did not make its appearance upon it till several years after its publication. The people of Scotland had not as yet thrown off those prejudices with which ages of stern Presbyterianism had

filled them, against all sorts of theatrical representations; there were, therefore, no native actors, and, of course, none who could represent a piece so entirely Scottish.' It was the comedy of the Gentle Shepherd, however, which was destined to strike the first blow at this popular aversion to the drama; and the manner in which this came about, affords a striking illustration of the truth, that every attempt to enslave the minds of men is only productive of an ultimate increase in liberality of sentiment.

A printer in Edinburgh, of the name of Robert Drummond, who had been employed to print one of the editions of the Gentle Shepherd, having, after the rebellion of 1745, published a satirical poem, called the *Town Council*, containing a smart attack on Mr. Drummond, the provost of Edinburgh; Dr. Wishart, principal of the university; Dr. Webster, one of the ministers of the city;

'In a prologue to the university of Oxford, written by Dryden, he makes the following apology for the absence of several performers from England:—

'Our brethren have from Thames to Tweed departed.

And of our sisters, all the kinder hearted,
To Edinburgh gone, or coacht or carted."

'All of them very estimable men; a circumstance which makes it the more surprising, that they should have countenanced the singularly oppressive proceedings which were adopted against the printer of this *meur j'en d'esprit*. One of the severest things in it was an insinuation that Dr. Webster, who was much in the confidence of the town council, and its right hand in all the public improvements then going on, had cost the city more claret than would float a seventy-four! These might be some exaggeration in the estimate, but as no one ever doubted this reverend doctor's love for claret, of which, even to this day, the people of Edinburgh preserve many amusing recollections, it was rather too bad to take a poor satirist to task for a mere over-measurement.

'Let us hope, that the reverend doctor himself had no active share in this ignominious prosecution; he was himself a poet of no mean pretensions; and, at his death, in the 76th year of his age, left behind him a character distinguished for liberality and benevolence. Hitherto, Dr. Webster has been little, if at all, known in the light of a poet, and his claims to that character rest, it is believed, on a single piece, which Pinkerton has printed in his *Select Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii. no. 33, without being aware of the name of the author. It is a piece, however, of rare merit; in elegance and warmth, it rivals even the effusions of Catullus. It was written in allusion to a real event—his own marriage to a lady of noble family. The following is the introductory stanza:—
'Oh! how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not despise a poor contempt like me?
On lords, thy admirers, could look wif' disdain,
And knew I was nothing, yet pitied my pain.
You said, while they teas'd you with nonsense
and dress,
'When real the passion the vanity's less.'
You saw through that silence which others despise,
And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my eyes."

and several other eminent whig characters. A prosecution was instituted against him before the magistrates, that is, before the very individuals who were themselves among the parties satirized and complaining. The judgment was such as might be expected from irritated men deciding in their own cause. They found that "the poem contained many scandalous, seditious, calumnious, and malicious expressions;" and they therefore ordered the printer, Robert Drummond, "to be carried to prison, and thence, on the 25th of November, betwixt the hours of twelve and one, to the cross of Edinburgh, there to stand bare-headed with a label on his breast, inscribed thus: "*For printing and publishing a false, scandalous, and defamatory libel*;" till all the copies seized of the poem should be burnt by the hangman; then to lie in prison till he should give bond to remove out of the city and liberties, and not to return for a year, on pain of 100*l.* sterling, and suffering imprisonment till the remainder of the year was run, and to be deprived of the privileges of a freeman for a year." An application was made to the court of justice for an alteration of this unjust and cruel sentence, but without effect. Poor Drummond underwent the whole punishment awarded; his printing office was shut up; and his workmen, of whom he had employed a considerable number, were thrown idle on the town.

Among the works which Drummond had most recently printed, was the edition of the Gentle Shepherd. While it was passing through the hands of his compositors, they had committed to memory some of its most striking scenes, which they used to take pleasure in reciting among themselves; and now that they were deprived of employment by the ruin of their master, the idea happily struck them of attempting a public representation of the comedy for their common benefit. The manager of the theatre then situated in the Canongate, readily agreed to give them the use of his stage; and the great body of the public, comprehending especially the middling and lower classes, hitherto the most adverse to theatrical representations, were induced, from compassion for the fate of Drummond and his men, the victims of power, to suspend their prejudices for a moment, and to regard the humble attempt with that silent acquiescence, which, by leaving the young and gay-hearted to follow their inclinations, had all the effect of a more open encouragement. On the first performance of the opera, the house was crowded in every part; and it was repeated several successive nights to such numerous audiences, that tiers of benches were erected upon the stage to accommodate the overflow. The distresses of the suffering printers were thus in a great measure relieved; but a more general and lasting advantage, derived from these representations, was the cessation of that rooted antipathy which a religious people,

still warm with convert zeal, had, till now, persisted in maintaining towards the entertainments of the stage. The multitude being thus dragged, as it were, by sympathy for oppressed merit, to the interdicted regions of pleasure, were induced "to taste the forbidden fruit, and, pleased with the relish, they fed plentifully. Finding themselves not *poisoned* by the sweets, they returned to the feast with an increased appetite, and brought with them fresh guests to partake of the enticing fare."

It is generally known that Home, the author of "*Douglas*," incurred the censure of the Scotch presbytery, for being what Mrs. Inchbald a few years ago justly called him, "the only living author of a living tragedy." The following anecdote is, however, new to us:—

"The presbytery of Haddington, to which Mr. Home himself belonged, sent him a citation to appear before it, to answer for the great scandal which he had been the means of bringing on the sacred order; and that of Dalkeith gave a similar summons to one of his most intimate friends and inveterate admirers, Mr. Carlyle of Inveresk. Neither presbytery, however, proceeded to judgment, but referred the cases of both gentlemen to the general synod of Lothian and Tweeddale. A want of form in the reference of Mr. Home's case, caused it to be remitted back to the presbytery of Haddington; and on that of Mr. Carlyle alone, the synod were called to pronounce judgment. Mr. Home, on this occasion, showed great spirit in defence of his persecuted friend. He attended in his place as a member of the synod, and spoke warmly in his vindication. He declared, that if there were any fault, it lay not at the door of the accused, but at his own, with whom the crime had originated; and concluded his observations in the words of the unfortunate Nisus:—

"*Adam qui feci; in me convertite ferrum.
Tantum infelicem misium delexit amicum.*"

—VIRGIL.

"Me, me, he cried, turn all your rage alone On me; the fact confess'd, the fault my own; His only crime (if friendship could offend) Is too much love for his unhappy friend."

—DRYDEN.

"The energy of this appeal is said to have made a sensible impression on the members of the synod, and to have had the effect of greatly mitigating the sentence which they were at first disposed to pass on Mr. Carlyle, on whom, next to Home himself, the wrath of the religious world was chiefly turned. They contented themselves with declaring, "their high displeasure with Mr. Carlyle, for the step he had taken in going to the theatre, and strictly enjoined him to abstain therefrom in time coming."

But what pleases us most in the whole volume, is the vindication of the moral character of Burns. Although

Burns is now be-praised and be-mourned, yet his neglect will long be a reproach to Scotland; and that neglect becomes much aggravated when it is defended on the score of the poet's immorality. His present biographer has, however, vindicated this great poet and amiable man, with spirit, elegance, and ability. He says,—

"It has been said, and too often repeated, that Burns, during his latter years,—nay, from the very moment of entering into society—gave himself up to habits of intemperance, and died its victim. How little to be envied are the feelings of those who can take pleasure in drawing aside the veil from the social follies or weaknesses of such a man as Burns! Were the fact even as represented, does it become that country which so cruelly neglected him, to speak with severity of any alleviation which his wounded spirit may have sought from the state of humiliation and misery to which he was ungenerously consigned? Does it become those who imposed upon him one of "the meanest of pursuits," and an association with "the lowest of mankind," to talk of the excesses to which he may have fled, to toll, for the moment, the revolting sense of his degradation? But the fact has been misstated. Burns was never the dissolute man that he has been represented. He mingled much in society, because it was the only sphere in which he could gratify that strong, and certainly not injurious, passion which he possessed for observing the ways and manners of men; and because the active indulgence of this passion was the only chance which he had of escape from that constitutional melancholy which never ceased to pursue him. He was fond too, most enthusiastically fond, of the social hour which was spent in communion with men of souls congenial to his own; and, when seated with such over the flowing bowl, it is not to be wondered, that he was sometimes slow to rise. Yet, whatever might be the social pleasures of Burns, he was never the man to sacrifice to them either his business, his independence, or his self respect. The supervisors of his conduct, as an officer, testify, that he performed all the duties of his situation with exemplary regularity; the state of his affairs, at his death, shew, that small as his income was, he kept rigidly within it; and his most intimate associates allow, that, however freely he may have partaken in company, he never sank into habits of solitary indulgence. It is not possible, either morally or physically, that the man who was thus regular, thus economical, thus privately abstinent, could have been the habitual slave of intemperance which some writers would have us to believe. That his constitution, naturally delicate, may have been unequal to even the limited indulgences which he permitted himself, and that his death may have been hastened by them, is but too likely. But how much does it not add to his con-

try's shame, that possessing a man of genius, whose loss they could never repair, who could only have lived long, by living with exceeding temperance, that he was not placed in a situation where the comforts of life, the refinements of elegant society, and pursuits of a literary nature, might have removed every temptation to live otherwise than the good of his health demanded. Burns, as he tells us, lived only "for the heart of the man and the fancy of the poet;" he could not exist without a plenitude of emotions; and it was not his fault, that he was forced to seek them where alone he could find them.

It is deeply to be regretted, that his amiable biographer, Dr. Currie, should, by lending too open an ear to idle rumours, have contributed more than even the most professed enemy could have done, to give currency to the prejudices which have prevailed with respect to Burns's private habits. Dr. C. appears evidently to have been much fortified in his erroneous impression, by the extravagant warmth with which Burns, in the course of his works, frequently breaks out in praise of our Scottish *vin du pays*; as, for example, when he exclaims:—

'O whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a bardie's humble thanks!
When wanting thee, what timeless cranks
Are my poor verses.

Or, when he speaks of drinking a health—
— in add Nannie Tinnock's,
Nine times a week!

It seems, unfortunately, not to have occurred to Dr. C. that nothing is more common with poets, than to support an ideal character in their writings, very opposite to what they possess in real life; and that as Thomson has sung an Amanda whom he never saw, it was as possible the Nannie Tinnock of Burns might be a hostess who never knew him as a guest. Nor would the supposition have led him far from the real fact. When the first edition of Burns's poems issued from the Kilmarnock press, Nannie Tinnock, to whom he alluded, and who kept a public-house in the village of Mauchline, being congratulated on the conspicuous figure which she made in the poet's recollections, the good woman shook her head and said, that "the chiel had scarcely ever spent a shilling in her house."

We now conclude with a treat,—a song by Burns, not printed in any edition of his works, but which was transmitted by the poet to the *Star* newspaper, in 1790, and buried, like many other treasures, in the columns of a daily paper, until dragged forth by the industry of Burns's last and best biographer, the author of the memoir before us:—

'DELIA.

Fair the face of orient day,
Fair the tint of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty shows.

Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,
Sweet the trinkling rill to hear;
But Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-samour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip.

But Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove;
O! let me steal one liquid kiss
For oh! my soul is parch'd with love.

This elegant little work has pleased us so much, that we eagerly look forward to the succeeding numbers, confident that if they are executed with equal ability and good taste, the whole will form the best biographical collection that has yet appeared. The part is embellished with a group of five portraits, elegantly engraved.

Italy. By Lady Morgan.

(Concluded from page 390.)

THE second volume commences with Tuscany, and contains an interesting account of the public edifices, in Florence, of which Santa Maria del Fiore, the Duomo, is one of the most prominent. It was commenced in 1298, under the direction of Cimabue, and the successive genius of a hundred and fifty years went to its completion. Its cupola, a miracle of art for any age, was the admiration and almost the despair of Michael Angelo, who declared that art could scarcely imitate, not rival it:—

'The Duomo, vast, ancient, and imposing within, is richly cast with marble without. Near to its ponderous mass, but isolated and unparalleled, the *campanile*, or belfry, raises its elegant and slender form above all praise, as beyond all description. This gem of architecture, which scarcely belongs to any order, and yet combines the perfection of art, was deemed by the Imperial Charles the Fifth, too precious for public exposition, too exquisite for the plebeian admiration of a republican city. He was wont to say, "it should be preserved in an *écluse*," and in fact it has the air of a beautiful toy, and looks equally suited to a lady's cabinet, as to the mighty edifice to which it belongs. The *campanile* is a tower two hundred and fifty-two Italian feet in height, incrustated with precious marbles, worked into the most beautiful groupings, the perfection of sculpture; and yet this work was produced ere sculpture had a school or drawing academy,—when nature gave rules, and patronage lay in the approbation of a free people; for it is the work of Giotto, a peasant, who left his herd in the valley of Vespignano, to labour in the under studio of Cimabue, to become the friend of Dante and of Petrarch, and to die in Flo-

rence, full of years, of glory, and of wealth; sung by the first of her poets, and revered by the best of her citizens.'

In the church of Saint Lorenzo, there are several monuments to the memory of the Medici family, by Michael Angelo:—

'The first is a sarcophagus; and on either side are two colossal figures, called *Day* and *Night*. This singular monument seems to have no reference whatever to the insignificant subject, to perpetuate whose memory it was raised. Michael Angelo probably thought not of him. He may just then have had some glorious type in his own mind, and seized on the occasion thus presented by pride and wealth for realizing it. The figure of *Day* almost moves in the marble; there is a bold, rude, restless vigour in every limb and muscle, that gives it a vital character; and yet, powerful and magnificent as it is, the petulance of a genius that could not brook the inadequacy of human force to realize its inspirations, did not permit Michael Angelo to finish it. The splendid works which he left behind him incomplete, seem to indicate that he expected to have called forth perfection by a blow or a breath; and he flung away the chisel of the artist, when he could not direct it with the creative energy of a god. The figure of *Night* looks like sorrow that slumbers. Vasari has called it "*Statua non rara, ma unica*." Four beautiful lines," indicating its merits, were written under it, and called forth an answer by Michael Angelo, in the character of *Night*, which, besides being exquisitely poetical, have a latent strain of plaintive patriotism that give them a two-fold interest.'

The library at Florence, built and finished by the present duke, who, though brother to the Emperor of Austria, is not such a foe to learning, contains forty-two thousand volumes, the principal of which are modern works, and include many in English.

The hall of the Capponi Palace is remarkable for its walls, on which are painted three pictures, representing events in the lives of the patriots of that illustrious house:—

'The most interesting and the best executed of these, is the famous scene between Pietro Capponi and Charles the Eighth of France. The King, after various successes in Italy, (to which he was called by the usurper Lodovico Sforza,) entered Florence with royal pomp and an immense military force, and took up his quarters in the Casa Medici, where he

'La morte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
Dormire fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso; e perché dorme, ha vita;
Destala se no l'credi, e parlarli.

† 'Grazo m'è il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,
Non veder, non sentir m'è gran ventura,
Però non mi destar: del! parlo basso.

assumed the tone of the conqueror of Tuscany. Four of the principal citizens were sent to treat with him, one of whom was Pietro Capponi. But scarcely had the royal secretary begun to read aloud the insulting terms of the capitulation, when the deputies showed signs of indignation and impatience, and the haughty monarch, starting up, exclaimed, that he would "sound the trumpets forthwith." Then Pietro Capponi snatched the treaty from the secretary's hands, and tearing it in pieces, replied, in noble language, but in bad French, "*à vous trompette, à moi cloche*;" and turning his back on the King, went forth followed by his fellow citizens, to ring to arms, and to oppose the energy of free citizens to the military force of a barbarous invader. This act of Capponi, perilous and imprudent as it was heroic, saved the city. The inhabitants made their own terms, and Charles marched peaceably out of Florence." The painter has chosen the moment when Capponi tears the paper from the hands of the secretary, whose astonishment, as well as that of the courtiers, and the stilled rage of the King, are well expressed."

In an account of the Florentine Gallery, there is an interesting anecdote of Michael Angelo. The precious antiquities accumulated in the courts and gardens of the Casa Medici, by Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the permission he allowed to the artists of Florence, to study and work from such perfect models, rendered his domestic residence a sort of public studio:—

"A youth who had engaged to work in the shop of Ghirlandajo, the painter, for three years, for the sum of twenty florins, came like others, to see these prodigies of antiquity, and from that moment the work-shop of Ghirlandajo was abandoned. One of the sculptors, struck by the assiduity of the clever boy, provided him with some materials to try his hand on. He began to copy the mutilated head of a faun; he made good its deficiencies, and produced a miracle. He was still occupied in finishing it, when a person sauntering in the gardens, stopped to consider the work and the artist, and was struck by the perfection of the first by the youth of the second. He begged the lad from his father, and assigned him a place at his table, and an apartment in his house. This host was Lorenzo the Magnificent: the boy was Michael Angelo! and the head of the faun is among the treasures of the gallery of Florence."

At the period of the French invasion, there stood at the head of the gallery and the arts of Florence, one whose enthusiastic love of both still

following proud but punning allusion to this act of heroism:—

"Lo strepito delle arme e dei cavalli,
Non potea fare che non fosse sentito
La voce d'un Capponi fra tanti Galli."

makes the subject of many a pleasant anecdote in the Florentine circles, the Cavaliere Puccini:—

"Of this arduous director of the Museum, and zealous guardian of the Venus de Medicis, the Hesperian dragon "was but a type;" one object only had ever divided his passion for the Fine Arts, and that was his taste for the gastronomic ones. Torn by contending inclinations towards his cabinet and the kitchen, he is said to have habitually confounded the phraseology of both,—to have talked of the Venus as a *cosa da mangiare*, and of *mouton à la braise*, as being of the true French school. Pointing out the best pictures of the gallery one day, to a Roman gentleman, in his usual strain of culinary criticism, he observed of one, "*Come questo quadro è butirroso*," how buttery this picture is! of another, "*Come è midolloso*," (how full of marrow is this,) "If you say another word," interrupted the virtuoso, licking his lips; "I shall eat them."

Lady Morgan accuses Mr. Acton, an Englishman and minister to the King of Naples, of transferring the Venus de Medicis from the custody of his master, to whom it had been consigned by Puccini, to France, and she speaks in very severe terms of this gentleman, whose name she devotes to national execration. She is equally severe on the last remains of the House of Stuart.

"Cardinal York," she says, "has left a wretched character behind him; he is said to have been feeble, sordid, and bigoted; his brother, the Pretender, was 'a legitimate sot, who lived in a perpetual state of inebriety,' and the whole race of Stuarts, from the time of James the First of England, 'the most degenerating and degenerated royal stock of Europe.' These are sweeping assertions, but her ladyship never sticks at trifles when she wishes to be abusive. We pass over the historic sketch of Tuscany, and a sensible article on literary disputes in Italy, in order to attend our fair author on her route to the 'Queen of Cities.' The abbey of the Cassinensi, in Arezzo, contains the *chef d'œuvre* of Vasari, painted in fresco, on the walls of the refectory:—

"The subject is the feast of Ahasuerus, called in the list of that painter's works, 'Il Convito d'Assuero.' Vasari, according to the fashion of the day, has introduced himself among the courtly group of the Persian king. His handsome face is distinguishable by a long auburn beard. He has also preserved the portrait of one of the brothers of the order, whom tradition reports to have annoyed him much with idle questions, while he was painting. His manner of drawing the monk, a short, fat, apoplectic figure, is very ingenious."

He had just painted a crystal vase of water, when this *padre seccatore* entered the refectory. As he waddled towards Vasari, brim full of new impertinencies, the arch painter stretched his bulky reflection on the vase; and there it remains: for the monks, who loved a joke, (as well they might, the jolly rogues!) would not suffer it to be defaced, in spite of the complaints of their caricatured brother."

Rome has been so often and so ably described by preceding travellers, that we were not surprised at Lady Morgan's account of it presenting the least novelty of any portion of her work; we shall, therefore, only make a few extracts, the first relating to one of the theatres:—

"A play bill, fastened to the broken trunk of Pasquin, seduced us, by its tempting programme, to visit the *Teatro della Pace*, resorted to by the people exclusively, and into whose smoky and time-stricken sal de spectacle, few English but ourselves had penetrated. The announcement for the evening promised "Moses," which was asserted to be *cosa sopra e stupenda*, with a comedy and farce, a *monve da ridere* (to make you die with laughter). I think our box cost two pauls, and a few baiocchi (halfpence), placed our servant in the pit. For this moderate price, we saw the Jews fed with manna, an interlude, extremely well acted, and a farce, which perfectly fulfilled the promise of the play-bill; for Policinello was the irresistibly comic hero of the piece, which turned in some of its scenes on the ridicule of academies. The exquisite gravity with which Policinello took his place in the poetic circle, the absurdly ludicrous dress he wore, his impatience to seize on every moment of silence, with "*adezzo tocca a me*" (it's my turn now), to read a canzone, whose length was the counter part of Leporello's catalogue, combined to form a farcical scene of the richest humour; but no one who had not been present at the "real original" of this representation, and witnessed the doggedness with which the sonnetteers there pour forth their endless succession of *plattitudes*, could comprehend the convulsive roar of laughter it occasioned. The most exquisite part of the theatre was the audience, composed of what an English government newspaper would call wretches, ruffians, the scum of society—the people. Every box was crowded, and every group was a picture worthy of a Wouvermann or a Teniers. The *trasteverini* were numerous, and as remarkable by their dress, as by their bold, fierce, wise, dark countenances. Among the women, the different costume of the different quarters of Rome was strikingly conspicuous; but still more conspicuous was the marked countenances; their varying and delighted expressions; their keen sensibility to humour, and their loud and boisterous testimony of applause. They shouted, screamed, and mingled

their bravos and bravissimos with "gran bella cosa," "cosa superba," "cosa stupenda." Meantime, the most amiable familiarity subsisted between that part of the audience nearest the stage and the performers. The prompter, with his head popped over the stage lights, talked to the girls in the pit; the violinello flirted with a handsome *trasterverina* in the boxes; and a lady in the stage-box blew out the lamplighter's candle as often as he attempted to light it, to the infinite amusement of the audience, who loudly applauded her dexterity. With an economy duly practised at Rome by all classes, the musicians, when they had done playing between the several acts, extinguished their candles, put them in their pockets, and joined the audience in the front of the house. In justice, however, to La Pace, it must not be concealed, that the same economical custom prevails in many theatres, not of the very first order throughout Italy.

A visit to the Palace of the Princess Pauline Borghese, introduces an anecdote of the mother of Napoleon:—

'Shortly after Bonaparte's elevation to the imperial throne, meeting his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud, half playfully, half seriously, he held his hand to her to kiss. She flung it back indignantly, and presenting her own in presence of his suite, said, "C'est à vous à baiser la main de celle qui vous a donné la vie." We observed the pictures of all her handsome children, in the room she occupied, (and where we generally found her spinning, with her prayer-book beside her;) there were four of them kings when they sat for her, with the emperor, their brother, at their head; viz. the Kings of Spain, Holland, Westphalia, and Naples, (her son-in-law, Murat.) "You see," she said, one day as I was looking on Napoleon's picture, "when my son Bonaparte [were not all her sons Bonapartes?] sat for me, I made him lay aside his crown;" which was the case.'

From Rome, Lady Morgan went to Naples, and one of her first visits was to the Royal Palace at Portici, formerly the residence of the wife of Murat. She vindicates this lady from the charge of plundering Naples, as she left the palaces superbly furnished with plate, pictures, &c.:—

'The apartments of the Ex-Queen are models of elegance and feminine taste. The bed-room, dressing-room, boudoir, and library, are eminently so; and have been left precisely as she last occupied them. Her dressing-boxes are on the toilette; a miniature of her nephew, the little Napoleon (hung by a ribbon), decorates the chimney-piece; her *déjeuner*, on an English tray, stands in the centre of the room; and some pretty *étrennes* (worked and embroidered for her by her ladies, a few days before her reverses), are scattered on a sofa. "Niente cangiato," said

the Cicerone, "except this" (and she approached her magnificent bed, and pointed to two large black crucifixes, and a pendent vase of holy water hung at its head). "Non è quella una moda Francese." On the king and his wife sleeping one night at Portici, these sacred images were hung up for the occasion. In the dressing-room, all the necessities for the toilette, in crystal and silver, still remain; even some silver brushes, lying where the *femme-de-chambre* of the late fair inhabitant had left them. It is said, that Madame Murat carried even to affectation her determination of not removing any thing that belonged to her royal estate, and took only what she considered personal and private property. Portici was her favourite residence, and the numerous English and Irish nobility, whom she received there, can vouch for the courtesy and hospitality with which she did the honours of the palace.

'Murat's apartments join his wife's; they were equally luxurious, splendid, and commodious: the hangings all silk and satin; the carpets all English and Turkey; the toilette splendid and recherchee, as that of the vainest *petite maitresse* or royal beauty. Close to this superb sleeping-room is a simple little cabinet, with a small white dimity camp-bed, where his secretary slept. Here in this little bed of the ex-secretary sleeps the Royal Bourbon—the legitimate King of Naples, when he makes his visits to Portici. It is said, that he walks about the palace in endless amusement, admiring all the elegant finery of which he has become the master; but still adhering to the little dimity bed, which resembles his own homely bed-room, in his palace at Naples. He has added nothing but a large crucifix.

Venice is the last place of which Lady Morgan gives any account; in her route to it from Foligno, she stopped at Senigaglia, and inquired of the waiter at the inn, if the town had produced any celebrated public singers:—

'He paused to recollect, and then coolly replied, as he changed a plate, "Sì, Signora, una certa Catalini, et altri." (Yes, Ma'am, a certain Catalini and others.) The house of Catalini's father, who was a humble tradesman, stands at a short distance from the inn. She had been early in life adopted by some ladies of Senigaglia, who placed her in a musical seminary, from whence she went forth to associate with emperors and kings; while at home, like all other prophets, she is still "una certa Catalini!"

We have now patiently gone through Lady Morgan's Italy, and we are more than ever convinced of her incompetency to write on such subjects as she has here discussed. Of the state of society in Italy she knows nothing, or, at least, has communicated nothing, that has not been often and much bet-

ter detailed by preceding travellers. Her classical knowledge is excessively limited, and yet she has the hardihood to sneer at Eustace. Of the fine arts, she knows comparatively nothing, and yet she passes judgment on the matchless treasures of Italy, as confidently and as flippantly as if she were discussing the merits of a frill or a tippet. Her political prejudices alone would be sufficient to throw suspicion on every statement in which they can be supposed to have the slightest influence. Against legitimate princes, she wages a motley war; and the very word legitimate, in her vocabulary, is synonymous with every thing that is infamous; while of Bonaparte and his friends, she is an ardent admirer. With her, Murat is 'a kind-hearted man;' and so far from the French revolutionary army plundering Rome, as has been always stated, she tells us, that 'the soldiers bought white gloves to visit the galleries of the Vatican!' In our notice of the first volume, last week, we stated, that her ladyship was tolerably sparing of Italian; her knowledge of the language, however, appears to have increased as she proceeded, and the second volume is a strange mixture of English, French, and Italian. For the consolation of those not well acquainted with the last two languages, we ought to state, that an ordinary vocabulary will give all the information necessary. When we consider the self-importance of Lady Morgan, and the pompous manner in which her work has been ushered into the world, we feel fully convinced of the truth of one of her observations, that, 'whoever has wandered far and seen much, has learned to distrust the promises of books.'

The Evils of Education, elucidated in a Letter to Henry Barker, Esq. M. P.
By St. John Burke. 8vo. pp. 47.
London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH the character of an author is not to be taken into account in estimating the merits of his work, yet we confess we should like to know something of this St. John Burke, (if there be such an individual,) were it only to decide whether we should consign him to the pity or the execration of mankind. To suppose him a maniac is charitable, but the worst maniac that St. Luke's or Old or New Bethlehem ever contained within their walls, was a rational being compared to the infuriate madman whose ravings stretch over nearly fifty octavo pages. We

are aware that many sensible men entertain doubts as to the advantages, in a political point of view, which society may derive from universal education; the subject is a fair one for discussion; but what shall we think of a man who comes with the prejudices of St. John Burke, and declares that 'among the disguised enemies of human happiness, education is the most remarkable and the most formidable,—the subtlest serpent with the loftiest crest.—Education,' says this wise-acre, 'like gems of great value and fine polish, ought to be found only where it can appear with adequate grace and dignity, as the personal property of princes, or the princely gift of courtly bards and secretaries;' and that 'beyond the battlements of the castle, without the limits of the privileged mansion, the rudest trace of letters ought never to be found. If,' adds he, 'education were as difficult of access as turtle, claret, and venison, I should feel no alarm; but when it has become cheaper than the beverage of porters, the fears of the wise are as great as they are just.' These, however, form but a small portion of the 'evils of education,' which, by 'unsettling the faith of men, would destroy at once their honesty and their happiness; they would neither pay their debts nor enjoy their food; they would cheat and steal and murder, and when brought to justice and punishment, they would refuse to be comforted, for no heaven remained for their faith.' All this would appear to be strongly contrasted by a subsequent assertion, were not the author the unblushing advocate of rulers in the 'right divine to govern wrong.' When speaking of the dangers of education in overturning the present system of political power, he says, 'education inspires a pride of sentiment and a love of independence, which will not brook absolute and irresponsible dominion.' We hope so, and we account it one of the strongest eulogies that can be bestowed on education. What an advocate St. John Burke is for 'absolute and irresponsible dominion,' we shall see by and by.

Printing is the next object of attack; it is 'an infernal art,' the invention of which was 'the pouring out of the fourth vial of wrath, for its effect has been to scorch men with the fire of an intensity of light;' and among the vials, he declares he cannot find any curse to be compared with the universal education now proposed to be sanctioned by law:—

'Had the art of printing never been heard of, learning might still be salutary, and education might be praised, without hazarding all we hold dear; but this accursed art has realized far worse evils than all the fabled plagues of Pandora's box. That the devil should have been a party to the invention, is both natural and credible, for no art that was ever practised among men, can be compared to it, for malignity of operation and extent of mischief. By it, books of all kinds and characters become as common as instruments of husbandry, or household furniture; by it, the maxims, the practices, and the peculiar ideas of the refined classes of men, are exposed on the stalls of the poor, vile as rotten mackerel; by it, the sober and innocent streams which flowed through humble vales, and visited lowly cottages, are converted into rivers of wine and torrents of brandy, intoxicating peasants with the insolence of sedition and the violence of treason.'

From printing, he passes on to the circulation of the scriptures, which he condemns on equally sapient grounds; he says, 'that Christianity was not designed by its divine author, for circulation in printed and cheap volumes, must appear evident to the pious, from the fact that Jesus Christ invented not the art of printing!' The reformation, he says, was, *perhaps*, in some degree necessary, 'but it has occasioned many evils, and none more flagrant than the circulation of the Bible:—

'This hideous evil has been greatly mitigated among us, by the judicious selection of lessons for the service of the church. Did the serious and devout never open their Bibles at home, but wait upon their God only in his courts, we should then be acting like the chosen people of heaven in ancient times; and piety, humility, and submission, would flourish in our land. I acquit our Bible Societies of evil intention, but malignant and extensive beyond measure is the mischief they have done. Compared to them, Paine was a holy patriot, and Cobbett an angel of light. To the general circulation of the Bible, we may fairly ascribe the existence and the pernicious power of such writers.'

There remains but one subject more on which we shall quote St. John Burke; that is his defence of the 'powers that be,' in church and state, in which he is so extravagant, that we have doubted whether he could be serious or not. Education is to him so formidable, that he sees in its progress the destruction of 'thrones, principalities, and powers;' but really were the authorities such as he describes them, education could do nothing better than accelerate their downfall. We take his own account of them:—

'The hostility of education to the ec-

clesiastical dignity and social wisdom of our church, is supremely alarming.' It is impossible for the imagination of man to conceive any institution more profound in its policy, or more salutary in its power; it is wealthy, without insolence; powerful, without contention; and dignified, without envy. All degrees, orders, and characters of men find, here, their corresponding monitors in holy things; the prince is edified by his companion at the bottle and the dice; the squire, by his competitor on the turf or in the dance; the mechanic, by his model in worldly address and carnal relaxation. While the proudest peer is not above the society of the pampered prelate, the humblest peasant is not below the sympathy of the hungry curate. There is a fitness, an adaptation, in all this, so striking and so suitable as to require no further remark.'

He is a warm advocate of priestly magistrates; but, unfortunately, the very arguments he urges in their favour are sufficient to prove that the magistral and the priestly offices should not be united. He says,—

'In ancient times, the same persons presided over the highest offices of the state and the sacred ceremonies of religion. It is further known from experience, that priestly magistrates, having their judgments directed and their feelings controlled by the holy principles of divinity, are never hampered or misled by the earthly suggestions of humanity. What magistrate, yielding to the impulse of humanity, could have performed the divine part of the Rev. Mr. Chairman Hay, on the 10th of August, 1819? Infinite are the advantages derived from their sanctified zeal against pouchers and parodists, against the murderers of hares and the revilers of dignities. At elections and in all political agitations, they are the very ribs of the state. Without them, the feeble planks and unsupported junctures of the vessel would yield to the slightest storm, and sink in the vortex of revolution. O, that they alone, as in times when the sun of prosperity shone upon our island, were suffered to wield the pen, and to touch the sacred volume!'

A strong recommendation this of priestly magistrates, truly! His defence of the nobility is, however, much worse:—

'Generosity, pride, honour, and might, are the distinguishing attributes of nobility. None can be generous who is obliged to set any bounds to his bounty or his vengeance; none can display pride who is ever exposed to mortification; none can exert the true grandeur of might who can possibly recoil in weakness. Characters thus endowed are truly the Corinthian pillars of the state; men thus magnificent, irresistible, untractable, are the glory of humanity. Is there in existence a being so gross and grovelling as to think that water should always drop

gle through rocky masses, sneak round huge fragments, or steal along the dull plain? Who delights not to see the dashing cataract and the plunging cascade? The rolling flood, sweeping whole villages along in its proud career, is the grandest object in nature. Children may scream, mothers may loudly lament, and the sensitive father may feel a moment's agon, as they are all borne away in the wild impetuosity of the generous element, but they only add to the noble interest of the scene. We feel not for the fish that rises writhing on the hook; we sympathize not with the hare that drops palpitating at the foot of the "nobler hound." Contemptible, therefore, is Pythagorean compassion for vulgar men, women, and children, terminating their laborious life by a momentary visitation of graceful sublimity. Yet what, in point of sublimity and generous power, is the overflowing flood to the dash of cavalry among a linked multitude? What is the washing away of a village to the instantaneous dispersion of one hundred thousand men, women, and children, by a chivalrous corps of yeomanry? What are the falls of Niagara to the onset of Birley? This is the order of nature still. The larger fishes feed upon the smaller; foxes live on chickens and lambs; cats devour mice. It is a senseless error to imagine all men to be of the same species. They are most distinctly two, the ruling and the ruled, the consuming and the productive, the noble and the vulgar, the gay and the sordid,—and for the former to prey upon the latter is as natural, right, and conducive to the general good, as for a cock to peck at a worm. But the worm must not be educated. *Delenda est Carthago.*

Here we will rest, for although we might go much further, yet, as Jeannie Deans says of a poor creature whose mental aberrations excite no other feeling than pity,—'It were to be as mad as himself to listen to him;' and we ought, perhaps, to apologize for bestowing the slightest notice on a pamphlet which is too ridiculous to be treated seriously, and is so monstrous as to carry with it its own refutation. The letter, as the title states, is addressed to Mr. Banks; perhaps this gentleman will not feel himself much flattered by the distinction, although he is complimented with the epithets of 'most wise and worthy sir,' 'generous and mighty sir,' and is described as 'learned and full of faith.' The conclusion is, however, rather unfortunate.

* This never-to-be-forgotten hero saved Manchester from conflagration, and England from revolution, by the prowess of his arm. Greater than the force of many waters was his pluck, more permanent than the flow of rivers shall be his fame. Semper bonus, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

nate; the worthy member is told, that as a goose saved Rome, so his voice, 'if mortal voice is destined to avail, must give the alarm and save the state.' 'Prodigious!' as our friend Dominic Sampson would exclaim, were he told that the safety of the state depended on Mr. Banks and St. John Burke. Prodigious! indeed.

Original Communications.

MA. WYATT'S MONUMENTAL TROPHY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I was very sorry to read, in your hitherto liberally conducted paper, a very ill-natured and unfounded attack on the monumental trophy, in honour of his late Majesty, designed and to be executed by Mr. Matthew Wyatt. Your chief cause of wrath appears to be, that the work has not been laid open to competition. The objection would have reason in it, had there been the least reason to hope, that a better plan than Mr. Wyatt's could be procured; but the honourable committee of noblemen and gentlemen, who have taken the thing in hand, were convinced, in their own minds, that a better was not to be devised, and this being the case, you must confess, that it would have been a great piece of affectation in them to have pretended to advertise for a better. The style in which you criticize Mr. Wyatt's design, shews that you have no taste for the grand in art. Every person qualified to give an opinion on the subject, has pronounced it to be, on the whole, one of the noblest conceptions ever attempted to be embodied in sculpture. But, besides, what injustice would it not be to open a door for depriving Mr. Wyatt of the benefit of his own scheme or invention? It was Mr. Wyatt who proposed the monument; it was Mr. Wyatt who brought the committee together; and it was Mr. Wyatt who, at a vast deal of personal trouble, got up the grand public dinner in honour of the undertaking. And what man of justice or feeling would say, that it would now be a right thing to turn Mr. Wyatt adrift, and give some other person the benefit of the execution of the plan? You say there is nothing in the idea of a monument. The same thing might be said of some of the greatest inventions of which the world is possessed. The most important discoveries always look wonderfully simple after they are known; the

merit of finding them out is, however, still the same.

Your's,
PHILO-WYATT*.

The Family Trunk,

No. VII.

BY MOSES VON MUCKLEWIT, GENT.

THE ASS.

AMIDST the multifarious variety of my father's lucubrations, he would occasionally direct his researches to Natural History, and more particularly to that portion of it, which embraces the history and peculiar characteristics of such animals as live upon the most familiar footing with the human race. Hence it was, that he had collected an incredible mass of learning of the most curious interest, relating to dogs, cats, cows, horses, sheep, and the whole tribe of creatures, even the most minute, that are known to frequent the 'haunts of men,' and with the very near familiarity of some of which many people, no doubt, would very gladly dispense. But, be this as it may, it must in conscience be acknowledged, that my father, in the ardour of his inquiries on this subject, had gone a little too far,—farther, perhaps, than his own nice and scrupulous delicacy would, at other times, have allowed him. There are, therefore, a few of his collections in this department of my FAMILY TRUNK, which it behoves me, in filial reverence for his memory, to conceal from all mortal eyes but my own.

Now, of all animals, whose history and attributes my father had thus delighted to discuss, none stood higher in his estimation or had a greater share of his favour than the ass. Not that he had any particular penchant for asses in common, such, I mean, as we are constantly jostling in our ordinary avocations:—it was the *genus* not the *species*,—it was the ass of nature, not the ass of the world, that thus engaged my father's fond partiality. And the more was this the case in proportion as he contemplated the unjust and oppressive treatment which this meek and much-calumniated creature had, at all times, experienced,—its very name having, most unwarrantably, passed into a proverbial synonyme of every thing mean and contemptible.

It was to vindicate his unhappy favourite from this load of indignity, that

* We have inserted the above defence of Mr. Wyatt on the same principle that the Earl of Blessington stated the committee to have adopted the plan,—not that it is the best, but because it is the only one that has been offered.—Ed.

my father so humanely took up his cause, with which view he made a voluminous compilation of all the favourable traits which history records of his character. He even went to the extent of uniting, in one digest, all the anecdotes and *bon mots* that have, at various times, been ascribed to the ass; and at the head of the latter stood his celebrated speech to the prophet Balaam, which, if duly considered in all its bearings, few of this animal's oratorical namesakes, even within the walls of St. Stephen's, have since surpassed.

It cannot be expected, that, within the limits to which I am confined, I should be able to retail even the substance of all my father's curious lucubrations. I shall content myself, therefore, with extracting from them a few of the most important testimonies as to those qualities, which historians, contrary to vulgar misrepresentation, assign to this much abused quadruped. The first that occur, relate to his courage, some extraordinary instances of which are recorded by oriental writers. In Mesopotamia, in particular, it is reported to have been so great, that he was never known to turn his back on the enemy; on which account the very name of this animal carried with it, in popular usage, an idea of human perfection, and was actually borne by one of the Moslem princes of the Ommidan dynasty, as one of his highest honours. In Egypt also, at this very day, the nobleness of this animal's carriage, and the vigour and beauty of his paces, are in such esteem, that he is employed to carry persons of the highest rank, and even the wives of the beys, in preference to the horse himself. But it must here be observed, that the ass has always been more signalized for the qualities now mentioned, in the east than in this part of the world, a circumstance which has been ascribed by some naturalists to the superior warmth and dryness of the oriental countries, and which agrees with Pliny's observation, when he describes the ass as an animal '*frigoris maximè impatiens*.' We may, therefore, reasonably conclude, that whatever we find of degeneracy in his disposition, in these colder regions, has been occasioned by his removal from those climates, which alone are congenial with the display of his natural qualities.

Another remarkable particular, relating to this insulted quadruped, is the mysterious and somewhat sacred character he has borne from the most remote times. Hence the old proverb

—'An ass carries mysteries,'—which Cornelius Agrippa, of erudite memory, who has written an elaborate panegyric on this animal, refers to the conspicuous part he acted in carrying our Saviour to Jerusalem, and to which divine example it is, perhaps, owing, that the impostor Muhammed is related by some of his biographers to have taken his journey to heaven on an ass. Nor was the apparently sacred character of this animal confined to the christian and muhammedan religions:—for Apuleius has recorded, that he was also admitted to the mysteries of the Egyptian deity, Isis; and his very head, we read, was an object of worship amongst the Nauplians, who held him in grateful veneration, for having first, by browsing their vines, taught them the art of pruning. As a proof of the reverence, in which he was formerly held in the Romish church, it is only necessary to mention the 'Feast of the Ass,' of which a full account is given by Du Cange. From this it appears, that the ceremony was common to several churches in France, and was originally established in commemoration of the Virgin's flight from Egypt. The chief actor in the scene was, on this solemn occasion, caparisoned in the richest style, and on his back was seated a young girl, superbly attired, with an infant in her arms. In this form the ass was led in procession to the altar, where high mass was celebrated with all the pomp and splendour of the popish religion. The ass was also instructed to kneel at the proper periods of the service; a hymn, in every way worthy of the occasion, was chaunted in his praise. Finally, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the priest, in order to confer on the animal all possible honour, dismissed the congregation by braying three times, and received from them in return, instead of the customary responses, a valedictory greeting of the like melodious description.

—Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

We have already seen the genuine character of the ass vindicated from the imputation of cowardice, to which it has been so long and so unjustly exposed. I shall now adduce an anecdote from among my father's store, which will, I think, prove that this animal's proverbial reputation for stupidity is little short of a gross calumny.—A certain learned professor, but of what country the narrative makes no mention, once undertook to instruct an ass in the Greek tongue within a limited period,

upon being allowed a certain stipend for his trouble. Some of my readers, while reflecting upon the ill success which has attended so many modern professors (those of both universities not excepted) in a similar enterprise, may be apt here to exclaim—

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiat?

However, without stopping to notice this cavil, which would imply that our hero was not a whit wiser than asses in general, I proceed to mention, that the monarch, to whom this proposal was made, took our learned pedagogue at his word, demanding merely, on his own part of the contract, that the said professor should consent to be hanged in the event of his failure. There was, as may well be imagined, something excessively *outré*, as well as unexpected, in this stipulation; but there was no alternative. Our monarch was one of those facetious characters, yeapt absolute sovereigns, and accordingly insisted on his condition being performed to the very letter:—*aut Caesar aut nullus*, was to be the fate of the astounded professor. Many a man, in such a desperate dilemma; would have had recourse to the remedy so well known in this happy country; but our preceptor unfortunately was no Englishman, and chose rather to depend upon chances, than rush at once on a disagreeable reality, for which he had so sort of relish, notwithstanding the example of the renowned Cato himself. He accordingly set about his enterprise with becoming earnestness, and with a confidence, that might seem to be inspired by an anticipation of certain success, consoling himself inwardly, however, with the hope, that, before the expiration of the time allotted for the completion of his task, either the king, the ass, or himself might be no more.—What the event was the historian has enviously concealed from us; but, when it is considered that the celebrated Ammonius of Alexandria enrolled the ass among the students of his academy, it may not unreasonably be inferred, that our learned professor succeeded sufficiently to elude the gripe of the executioner, and especially as his pupil is so well known to possess, in an eminent degree, the qualification, which Horace appropriates to Grecians, or, as we should here say, learners of Greek.

—GRASS DEDIT ORE ROTUNDO
Musa loqui.

Who, that hath ever heard the ass in all the majestic energy of his eloquence, will deny him the full praise of vociferating ore rotundo?

I shall merely observe, in addition to these few particulars of my father's favourite quadruped, that his name has, in various countries, been borrowed as a mark of high honour. Besides the case of the Moslem prince, already noticed, one of the first Patrician families of Rome bore the name of *Asinaria*, and, no doubt, well merited this enviable distinction. More than one illustrious family of Great Britain also, to their infinite credit, quarter the ass's head on their family shield. And so honourable did our hero's panegyrist, Cornelius Agrippa, before cited, deem the appellation, that he has not hesitated to apply it to the holy apostles themselves. Who, after this, shall use the name as a term of obloquy or derision? At least, who shall dare to assert, that the ass of the world is not a far more contemptible creature than the one that browses the thistle?

Original Poetry.

SONG.

WHEN midnight o'er the azure deep
Spreads wide her silken veil,
And zephyrs light its bosom sweep,
And kiss the shivering sail;
The weary sea-boy o'er the bow,
In musing sadness flows,
And chides the wave that rolls below,
And parts him from his friends.
But should warm fancy o'er his soul
Her magic sweetness shed,
He eyes no more the billow's roll,—
His dangers all have fled.
Sweet prospects in his bosom rise
Of many a future day,
When home again shall bless his eyes,
And love each care repay.

SAM SPRITRILL.

ENIGMA.

I've swam in the water and down thro' the air,
I've a body transparent and round,—
And sometimes I tell you the thoughts of the
fair,
Though I never yet utter'd a sound.
The humble in station, by my friendly aid,
Have great riches and honours acquired
While some to the prison's dark cells I've be-
tray'd,
Who at length on the gallows expir'd.
I stand by the judge when declaring the laws,
His words pierce the poor criminal's heart;
And, in fact, our courts ne'er decided a cause
In which I have not taken a part.
In the senate, where eloquence brilliantly flows,
I have always secured a seat;
And in the old attics where poets repose,
With me you may constantly meet.
In forming of riddles I'm frequently used,
And perhaps it will not be amiss,
In order that you may be better amused,
To declare that I helped to make this.
April, 1821. WILLIAM.

GIVE THE SPRING A CHORUS.

Now the mowers cut the grass,
And the crop is tending;
Now the clouds in splendour pass,
And the leaves are spreading.
Young and lovely,—old and grey,
Give to Spring a chorus;
Dance your hearty roundelay—
Summer is before us!
Fruits are ripening on their trees,
And the swallows diving;
Flocks with lambs in pastoral ease,—
Insects skill contriving;
Waters near their shady hues,
Skies are blue before us,—
And, since this is Summer's news,
Give to Spring a chorus! J. R. P.

SONNET TO HOPE.

In anticipation of Parting.
To live from now, best loved of all her kind,
To bear a dreary distance, measured space,
Stretching its length beyond the strong eye's
trace!
Ah! thought distressful; come, thou solace,
bid
These breaking heartstrings; come, sweet
Hope! efface
Each anxious fear, and calm the troubled mind,
Which, losing thee, can no true comfort find.
One cheering beam can speedily dispel
The heaviest gloom that shades the darkest
hour;
So, when two voices falter with farewell,
Do thou thy most delicious influence pour;
Blend with the future memory of the past;
Sweeten the fond embrace; the kiss, the warm-
est and the last! L.

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE have always considered the Model Academy, if not the most interesting, at least the most original part of the exhibition at Somerset House, and we hurry with pleasure from the host of unmeaning faces have puzzled the painter's skill, to have a peep at the animated productions of a Chantrey. This great sculptor, for so he really is, has no fewer than eight busts in the exhibition: Among these, the most prominent, both in point of execution and the celebrity of the individuals, must be placed those of Sir Walter Scott, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Mr. Wordsworth.

No. 1133, 'The Bust of Sir Walter Scott,' would alone stamp the character of Chantrey as a sculptor. He really seems to have been inspired with his subject, and has made the poet of chivalry and of nature live in marble. No one can look on this bust without feeling that it is one of no ordinary individual. It possesses an eye of romantic and intellectual observation, and the whole countenance is expressive

of vigorous original genius. It is the test and proof of genius to rise with the subject, and this Chantrey always does, but never more strikingly than in the present instance.

No. 1132, 'The Bust of the Marquis of Londonderry,' is a splendid effort of art. The person and the countenance of his lordship are highly favourable to the sculptor, and so happily have these been represented, that we should almost have thought his lordship had been modelled while engaged in an animated debate in Parliament, instead of when quietly sitting in Mr. Chantrey's studio. The fine manly features of this statesman beam with life and intelligence. The flesh, the hair, and the draperies, are all as distinctly marked in the marble as they could have been by the painter. This is an effort of art in which Chantrey is unrivalled. In point of delicacy of execution, this bust is superior to any thing of modern times.

No. 1134, 'The Bust of W. Wordsworth, Esq.' The countenance of the Lake Poet is rather of a reflective than an observing character, more expressive of philosophic contemplation than vigour of imagination. The profile is not unlike that of Locke, but with less intensity of mind and dignity of aspect. The bust is remarkable for truth of conception, fidelity of outline, and simplicity of execution.

Nos. 1126, 1128, 1131, 1136, and 1139, are well-executed busts by the same artist, of the Hon. Walter Charteris; Mr. Phillips, R. A. a very spirited head; a gentleman; the Bishop of Rochester; and Sir Anthony Hammond. All these bespeak the skill of a master, but they do not call for particular observation.

Westmacott has only two subjects in the exhibition, No. 1084, 'Resignation,' a statue in marble, which, though a work of considerable merit, both as to conception and execution, does not please us so much as one on the same subject by Flaxman, generally known by the name of 'Thy Will be Done,' a sentiment so beautifully expressed.

No. 1085, 'A Hindoo Girl,' a statue in marble, being part of a monument to be erected at Calcutta, in memory of A. Colvin, Esq. This is an excellent performance, by Westmacott, who has imparted great interest to the figure of the girl, whose simplicity of character, and natural attitude, are well expressed.

No. 1086, 'Caledon and Amelia,'

groupe in marble: C. Rossi, R. A. This is the best production in the poetic department in the academy. The moment chosen is very judicious. It is when the ill-fated maiden hears, in the dreadful voice of the storm, her untimely summons to the grave, and when—

'In vain assuming love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew and
shook
Her frame near dissolution.'

To portray such a scene is a task of great difficulty; but the artist has surmounted it, and the story is so told that it is impossible to mistake it; the moral beauty is exquisite; the purity, fondness, and shrinking timidity of this 'stranger to offence and inward storm,' is most happily represented, by giving to this part of the marble the most tremulous and sensitive expression, while the violence of the storm is described with equal felicity in its effect on the drapery. The confidence and manly assurance of the lover, who finds his safety to be near his love, and 'thus to clasp perfection,' is given with an elevation of feeling which approaches to the sublime. The execution of the whole is full of spirit, freedom, and delicacy.

No. 1017. 'Medallion Portrait of Captain Cartwright, R. N.' G. Mills. On seeing this portrait, we were surprised to recognize an admirable likeness of the venerable father of reform, as he has been whimsically enough called, Major Cartwright. As we could contemplate the copy with less uneasiness than the original, and without the pounce of hearing a long speech, we could not but remark the firmness of character and calm enthusiasm which the face indicates.

Not 1089. 'Temptation;' L. A. Goblet: has nothing tempting about it.

No. 1092. 'Telemachus and Hippas;' J. Buck. There is a great deal of vigour in these figures, without a very strict attention to anatomical correctness.

No. 1104. 'Bust of the Rev. Dr. Parr;' G. Clarke,—is very much like the worthy Grecian; and, therefore, not the most pleasing object of contemplation.

No. 1105. 'Colossal Bust of the Rt. Hon. H. Gtattan;' C. More,—is a very animated likeness of that animating senator.

No. 1110,—is another excellent bust of the same individual, by Turnerelli.

No. 1113. 'Bust of Lady Caroline Lamb;' F. Turnerelli,—is more re-

markable for vigour and spirit than feminine delicacy.

No. 1125. 'Bust of the Right Hon. George Canning;' W. Spence. This distinguished statesman should apply for an injunction, to prevent his expressive countenance from being caricatured, as it is in the present instance.

No. 1150. 'Bust of Charles Phillips, Esq.;' C. Moor. A very rational looking face, and yet very like the 'celebrated Irish barrister,' who, we understand, is now ready and willing to display his oratorical talents in the English law courts. We wish him employment and success.

No. 1152. 'Night producing Æther and the Day: the agony of Hesiod;' J. E. Hinchcliff. This is an attempt to embody a very difficult subject; and, although we cannot say it is quite successful, yet the group is graceful, and displays much genius as well as good taste.

Nos. 1153. 'Sisyphus;' a sketch; 1153. A 'Faun;' and 1154. 'David rescuing the Lamb from the Lion;' J. Gott,—are all very creditable productions.

No. 1155. 'Benevolence;' part of a monument now erecting in memory of the late Archibald Seton, Esq., at Calcutta; J. Bacon. This is the only production that this artist has contributed; it, however, does him much credit, as he has been very successful in representing this god-like virtue.

No. 1164. 'Model of his late Majesty George the Third;' R. G. Freebairn. We do not envy either the taste or the feelings of those who seek to perpetuate the recollection of the afflicting malady under which our venerable sovereign so long laboured, by representing him like an old Jew or a hermit. This has been often done in prints, and we have turned from them with disgust; and we wish that the talents of Mr. Freebairn had been more worthily employed.

NEW HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Among the improvements at the court end of the town, and immediately in the vicinity of Carlton Palace, now stands conspicuously ornamental, the New Theatre Royal, in the Haymarket. It is an elegant tasteful structure, with a noble portico, sustained by five lofty pillars, of the Corinthian order of architecture. Without side the portico, at each extremity, are the gallery doors; within are five other doors, opening to the pit, boxes, and box-office, surmounted by five win-

dows, which open into the saloon. Over the portico, is a frame of circular windows, which give light to the galleries and upper parts of the house. The whole frontage is stuccoed, in imitation of plain stone, and is unostentatiously neat and elegant.

The entrances to the boxes and pit are far more commodious than they were in the old theatre, and the descent to the pit is considerably less. The interior is extremely beautiful, and the proscenium, with an elegantly painted ceiling, particularly excite admiration. There are two tiers of boxes, built geometrically, with projecting fronts, unsupported by pillars, so that the view of the stage is completely unobstructed, and the elegant frequenters of this part of the theatre will add conspicuously to the beauty of the coup d'œil. Behind the front part of the second tier, extending the whole width of the house, is a commodious saloon, tastefully fitted up.—Even with the lower gallery, which is very spacious, are slips, so constructed as to leave the view from the gallery entirely open from every part; and the pit is somewhat larger and better laid out than the old one.—The entire building reflects much credit upon the artists engaged in its erection, and is admirably calculated to ensure to the proprietors an accession to their extensive patronage.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre re-opened on Wednesday night, with the opera of *False Alarms*, and *Giovanni in London*. On the Monday preceding, the masked festival was repeated with alterations. Sylvester Daggerwood, and a scene from the Mayor of Garratt, were followed by the 'grand entrée of the Champion of England, with the ceremony of giving the defiance,' and all the appropriate costume 'on Horses.' The exhibition was, however, not very splendid, and was much surpassed at the other house, to which we turn.

COVENT GARDEN.—The extensive stage of this theatre was, perhaps, never employed to so much advantage as on Monday night, in the revival of the second part of Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth*. The play was admirably performed. Macready's Henry was a touching and powerful representation of a regal spirit sinking under disease, but yet retaining 'the ruling passion strong in death.' Farren's Justice Shallow was one of his very best characters, and we never saw the lack-brain ma-

gistrate so well represented. These, however, were objects of minor interest when compared with the coronation, which developed its glories at the conclusion of the play. The first scene was the procession to Westminster Abbey. The pageant moved along a crimson path, curtained with crimson cloth, escutcheoned with royal emblems. The costume of the nobility of England was very rich, and the liveries of the attendants were stiff and sparkling with every ornament of the old costly time of coronation. In the procession, were dukes and duchesses, bishops and headles, heralds and herwomen, judges, lawyers, sheriffs, &c. &c. Mr. Kemble was the monarch, and looked the character extremely well. The second scene displayed Westminster Abbey; Henry the Seventh's chapel with the window illuminated, and the ceremony of crowning, which was very imposing. The final scene was the grand banquet in Westminster Hall, where the champion entered on his white charger, and boldly challenged to defend his sovereign's right to the crown. The whole was very magnificent, and announced for repetition amidst the greatest applause.

Mr. Mathews.—This gentleman, on concluding his fourth season 'At Home,' on Saturday the 16th inst. delivered the following farewell address:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—It has been said, and I believe truly, that every man, however gifted by talents and cultivated by learning, has some point in his character open to the attacks of flattery and accessible to the assaults of vanity. To partake of this weakness, therefore, in common with the clever and the wise, is a disgrace to no man. Be this as it may, I freely acknowledge myself, albeit neither learned nor wise,—in the highest degree vain, and to the greatest extent susceptible of flattery. The flattery of which I speak is your undiminished approbation and applause, and the vanity which I think so excusable as to make it my boast, arises from the belief that no man, by his own single exertions, ever was so fortunate as to excite the public notice and attention for so long a period as I have had the happiness of exciting your's. This evening will close the 160th performance in which I have stood alone before you; and I may, therefore, with truth assert,—what few in the world, perhaps, can assert so truly,—that I have passed 160 evenings with unmixed pleasure, for I have seen nothing around me but cheerful friends and happy faces. If this world be, indeed, what we are told it is, a world of trouble and care, how gratified should he feel who (for a few hours, at least,) can banish those demons from the hearts of his friends; and, believing as my vanity (pardonable vanity I trust,) induces me to believe, that I have been the

happy means of accomplishing this desirable end, I confess my gratifications will be unbounded and complete, provided you allow me the pleasure of anticipating at cheerful a meeting next year; and, in the mean time, accept with gracious kindest my heartfelt thanks and most respectful farewell.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Dibdin's celebrated piece, the *Heart of Midlothian*, was produced, on Monday, at this theatre, and was played effectively to a crowded audience. The characters were respectably sustained. Mrs. Egerton plays Mudge Wildfire, and receives unbounded applause. The scenery and costume are appropriate.

Literature and Science.

Mr. Valpy has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, a collection from the works of the most celebrated poets of Italy, from the end of the twelfth to the beginning of the 19th century, accompanied by biographical and critical accounts of their lives and writings. The work, which it is calculated will extend to forty-eight parts, will be under the direction of William Roscoe, Esq. the elegant author of the *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*.

A poor blind man, of the name of James Watson, of Edinburgh, has invented and brought to perfection, a musical instrument which unites the power of two violoncellos; it has a range of sixty-four semi-tones, and more could be added if necessary. He plays on this instrument himself, with a remarkable degree of practical dexterity.

A desideratum in Scotch history; the long lost MS. of Sir Geo. Mackenzie, of Roselamagh, has been recently discovered, and is now published. It is a history of the affairs of Scotland, from the restoration of Charles the Second to the death of the author, in 1691. About four years ago, a large mass of papers was brought to a grocer in Edinburgh, and purchased by him for the humblest purposes of his trade. From these his curiosity induced him to select a MS. volume, which appeared to be something of an historical nature. He handed it to Dr. McCrie, the well-known author of the *Lives of Knox and Melville*, who, on examining the volume, soon discovered, from its tenor and contents, that it was the composition of Sir Geo. Mackenzie, and that in truth it must be a portion of the history of his own times, so long a

desideratum in Scottish literature. This was most satisfactorily and decisively ascertained.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia hument,
Omnia nos iidem depascitur aura dicat.'*
LUCRETIVS.

Fontenelle.—This agreeable author lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and preserved his wit to the last. A lady of nearly equal years said to him one day in a large company, 'Monsieur, you and I stay here so long, I have a notion death has forgotten us.'—'Speak as low as you can, Madaam,' replied Fontenelle, 'lest you should remind him of us; the proverb says, the sleeping lion must not be roused.'

The Grace of God in Dollars.—I met a fat plumped-faced speculator the other day, staggering under a heavy canvass bag. With true yankee freedom, I asked what he had in his bag; 'the grace of God,' replied the wag. Ah, said I, I have often heard of that article, but never saw it in a bag. By this time he had slipped his hand into the bag, and taking out a dollar, 'there,' said he, '*Dei Gratia*, Ferdinand VII. is stamped upon the face of every dollar in the bag.' I was surprised to hear a speculator say he had the 'grace of God,' especially such a load as to stagger under it; but, upon explaining himself, my surprise ceased, and I smiled. He had cleared three hundred dollars that morning, by the sale of public papers. He was too much pleased with the abundance of his grace to stand discussing nice points, and we parted.—*Amer. Paper.*

Bon Mot of Voltaire.—Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies, when Voltaire thus accosted him:—'My lord, I know you are a judge; which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies?'—'Upon my word,' replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind, 'I am no connoisseur in paintings.'—Sometime after this, Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield. A lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, and tapped him on the shoulder, saying, 'Sir, take care you are not captivated.'—'My lord,' replied the French wit, 'I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours.'

Good Kings.—(From the French of the celebrated M. Mercier.)—In the sixteenth century, a certain person inscribed, in the circumference of a farthing, the names of all the good kings, ancient and modern, and still there was room left. I wish this fancy were renewed in our days, as there is some humour in it, and that this fine coin were current.

O happy farthing, decorated with the names of good kings, thou would'st, in my opinion, exceed the finest quadruplex; and I would wear thee at my button-hole!

Let us all assist in composing this uncommon farthing. Let us recapitulate the names to be admitted, and those that should be rejected. Though this work would not be very voluminous, it would require much accuracy and understanding.

I admire that fine expression of Montesquieu:—'Clemency is the distinguishing quality of monarchs.' Monarchs obtain so much by clemency, it is followed by so much affection, so much glory attends, it that it is almost ever a great happiness for them to have opportunities of exerting it.

Singular Custom, at Westwickham, in Kent.—In rogation week, there is an odd custom in the country, about Keston and Wickham, in Kent. A number of young men meet together for the purpose, and, with a most hideous noise, run into the orchards, and encircling each tree, pronounce these words:—

Stand fast, root; bear well, top;
God send us a yeuling son!
E'er twig, apple big;
E'er bough, apple enow.

For this incantation, the confused rabble expect a gratuity in money or drink, which is no less welcome. But if they are disappointed in both, they, with great solemnity, anathematize the owners and trees with altogether as insignificant a curse.

'It seems highly probable,' says Mr. Hasted, in his History of Kent, 'that this custom has arisen from the ancient one of perambulation among the heathens, when they made their prayers to the gods for the use and blessing of the fruits coming up, with thanksgiving for those of the preceding year. And as the heathens supplicated Eolus, the god of the winds, for his favourable blasts, so in this custom they still retain his name with a very small variation, the ceremony being called *yeuling*, and the word is often used in this in their invocations.

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* To insure regular insertion, it is requested that Advertisements be sent by Thursday, at the latest, the extent of the weekly impression of the *Literary Chronicle*, requiring that the work should go to press early.

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TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'POETICAL COINCIDENCES,' and a continuation of the Reviews of 'Sir Robert Porter's Travels,' and 'An Autumn near the Rhine,' in our next.

An Inquirer is informed, that we are not inattentive to the Coronation, but the various interesting details published in our volume for last year, places us very far in advance of our literary contemporaries on this subject. The Coronation will, however, form an interesting article in our ensuing number.

Canbro is not forgotten.

The communications of Cavis, Mr. Lockhart, and H. A. have been received.

We have received two memorials from Anybody, but we cannot find room for either of them.

E. G. B. is requested to send to our office for a letter on Monday.

A Correspondent's notice of Mr. Edward's pictures in the Royal Academy, in our next.

* * * The full price will be given by our Publisher, for saleable copies of No. 103, 104, 105, 106, 108, and 109, of the *Literary Chronicle*. Both Editions of *The Literary Chronicle* becoming very scarce, regular subscribers are advised to complete their sets without delay.

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No. 112.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Lorin; or, the Wanderer in Wales. A Tale. By Jos. Jones. 12mo. pp. 101. London, 1821.

A poem, in two cantos, has just appeared under this title, of which, from the gratification it has afforded us, we are desirous of offering to our readers a brief account. And this we shall do without further preface.

The poem embraces the history of a young man, named Lorin, whom a series of disasters had driven, in a state of melancholy madness, to seek a refuge among the woods and mountains of Wales. The unfortunate result of an early passion, which Lorin had entertained for a young lady, to whom the poet gives the name of Julia, accompanied by some other misfortunes, occasioned by his own iniquity and the treachery of a friend, had been the cause of his abandonment of his home, as well as of the mental agony, in which he became a 'wanderer in Wales.' The gloomy and misanthropic feelings of the outcast, while in this dreary condition, are painted with a strength of fidelity that indicate considerable powers in the writer for portraying the darker emotions of the human mind. Thus destitute and distracted, Lorin continues to roam for some time, a prey to the most excruciating torment, until, at length, by plunging from a rock into the sea, he attempts to put a period at once to his life and his sufferings. From this state of peril, however, he is rescued with much difficulty, by Ivor, the village pastor of the place, who had long witnessed and commiserated his distress, and who now, by his humane exertions, restores him to life, and to those better feelings which had so long deserted him. Lorin's gratitude to the worthy priest, induces him to recount the tale of his woes, which, although simple, is interesting and well told. It embodies the causes of the wanderer's flight from his native place, and of his subsequent misanthropic disposition, as already briefly alluded to.

Not long after this event, a vessel is stranded on the neighbouring coast, and Lorin and a few others, who are witnesses of the melancholy scene, set out, through a tempestuous sea, to its assistance, but arrive only in time to save one of the unfortunate passengers, a young female, at the very moment when she is sinking into a billowy grave. This female proves to be no other than Julia, whom her father, the more effectually to snatch from her lover, had sent abroad, and had caused a report to be spread of her death. Shortly afterwards, however, the father himself dies, and Julia returns to her native country, and is actually in quest of Lorin, when she is thus indebted to him for her life. The happy lovers, thus miraculously restored to each other, are, by the assistance of the delighted Ivor, finally and indissolubly united.

Such is the brief outline of this story, the simplicity of which, it will at once be seen, affords little or no scope for incident. Indeed, the writer's aim, it appears to us, has principally been to develop, as he has often done most successfully, the moody workings of a diseased and misanthropic mind. And it must have been with a view to this main purpose of the poem, that the author has set out with a sort of poetical dissertation on misanthropy, which occupies eight pages before we come to the tale itself. To some this may appear objectionable; but it must be allowed to be in unison with the prevailing character of the poem. We do not mean to insinuate, however, that this 'tale' is throughout marked by the feature we have alluded to: on the contrary, there are some passages of a brighter and lovelier cast, which, like transient sunbeams, act as a redeeming contrast to the less cheering peculiarities of the poem. There is, besides, in several parts, a strain of philosophic sententiousness, which is much to our taste, and especially as it is occasionally enriched with apposite illustrations, which the author has introduced with much skill. Nor is the poem by any means deficient in those picturesque

traits which belong to descriptive poetry, and are ever among the fairest charms of the muse. But it is time that we should exemplify these remarks by a few extracts. The first we shall select, is taken from the introductory account of Lorin, and briefly sketches the harrowing state of his thoughts:—

—Young hapless Lorin!—no admiring eye
That once beheld thy fair prosperity;
Thy face and love, thy form with scarce a peer,
Thy grateful mind, thy heart's unbounded cheer.

Could e'er believe thou wert so changed as this,
And bold denied the metamorphosis.

And yet 'tis he—who now, with jaundiced eye,
Scowls on each breathing thing he passes by;

A moody imprecating soul of woe,
To man and beast, to heaven and earth a foe;

And if he claim congeniality
With substance or with shadow, low or high,

With uncreated or created thing, it is
Some fiery spirit of that dark abyss,

Where the foul tongue gives harsh and horrid vent

To the lost soul's engendered sentiment;
Dawning and damned wherever it may roam,

And cursing Time,—past, present, and to come.

In the following passage, the first appearance of the morning is described in lively colours, and with a happy association of imagery; and we regret that we have not room for the whole description, of which this extract forms the commencement:—

'A single star is left in heav'n—which seems
From pensive eye to shed her pale bright beams;

Night's vestal regent and her sister train
In distance fading on the other main:—

But there she lingers, as if bound by spell
To the sweet silent scene she loves so well;

'Tis hard to part, but more she darest not stay—
One soft adieu—and then she glides away.

Up starts the blue-eyed Goddess of the morn,
Her bluish laced and along her bugle-born;

Fresh for the race, as merry and as free
As well becomes such hastening to be—

A light coronal binds her golden hair,
And half the pride of that fair breast is bare,

Wooded by the breeze that wanton plays around,
And her slight waist is slightly cinctured bound.

Away she trips, with fairy step along,
O'er hill and vale, the bosk and dale among;

Kissing the rose, and sipping off the dew
That hangs upon the herb-dell's lip of blue—

Through her bright horn, in sounds that stir
and shake,

She cries, "Up, sleeper, up—Awake! awake!—
Nature's blest harmony revives again,

And calls to action the best sons of men."

We cannot refrain, however, from transcribing, also, the close of this description, which, we are sure, our readers will admire, both for the beauty of the sentiment and the easy flow of the verse:—

‘Enchanting beauty of the fair young day!
With all creation innocently gay—
Nature to smiles—and all her tribes, allied
In tender union, smiling by her side:
No fear, care, pangs, retrospect of gloom,
To cast a shade of darkness on the bloom,
But every scene diffusing life and love—
Gladdens below and glories all above!
Enchanting loveliness of life’s young morn!
Ere from the tree the tender bloom is torn—
The fair white blossom sweet expanding forth,
Stainless and pure, the prince and pride of
the earth:
No withering decay impress by time,
No guilty stigma from a touch of crime;
But a bright sunny innocence of heart
Pervades the whole, and shines in every part;
Elastic vigour for each limb supplies,
Words for the tongue and love-beams for the
eyes.

A passage of a nature similar to the foregoing sketch of Aurora, and of nearly equal merit, describing the setting sun, occurs in a previous part of the poem. The illustration contained in the ensuing lines, although sufficiently obvious, and not altogether new to poetry, is drawn with a chaste and classical accuracy:—

‘When the full crescent, with barbaric sway,
Waved on the fanes of Delphi’s god of day,
And Moalem’s furious ignorance laid waste
Each finished masterpiece of ancient taste;
The marble that had felt art’s magic wand,
Beneath a Phidias’ or Lysippus’ hand,
Till a plain column of cold Parian stone,
To lovely life and breathing form had grown;
Let the harsh gong and harsher yell resound,
Barbarian conquest upon classic ground;
Let Islam roar, with genius e’er at war,
And hands that grasped the bloody scimitar,
Urge on the havoc,—while one touch remains
Of “glorious limb”—art triumphs, though in
chains;

Tear, crush, deface, and mutilate at will,
In every fragment there is beauty still.
So ‘tis with man—when nature’s hand, replete
With all that blends the lovely and the great,
O’er the fine form has lavished every grace,
And given her cast of beauty to the face;
Let all the angry bolts of fate be sped
In stern succession to his helpless head,
Their utmost power is but to disarray,
They cannot altogether raze away
Those noble traits he wore in better day.’

We might add considerably to these extracts, both with pleasure to ourselves, and, we think, with gratification to our readers; but our limits unfortunately forbid us. We must, therefore, close this portion of our task with the concluding lines of the poem, which briefly relate the nuptials of Lorin and Julia:—

‘Why smiles our Ivor, with his surplice on?
And well-starched band,—why smirks the holy
man?

Because he scorned one upright thought to
hide,
And his warm heart was dancing in his side;
But now with solemn, yet with placid air,
He gave his blessing to that tender pair:
Their hands he joined, their souls were so be-
fore—
Love archedly smiled—and man could do no
more—

Llangarmon’s bells long sounded merrily,
The rustics shouted in their revelry;
And long Llangarmon’s vale shall bless the day,
When first a misanthrope, with mind astray,
Young Lorin of Lyndale a wanderer came that
way.’

To sum up our judgment of this poem, we would observe, in the first place, that, although denominated a tale, it is rather didactic than narrative,—abounding more with sentiment than with incident. The story of Lorin appears to have been selected merely as a vehicle for misanthropic musings and sententious moralizing, enlivened, indeed, as we have already noticed, by some picturesque touches and much pleasing imagery. And to this we may add, that a bold originality, both of sentiment and illustration, occasionally presents itself. Of the mere poetry we may say, that, although unequal, it is, for the most part, harmonious and forcible, reminding us, in several instances, of the terseness and vigour of Dryden’s lines, and, occasionally, of the more luxuriant numbers of Byron. But, indeed, it is not improbable that Child Harold may have been present to the writer’s mind while engaged on this tale; and we fancy that we have been able to detect an occasional similarity of thought, as well as of versification, in the two poems. In a word, ‘Lorin’ is entitled to much praise, and especially if it be, as it would seem, Mr. Jones’s first public effort. That it possesses some minor blemishes we do not mean to deny; but, as these are chiefly faults of redundancy, they are the more venial, and, at all events, are not of sufficient importance to detract from the general merit of the production.

Queen Elizabeth’s Progresses. Volume IV. Part I. The Queen’s Entertainment by the Countess of Derby, at Harefield Place, Middlesex, in July, 1602. With some Particulars relative to several Earlier Visits at Loseley, Winchester, &c. &c.; the Princely Entertainments at Kenilworth, &c. &c. 4to. pp. 100. London, 1831.

THE Progresses of Queen Elizabeth have always been considered as presenting a faithful and highly curious

picture of the times in which they were undertaken; they formed a very prominent part of the royal amusements of the maiden Queen, and were, of course, chronicled with great minuteness, and with a talent far superior to that of the Court Newsmen of the present day, by some of the attendants on her majesty. These Progresses, which were scattered in numerous volumes and tracts, some of which were extremely rare, were first collected by that indefatigable antiquary, Mr. John Nichols, who added much to their interest, by the valuable notes and illustrations with which he enriched them. This work had become very scarce, when the same editor, full of years, which had been spent in his favourite pursuit, undertook a new edition, to which he has brought much additional information, gained with unwearied industry. The present part nearly completes the series; the first portion of it, the Queen’s Entertainment by the Countess Dowager of Derby, is now for the first time printed, from some papers belonging to the late Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart. which had been supposed lost, but were discovered in the year 1803; this MS. had long been a desideratum among antiquaries, and was, we believe, the only document wanting to render the Elizabethan Progresses complete.

It is not from any single extract that an estimate can be made of a work of this nature; we shall, however, venture to make one. The Queen, on entering the stables of Harefield, was met by two persons, one representing a bailiff, and the other a dairy maid who welcomed her in a set dialogue of the preparations that had been made to entertain her. When her Majesty was entering the house, PLACER and TISS entered her with a second dialogue, in which her praises were not forgotten. On her departure, PLACER, which, at her coming, wore ‘a partie-colored robe, like the brick-house,’ was now ‘attired in black mourning apparel,’ bade her farewell in the following quaint speech:—

‘Sweet Maistie, be pleased to look upon a poor wydow, mourning before your Grace. I am this Place, which, at your coming, was full of ioy; but now I your departure am as full of sorrow. I was then, for my comfort, accompanied with the present cheerful Time; but now he is to depart with you; and, blessed as he is, must ever fly before you; but, alas! I have no wings, as Time hath. My heauines is such, that I must stand still, amazed to see so greate happiness

some benefit me. Oh, that I could remove with you, as other circumstances can! Time can go with you, *Perseus* can go with you; they can move like Heaven; But I, like dull Earth (as I am indeed), must stand unmovable. I could wish my self like the enchanted Castle of Loze, to behold you here for ever, but that your virtues would dissolve all my enchantments. Then what remedy? As it is against the nature of an Angel to be circumscribed in Place, so it is against the nature of Place to have the motion of an Angel. I must stay forsaken and desolate. You may go with majesty, joy, and glory. My only suite, before you go, is that you will pardon the close imprisonment which you have suffered ever since your coming, imputing it not to me, but St. Swythen, who of late hath raised so many storms, as I was faine to provide this Anchor, for you, when I did understand you would put into this creeke. But now, since I perceive this harbour is too little for you, and you will hence sayle and be gone, I beseech you take this Anchor with you. And I pray to Him that made both Time and Place, that, in all places where ever you shall arrive, you may anchor as safely, as you doe and ever shall doe in the harbours of my Owners.

Extracts from some letters in the British Museum, respecting this visit of the Queen, illustrate the original account. The remaining portion of this part contains some curious particulars respecting other visits, which will be considered as choice morsels to the antiquary, while the account of the visit to Kenilworth, from the circumstance of the subject being rendered so recently popular, by the great unknown, is well calculated to gratify the general reader.

An Autumn near the Rhine; or, Sketches of Courts, Society, and Scenery, in Germany.

(Continued from p. 396.)

SOCIETY, at Frankfurt, is divided into the circles of the diet and those of the citizens; and, at the balls, dreadful alterations for precedence have sometimes taken place between the wives and daughters of their excellencies the ministers, and of their worship the civic magistrates. The German diet is ordinarily composed of seventeen plenipotentiaries, who hold their sittings at the residence of the president, the Ambassador of Austria.

Our author happened to be at Frankfurt on the 18th of October, the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, a day celebrated every year with much ceremony throughout Germany, under the title of the *Allen Deutschen Fest*, the

Feast of all Germans. Like most rejoicings among the Germans, it partook deeply of a religious character. The day was observed strictly as a sabbath, the shops closed, and the churches crowded with persons of all ranks; singing and preaching being the alternate orders of the day; but we must pass over the details to a very interesting account of Theodore Körner, the young hero, whose energetic poems helped so powerfully to kindle a patriotic spirit in Germany. Like Tyræus, of Sparta, he at once led the van in the field, and inspired his countrymen by the enthusiasm of his songs, which breathe the very soul of martial, daring, and patriotic heroism. Many of them were written at night,—in the bivouac,—on the eve of battle,—or on the bed stained by bleeding wounds:—

‘But Körner was not alone a soldier and a lyric poet. His tragedies of Zriny and Rosamunda, (the last woven into a beautiful drama from our historical tale of Henry and Rosamund Clifford,) prove him to be gifted with a powerful dramatic genius. At the age of twenty, his scenes delighted audiences throughout Germany, and he was appointed dramatic poet to the theatre of Vienna. At his death, at the age of twenty-two, Körner left behind him eight or ten dramatic pieces, some of them of great beauty, and several volumes of poetry, displaying strength of thought and felicity of diction, and breathing the affections of a tender and pure heart, and the noble ardour of a hero. While his country was struggling for freedom from a foreign yoke, Körner’s spirit could no longer endure the indolent occupations of a poet. He left Vienna in March, 1813, and joined a distinguished free corps—in which he soon rose to rank and became the idol of his comrades. He courted danger and death with the cool devotion of heroism; and his poems perpetually breathe a quiet foreboding of his approaching fate. He was killed in an engagement with the French, at Rosenberg, in Mecklenburg, on the 26th of August, 1813. On the morning of that day, he wrote in his pocket-book and read to a friend, when the signal for attack was given, his exquisite dialogue with his sword, called “The Sword Song.” The effect of Körner’s stirring strains on the indignant and struggling Germans, was electrical. They struck on the soul with all the power of the most inspiring martial music—at this day they are universally loved and adored. They revive the recollections of glory, and penetrate the hearts of the Germans like the notes of the trumpet of victory, or the triumphant din of battle melting in the distance. I send you a translation of one of his patriotic songs. It was commenced in a bivouac hut on the Stecknitz, on the morning of an en-

gagement. The metre is exactly preserved:—

‘MEN AND DASTARDS.

A SONG. (KÖRNER.)

The land is roused—the storm breaks loose—
What traitor hand now shrinks from its use?
Shame on the pale-faced wretch, who covers
In chimney corners and damsel’s bowers—

Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!

Our German maidens greet thee not—

Our German carols joy thee not—

Our German wine inspires thee not—

On in the van!

Man to man!

Whoe’er a faulchion’s hilt can span!

While we bear the brunt of the rainy night,
And watch through the pelting hail-storm’s
spite,

Canst thou in soft slumber thy senses drown,
And stretch thy limbs on the lazy down?

Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!

Our German maidens greet thee not—

Our German carols joy thee not—

Our German wine inspires thee not—

On in the van!

Man to man!

Whoe’er a faulchion’s hilt can span!

When the trumpet’s voice, like the thunders
roll,

Wrings and pierces our inmost soul,
Go and delight in the dulcet sounds,
Where the eucuch trills, and the dancer

bounds—

Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!

Our German maidens greet thee not—

Our German carols joy thee not—

Our German wine inspires thee not—

On in the van!

Man to man!

Whoe’er a faulchion’s hilt can span!

When the noon-tide sun darts down his rays,
And no water-drop thy thirst allays,

Can’st thou at the banquet board be found,
With the champagne goblets foaming round?

Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!

Our German maidens greet thee not—

Our German carols joy thee not—

Our German wine inspires thee not—

On in the van!

Man to man!

Whoe’er a faulchion’s hilt can span!

While we on the eve of the murderous fray,
Think on our true-loves, far away;

Thou may’st thy husband’s charms ensfold,
And buy her tainted love with gold.

Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!

Our German maidens greet thee not—

Our German carols joy thee not—

Our German wine inspires thee not—

On in the van!

Man to man!

Whoe’er a faulchion’s hilt can span!

When the bullets whiz, when the lances glare,
And death in a thousand forms we dare;

Can’st thou stake thy fish and smirk at thy
play,

And shuffle thy cards in their mimic array?

Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!

Our German maidens greet thee not;

Our German carols joy thee not;

Our German wine inspires thee not.

On in the van!

Man to man!

Whoe’er a faulchion’s hilt can span!

When our hour is come on the blood-stained
heath,

We welcome the soldier’s martyr-death.

Google

Whilst thou in thy sickly couch's gloom,
Shall shrink and shriek at the yawning tomb.
Thou diest, thou craven recreant sot!
Our German maidens weep thee not;
Our German songs bewail thee not;
Our German beakers ring for thee not.
On in the van!
Man to man!
Whoe'er a faulchion's hilt can span!

In the notice of Hanau, we have an account of the famous battle fought by Bonaparte against the allies. It was during this engagement that a mill, on the river Kenzig, was the scene of desperate struggles. The French drove back the Bavarians to the banks, and thrust hundreds into the deep stream. The miller, at the hazard of his life, coolly went on amidst the shower of balls, and stopped the flood-gates, so as to leave a safe retreat to the Bavarians over the mill-dam. At Hanau, resides a merchant, whose history is rather curious:—

'A quarrel with his step-mother had induced him to "leave his father's house," when young, and embark for England. Having acquired in trade, in London, a fortune sufficient for comfort in Germany, he married and returned to his native town, where he found that his parents were dead, and that their property had devolved to him. A large rambling house, containing thirteen rooms on a floor, and adorned with pictures of old electors and landgraves, was a part of his patrimony. The house goes by the name of Noah's Ark, from the singularity of its construction, arising, as the story goes, from a cause not less singular. The upper story is a complete second house, erected on the first. The builder, an opulent citizen, who possessed ninety-nine houses in Hanau, was ambitious of rounding his number to one hundred—but the jealousy of the citizens opposed his whim, unless he consented to pave a path to the church, some hundred yards long, with Reich Dollars. He declined this exorbitant tax; but, unwilling to resign the distinction of owning one hundred houses, he contented himself with a hundredth placed on the top of one of the ninety-nine.'

In Germany, the watchmen do not announce the hour in the hoarse blunt manner that our guardians of the night do, but by the sound of a horn, and a quaint hurraque in audible recitative every half hour, to the great annoyance of the stranger who is unaccustomed to it. The following is a translation of a national watchman's song in Germany:—

WATCHMAN'S SONG.

'Hark ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Ten now strikes on the beffy bell!
Ten and the holy Commandments given,
To man below, from God in Heaven.

Human watch from harm can't ward us—

God will watch, and God will guard us;
He through his eternal night,
Give us all a blessed night.

Hark ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Eleven sounds on the beffy bell!
Eleven apostles of holy mind,
Taught the gospel to mankind.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the beffy bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
One has peal'd on the beffy bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us forth in our hour of need.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Two resounds from the beffy bell!
Two paths before mankind are free,—
Neighbour choose the best for thee.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Three now tolls on the beffy bell!
Threefold reigns the Heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Human watch, &c.

In an excursion to the Forest of Oden, our author visited the Riesensäule, or Giant's Column, a large well-proportioned pillar of granite, which he thus describes:—

'The Riesensäule lies in a wood on the declivity of the mountain. Descending a narrow winding path, conducted by the Jager's little girl, the great column presently lay before us, half buried in thick brushwood, in a hollow made by its own weight. It is above thirty feet long, and about four in greatest diameter—nearly cylindrical, and tapering with an exact proportion. At one end a sort of semicircular step is cut, apparently either to fit it to some other stone, or to fix machinery for moving it. The granite is of the hard dark description, of which all the masses in the neighbourhood are composed. The appearance of this gigantic and well-finished column, whose perennial hardness has preserved it for centuries, without a trace of the effects of time, is extremely striking. One little expects so singular a vestige of the power and ingenuity of man in a wild sequestered forest, where its use and object are totally unaccountable. The column has excited much speculation among German antiquaries. The magnificent Elector Palatine, Charles Theodore, would fain have brought it down from the mountain, to grace the *grande place* of his capital, Manheim; but it was too massy and weighty for removal entire, and the stone baffled the saws of his workmen, who, in attempting to cut it, have left on it two insignificant incisions in evidence of their failure. Kotzebue, who has sprinkled ink upon almost every imaginable subject, proposed that it should be erected on the field of Leipsic, in memory of the victory, a scheme easier to propose than to execute. To mention no other obsta-

cle, it is not probable that the Grand Duke of Hesse, to whom it now belongs, though a very patriotic German, would very much enjoy furnishing a monument to commemorate a battle in which his son and his troops were beaten and taken prisoners.'

Our author gives an animated picture of the court at Carlsruhe, and is equally happy in describing a *table d'Hôte*, at Baden, with an account of which we close our extracts for the present:—

'Notwithstanding the unfashionable season, a pretty numerous party assembled at the *table d'Hôte*, headed, as usual, by the substantial landlord and his pretty wife, who fed daintily, and looked and talked softly to the admiring *cousins*. Her spouse was a complete German host, dignified, bulky, and stupid. On discovering my country, he recounted a long list of Englishmen who had lately visited Baden; but who might as well have been Hindoos for any indication of their country conveyed by the names the good host assigned them. They were all, however, according to his description, either lords or *vornehme Leute*, (people of distinction); but as to most of them he remarked, with some surprise—*« Sie machten nicht viele aufwände, nicht viele pomp »* (they did not spend a great deal, or make much show.)—a circumstance which seemed not at all to accord with his notions of a *Milord Anglin*. A German host presides at the *table d'hôte*, carries the dishes, and dispenses his good cheer and attentions to the guests with a sort of taciturn dignity which is sometimes highly amusing. He has a sort of air of pomposity and chuckling importance, which reminds one of our English Bonifaces in the times of Chaucer and Shakespeare. The subaltern officers, and other regular frequenters of the table, appear to court his conversation, and to desire to stand well with this important personage—generally a well-fed portly man, who, especially if he happen to be a *state comptable*, as Mr. Postmaster of the *station*, is well-versed up in fat official complacency. His eldest son has, perhaps, held a commission in the army—Mrs. Postmistress has been, or is still a beauty,—or he has a fine family of little ones, who, in such case, frequently adorn the walls of the saloon, and whom I have seen introduced in their best dresses after dinner, as if their company must necessarily be as interesting to the guests as that of the children of a friend. If the sons and daughters dine at table, they generally occupy, with their visitors, the best places round papa and mamma—rarely offering civility to any one, talking easily among themselves, and showing, by their whole deportment, that they consider themselves to the full the equals of the father's guests. One of the sons frequently holds the office of *Herr Wäher Keller*, (Mr. Upper Waiter),—the Ger-

mans never defrauding this useful personage of his title—who, after waiting upon his sisters and their admirers, in common with the company during dinner, I have seen resign his official napkin, and take a hand at whist with the family friends, which he would not lay down though the bells rang, and “*Herr Keller*” resounded from all corners of the inn. Göthe has an excellent picture of a German host in Herman and Dorothea. He makes him choleric, conceited, and well-fed, apt to dispute after dinner, relenting and good humoured in the evening, a great man in his little town, and fond of talking of the causeways, the pavements, and the white-washing of the church, effected during his administration as building-inspector. There is something ludicrous in these parochial details being couched in the stately classic hexameter, which is the metre of the poem:—

“Does not the traveller praise our newly carpeted town-gate,
Our neat fresh whitened church, and our glittering belfry?

All applaud our streets, our gutters with water flowing,
So well concealed and neat, use and necessity serving.

Is it not all accomplished since that sad conflagration?

Six times in council with credit, chief inspector of buildings,

Have I received from my townsmen votes of warm approbation.”

“I have not very often met with any thing like real civility in a German inn; for the matter-of-course bows, and old-fashioned wishes of “a good appetite,”—“a prosperous journey,”—“a sound sleep,” &c. &c. are mere German formalities. The host’s indifferent phlegm rarely gives way to any thing but an officious servility towards consequence which he is capable of appreciating. Our Baden host, the most silent and sententious of his race, became all bows and bustling civility to a little man decorated with the cross of Malta, who came in late to supper, and who proved to be a baron, holding some office under government. “*Would the Gnädiger Herr (gracious gentleman) like this dish, or should he fetch something hot for his grace?*” and other similar attentions were poured forth with an alacrity quite surprising. The contrast of this obsequious humility, with the promise of independence held out by his broad rosy face and solid figure, gave it a high air of the ludicrous. It something reminded me of Falstaff’s solidity of person, coupled with his milky heart.”

(To be continued.)

The Percy Anecdotes. Part XIX.

THE nineteenth part of this excellent little work, is devoted to Anecdotes of the Pulpit, and is dedicated to the Rev. Daniel Wilson, though on what grounds we know not, unless private friendship has dictated the choice.

But this is no affair of ours, and we therefore proceed to make a few extracts from the two hundred anecdotes, which we suppose the volume contains:—

“*A Scottish Covenantant*.—In the year 1666, when the Whigganores, alias Covenanters of Scotland, were in arms, a Master of Arts of the College of Aberdeen, preached at Aberdeen a sermon from these words in Jeremiah:—“*Sion is wounded.*” In this sermon, a copy of which is preserved in the British Museum, (Bibl. Birch, 4452) we have an amusing specimen of the style of preaching which prevailed in those days. He sets out with shewing, that by the Sion in the text, was meant “the *puir Kirk o’ Scotland*,” and then asks, “*wha has wounded her, trow ye?*” “To this purpose,” he says, “*I’se tell you a tale; but I’ll no say ‘tis true; but be it true, or be it fause, tak it as I tak it, a God’s benison.*” When I was a young lad, there was a winsome man Student o’ Theology at the College o’ Aberdeen; and he was to mak a preaching before the Maisters, Regents o’ the College, and out o’ a’ the Holy Scripture o’ God he wailed this text:—

“*What will ye gi me, and I’ll betray him to ye?*” and he could ha’ said it in Latin, (*Quid dabitis?*) And there was an honest auld man in a blew cap, sitting at the feet o’ the pewpitt, and he says till him, “*Sir, gin ye betray him, I’se gie ye a good fat bishopric.*” Now ye may learn by this, *wha it is that betrays and wounds the peace o’ the Kirk o’ Scotland.*” Having thus fixed the sin of wounding Sion or the Kirk of Scotland on the prelates, he proceeds to show how *she* was wounded; first, in her head; second, in her hand; third, in her heart; and fourthly, in her feet. Of the first head there are three subdivisions, shewing how the prelates had wounded the Kirk. 1st. “*With the sword o’ their pride.*” 2d. “*With the sword o’ their gluttony.*” and 3d. “*With the sword o’ their covetousness.*” In illustrating the fourth head, or wounding the feet, he says, “*I can remember weel since the Kirk o’ Scotland might have been likened to a bonny nag, that could have ambled and paced it fu’ sweetly; but the bishops, these galloping swingers, they gat o’ the back o’ the nag, an’ they quited jaded him up to ruin, for they laid upon his back the Book o’ Common Prayer, the Book o’ Canons, and since they cam frae Lunan, the Aith o’ Supremacy, and the Kirk law-books. I wonder what errand they had there; but, beloved, what here and what there, they ha sae used him, that they have no left him a fast nail in his feet. Having discussed the four sorts of wounds, the preacher proceeds.—*

“*And now, beloved, we may tell a tale without laughter; we can liken her to a nag; but Balaam’s ass, for in that story there is four things to be heeded: 1st. The ass, that we may compare to the Kirk o’ Scotland. 2dly. The riders, that’s*

e’en the proud bishops. 3dly. The auge that stopt the ass by the way; and wh trow ye that it? I’se sure ye wad fain hear that. Its e’en my gude Lord Eglington, God’s benison light on his bonny face. There he sits, the trimmest sight that e’er the *puir Kirk o’ Scotland* saw. 4thly. There was a portmanteau behind that nag, an what trow ye was in it? E’en the Book of Common Prayer an the Book of Canons, an the Aith o’ Supremacy, and the Kirk law-books; But I hope the good angel will take him (episcopacy) out o’ the saddle, for he hings by the hough, hauf in and hauf out; fain wad he keep in; an’ tellys ye, let him but stay in, and he’ll na’ trouble ye wi’ a portmanteau any more; but the de’e’s a wily pow; let him but get in his little finger, an’ he’ll soon get in his whole hand; let but the loon get in the saddle, and we may a’ pow till we are weary before we get him out again. But a word or two o’ use; an first a word o’ encouragement to a’ the gude people that ha’ already set their hearts an’ hands to the reading an’ avowing the solemn league an’ covenant. Weel, I say uae mare but this, as ye ha begun this gude work, e’en sa perfect it, an’ ye shall nae want your reward in heaven.”

“*Levity Rebuked*.—Father Chatenier, a Dominican, who preached at Paris in the year 1715-17, felt one day much incensed against some young men, who attended his sermons only to laugh. After some severe remarks on the indecency of such conduct, he said, “*Après votre mort, ou croyez-vous que vous irez? au bal, à l’opéra, dans des assemblées où il y aura des belles femmes? Non, au feu, au feu!*” He pronounced the last words with a voice so strong and so terrible, that he frightened his auditors; many of whom instantly quitted their seats, as if the flames were in the church, and the place of their sin was to be that of their punishment.”

“*Dilemma*.—A preacher, who had but one sermon, which he had delivered on the Sunday, being praised by the lord of the place, was called upon to preach on the next day, which was a fast day. The preacher ruminated the whole night on what he was to do, to rescue himself from the predicament in which he was placed. The dreaded hour arrived, when he mounted the pulpit, and with great solemnity, said, “*Brethren, some persons have accused me of advancing propositions to you yesterday, contrary to the faith, and of having misrepresented many passages of Scripture. Now, to convince you how much I have been wronged, and to make known to you the purity of my doctrine, I shall repeat my sermon, so pray be attentive.*”

“*Revocation of the Edict of Nantz*.—When it became evident that the King of France intended to revoke the edict of Nantz, the ministers of the Church of Charente kept many days of solemn fasting and prayer. On one of these occasions, when they had been engaged all

day in exercises of devotion, an eminent minister attended the pulpit, and in a lively manner set before the people the danger of the Ark of God. His heart was so full, that he could not go on; and there were floods of tears shed, and an universal outcry throughout the assembly. After a considerable pause, he resumed the discourse, but was again interrupted by excess of sorrow; upon which, he turned his discourse into prayer, and with great fervour interceded for the mercy of God, acknowledged his justice in whatever he should bring upon them, and by a very solemn resignation, laid themselves and all their privileges at his feet, begging, that if he saw it for his own honour to suffer the bodies of that generation to fall in the wilderness, he would revive his work in the next; to which the whole congregation gave their assent by a loud —Amen.

Henry Brooke.—One Sunday, while the congregation were assembled in the rural church of the parish in which lived the amiable Henry Brooke, author of the Fool of Quality, and other admired works, they waited a long time the arrival of their clergyman. At last, despairing of his coming, they conjectured that some accident had befallen him; and being averse to depart without some edification, they, with one accord, requested that Mr. Brooke would perform the service for them, and expound a part of the Scriptures. Mr. Brooke, though not in orders, consented; and, after the preliminary prayers were over, he opened the Bible, and preached extemporarily on the first text that caught his eye. In the middle of his discourse, the clergyman entered, and found the whole congregation in tears. He entreated Mr. Brooke to proceed, but this he modestly declined; and the clergyman as modestly declared, that after the testimony of superior abilities which he perceived in the moist eyes of all present, he would think it presumption and folly to hazard any thing of his own. Accordingly, the concluding prayers alone were said, and the congregation dismissed for the day.

English Preachers.—It has been observed of Jeremy Taylor, that while he displayed great power of expression, and a rich exuberance of fancy, he blended true sense, false wit, and pedantic quotation. This misfortune, the result of a taste pedantic and affected, was partly the fault of the man, and partly of the time. Taylor, indeed, by the fire and vigour of his genius, threw off all the cold and phlegmatic pedantry which chilled and clouded the invention of such preachers as Bishop Andrews. He stood on a kind of isthmus between the affectations which disgraced the pulpit in the reign of James the First, and the classic purity, united with clear ratiocination, which began to develop themselves after the restoration of his grandson.

The writers and preachers of the reign

of Charles the First, seem to have studied themselves out of their understanding and their taste together. In their pulpit declamations, addressed for the most part to congregations more illiterate than their descendants of the present generation, these learned triflers could not prove a point of Christian doctrine from St. Paul, or urge, a Christian duty from the words of Christ. Their astonished audiences must hear in languages which they had never learned, what a whole series of Christian fathers had said on the one, and a whole tribe of heathen moralists on the other. To render such a mode of public instruction profitable, or even tolerable, the gift of interpreting tongues ought to have revived in the church. These learned and senseless farrales were further disgraced by the spirit of witticism and punning, which proved something worse than the preacher's want of taste—his want of seriousness; for no man who had a proper sense of the office of a Christian preacher, would have either leisure or inclination to twist a pun, or trifle with the jangling of words. Meanwhile, "The hungry sheep look'd up, and were not fed."

It may seem a wild and groundless imagination, that this unedifying and pedantic way of preaching, contributed to the downfall of the church which followed; but it must be remembered, that this very depravation in the mode of public instruction, gave birth to another style of oratory in the coarse mouths of the puritans, at once slovenly and unlearned, but powerful and enthusiastic, which reached every understanding, moved every heart; and when directed, as it quickly was, against the governors and government of the church, became the most powerful engine in subverting it.

At the restoration of Charles the Second, the old race of orthodox preachers were either dead or dumb from age; while the rude brawlers of the commonwealth were condemned to silence, or to secret conventicles; profligate, however, as he was, and indifferent to all doctrines, Charles had a true taste for style; and as the decencies of his station condemned him to hear one sermon weekly, he determined, that whatever became of his conscience, his ear and understanding, at least, should not be offended. The revolution was instant; nor did the transition appear more abrupt and striking from the sourness of the court of Oliver, to the dissolute gaiety of that of Charles; than from the cant, the nonsense, and the sanctified blasphemy of Goodwin, Sterry, and Hugh Peters, to the irresistible reasonings and the majestic energy of Barrow; or at a somewhat later period, to the more diffuse and captivating eloquence of Tillotson.

The Eton Latin Grammar; being an Introduction to the Latin Tongue; revised, corrected, and greatly im-

proved. Enriched also with copious Notes. By the Rev. T. Smith. 12mo. pp. 220. London, 1821.

WHILE every improvement has been made in elementary treatises on education, comparatively little attention has been paid to facilitating the study of Greek and Latin, if we except some theoretical works little calculated for youth. The Eton Latin Grammar, though a work of great merit, was not free from faults, and was particularly deficient in the accentuation of words. This error has been very carefully corrected by the present editor, who has not only marked the accents, but also the quantity of every Latin syllable in the book. The notes are valuable, and will be found of great service to the student who has made some progress in the language.

The Peerage Chart for 1821.

THIS chart is similar to that published last year, of which we spoke very favourably, with such additions and alterations as time has rendered necessary. It presents a complete coup d'œil of the British nobility, and should have a place in every library. It appears, from a general summary, that the descent of 156 peers can be traced to the conquest, or 11th century; that of 51 to the 12th century; 52 to the 13th century; 35 to the 14th century; 50 to the 16th century; 59 to the 17th century; and three to the 18th century. The ancestors of seventy-eight of the peers, whose descent can be traced to the conquest, were settled in England previous to that event; the other seventy-eight came over with the conqueror.

The Baronetage Chart for 1821.

THE success of the Peerage Chart has induced the author to construct one on the same plan, for the baronets of the united kingdom. It contains the date of the creation, age of the present baronets, number of children, if any, and the nature of the services for which the title was first obtained. The number of English baronets is 624. Of these, 11 have acquired their titles by diplomatic services—52 by naval—56 by military—20 by civil—47 by legal—14 by medical—20 by civic—10 as courtiers—12 by marriage—and 392 chiefly on account of their wealth. Eighty-three baronets can trace their paternal ancestry to the conquest.

The Secretary's Assistant; exhibiting the various and most correct Modes of Superscription, Commencement,

and Conclusion of Letters to Persons of every Degree of Rank. By the Author of the Peerage and Baronetage Charts. 12mo. pp. 136. London, 1821.

We could not, perhaps, urge any thing stronger in favour of the utility of such a work as the one before us, than the recommendation of the Psalmist, which the author has very happily selected as a motto—"Give unto every man his proper title, lest he be offended, and ye betray your ignorance." Such persons as have had occasion to mix much in the world, and particularly in the titled world, must have observed the punctiliousness with which many individuals watch that they are addressed by their proper title. The omission of any portion of it, or the substitution of Knt. for Bart., or C. B. for G. C. B., with them would be a very heavy offence, and if the writer should be seeking any favour, he would either be refused, or, at least, rebuked for his inattention to these little but very essential details in epistolary correspondence. The 'Secretary's Assistant' is an infallible guide in this respect, and we give it our hearty recommendation.

A Grammar of the English Language, in which the Genius of the English Tongue is consulted, and all Imitations of the Greek and Latin Grammars are discarded. By W. G. Lewis. 12mo. pp. 216. London, 1821.

We are very far from thinking, that Mr. Lewis's work will ever get extensively introduced into schools, but as its object is to render the acquisition of a knowledge of grammar, within the reach of persons who have little leisure, and cannot avail themselves of the assistance of a teacher, it may assist the purposes of self-instruction.

CORONATION SERMON

OF

GEORGE THE THIRD.

[WHILE we, in pursuance of our promise, were preparing an article on the Coronation, a much valued correspondent, to whom we are largely indebted, sent us a copy of the last Coronation Sermon, which is now become so scarce and valuable, that we believe we can do our readers no better service than by re-printing it. The sermon was preached by Dr. Robert Drummond, then Bishop of Salisbury, but a few days after promoted to the Archbishopric of York. 'The concluding part of this discourse,' says a contemporary writer on the subject,

* Thompson, in his Coronation Ceremonies, for a review of which, see *Lit. Chron.* No. 48.

'time has since shown to be almost a prophecy, at least it was the best prayer which loyalty could offer to heaven for a beloved monarch, and has been amply fulfilled.' We make no further apology for laying the whole before our readers.—Ed.

A Sermon Preached at the Coronation of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, in the Abbey Church of Westminster, September, 22, 1761. By Robert, Lord Bishop of Sarum. Published by His Majesty's special Command.

1 KINGS, x. 9.—Because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment and justice.

THESE words were addressed to Solomon, when he ruled over Israel in the fear of God, and his kingdom was established greatly.—We need not employ our reflections upon the history which occasioned them: we need not enter into the reasons of the peculiar Providence which God exercised over the Jews, or the special appointment of Solomon to the throne of David his father.—The words convey a general proposition, full of instruction; and correspond to that Providence by which all kings reign and all princes decree justice. They are not, surely, unworthy the attention either of the prince or of the people, and may well claim our regard on this solemnity, which affords ample matter for our best affections to work upon; which calls for our devoutest thanks to the Giver of every good gift, for the blessings we already enjoy; and raises in us a confident expectation of the continuance and increase of them.

The words lead us naturally to two important truths:—

1st. That when great and good kings reign, they are the means by which God blesses a people.—It is not said, because the Lord loved Solomon, but because he loved Israel, therefore made he Solomon king.

2dly. That the duty and end of royalty is to do judgment and justice.

The Supreme Governor of the world, constantly exercising his providence in promoting the virtue and happiness of his rational creatures, put man under strong obligations of necessity, convenience, and inclination, thereby to draw him into society; and left him in the hand of his own counsel to reap the benefits of it; to form models of government, to enact laws, and pursue order for the peace, safety, and public good of mankind. For these gracious purposes, all the powers that be, are ordained of God. When these powers

are separated from the public good, nothing can be more unnatural and destructive; when united with it, nothing more just and beneficial: and the true end of civil society is then only attained, when the people are blessed.

The merit of wise and righteous government must certainly redound to the honour of the person who administers it: the divine prerogative of communicating happiness and glory to a great people, of feeding them with a faithful and true heart, and ruling them prudently with all his power, must surely fill the mind of a prince with that inward delight and satisfaction, that attend every act of a conspicuous and distinguished virtue; but the general utility is to the people: and however he may partake of their felicity, the difficulty, the disquietude, the constant care lie upon the prince.

Is it a small thing to hold the reins of government, and direct its course with ability and uprightness? Every considerate man must be sensible of the weight, and every honest man will endeavour to support the hand that bears it. Supported and assisted it must be in the extensive concerns of a great kingdom; but the colour, the vigour, the consistency of public conduct rest chiefly upon the prince himself. To be acquainted with the connexions and dependencies of power, and to look through their force and consequences; to protect a nation from foreign injury and domestic disorder; to execute law, to exercise authority, and secure obedience, by an uniform and well-tempered scheme of mercy and goodness, of truth and faithfulness, of justice and impartiality; are matters of no ordinary skill and care. Solid principles of wisdom and virtue, enlarged views, a discerning spirit, strength and presence of mind, with constant application and watchfulness, are required to keep the sources pure, from whence flow all the benefits of civil government and order.

Is it a small thing to stand firm in so elevated a situation? not to give way to the self-sufficiency of power, or the security of ease, or the allurements of grandeur, which too often pervert even the best dispositions of natural temper, and vitiate the heart? to be superior to all the temptations which so independent a station suggests? and to avoid all the defects that diminish a great character as well as those that corrupt a good one?—Whoever knows mankind must allow the heart to be

very resolute and steadfast in its integrity, which, under such trials, can pursue its course invariably towards the highest perfection.

Besides these difficulties, which arise from the weight of government, and the hazard of moving amidst so many snares; other difficulties may occur in particular cases.—To succeed to a prince, whose grave was just covered with the unfeigned tears of his happy and grateful subjects; who had long been accustomed to love and reverence him as their common father and friend;—to succeed to a kingdom full of power, and riches, and honour, whose name stands foremost among the nations, and whose fame is raised to a pitch above the praise of former ages;—to succeed with the warmest expectations and inclinations of men of all ranks, interests, and opinions:—this, undoubtedly, affords a pleasing prospect; but, at the same time, it calls for all the faculties of an understanding heart to profit by these favourable circumstances; to maintain the affections of the people, the stability of the throne, and the glory of the nation.

Whoever looks through the appearances of things, must see, that even they, who are the worthiest and fittest to be instructed [intrusted] with royalty, cannot be free from difficulty and care; and that the benefit does not accrue so much to them as to the community. This is the purpose of Providence thus to extend its blessings, and this purpose is in fact answered, in proportion to the goodness of the prince. He bears the weight of government, that his subjects may live easy under it; he avails himself of the prerogative, and resists the dangers of his exalted station, that he may be a living law to them; and he exerts himself to act up to the glory in which he finds his people, that their security, tranquillity, and power may be established, strengthened, settled. To a just prince, the difficulties will be rather a spur to action than a curb; because he will be ever warmly animated with the love of his country: his mind will be free, and strong, and constant, because it is pure; and he will find his dignity in that, in which alone it can really consist—in fulfilling his duty; in doing judgment and justice.

This is the second consideration arising from the words of the text:—Because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment and justice.

The reason of things to an attentive

mind makes it evident, that man cannot be set up on high above his fellow-creatures, merely for his own indulgence, dominion, and advantage.

External greatness, pre-eminence, and honours are indeed due to all that are in authority, and should be maintained; and, above all, when we look up to the supreme head, that is set upon the throne of a great kingdom, we naturally and justly pay the tribute of the most dutiful allegiance; and show constantly every mark of respect, submission, and veneration to the sacred character. Yet no tribute, which a king receives, can be compared to the glory which the greatness of his own mind feels, in doing judgment and justice. This is a talent intrusted with a prince, of which he must give an account; and it is a talent of the noblest kind, that can be committed into the hands of any of the sons of men: for he is the minister of God for the happiness of mankind, and, in discharging this trust faithfully, will be his wisdom and understanding and dignity in the sight of all nations.

This trust is best discharged when those principles are cultivated, from which cometh order and every good work.—To this end, a wise prince, for his own as well as his people's interest, will give public honour to pure religion and virtue; and, for their support, to knowledge and science and every thing that is praise-worthy.—This conduct will give encouragement and life to whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report; will keep vice, infidelity, and prophaneness in awe; and thwart the selfish and dangerous designs of wicked men. The sentiments, the manners, the passions, the pursuits of many will take a right tendency; and who-ever are bound by the tie of a well-informed conscience, will preserve a sincere respect to law and a cheerful obedience to government; which, without that tie, no authority can command, no power can enforce. Such a conduct will raise the dignity of a prince; will constitute the genius, form the character, and fix the credit of a people; and, steadily pursued, will produce happiness beyond this age to the community, and to the individuals beyond this life.

A wise prince will not only cultivate those principles, which strengthen the bands by which every society is knit together; but he will also unalterably adhere to those means, and pursue those ends, which secure the founda-

tions and promote the benefits of the constitution, at the head of which he is placed. If this happy lot fall in a country, where the constitution in church and state is founded upon the principles of purity and freedom, and justly poised between the extremes of power and liberty, he will find himself clothed with every degree of authority, that a heart well-intentioned can desire, and at the head of a constitution the best formed to convey peace and happiness to mankind; and it will be easy to him to make the law the rule of his actions, as he measures his own interest by that of his people, and his own duty by the public good. A free constitution hath numberless depending motions, which are necessary to check each other, and which may be sometimes stopped or disordered by the passions of men; it requires, therefore, early, resolute, and uniform vigilance in the administration of government; but these very checks mark out more distinctly the mutual interest of prince and people, and necessitate both to pursue it, if they are true to themselves. In such a constitution, the power of the prince is not absolute, but sufficient for every right purpose, and which a great and good mind will delight in executing. The obedience of the people is the obedience of men, not slaves,—unforced and unfeigned, and therefore the more honourable and more acceptable to an upright king; and the temper, the affection, the rigour, which liberty inspires, will carry the dignity and greatness of a sovereign to a higher pitch, than can be attained by any other principle of government.

When these public demonstrations of wise and righteous administration are strengthened by the prince's personal example of love to true religion and to the constitution, the hopes and happiness of a people are built upon the surest foundation. When a prince acts under an habitual persuasion of his dependance upon God, he gives the strongest pledge of right and steady conduct towards man. A mind well endowed, and a heart well disposed, are not easily drawn aside into the crooked paths of oppression or cunning, but are rooted and grounded in true policy, which dispenses blessings all around. A character thus founded in virtue, will scatter away all evil with his eyes, and will not only maintain a decorum in manners, so essential to dignity, but exact it incessantly and yet powerfully from others. Enlarged principles of sound religion will en-

ble him to act with ease and firmness and honour in every occurrence; and the efficacy of so eminent a pattern will insinuate itself through all degrees of men. When, to complete this amiable character, the love of the constitution is known to be implanted in the bosom of a prince, this spirit will diffuse itself through all orders of his subjects: his example will secure it, his influence will improve it, his countenance will create emulation in every honest heart to perpetuate it; and the fruit of this conduct will be mutual confidence, strength, and glory.

When he that ruleth over men, founds his dignity in thus fulfilling his duty, God is truly loving unto that nation, and his blessing is upon that people.

When we rejoice in making the application, let us also seriously consider the duty we owe to the Almighty, who hath shewn this loving kindness to us; and the duty we owe to that prince, who is the instrument in the hands of Providence to bestow these blessings upon us. But the most signal bounty of Providence, the most assiduous care and concern of a prince for the public welfare, cannot make a corrupt, a dissolute, or an abject people happy. Let favour be shewed to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness; in the land of uprightness will he deal unjustly, and will not behold the mercy or the majesty of the Lord. We must fear God before we can create a confidence that we honour the king with a steadfast heart. It becometh us to walk uprightly in both these paths of duty, which coincide, and to preserve a constant sense of due subordination, and a right conduct in our respective stations. Conscience, gratitude, and even self-love, should prompt us to lessen the weight and heighten the dignity of the crown; and should incite us to co-operate, by all the means in our power, to maintain the cause of pure religion and virtue, of just government and liberty.—If we do not, we shall despise and defeat our own happiness; and the blessings offered to us will aggravate our condemnation. But such fears would ill become this day. Let us promise ourselves better things; and let our present prayers to the Most High, who ruleth in the kingdom of men, be the sincere pledges of our uniform and hearty endeavours, that the reign of the king may be one uninterrupted course of felicity to him and to his kingdoms.

What then remains, but to exhort

you; and what can be more becoming this great and solemn occasion, than to offer up the most fervent supplications with one mind to heaven; that the holy spirit of that God, in whose presence the king and people are preparing to declare their mutual engagements, may pour into their hearts a sincere zeal for each other's happiness, and unite them in the strictest bands of affection? May the sacred oath, which our sovereign takes at the altar of the King of kings, ever recur to his mind, as the genuine intentions of his own heart. May the homage, which we pay him in all truth and faithfulness, be bound upon our hearts and minds with the ties of duty, gratitude, and love! and from us, may unfeigned loyalty spread itself through all ranks, give a right temper to the conduct of all his subjects, and establish his kingdom. May justice and judgment be the habitation of his throne! May mercy and truth go before his face! May the Almighty mark every year with fresh instances of his goodness to him and to his people! May every happiness of private life alleviate the cares of royalty! and every blessing of public prosperity, yea, and abundance of peace be in his day! Late may he becalmed to an heavenly crown of eternal glory! And here on earth, through the mercy of the Most High, to these kingdoms, long with unsullied lustre may his crown flourish, under the guidance of that wisdom in whose right hand are length of days and honour! Amen.

Original Communications.

MARIAN; A SKETCH:

A free Translation from the Welsh.

MARIAN, didst thou but feel the powerful operation of love that rends my heart and fires my veins, thy tender and compassionate nature would quickly allay the flames that threaten destruction to whatever of mortality belongs to me.

Resign thee, then, my soul unto thy fate!

Presumptuous will it be in me to solicit thee, oh Marian, for a reciprocal return of that affection with which my heart bounds to thee.

Fain would I wish thee devoid of those possessions, that intitle thee to wealthy suitors, and render my advances arrogant.

Thy native charms, the beams of understanding that radiate from thy polished brow, thy gentleness, thy pie-

ty, my adorable Marian, have captivated a heart impenetrable by haughty beauty or sordid riches.

Then, Marian, fare thee well! Thy wealth has formed a barrier to my happiness on earth. Oh, pity me, ye woods, where erst I haunted in your shade, and sung my Marian's praise. Ah, miserable me! no sympathizing sigh for me, ye utter! Impressed with thy mind's perfections, and all those qualifications to make life happy, I bid the world and thee adieu. My harp, which sweetly tuned thy praise, hangs now unstrung, beneath yon blighted oak; now, welcome Death, thy icy hand shall quickly cool the ardour of my throbbing heart, beneath this willow tree. Then, Marian, fare thee well!

CAMBRO.

POETICAL COINCIDENCES;

ON,

'A breeze whispering among the trees.'

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—With but few exceptions, the English poets have shewn so warm an attachment for the couplet of which I write, that it does not require an apology for its introduction to your pages. Whether the using of particular epithets be essential or not to produce genuine poetry, I will not inquire;—that, in almost all of the ancients as well as the moderns, such and such phrases exist, a few examples may suffice, and prove clearly the ridiculous affectation of critics attributing this idea or that sentence to some antecedent or contemporary poet. Although few of the excellent in versification have been accustomed to a seafaring life, yet it is astonishing how they have eulogized the breeze! Nor have the majority of them, perhaps, spent much of their time in cathedrals, yet how they exult in the whisper! Whenever they sat down in a shady valley in some delicious reverie of inspiration, the charm, it should appear, could not be wound up without a breeze to hush its whispers among the trees.

I should intrude, Sir, were I to give illustrations from Cowley, Milton, Spenser, and many others of the earlier schools of poetry; but, as Pope thought it right to satirise the writers of his day with a smart breeze, I will whisper a word or two among the trees of Twickenham, about him:—

'As snows collected on the mountains freeze,
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the whispering gales,—
Ends in a stream, and murmurs thro' the vales.'

Hooper's Odyssey, book 10, p. 123.

Before I proceed further, sir, I would remark, that in most instances there is much *murmuring* in the cloisters of rural solitude for those—

'Who bear from rustling oaks Jove's dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low whisper'd in the breeze.'

Ibid., book 16, p. 96.

Tickell, in expressing his admiration of the Earl of Warwick's scenery in the *Spectator*, says,—

'How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!'

P. 3.

And Addison, with increased satisfaction replies, that—

'The acut comes warm in every breeze.'

P. 94.

He then would praise—

'The tenderness of his trees,
Chide the late spring and lingering western breeze.'

Translat. 125.

Where buzzes echo through the hive—

'Like winds that softly murmur thro' the trees.'

P. 129.

And, wonderful to know,—

'All this is done when first the western breeze
Beoms the year.'—P. 131.

But, as St. Cecilia ought to have the pre-eminence in charming the ear, she makes—

'A thousand trills and quivering sounds
In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languish by degrees,
And at a distance die!—Ode, p. 137.

Poor tender creatures! But Mrs. Singer will give you a joyful resurrection, in—

'The eastern breeze,
And send you dancing thro' the trembling trees.'

Pastoral. p. 52.

And Solomon being renowned for wisdom, Prior becomes his ambassador, to raise,—

'By just degrees,
From valleys crown'd with flowers, and hills
with trees.'

Sol. p. 93.

Mrs. Rowe was very partial to—

'The whispering breeze
Among the trees,

And Watts, who felt reciprocally with her, in his lyrical effusions, sends her back on—

'Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispers thro' the trees.'

And sometimes in

'The weening breeze
Sporting thro' the trees.'

Although Andrew Marvell declared it but—

'Only a fluttering breeze
Discombing with the breathing trees.'

Thomson, who had an eye for nature,

'Look'd thro' the trees

and heard

'The hollow whispering breeze,'—P. 24.

in spring; and in his hymn he sung,—

'In hollow whispering gales.'—P. 141.

Further, in his *Castle of Indolence*, p. 258,—

'Aerial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising off, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung.'

But in his 'Nuptial Song,' p. 314,—

'A genial spirit warms the breeze
Unseen among the blooming trees.'

While—

'In the quivering trees,'

Mrs. Opie makes

'Soft zephyrs sigh.'—P. 124.

On the other hand, Montgomery sings,—

'Thus the pestilent upas, the demon of trees,
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,
And with livid contagion polluting the breeze,
Its misdeeds influence spreads.'—P. 162.

Whereas Leigh Hunt, in his *Foliage*, admired—

'The new-mown hay that scents the swelling
breeze,
Or cottage chimney smoking thro' the trees.'

And Shelley's *Queen Mab* swam on

'The lightest leaf
That quivers to the passing breeze.'

But, sir, as I dare say you think I am extending my observations beyond your convenience and patience, lest I should infringe on the one and tire the other, it behoves me to draw to a conclusion: at the same time, I have dozens of breezes in my folio, yet on record, especially of Blackmore, Ferguson, Scott, Campbell, Watts, and others; for, as you like it, Shakespeare says,—

'Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.'

Your's respectfully, CANTAB.

Biography.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, EX-EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

'A name at which the world grew pale.'

THE most extraordinary individual that any age or country ever produced—Napoleon Bonaparte—is no more.

He whose will was law to countless millions,—whose empire threatened to swallow up the whole world, and who had only to say to one king or emperor 'go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh;' he who but yesterday might—

'Have stood against the world, now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.'

But, as a living poet has beautifully expressed it:—

'All must die; kings, princes must obey
The freeing call. Statesmen must one day
stoop.

To pay their court to the despoil'd tomb;
Laymen must thus refund the fee of life;
Heroes unarm'd, forgetting sieges, battles—
Must, far from glory and the sound of praise,
Take their last station.'

The news of Napoleon's death, which must, we think, excite sympathy even in the coldest heart, reached town on Wednesday, and although we would gladly have accompanied our first announcement of the event with a connected memoir of his life, yet we are compelled for the present to give a brief and imperfect sketch.

There was a time, and with some, perhaps, it is not yet past, when it was fashionable to load Bonaparte with every accusation that malice could invent. Not only every virtue, but even every talent was denied to him. Posterity, to which will be left ample materials, will, perhaps, do him that justice which party prejudice has hitherto denied him, and while it records his errors, will not be insensible to his merits, or to the services he has rendered.

One of the most frequent charges against Bonaparte was his low origin, which, though a thousand times refuted, was still renewed on every occasion. His brother, Louis, the Ex-King of Holland, has, however, in his 'Historical Documents,' traced back his family to the middle of the thirteenth century, when one of his ancestors was Potesta of Parma, and a Knight of the order of Gaudenti†. The Bonaparte family, which had been long fixed in Corsica, in subsequent ages, quitted it when it was ceded to the English, and settled first at Lavalette, near Toulon. Napoleon was the eldest son of Carlo and Letitia Bonaparte, and was born at Ajaccio, in the Island of Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769, the same year that gave birth to his great opponent, the Duke of Wellington. He was educated in the Military School, at Brienne, in France, and first distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, when that place was in possession of the English. His military career was marked by a rapidity known only during periods of revolution; and, at the age of twenty-seven, he was appointed to the command of the French army in Italy, when he de-

† Mr. Hayn's tragedy of 'Cromwell.'
* For a review of this work, in which there are very interesting particulars respecting Bonaparte, see *Literary Chronicle*, No. 51.

feated the Archduke Charles and the ferocious Suvoroff, and, running a glorious career of victory, made peace with Austria on terms highly favourable to France. He afterwards projected the memorable expedition to Egypt, and returned to France in sufficient time to rescue her from the distracted councils of the Executive Directory, which he dissolved in as summary a manner as Oliver Cromwell did the English Parliament. He was appointed First Consul for a limited term of years, and afterwards for life. New triumphs, in a new war against Austria, enabled him again to compel that power to make peace on terms still more advantageous, and, in 1804, he was raised to the throne, under the title of Emperor of the French, and was crowned by the Pope. Every succeeding year added new glories to his military fame, and new territories to his empire; until he succeeded in raising four of his brothers to thrones, and placing one of his generals the next in succession to the throne of Sweden. The whole of Europe, England excepted, succumbed to his power; and the continental sovereigns and princes attended his summons like vassal lords doing homage. At length, vaulting ambition, that o'erleaps itself, urged him to the war in Spain, where, during a period of almost twenty years, he met with his first reverses. The Russian campaign followed, in which he lost the finest, most numerous, and best appointed army that ever took the field. After returning to France, he raised a new army, and again took the field with varied success, until, at length, the tide of war, which he had urged from the Rhine to the Moskwa, rolled back upon him, and he was compelled to contend on French ground. Never, perhaps, did Bonaparte display so much skill as on this occasion, when, with a mere handful of men, he kept the armies of Russia, Austria, Prussia, &c. from Paris. At length, however, the capital fell into the hands of the allies, and Bonaparte abdicated the throne on the condition of having the island of Elba in perpetual sovereignty, and a pension from France. This pension was not paid, and, on the 20th of February, 1815, Napoleon, with a few hundred faithful followers, left the island, and landed at Frejus on the 1st of March; a more daring enterprise was never undertaken, nor one attended with such success: the armies sent to oppose him, on seeing him, voluntarily threw down their

arms amidst cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, and, in a march the most triumphant that history records, he reached Paris on the 20th, and immediately resumed his imperial sway. One act will distinguish this reign of a hundred days, and render it memorable:—the abolition of the slave trade by France, which England was too tame to demand, and Louis not generous enough to do, was effected by a single stroke of Napoleon's pen. The powers of Europe, however, were determined, if possible, to dethrone him, and large armies entered France. Bonaparte raised a considerable, but ill organized force to meet them; the battle of Waterloo followed, in which his army was utterly defeated. He returned to the capital and abdicated in favour of his son, but France, ungrateful France, would no longer support him when deserted by fortune, and he quitted Paris in hopes of escaping to America. Finding this impracticable, he surrendered to an English ship of war, throwing himself, as he said, into the hands of the most determined, but the 'most generous of his enemies.' How little claim our conduct had to the last title was proved by sending him to St. Helena, where the privations and restrictions he was under were much greater than his safe custody required. From this custody he was released by the merciful hand of Death on the 5th of May. The best particulars that have hitherto transpired respecting this event, are as follows:—

The illness of the Ex-Emperor lasted, on the whole, six weeks. The effects of this long illness on the frame of Bonaparte, as described by an officer who had frequent opportunities of seeing him during that period, were so powerful as nearly to reduce him to a skeleton, and to obliterate all traces of his former features. During the latter part of his illness, he frequently conversed with his medical attendants on its nature, of which he seemed to be perfectly aware. He declared that it was hereditary, and that his father had died of the same disease. It is said that he gave directions about his affairs and papers till five or six hours before he died, having retained his senses till that period. He said he wished to be opened, in order that his son might be informed of the nature of his disease. The body was opened by his own surgeon. On examination, the stomach was found in a state of extreme ulceration, so that it appeared in some places perforated in large openings. His medi-

cal attendants gave it as their decided opinion, in which the physician who was called in coincided, that the disease was incurable, and that the climate had had no effect in producing it. One trait of character displayed itself in his last moments, which marks the—

'Rolling passion, strong in death.'

As he found his end approach, he was habited, at his own request, in his uniform of field marshal, with boots and spurs, and placed on a camp-bed, on which he was accustomed to sleep when in health, and preferred to every other. In this dress he expired*.

It has been asserted that the *Rosario*, which brought the dispatches, also brought the body of Bonaparte to England; but this, we understand, is not the case. His attendants wished his body to be conveyed to Europe; but on opening his will, it was found that he had left a request that it should be interred in the island, and pointed out the spot where he wished his remains to rest, in a beautiful valley near his residence. Though Bonaparte is supposed to have suffered much, his dissolution was so calm and serene, that not a sigh escaped him, or any intimation to the by-standers that it was so near. At the departure of the *Rosario*, no day had been fixed for the funeral, but it was understood that it would be solemnized with the military honours due to his rank.

A likeness of Bonaparte, after his decease, was sketched by an English officer, and is brought to England. Count Moatholon, we hear, arrived by the ship which brought the intelligence of this event, and immediately forwarded it by an extraordinary courier to the French ambassador. Numerous expresses left town immediately, to announce the death of Bonaparte to the different European courts.

To this very imperfect sketch, for which want of time must be our apology, we add a few anecdotes, referring our readers to our preceding volumes for several others †.

In March, 1779, Napoleon, being then in his tenth year, was sent to the school of Brienne, in Champagne, which was superintended by some of the holy fathers, called Minims. Of a silent and stern disposition, prone to solitude and meditation, he seemed as

* This reminds us of Seward, Earl of Northumberland, who, feeling in his sickness that death was fast approaching, quitted his bed and put on his armour, saying, 'that it became not a man to die like a beast.'—Ed.

† See *Literary Chronicle*, Nov. 13, 18, 19, 20, 30, 51, 52, 53, 54, and 64.

if cast by nature for the rigid order of life imposed by the rules of the establishment. Each pupil was locked up by himself at night in a cell, the whole furniture of which consisted of a girth bed, an iron water picher and basin; yet gloomy as this seclusion was, young Napoleon preferred retiring to it during the intervals of scholastic exercise, to joining with his school-mates in their usual sports and amusements. At a later period he was wont to prose into his solitary studies in a little garden, which he had contrived to inclose for his own exclusive use, by prevailing on some of the scholars to assign to him the shares allotted to them, and adding these to his own. It has been told of him at this period, that on one occasion when the other school boys were thrown into great consternation by the explosion of a fire-work which they were engaged in preparing, and when some of them, in their haste to get out of the way of the danger, broke through into the territory of the young *soldatier*, he seized his garden tools, and attacking the invaders, drove them with equal spirit and non-chalance back into the midst of the peril from which they were seeking to escape. In consequence of these cold and forbidding features in his character, he soon acquired the nick-name of the *Spartan*, which he retained during his residence at Brienne.

The branch of study to which Napoleon directed his almost undivided attention, was mathematics. He paid but little attention to the languages, and still less to the elegant arts; nay, even in writing he is said to have taken so little pleasure, as to neglect it almost entirely: whence it has arisen, that we never hear of any paper written by him in his riper years, without a note of wonder either at its illegibility or its legible incorrectness, both in character and orthography.

With a book of mathematics or history—Enclid or Plutarch in his hand, his great delight was to shut himself up in his little garden, to walk and to meditate. His mind seemed for a long time to disdain all lower occupations and less important studies; but a desire for action at last broke in upon his repose, and he had no sooner mixed with his school-fellows for this purpose, than he began to act the part of the incipient general among them, taught them the military exercise, and instituted, for their usual sports, the combats of the Roman circus, and the evolu-

tions of the Macedonian phalanx. His school-fellows began now to testify an uncommon desire of respect and attachment towards him; they felt, and were the first to pay tribute to that fascinating or rather commanding influence, which was afterwards so principal a means of raising him to empire and renown.

In the hard winter of 1783, Napoleon conceived the idea of constructing a little fort of snow. With the assistance of some of his most zealous comrades, and with no other instruments than the ordinary garden tools, he perfected a complete quadrangle, defended at the corners by four bastions, the walls of which were three feet and a half high. So well was it executed, that some remains of it were in existence many weeks afterwards. While it lasted, nothing but sieges and sallies were the order of the day.

Some of his leisure hours he employed in writing a poem on the liberty of his native country, Corsica. It was constructed on the idea, that the genius of his country had appeared to him in a dream, and putting a poignard in his hand, had called on him for vengeance. The effort appears to have been an abortive one; since beyond the bare mention of the piece, nothing more of it is recorded.

After he had passed five years in this academy, the royal inspector, on his annual examination, found him so well informed in the art of fortification, that he removed him to the *ecole militaire*, at Paris, where he arrived on the 17th of October, 1784. Here young Napoleon was under the direction of able and meritorious officers, and found excellent teachers in all the arts and sciences, particularly those connected with war. In the mathematics he had the celebrated Monge for his preceptor; and benefited so much by his instructions, that on passing his first examination after joining the school, he was placed as an officer in the corps of engineers.

While yet a cadet, he went on one occasion to witness the ascent of a balloon in the *Champ de Mars*. Impelled by an eager curiosity, he made his way through the crowd, and unperceived entered the inner fence which contained the apparatus for inflating the silken globe. It was then very nearly filled, and restrained from its aerial flight by the last cord only, when Napoleon requested the aéronaut to permit him to mount the car in company with him. This, however, was refused, from an

apprehension that the feelings of the boy might embarrass the experiments; on which Bonaparte is stated to have exclaimed, 'I am young, it is true, but fear neither the powers of earth nor of air!' sternly adding, 'will you let me ascend?' The erratic philosopher sharply replied, 'No, sir, I will not; I beg that you will retire.' The little cadet, enraged at the refusal, instantly drew a small sabre, which he wore with his uniform, cut the balloon in several places, and destroyed the curious apparatus which the aéronaut had constructed with infinite labour and ingenuity for his experiment.

Such was the last notable act of the boyhood of Bonaparte; it would seem as if on the verge of manhood, he had in this one adventure prefigured the whole of that extraordinary career which he afterwards ran; as the clouds aspiring, as the air trackless, its only object to ascend; its only rudder the whirlwind; a vapour its impulse; downfall its destiny.

When Bonaparte was forming the Code Napoleon, he astonished the council of state by the readiness with which he illustrated any point in discussion by quoting whole passages, extempore, from the Roman civil law, a subject which might seem to be entirely foreign to him, as his whole life had been passed in the 'tented field.' On being asked by Treillard how he had acquired so familiar a knowledge of law affairs, he replied—'When I was merely a lieutenant, I was put under arrest, unjustly it is true; but that is nothing to the point. The little room which was assigned for my prison, contained no furniture but an old chair, an old bed, and an old cupboard; in the cupboard was a ponderous folio volume, older and more worm-eaten than all the rest; it proved to be the digest. As I had no paper, pens, ink, or pencils, you may easily imagine that this book was a valuable prize to me. It was so voluminous, and the leaves were so covered with marginal notes in manuscript, that, had I been confined a hundred years, I could never have been idle. I was only ten days deprived of my liberty; but, on recovering it, I was saturated with Justinian, and the decisions of the Roman legislators. Thus I picked up my knowledge of civil law.'

The first campaigns of the French after the revolution, were remarkable for that sudden excitement which precipitated towards the frontiers of France

a million of new and undisciplined men, to oppose by their courage and enthusiasm, the confederated force of the finest troops of which Europe could boast. The campaign of Italy presented Europe with a spectacle still more astonishing; in this one campaign, which was nothing but a continued series of battles, three armies were successively destroyed: more than one hundred and fifty colours were taken; forty thousand Austrians laid down their arms; the whole of Italy was conquered; and all these prodigies were achieved by no more than thirty thousand French, and a young general of twenty-eight years of age!

The rapidity with which the French army moved, far exceeded what Cæsar reports of the Roman legions in his Commentaries. The Roman legions marched at the rate of twenty-four miles a day; the French marched thirty, and fought every day.

It was a common saying with the troops,—"The general has discovered a new method of making war; he makes more use of our legs than of our bayonets."

On a subsequent occasion, when the extreme fatigue which the soldiers underwent was a subject of observation, Bonaparte observed, "if I force them to march, it is to spare their blood."

At the memorable passage of the Bridge of Lodi, it was not less the celerity and promptitude of movement than invincible heroism, that carried the day. The fire of the enemy, who defended the passage with thirty pieces of cannon, was terrible; the head of the charging column of the French appeared to give way; "a moment of hesitation," says Bonaparte, in his official despatch on the occasion, "would have lost all." "Generals Berthier, Massena, Cervoni, D'Allegagne, the chief of brigade Lanne, and the chief of battalion Dupat, dashed forwards at its head, and determined the fate of the day, still wavering in the balance." Bonaparte does not include his own name in the list of this heroic band, though well known to have been one of the foremost in the charge; the modesty which dictated this concealment, even his revilers must admire. "This redoubtable column," he continues, "overturned all opposed to it; Beaulieu's order of battle was broken; astonishment, flight, and death, were spread on all sides. In the twinkling of an eye the enemy's army was scattered in confusion."

"Although," he continues, "since

the commencement of the campaign we have had some very warm affairs, and although the army has often been under the necessity of acting with great audacity, nothing has occurred which can be compared to the terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi."

"Our loss has been small; and this we owe to the promptitude of the execution, and to the sudden effect which the charge of this intrepid column produced on the enemy."

Original Poetry.

TO WILLIAM,

In reply to his Enigma.

Your Enigma's solution oft comes from a goose,
Sometimes from a crow, cock, or hen—
(And above it hath tended myself to trace)
For 'tis what I am using—a pen.

It hath swam in the water and down thro' the air,

In the wings of the goose and the crow;
It tells, in the love-scroll, the thoughts of the fair,

'Tis transparent, round, dumb, we all know.
The humble to riches have oft by it risen,
Industrious knights of the quill;

While the *forger* has found his way into a prison

And paid, with his life, for a bill.
In the senate it aids the reporters and clerks;
It warrants the rogue's execution;
It preserves for the poet wit's choicest sparks,
And, to finish—it wrote this solution.
Queen Street, Cheap-side. Y. F.

SONNET TO 'W. B. L.'

'He draws most important conclusions from the whim of a young puppy, and discusses a mutton-chop or a metaphysical inquiry, with an equal facility. He will deduce most sapient inferences from a parboiled turnip, and preach on the stings of conscience from the contemplation of a hedge-hog.' *Vide 'On Ancient and Modern Writers,' Literary Chronicle, No. 110.*

It is not that thou comest in a die
Of partie-coloured brightness and displeasure,
Byspredde with lustrys of a diverse raie,
And all besemlic to a merrie eie;
It is not that thou dauncest omne ye waie
Thiseelfe doeth strewe with wide and sorrell flowers,

Whither thine fittfull fancies bide thee strae
In jouteine moods amonge righte plessaunte bowes—

Thatte I doe love thee, "L," but thatte I deeme
The rather thatte myne hearte delighteth well

To toyatte ye spieie springes whyche thine doeth weene

To reveill in, with thyrrye unslykeabel;
Ande it may bee—for thatte mie wittes doe glize,

Thatte I have kenn'd thee well, within farr differring guise. I. B.

TO *****

Downed by a separating fate

To feel a novel pain;

Oh! say, will absence ere create

False vows or cold disdain?

When the broad ocean rolls between
Thy plighted one and thee,
Will memory paint what once has been?
Will memory tell of me?

When in the recreative round
Of pleasures,—(powerful spell)
Wilt thou forget that well-known sound,
Which spoke the sad "farewell"?

Down, rising doubts; and from my mind
Be banished all distrust;
Hence, mingle with the mighty wind,
"Twirl scatter, ye like dust!"

For I have fully tried thy love;
Full well have scanned thy heart;
And know thou can't not faithless prove,
Nor act so vile a part.

The tongue but ill supplies the need
To praise thee as I ought;
So 'were ingratitude to feel
One base suspicious thought. L.

THE CRUSADER.

GREY twilight rested on the plain
Strewed with the dead and with the dying,
The star of glory in her wane,
Seemed from the crested warrior flying;
Sir Hubert stretch'd him on the ground,
For Moslem sword had left him wounded;
He heard the distant bangle sound,
His fainting pulse now quicker bounded;

And his glazed eye rested on a form
With graceful sorrow bending o'er him,
Whose eyes, like stars amid a storm,
Beamed on the dreary waste before him;
He gazed again—he knew her face—
He bore her from the haven flaming—
He bore her as his tottering pace
Told that his spirit fast was waning.

He stretch'd his hand,—the chill of death
Had froze his veins, the life-blood failing,—
On her bosom be breath'd his latest breath,
And the air resounded with her wailing:
The turbaned horde rode fiercely on,
The silver crescent brightly gleaming;
And as in life their souls were one,
In death one crimson tide was streaming.
3d May, 1821. H. A.

RETIREMENT.

'Hail, mildly pleasing solitude,
Companion of the wise and good.'

OBSCURITY! what sweet elysium's thine,
In view how beautiful—possess'd, divine!
Thy seat is fix'd where judgment rears its throne,

Where silence reigns, and wisdom's rules are known;

Where contemplation spreads her cherub wings,
As adoration with the night-bird sings!

Estrang'd from envy, guilt, remorse, and strife,
(Corroding worms that waste this feverish life),

Those restless dreams that shake the tortur'd breast,

Ne'er haunt the hermit, nor disturb his rest;
Majestic reason, tho' unskill'd in schools,
Weights the just balance by law's nicest rules;
As Meditation loves in shades to dwell;
On herbs and fruits, by dower'd crystal well.

Whilst on his mind no anxious thoughts intrude,
But those of peace and calm beatitude,

On whose meek brow mild resignation there
Makes heaven of earth—and God his only care!
29th May. HATT.

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

AMONG the works of art exhibited this year at Somerset House, particularly deserving of notice, are three small landscapes, painted by a Mr. Edwart, Nos. 507, 745, and 822. The style of these pictures is a perfectly new invention, and does infinite credit to the artist. At a little distance they resemble enamel, with, however, a truth of colouring that is seldom if ever found in enamel paintings; but a closer inspection shows that they are oil paintings, fastened to plate glass. The advantage of this mode over enamel is obvious, inasmuch as the artist is not confined to copy other works, but has a free range in the field of original composition.

The first of these elegant little productions is a copy, or rather an imitation, of 'Tobit and the Angel,' by Claude, which we recollect to have seen in the picture gallery at Malmesbury. It strikes us that Mr. Edwart must have copied the drawing of this picture from a print, for the colouring seems wholly his own. The other two landscapes are original compositions. The execution of all three is exquisite, and not unworthy of the pencil of our greatest masters. The trees, particularly, are touched with a delicacy and a freedom that are really enchanting.

On seeing these works in a style of which we feel convinced that this is the first specimen ever exhibited, we felt disposed to make inquiries concerning the artist by whom they were contributed. The result of our inquiries leads us to suspect that the name of Edwart is assumed, and that these beautiful little pictures are the work of a foreign officer, who cultivated as an amusement, an art in which he has attained such excellence. Whether our conjectures be well founded or not, we sincerely hope that Mr. Edwart will continue to exercise in this country, a talent of which the specimen he has given us leads as to form so high an opinion.

C.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The opera of *Rob Roy* was played for the first time at this house on Tuesday, for the benefit of Mr. Cooper and Mr. H. Johnston, which we were happy to find well attended. The principal attraction of the evening was a Mr. Mackay, from the Edinburgh Theatre, whose delineation of the Baillie,

Nicol Jarvie, is said to have been honoured with the approbation of Sir Walter Scott, and a present from Jedediah Cleishbotham. Mr. Mackay gives a very correct representation of the Baillie as drawn in the novel, with a happy observance of costume; but we much doubt that his portrait of him would ever be so popular with a London audience as that of Liston.

On Monday, a new afterpiece, from the pen of Mr. Moncrieff, was produced, entitled *The Spectre Bridegroom*, or *a Ghost in spite of himself*. It is a bustling piece full of equivoque, and was favourably received.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.—This elegant house opened for the season on Wednesday night, and although it has assumed the title of the 'New Theatre,' yet we were very happy to find it still entitled to the appellation, endeared by a thousand pleasing recollections, of the 'Little Theatre in the Haymarket.' It is certainly larger than the old theatre, but there is scarcely a seat in the whole house, boxes, pit, or gallery, where the actors cannot be seen and heard distinctly. To facilitate the latter, a sounding-board has been constructed, which projects considerably over the orchestra, and somewhat disfigures that part of the house.

On the ceiling, is an allegorical representation of Morning, attended by Zephyr, appearing in the horizon, while in the opposite quarter, Cynthia is seen retiring from the presence of Apollo. The ornaments which encircle the design are composed of four groups of Cupids, bearing emblematic trophies of the different seasons. On the proscenium are various figures and embellishments, correspondent with those upon the ceiling.

The new drop-scene represents, on the left hand of the audience, the entrance of a temple of the Composite Order, richly ornamented with basso relievo, and dedicated to Apollo. The statues of Thalia and Melpomene surmount the principal entrance. On the right hand is an altar, dedicated to Beauty, and flowers and various ornaments, allusive to the costumes of the Bacchantes, are introduced. The era of the new building, as well as of the new reign, are alluded to by the temple of the muses, illuminated by the rising sun.

An opening address, written, we suspect, by George Colman, was admirably delivered by Mr. Terry. It contained some smart hits at the monopoly

of the winter theatres, and concluded with allusions to the performers who had been introduced to the public on the Haymarket stage, including Matthews, whom it had found 'a wanderer,' but who was now so much 'at home;' 'Liston' and 'their favourite Young,' the mention of whose names was received with loud applause, as was the address generally. The national air of 'God save the King' was twice sung by the whole company. The play was Sheridan's first dramatic production, *The Rivals*, a play which combines a great deal of rich humour and exquisite tenderness; but which we must confess we have seldom witnessed with so little pleasure. It introduced to the public some old favourites and some new faces, whether the latter will become favourites or not seems rather questionable. Mr. Terry, who is without an equal as a testy old man, played Sir Anthony Absolute with great spirit. It was a finished performance. De Camp, who has been absent from the London boards four or five years, was favourably greeted on appearing as Captain Absolute. Sir Lucius O'Trigger was rendered a very vulgar and a very insignificant personage by a Mr. Ward, from Dublin. The most successful debut was that of a Mr. Tayleure, from Liverpool, in the character of Acres, who represented the vanity, foppiness, boasting, and timidity of 'fighting Bob' with good effect. It was, however, a rather unequal performance: some of the best scenes were—his first interview with Absolute and Faulkner; his conversation with Sir Lucius on the intended challenge; when he really fancies that he is valiant; and his dialogue with his servant David, when, notwithstanding the remonstrances of that faithful adherent, Bobby still retains his valour, though now and then interrupted with a few quails. Tayleure is a bustling actor, who promises well. Faulkner was enacted by a Mr. Faulkner from Newcastle, who imitated Mr. Elton's manner and voice, but wanted the spirit of that gentleman. The Fag of Mr. Baker, and the David of Mr. Williams, were both good. Miss H. Johnston, who during her absence from the stage has added considerably to her *emboupoint*, played Lydia Languish with great animation; and Mrs. Chatterly made a very interesting Julia. We had nearly forgotten Mrs. Malaprop, which was very well sustained by Mrs. Pearce.

After the comedy, a new *Vaudeville*

opera in two acts was produced, entitled *Peter and Paul, or Love in the Vineyards*. An apparently pre-determined disposition to oppose it, which displayed itself during the whole performance, rendered it very unintelligible to the audience. The story turns on a young rustic on the point of marrying a lady, who, nineteen years ago, had been engaged to her grandfather, if he should continue so long in the same wish. He unexpectedly comes to claim her. A brother, so like him that it is impossible to know which is the 'real Simon Pure,' comes at the same time, and a series of mistakes result, which terminate in the union of the lovers. We cannot but consider the opposition made to this piece as very ungenerous. It is not usual with Englishmen to condemn unheard, and yet this may be said to have been the case with this little opera, which deserved a better fate. It was with considerable difficulty that Mr. Terry could get leave to announce it for repetition.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—A little piece in two acts, called *Love's Dream*, was produced at this theatre on Thursday night, with complete success. The story may be briefly told. Miss Dormer (Miss Kelly), is strongly attached to Henry Morton (Pearman); but, from some supposed slight on his part, she engages to marry Frederick Easy (Wrench). Easy and Morton are very intimate friends, and accidentally meeting, when the former is on his matrimonial excursion, Morton accompanies him, without knowing the intended bride until he gets to the house. The marriage contract is signed, and Morton is reluctantly prevailed upon to be one of the trustees. Miss Dormer is a somnambulist, and the night before her marriage, she unconsciously finds her way to the Pavilion, where Morton, unable to sleep, is sitting. In her dream, she discloses her attachment to Morton, and gives him a ring. On retiring, she leaves her veil, which is found by Easy. The secret is discovered, the match broken off, and Easy generously resigns the lady to his friend. The piece, though not possessing much originality, is a very pleasing production. Wrench played with great spirit, and Pearman sung prettily, but the piece rested chiefly on Miss Kelly, who rendered the scene of 'Love's dream' particularly effective. The piece was received with great applause.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mr. C. Kemble's drama of *The Point of Honour*,

has been produced at this house under the title of *the Soldier's Father*. It is extremely well played, particularly the characters of Darimel, by Haastley, and Bertha by Mrs. W. Fearnham, from the York stage, who made a very successful debut. Bengough, Fitzwilliam, Wyatt, and Miss Poole, added much to the strength of the piece.

Literature and Science.

Mr. Ackermann has announced 'The History of Little Johnny, the Foundling of the late Doctor Syntax, a Poem,' from the same pen and pencil as the three tours of Doctor Syntax already published.

Library at Vienna.—An historical account of the public library in Vienna, has lately been published—*Kurzgefasste Beschreibung der Kaiserlichen Bibliothek in Wien*, by which it appears to have originated in the year 1440, consisting only, at that period, of some MSS. which the Emperor Frederick IV. had purchased. It is indebted for its first organization to the poet laureate Conrad de Celtes, who, in 1495, was appointed librarian to the Emperor Maximilian I. Since that time it has been successively augmented by the incorporation of other libraries and collections of MSS. including those of Conrad, Busbeck, Fuggen, Tycho Brahe, Baron Hohendorf, the Prince Eugene of Savoy, Apostolo Zeno, &c. as well as the collections which had been before formed at Ambras, Innspruck, and by Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary. The immense building which it occupies at present, was constructed in 1723, by the Emperor Charles VI. and since its transfer thither has been made public. The literary treasures it contains are divided into four principal classes: the collection of MSS.; that of engravings; the *incunabula* or *principles* editions; and modern works. Among the scarce objects in the first classes is a geographical chart, the most ancient known, called the table of Peutinger, dated in the 13th century. A hieroglyphical MS. of Mexico, done upon sixty-five leaves of deer-skin. *Hilarion Pictaviensis de Trinitate*, an Egyptian paper, of the 4th century. Several MSS. on parchment, coloured purple, with gold and silver letters. The original MSS. of *Jerusalem Delivered*, by Tasso. The original act of the Roman senate for the abolition of Bacchanals, dated in the year 1806, before the Christian era, engraved on tables of

bronze. The collection of engravings is about 30,000, filling 800 cases, of which 217 contain portraits, and twenty-five miniatures painted on parchment. In the number of *incunabula*, are seven Xylographic works (i. e. printed with wooden characters.) The total number of printed volumes amounts to 300,000. This library is open to the public for six hours every day; but, in the true spirit of the Austrian monarchy, the curiosity of readers is thwarted by a prohibition to read many of the books, and the persons in attendance strictly observe the injunction.—*Classical Journal*.

The Bee.

'*Floriferis ut apes in solibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depocimus aurea dicta.*'
LUCRETIVS.

Aristo.—A friend once expressing his astonishment, that he who had described such magnificent edifices in his poem, should be contented with so poor a dwelling, Aristo answered, that 'words were much easier put together than bricks;' and leading him to the door of his house, pointed to this distich, which was engraven on the portico:—

*Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulla obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen are domus.*

Sir John Falstaff.—The knight whom Shakspeare has ridiculed under the character of Sir John Falstaff, was Sir John Fastolf, 'a valiant general, of an ancient family, born at Yarmouth, in Norfolk, about 1377. He attended the Duke of Clarence, as Lieutenant of Ireland, about 1405 and 1406, and in 1408 he married a rich widow of that kingdom, and soon after went over to France, where, under the English regency, he was promoted to places of trust and honour. He returned home in 1440, covered with laurels bravely won in the field, and in his private conduct he now exhibited the hospitable, generous, and benevolent man. He bestowed large legacies on Cambridge, to build the schools of philosophy and civil law, and was a most liberal benefactor to Magdalen College, Oxford, founded by his friend Wainfleet. He died, 1459, aged upwards of eighty, according to what Caxton, his cotemporary, has mentioned. Fastolf, as is well observed, was a young and grave, discreet and valiant, chaste and sober commander abroad; and eminent for every virtue at home. Shakspeare has been severely censured for abusing this great and good man.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

The History and Antiquities of the Tower of London, with Biographical Anecdotes of Royal and Distinguished Persons, deduced from Records, State Papers, and Manuscripts, and from other Original and Authentic Sources. By John Bayley, Esq. F. A. S. one of His Majesty's Commissioners on the Public Records. In Two Parts. Part I. 4to. pp. 306. London, 1821.

WHEN we first saw this work announced, we felt happy that a place of such interest and importance as the Tower, the history of which has been long neglected, was at length to possess its share of illustration, and that it was undertaken by a gentleman so competent to the task. From the *proface* we learn that the work was begun some considerable time ago; and that, about the middle of the year 1819, when a large portion of it had gone through the press, it was destroyed, together with the manuscript, by the fire at Messrs. Bensley's printing office. This must have been a sad mortification to Mr. Bayley, who had to begin his work *de novo*, under circumstances so disadvantageous and discouraging.

The portion of the work now submitted to the public, contains a compressed chronological and general history of the Tower as a palace and fortress, with a description of all its material buildings. The Second Part will contain an account of the Tower as a state prison, with biographical notices of the most distinguished personages that have been confined there; an account of the ancient customs, jurisdictions, and privileges attached to the Tower. This part, which is promised to be published next season, will be the most interesting.

It has been a common opinion, though unsupported by historical evidence or any local discovery of a satisfactory nature, that the Tower owes its foundation to the Romans. This idea is rejected by Mr. Bayley, who says that there is not the slightest

ground for supposing any fortification of importance ever did exist on its site until some years after the Norman conquest, when the principal structure, now called the White Tower, was built by command of King William the First, under the superintendence of that celebrated military architect, Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester. Several additions were made to the buildings by William Rufus and Henry the First; and, so early as the reign of the latter, the Tower was used as a place of confinement for prisoners of state. In the year 1100, soon after the death of William Rufus, Ranulph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, was imprisoned there by the order of the king. It does not, however, appear to have been used as a royal residence until the year 1140, when King Stephen retired to it with but a slender retinue, and kept his court there during the festival of Whitsuntide. It was soon after fortified against him, by the Governor Geoffrey de Mandeville. In the reign of Richard the First, the charge of the Tower was confided to Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, who strengthened its fortifications and surrounded it with a deep ditch. It appears that King John often kept his court at the Tower, and made considerable additions to its fortifications:—

In the year 1215, the long kindling flames of discord broke out between John and his barons; and at the very commencement of hostilities, the latter took possession of the capital at the invitation of the citizens, and laid siege to the Tower; but, although there were only few within to defend it, it held out until the signing of the great charter; when, as a security for the performance of certain conditions, exacted with that celebrated code, the king was obliged to agree that the City of London should remain in the possession of the rebels, and the Tower be delivered in trust to the Archbishop of Canterbury till the 15th of August, or the fulfilling of this agreement, when both were to be restored to the royal authority. Engagements, however, which were obtained by force, John thought himself but little bound to observe; and, aided by the terrific power of the Pope, he had no sooner the means than he employed them

in recovering his kingly prerogatives, and endeavouring to shake off the yoke which had been thus imposed upon him, civil war ensued; the barons remained masters of the city, and the Archbishop continued in charge of the Tower till after the arrival of the French in the following year, when it was given up to Prince Lewis, who had been invited into England to take possession of the crown.

King Henry the Third frequently resided at the Tower, and not only strengthened it, but also adorned the chapels with paintings and pieces of sculpture. It was during the reign of this King, in 1249, that the additional line of fortifications which he had but just completed, were, on the night of St. George, destroyed as if by an earthquake. The foundations gave way, and a noble portal, with the walls and bulwarks, all fell down; and, strange to tell, no sooner were the works restored, than, in 1241, the whole again fell down, on the very same night, and, as we are told, at the self same hour that had proved destructive to them the year preceding. In the latter part of the reign of Henry, the Tower forms a prominent feature of history, as its possession was strongly contested in the war between Henry and the barons.

Neither King Edward the First nor the Second evinced much partiality for the Tower, though the latter occasionally retired to it as a place of safety. Here he left his Queen and family when he marched against his unruly barons; and here his eldest daughter was born, who, from that circumstance, was called Jane of the Tower. In the reign of Edward the Third, the Tower was peopled with some illustrious inmates, among whom was King David Bruce, who, with several Scottish chiefs, was taken prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross:—

The King was conveyed from York under an escort of twenty thousand men, and the day of his entering the capital was one of as great joy and satisfaction to the people, as that was to the Romans on which the brave Caractacus was brought in chains to the imperial city. David was seated on a high black courser, so that he might be seen to the multitudes who had

assembled to witness the glorious spectacle. At the entrance to the metropolis, he was met by all the craft, clad in their respective liveries, and, with a great shew of honour, was conducted from street to street, till he came to the Tower, where, on the 2d of January, 1347, in the presence of the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Treasurer, he was delivered into the charge of Sir John Darcy, the constable of that fortress.

Charles of Blois, one of the competitors for the crown of Brittany, the valiant John of Vienne, the Governor of Calais, with twelve of the bravest defenders of their native city; and lastly, John, King of France, and his son Philip, were added to the Scots King, as prisoners in the Tower.

In the memorable insurrection of Wat Tyler, the young King Richard the Second, with his mother and several of the nobility, took refuge in the Tower; and while he was on the point of going out to meet the rebels, by appointment, at Mile End, a chosen band of them rushed into the fortress, and committed the most barbarous cruelties; pillaging the royal apartments, and dragging the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chancellor, and Sir Robert Hales, the treasurer, to instant execution. Richard afterwards became a prisoner in the tower, and it was here that he resigned the crown to Henry of Lancaster.

In the context between the Houses of York and Lancaster, there are many circumstances connected with the history of the Tower which are very interesting, particularly the succession of Edward the Fifth, the young King's imprisonment in the Tower, the accession of Richard, and the final disappearance of the young princes. The latter circumstance is involved in much obscurity, and Mr. Bayley defers attempting to develop so intricate and important a question to the second part of his work, in order to take the chance of any further information he may gain on the subject. In the description of the 'Bloody Tower,' however, he returns to it, and offers some very cogent reasons for believing that the traditional story of the young princes is not the most correct. He says,—

'In the careful and very minute survey which was taken of the Tower in the reign of Henry the Eighth, this building is called the *Garden Tower*, by reason of its contiguity to the constable's or lieutenant's garden, which now forms a part of what is termed the Parade. In the year 1597, another survey was made of the fortress, by order of Queen Elizabeth, and it was then known by its present appellation, [the

Bloody Tower] which it is generally supposed to have derived from the circumstance of the two young princes, Edward the Fifth and his brother, Richard Duke of York, sons of King Edward the Fourth, having, as it is said, been put to death in this particular spot, by order of their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard the Third. It has already been noticed that the whole story of the two royal youths comes to us in so "questionable a shape," that it can never be entertained without some serious doubts; if we admit, however, that the young princes really came to a violent death in the Tower, the idea of this place having been the scene of their destruction rests on no authority; and the story which the wardens, whose trade it is "to tell a wonderful tale," so gravely propagate, respecting the discovery of their bones under the little stair-case above alluded to, is still more glaringly false; bones, it is true, were found in the Tower, in the reign of King Charles the Second, and they were looked upon to be those of children, of ages corresponding with the two princes; but it is most decidedly known that they were discovered in a very different part of the fortress; namely, on the south side of the White Tower, at the foot of a stair-case which leads to the chapel in that building.

Without dwelling on the seeming inconsistency of the epithet bloody being applied to a building, because, as it is imagined, two children were smothered in it, it may not be amiss briefly to inquire how far it is likely that its name can be connected with that circumstance. Soon after the death of King Edward the Fourth, his two sons were conveyed to the Tower, under the charge of their uncle, with the professed intent of secluding them from the bustle of the court, whilst preparations were to be made for the eldest's coronation. Is it then to be supposed, whatever might have been the protector's design as to the ultimate fate of his nephews, that the princes were not lodged in the royal apartments, and paid all the respect due to their rank? Is it likely that Richard should have had them shut up in the dark and wretched dwelling of one of the porters of the gates? If he had wanted in humanity, would policy have dictated such a course? No; it must at once have betrayed some foul design, without adding a jot to the facility of its perpetration. But a stronger proof we need not have, that the name of the building did not originate in the circumstance in question, is its not having assumed the appellation till upwards of a century after the supposed act. It has already been shown, that in the early part of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, it was known by a different title, and it was not before the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that we find it marked out as the scene of some horrid deed.

It is not a little remarkable that

preparations were actually made for Prince Edward to have attended the coronation of his uncle, Richard the Third, as appears from the wardrobe account for the year 1483, which is here quoted. Mr. Bayley, after examining the account given by Sir Thomas More and others, of the murder of the young princes, proves how little reliance can be placed upon them, and shows, that whether they were murdered at all or not, still remains an 'historic doubt.'

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the Tower was peopled with many distinguished tenants, including more than one of his wives; and, among the memorabilia of this reign, Stowe relates that,—

'In the year 1546, the 27th of April, being the Tuesday in Easter week, William Foxley, pot-maker for the Mint, in the Tower of London, fell a-sleep, and so continued sleeping, and could not be awakened with pricking, cramming, or otherwise burning whatsoever, till the first day of term, which was fourteen days and fifteen nights. The cause of his thus sleeping could not be known, though the same were diligently searched after by the king's physician and other learned men; yea, the king himself examined the same William Foxley, who was in all points found at his waking, to be as if he had slept but one night; and he lived more than forty years after in the said Tower.'

King Edward the Sixth held his first court at the Tower, where he resided for some time; and, during his reign, it became the prison of the protector, the Duke of Somerset, who was afterwards executed on the adjoining hill. Lady Jane Grey and her husband were also confined in the Tower, where they remained till the period of their execution; that of Lady Jane on the green walk, in the Tower, and her husband on Tower Hill.

The sanguinary reign of Mary was not likely to leave the Tower unpeopled, and therefore we find her sending her sister, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, among others, to its safe keeping. When this princess first entered the fortress, at the traitor's gate, she said, with her usual dignity, 'here landed as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before thee, O God, I speak it.'

Queen Elizabeth kept her court at the Tower until her coronation, but not afterwards, nor did any thing interesting occur respecting it in her reign, except as a state prison.

James the First, after holding his court a short time at the Tower, went

as prisoners to it, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lady Arabella Stuart, who died there, the Earl of Northumberland, who was confined in it upwards of fourteen years, and other celebrated characters.

In the reign of Charles the First, several members of the House of Commons were committed to the Tower; and when the troubles of that reign commenced, the parliamentary faction took possession of it. From this period the history of the Tower possesses little interest, except as a state prison, and therefore Mr. Bayley does not continue his chronological account later than the reign of James the Second.

We now pass on to the local description, from which, however, our extracts shall be brief. The Beauchamp Tower, from its having been one of the principal state prisons, and the place wherein many illustrious and unfortunate persons have been confined, excites a degree of interest, which is heightened by the numerous inscriptions, coats of arms, and other devices, left on its dreary walls by those unhappy sufferers. These memorials were discovered so recently as 1796, on making some alterations, for the purpose of converting the building into a mess-house for the officers of the garrison. They have, most of them, been printed, though not very correctly, in the thirteenth volume of the *Archæologia*, and we shall, therefore, only notice one or two of them. A young Fleming or Brabantier, of the name of Charles Bailly, who was an adherent of Mary, Queen of Scots, has left some curious inscriptions, of which Mr. Bayley has given a fac-simile engraving. In a panel, ornamented with lozenges, are the following reflections, which have not lost their value in their antiquity:—

‘J. H. S.

1751, die 10^a Aprilis.

Wise men ought circumspectly to see what they do; to examine before they speak; to prove before they take in hand; to beware whose company they use; and, above all things, to whom they trust. Charles Bailly.’

In another place, there is the following inscription:—

‘Principium sapientie timor Domini. J. H. S. X. P. S. Be friend to one, be enemy to none. Anno D. 1571, 10 Sept. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversities; for men are not killed with the adversities they have; but with ye impacience which they suffer.’

‘Tout vient apoint, qui peult attendre
Celi qui ne son testament veill angos-
cia’ shia. Charles Bailly.’

A prisoner, of the name of Clarke, has left the following words, curiously inscribed:—

‘T. C. I leve in hope and I gave credit to mi frinde in time did stande ine most in handle, so would I never do againe, except I had him suer in handle; and to al man wishe I so, unles ye sustaine the leke lose as I do.

Unhappy is that manne whose acts doth procure The misere of this house in prison to induer.
1576, Thomas Clarke.’

In another part, there is a repetition of the above prisoner’s name, and, in a third place,—

‘Hit is the poynt of a wyse man to try, and then truste,
For happy is he who fyndeth one that is juste,
T. C.’

The sincerity of the following inscription will scarcely be doubted:—

‘Thomas Miagh, which lieth here alone,
That fayne wold from hems begone,
By torture strange, my troth was
Tried, yet of my libertie denied.

1581, Thomas Miagh.’

In the same part of the room are other inscriptions:—

‘The uppermost is a rude piece of sculpture, by “Thomas Wyllyngar.” It is without date, and consists of a bleeding heart, with the letters T. W., the initials of his own name on one side, and P. A., most likely those of his mistress, on the other; there is also a figure of death, holding a dart in the left hand, and an hour glass in the right; and, on the opposite side of the bleeding heart, are the words—*Thomas Wyllyngar, goldsmithe.*—*My hart is your’s tel de the.* No account has been preserved of this person; but it may be conjectured from his profession, that his offence was that of clipping or counterfeiting the coin of the realm.’

In the uppermost story of the Beauchamp tower there are also several inscriptions. One prisoner, whose name is unknown, has thus recorded the tedious period of his confinement:—
‘Close prisoner 8 months, 32 weekes, 924 dayes, 5376 houres.’ On the wall at the Beauchamp tower, there lately existed two epitaphs on a cat and a goldfinch, supposed to have been written by John Augustus Bonney, who was a prisoner there for high treason, along with Horne Tooke and others, in 1794. Although they are neither valuable by their antiquity, nor by any particular merit which they possess, yet we shall quote the latter, and then close this ‘huge memorial of misfortune’:—

‘Epitaph on a Goldfinch.

Where Raleigh pin’d within a prison’s gloom,
I cheerful sung, nor murmur’d at my doom;
When heroes bold and patriots firm could
dwell,

A goldfinch in content his note might swell;

But death, more gentle than the law’s decree,
Hath paid my ransom from captivity.

Buried, June 23, 1794, by a fellow-prisoner in the Tower of London.’

The description of the jewels and regalia is less minute than we should have expected; but there is an interesting, though rather coarse account of the notorious attempt of Blood to steal the crown on the 9th of May, 1673. The care of the regalia was at that time entrusted to Talbot Edwards, an old confidential servant of the Talbot family, and from whom is derived the relation of the transaction:—

‘About three weeks before this audacious villain made his attempt upon the crown, he came to the Tower in the habit of a parson, with a long black cassock, and canonical girdle, accompanied by a woman, whom he called his wife. They desired to see the regalia, and, just as their wishes had been gratified, the lady feigned sudden indisposition; this called forth the kind offices of Mrs. Edwards, the keeper’s wife, who, having courteously invited her into their house to repose herself, she soon recovered; and, on their departure, pressed themselves thankful for this civility.

‘A few days after, Blood came again, bringing a present to Mr. Edwards, of four pairs of white gloves, from his pretended wife; and having thus begun the acquaintance, they made frequent visits to improve it. After a short respite of their compliments, the disguised ruffian returned again; and, in conversation with Mr. Edwards, said, that his wife could discourse of nothing but the kindness of those good people in the Tower; that she had long studied, and at length brought herself of a handsome way of requital. You have, quoth he, a pretty young gentlewoman for your daughter, and I have a young nephew, who has two or three hundred a year in land, and is at my disposal. If your daughter be free, and you approve it, I’ll bring him here to see her, and we will endeavour to make it a match. This was easily assented to by old Mr. Edwards, who invited the parson to dine with him on that day; he readily accepted the invitation; and, taking upon him to say grace, performed it with great seeming devotion, and, casting up his eyes, concluded it with a prayer for the king, queen, and royal family. After dinner, he went up to see the rooms, and observing a handsome case of pistols hang there, expressed a great desire to buy them, to present to a young lord, who was his neighbour; a pretence, by which he thought of disarming the house against the period intended for the execution of his design. At his departure, “which was a canonical benediction of the good company, he appointed a day and hour to bring his young nephew to see his mistress; which was the very day that he made his daring attempt.”

‘The good old gentleman had got up

ready to receive his guest, and the daughter was in her best dress to entertain her expected lover; when, behold, Parson Blood, with three more, came to the jewel house, all armed with rapier blades in their canes, and every one a dagger and a brace of pocket-pistols. Two of his companions entered in with him, on pretence of seeing the crown, and the third stayed at the door, as if to look after the young lady, a jewel of a more charming description, but in reality as a watch. The daughter, who thought it not modest to come down till she was called, sent the maid to take a view of the company, and bring a description of her gallant; and the servant conceiving that he was the intended bridegroom who stayed at the door, being the youngest of the party, returned to soothe the anxiety of her young mistress with the idea she had formed of his person.

'Blood told Mr. Edwards, that they would not go up stairs till his wife came, and desired him to shew his friends the crown to pass the time till then; and they had no sooner entered the room, and the door as usual shut, than a cloak was thrown over the old man's head, and a gag put into his mouth.

'Thus secured, they told him, that their resolution was to have the crown, globe, and sceptre; and if he would quietly submit to it, they would spare his life; otherwise he was to expect no mercy. He thereupon endeavoured to make all the noise he possibly could, to be heard above; they then knocked him down with a wooden mallet, and told him, that if yet he would lie quietly, they would spare his life; but, if not, upon his next attempt to discover them, they would kill him. Mr. Edwards, however, according to his own account, was not intimidated by this threat, but strained himself to make the greater noise, and in consequence received several more blows on the head with the mallet, and was stabbed in the belly; this again brought the poor old man to the ground, where he lay for some time in so senseless a state, that one of the villains pronounced him dead. Edwards had come a little to himself, and hearing this, lay quietly, conceiving it best to be thought so. The booty was now to be disposed of, and one of them named Parrot*, put the orb in his breeches. Blood held the crown under his cloak; and the third was about to file the sceptre in two, in order that it might be placed in a bag brought for that purpose; but, fortunately, the son of Mr. Edwards, who had been in Flanders with Sir John Talbot, and, on his landing in England, had obtained leave to come away post to visit his father, happened to arrive while the scene was acting; and, on coming to the door, the person that stood sentinel asked, with whom he would speak? to which he answered, that he be-

longed to the house; and, perceiving the person to be a stranger, told him, that if he had any business with his father, that he would acquaint him with it, and so hastened up stairs to salute his friends. This unexpected accident spread confusion among the party, and they instantly decamped with the crown and orb, leaving the sceptre yet unfiled.

'The aged keeper now raised himself upon his legs, forced the gag from his mouth, and cried *treason! murder!* which being heard by his daughter, who was, perhaps, anxiously expecting far other sounds, ran out and reiterated the cry. The alarm now became general, and young Edwards and his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman, ran after the conspirators; whom a warder put himself in a position to stop, but Blood discharged a pistol at him, and he fell although unhurt, and the thieves proceeded safely to the next post, where one Sill, who had been a soldier under Cromwell, stood sentinel; but he offered no opposition, and they accordingly passed the draw-bridge. Horses were waiting for them at St. Catherine's gate, and as they ran that way, along the Tower wharf, they themselves cried out, *stop the rogues!* by which they passed on unsuspected, till Captain Beckman overtook them. At his head Blood fired another pistol, but missed him, and was seized. Under the cloak of this daring villain was found the crown, and although he saw himself a prisoner, he had yet the impudence to struggle for his prey; and when it was finally wrested from him, said, "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful; it was for a crown!"

'Parrot was also taken; but Hunt, Blood's son-in-law, reached his horse, and rode off, as did two other of the thieves; but he was soon afterwards stopped, and likewise committed to custody.

Blood and his accomplices, after being a short time in prison, were pardoned. He represented to the king that he was connected with a formidable band, who would revenge the punishment inflicted on any one of its members.

The description of the several apartments in the Tower loses much of its interest from not containing an account of the prisoners, and we think this division of the work rather injudicious. Mr. Bayley is not an elegant writer, but his style is plain and intelligible, and, from the anxiety he discovers to ascertain the truth, we believe him to be a very faithful historian. The embellishments of the work consist of twenty-seven plates, representing various parts of the Tower, and are well engraved by Pye, from drawings by Nash.

Travels of Cosmo the Third, through England, during the Reign of King Charles the Second.

(Concluded from p. 405.)

From the Cock-pit, where we last left the Grand Duke, his highness passed to 'the principal dancing schools of the metropolis, frequented both by married and unmarried ladies; and thence to the gladiators or fencing-masters. The Earl of Arlington, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Devonshire all received visits from Cosmo, who also went as far as Vauxhall to see an hydraulic machine, by the celebrated Marquis of Worcester, which 'raises water more than forty geometrical feet, by the power of one man only, and, in a very short space of time, will draw up four vessels of water, through a tube or channel not more than a span in width.' Hampton Court was also visited, of which we have a rather curious account:—

'The numerous towers and cupolas, judiciously disposed at irregular distances all over the vast pile of building, form a most striking ornament to it, whether viewed near or at a distance. The ground-floor is divided into twelve courts, two of which, being much superior to the others in size, as well as beauty, contain the gardens, which are admirably laid out. They are divided into very large, level, and well-kept walks, which, separating the ground into different compartments, form artificial parterres of grass, being themselves formed by espalier trees, partly such as bear fruit, and partly ornamental ones, but all adding to the beauty of the appearance. This beauty is further augmented by fountains, made of slate, after the Italian style, and distributed in different parts of the gardens, whose jets d'eau throw up the water in various playful and fanciful ways. There are also in the gardens some soup places of retirement in certain towers, formerly intended as places of accommodation for the king's mistresses. The chapel, by the elegance of its structure, contributes much to the splendour of this great edifice, in which they pretend that the number of rooms exceeds four hundred; those which constitute the royal apartments are most worthy of observation, the ceilings being composed of cedar and timber from Ireland, which has the property of keeping off every thing poisonous, so that spiders do not even spin their webs or make their nests upon it; consequently, the gold retains so much the greater lustre upon the furniture with which the rooms are enriched, and the valuable paintings with which they are decorated; and on this account, one of them is called *Paradise*. Corresponding with the apartments, two very long galleries, which, after the death

* He was a silk-dyer, in Southwark, and, in the rebellion, had been a lieutenant under Major-General Harrison.

of King Charles I., were deprived by the Protector Cromwell, of such decorations as displayed the magnificence of royalty. This usurper caused the pictures to be removed, which, besides adding to the beauty of their interior, afforded an opportunity of admiring and appreciating the style of the most celebrated masters in that art; so that all that is now worth seeing consists of a few pieces of painting by a good hand, placed there by the king. Besides the sumptuousness of this building, and the pleasantness of the gardens, the amusements of hunting and fishing are not wanting, those diversions being at hand in the park, which is of considerable size, both in length and breadth, inclosing large meadows, where the preserved deer feed. To vary the delights of these beautiful premises, several canals or ponds are distributed in different parts of the park, in whose transparent waters quantities of fish are seen sporting, which are reserved for the diversion of anglers.

The courts of law and the two houses of parliament next occupied the attention of the Grand Duke, and he is very particular in describing the proceedings in both, and giving a list of all the members. Among the noblemen with whom the Grand Duke dined, was the Duke of Buckingham, the King and the Duke of York being present:—

The table was served in a splendid style, suitable to the rank of the guests and the munificence of the host. Toasts were not forgotten, being considered an indispensable appendage to English entertainments. His highness began by proposing the king and the royal family, which was three times followed up with loud cheers by all present. His highness, to do honour to the toast, would have given it standing; but this his majesty would not allow, absolutely compelling him to keep his seat. In return for the triple compliment, the king pledged his highness and the Serene House of Tuscany in an equal number of rounds, and at the same time accompanied this act of kindness by taking hold of his highness's hand, which he would have kissed; but the prince anticipating him, with the greatest promptitude and address kissed that of his majesty. The king, repeating his toast, wished to shew the same courtesy to his highness; but he, withdrawing his hand with the most delicate respect, would not permit it, which his majesty perceiving, immediately kissed him on the face. The toasts given by his majesty and his highness having been thus mutually acknowledged and replied to, a concluding one was proposed, and drank with unbounded applause by the guests—to the intimate union and alliance of the Royal House of England and the Most Serene House of Tuscany.

The tables being now removed, his majesty arose, and, attended by the duke

and his highness, and followed by the rest of the company, adjourned into the first apartment, where he chatted for a time with his accustomed affability, and then returned to the palace *incognito*, as he had come.

On the king's birth-day, in order to celebrate it with some especial tokens of joy,—

His highness, caused to be constructed, in the open place before the Earl of St. Alban's house, in which his highness lodged, a machine, with different fanciful artificial fire-works and squibs, which, as far as the shortness of the time and the skill of the artist permitted, were well contrived, and, during a great part of the night, served to amuse the populace, who flocked thither in great numbers to see them, and to participate in the liberality of the prince, who, for their greater gratification, distributed among them several casks of Italian wine and beer, which called forth increased applause, seconded by discharges of harquebuses and carabines, which were let off by the individuals of his highness's court.

On the evening before the Grand Duke's departure, the king did him the honour to sup with him, at the house of his highness, when a curious scene took place:—

The entertainment was most superb, both as to the quantity and quality of the dishes, and as to the rarity and exquisiteness of the best Italian wines, and those of other countries. The supper was served up in eighty magnificent dishes; many of which were decorated with other smaller ones, filled with various delicious meats. To the service of fruit, succeeded a most excellent course of confectionery, both those of Portugal and other countries, famous for the choiceness of their sweetmeats, which was in all respects on a par with the supper that preceded it. But scarcely was it set upon the table, when the whole was carried off and plundered by the people who came to see the spectacle of the entertainment; nor was the presence of the king sufficient to restrain them from the pillage of these very delicate viands; much less his majesty's soldiers armed with carabines, who guarded the entrance of the saloon, to prevent all ingress into the inside, lest the confinement and too great heat should prove annoying; so that his Majesty, to avoid the crowd, was obliged to rise from table, and retire to his highness's apartment. In addition to the other festivities of the table, there was no want of toasts, proposed by his highness, to the welfare of his majesty and the royal family, and returned by his majesty to his highness's fortunate voyage, and to the prosperity of his serene house. These were successively repeated to the same effect by the rest of the guests, so that, by this conviviality, the entertainment was protracted to a great length, and finally concluded with a most kind wish tender

ed to his highness by his Majesty, and seconded by all present, for the continuation of a sincere friendship, and a confirmation of the alliance between the royal family and the most Serene House of Tuscany. After supper, his Majesty passed nearly an hour in conversation in the prince's apartments, till he was informed that the carriages were ready for his return to the palace. The king then went down stairs with the duke, and with the whole of his retinue, in the same form that he had observed in coming, and was accompanied by his highness to the door of the house, and as far as the carriage. Having stepped into the carriage with the duke, his Majesty renewed his expressions of courtesy and gratitude to his highness; and when the carriage was about to drive off, the king's majesty intreated the prince to retire to rest as soon as possible, on account of the fatigue which he would have to undergo on the following day, which was fixed for his departure; but his highness, keeping his hand upon the door of the carriage, to prevent it from being closed, instead of taking leave, with great address stepped himself into the carriage, to wait on his Majesty to the palace, in spite of the opposition of the latter.

The space we have already devoted to this work, precludes us from quoting the grand duke's description of the court, of the metropolis, or of the various religious sects, which are distinctly noticed; and we shall, therefore, conclude with his highness's character of the English in general, and particularly of the inhabitants of London:—

The common people of London, giving way to their natural inclination, are proud, arrogant, and uncivil to foreigners, against whom, and especially the French, they entertain a great prejudice, and cherish a profound hatred, treating such as come among them with contempt and insult. The nobility, though also proud, have not so usually the defects of the lower orders, displaying a certain degree of politeness and courtesy towards strangers; and this is still more the case with those gentlemen who have been out of the kingdom, and travelled, they having taken a lesson in politeness from the manners of other nations. Almost all of them speak French and Italian, and readily apply themselves to learn the latter language, from the good will which they entertain towards our nation; and, although by their civil treatment of foreign gentlemen, whom they endeavour to imitate, they moderate a little that stiffness or uncouthness which is peculiar to them, yet they fail in acquiring such good manners as to put them on a level with the easy gentility of the Italians, not being able to get the better of a certain natural melancholy, which has the appearance of eternally clouding their minds with unpleasant thoughts.

The English in general are, by nature,

proud, phlegmatic in execution, and patient in their behaviour, so that they never hurry those who work for them by an indiscreet impatience, but suffer them to go on at their own pleasure and according to their ability; this proceeds from their melancholy temperament, for which those who live in the north of England are more remarkable than those in the south; the former being saturnine, and the latter somewhat more lively. They consider a long time before they come to a determination; but having once decided, their resolution is irrevocable, and they maintain their opinion with the greatest obstinacy. It is a common custom with the lower order of people, however, rather than with the nobility, who are less given to it, after dinner or at public houses, when they are transacting business of any kind, to take tobacco, and smoke, so that there does not pass a day in which the artificers do not indulge themselves in going to the public-houses, which are exceedingly numerous, neglecting their work, however urgent it may be; hence it is that the French make fortunes in London, for, being more attentive to their business, they sell their manufactures at a lower price than the English, who would fain derive the same profit as other artificers, however little they work.

‘The English are men of a handsome countenance and shape, and of an agreeable complexion, which is attributable to the temperature of the climate, to the nature of their food, and to the use of beer rather than wine, and, above all, to the salubrity of the air, which is almost always clear; that thick atmosphere which is seen from a distance hovering over London, not being caused by corrupt vapours, but arising casually from the smoke of the mineral coal from Scotland, which issues from the chimneys, and which the coal, being an oleaginous substance, produces in great quantities.

‘The women of London are not inferior to the men, either in stature or in beauty, for they are all of them handsome, and for the most part tall, with black eyes, abundance of light-coloured hair, and a neatness which is extreme; their only personal defect being their teeth, which are not, generally speaking, very white. They live with all the liberty that the custom of the country authorizes. This custom dispenses with that rigorous constraint and reservedness which are practised by the women in other countries, and they go whithersoever they please, either alone or in company; and those of the lower order frequently go so far as to play at ball publicly in the streets. They are very fond of paying respect to foreigners, and in society shew them a vast deal of courtesy and attention. The slightest possible introduction is sufficient to be admitted to their conversation, on the same terms as their countrymen and relations, who, on their parts, behave to them with the greatest modesty, holding female ho-

nour in the highest respect and veneration. They do not easily fall in love, nor throw themselves into the arms of men; but if they are smitten by the amorous passion, they become infatuated, and sacrifice all their substance for the sake of the beloved object, and if he deserts them, they are sunk into great despair and affliction. Their style of dressing is very elegant, entirely after the French fashion, and they take more pride in rich clothes (which are worn of value even by women of the lowest rank) than in precious jewels, all their expense in the latter article being confined to pearls, of which they wear necklaces of very great price; consequently, pearls are in great esteem and request in England. They are remarkably well informed in the dogmas of the religion they profess; and when they attend at the discourses of their ministers or preachers, they write down an abridgment of what they say, having in their letters, abbreviations, which facilitate to them and to the men also, (thanks to their natural quickness and the acuteness of their genius,) the power of doing this with rapidity; and this they do that they may afterward avail themselves of it in the controversies and disputes which they hold on religious matters. Such and so great is the respect which the English entertain for their women, that in their houses the latter govern every thing despotically, making themselves feared by the men, courageous as they are on other occasions, and of a most manly spirit, and valiant in war, both by land and sea, to a degree that amounts almost to rashness. The truth of this remark may be seen by recurring to the history of the times when they have been governed by queens, who have reigned over them with an authority that was absolute, and more decided than that of kings themselves.’

Whatever may have been the talents of Cosmo himself, it will be seen from the preceding narrative, that he was attended by men of considerable abilities, who not only directed him to every thing worth seeing in this country, but who described what they saw with great spirit and fidelity. The work exhibits a curious picture of England at an interesting period, and, as such, is a valuable contribution to the literature of the country.

Poems. By Chauncey Hare Townsend. 12mo. pp. 360. London, 1821. **THERE is,** perhaps, no class of works with which an editor's library is so abundantly furnished, as with those productions yeitled ‘Poems.’ Our table actually groans under the accumulated and accumulating load; and, with all our love of poetry, it required no ordinary effort of courage to attack the formidable pile; and we were rather seduced to commence with the present

volume, on account of its smooth pages and engraved title. We must not, however, class Mr. Townsend with the mere ‘mob of gentlemen who write with ease,’ for he does more; he writes with elegance, and, in the work before us, which is a formidable one for so young a debutant, displays considerable and varied talents. The poems include Odes, Songs, Sonnets, &c., many of which were written between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, and would do no discredit to an author of maturer age. Among the larger pieces, we have been most pleased with the Weaver Boy, a pathetic tale, in which sound morality flows in pleasing numbers, and a Dramatic Ode on the Passions, in which there is a good deal of genius. We quote, as an extract, Despair:—

‘Last of the Gorgon train, and worst, I come,
And lay my icy fingers on his heart;
Joy withers at the touch, and Grief is dumb,
Feeling is numb, yet will not all depart.
Unfit to live, yet unprepared to die,
At war with earth, yet not at peace with heaven;
From all he loathes, endeavouring still to fly,
Yet back, for ever back, by furies driven;
How shall he gaze around, with madman's
frantic,
While pang on pang comes gripping with
his soul,
And pray but for one hour's suspended thought,
But no! still on the waves of misery roll.
Till, sunk in sullen apathy profound,
Worse than extremity of keenest ill,
My winding-sheet shall wrap his soul around,
Not in repose, but winter's deadly chill.
Such peace is mine, such peace will I bestow,
But other peace he cannot, shall not know.’

The miscellaneous poems preclude us with a pretty piece, intitled—

‘THE EXILE.

A fresh gale the tops of the white billows cut'd,
The anchor was lifted, the sails were unfurl'd;
And the ship, as the waves she triumphantly
pratt,
Left a long track of light on the ocean's green
breast.
His arms sadly cross'd o'er a bosom of woe,
A time-wither'd exile stood high on the prow;
His thoughts might be traced on his forehead
of care;
But no tear dimm'd his eye,—it was glazed by
despair.
Farewell, my own country! he mournfully
cried,
For thee have I lived, and for thee could have
died;
Oh, would I had fallen with the high-soul'd,
the brave,
O'er whose tombs the bright laurels they reap'd
proudly wave.
Yet happier far is my lot, than of those,
Who to thee, their sire's land, have poured
traitors and foes;
For, next to the glory of dying, must be
The pride of thus having been called for thee.

Since, had they not known there was fire in my soul,
 And might in my arm, which they could not control,
 Had they sent me afar from thy valleys to stony—
 Let the sparrow remain, chase the eagle away!
 Ye mean mighty tyrants, who tremble and kill,
 Ye slaves, who can crouch to the tyrant's proud will,
 Ye wret to your level my soul can subdue,
 In my chains—in my chains, I am freer than you!

O my country! the pang that I feel, as I part
 From thy shores, is like tearing the life from my heart.
 Yet, is it not better this anguish to taste,
 Than the worse, to remain, and behold thee disgraced?

Your halls are no longer the homes of the free,
 And, therefore, no more a meet shelter for me;
 Your songs breathe no longer sweet liberty's cheer,
 And, therefore, are music no more to mine ear.

I look on the waves, and behold there the cure
 Of the woe I have past, of the ill I endure;
 Death wounds me; but, no! it is prouder to live:
 Revenge!—but 'tis nobler by far to forgive.

They that have subdued me, oh, let them not boast!

I have conquer'd myself, who have conquer'd a host:

This, this my revenge; and my triumph shall be
 My last dying prayer for thy tyrants and thee!

To show the diversified talents of the author, we quote two more poems; the first is very Miltonic:—

“SOLITUDE, SOMETIMES, IS BEST SOCIETY.”—MILTON.

Alone—at length alone! and nothing now
 With me but God and nature!—Far behind
 Lies the tumultuous city. There rude Mirth
 Is dissonant—the drunkenness of Woe—
 The laugh of Madness. There sits squalid Want,

Mock'd at by o'er-fed Plenty. There the eye
 Wanders from face to face, and reads in most
 The man degraded into brute—the grin
 Of idiot vacancy—the darken'd mien,
 Tablet to many crimes, or scar'd by them
 Into a blank, a horrible erasure

Of mind and feeling. Hatred's sullen swell,
 The apathy of listless Indolence,
 The storm of Passion, or the sculk of Fear.
 Behind are these. Forget them, O my soul!
 Before me—what? Oh, now all language fails,
 Yet give me words, or my full heart will burst!
 A thousand—thousand struggling thoughts contend

For utterance. Yonder sinks the glorious Sun,
 Dilated into more magnificence,
 Than when he triumphs on the tower of noon.
 Robed in a purple zone, regal, he sinks,
 Like Cæsar, proud and matchless in his fall.
 From the bright west streams one continuous cloud,

Ev'n to the furthest east; of rainbow form,
 Yet borrowing but one hue—the rayed eye—
 From yonder orb. Behold, it spans the *Lea-*
seas,

A bridge uniting the opposing poles,
 As if for Scraphim thenceon to lead
 Their chariots and bright cohorts. The white Moon
 Or, glided on beside it, enters now;
 And veils her face behind the blushing shade.

And this is Solitude: oh, how misnamed!
 A thousand airy voices are around me,
 And hold more true communion with my soul
 Than the unmingling intercourse of speech.

O Solitude, thou art most dear to him,
 Who, loathing the vile tumult of the world,
 And all its beardless, cold, dull, nothingness,
 Yet never found, among the sons of men,
 A heart—a spirit like unto his own.

He loves thee better than the best of life;
 Thy blending shadows fill the dreary void,
 Which to his soul the world's broad glare be-

trays,
 As even rocks, wild heaths, and barren plains,
 Look scarcely sterile in the moon's soft light.

When, glad escaping from the multitude,
 The last faint murmur of its noisy stir
 Dies on his ear, he hails thee with such joy,
 As lovers the beloved: to thee he tells
 What to no other ear he dares impart,
 Thoughts, feelings, wishes, he can under-

stand,
 Nor few have ever felt! Now unconstrain'd
 His bosom seems unshackled from the chain
 It ever wears among the formal crowd:

He lives, he breathes, and Fancy plumes her wing,
 Which late hung drooping, like the captive dove's.

Sweet nurse of thought—parent of virtue pure,
 He fondly calls thee, and, with grateful real,
 Sings pensive ditties in thy gentle praise.
 He thinks upon thee, 'till thy form appears
 Distinct, self-shadow'd to his vision's eye,
 And then assum'st substantial life and being,
 No more the courage of a feverish brain.

Within the twilight of the chequer'd grove,
 Where meeting trees a fitting temple form,
 He views the goddess, at whose shrine he
 bends.

Contemplative she stands; her eyes half-

raised,
 Nor fix'd on earth, nor wholly lost in heav'n;
 Tho', as a vestal, white her spotless robe,
 A tender shadow dwells along its folds.
 Tho' calm her brow, upon it merrily sits
 Such chasteen'd woe, as if, subdued by time,
 It gently sank to resignation there.

There are a large number of sonnets in this volume, some of which are pretty, but we shall conclude with a very charming song:—

‘CONSTANCY.’

Let love burn with fiercest flame,

If to more than one it fly,

'Tis not worthy of the name:

The crown of love is constancy!

Let love still adore the same,

If it fade with cheek or eye,

'Tis not worthy of the name:

The crown of love is constancy!

Let it be love, no force can tame,

If absent, it burn less than high,

'Tis not worthy of the name:

The crown of love is constancy!

Give me the love, whose faithful aim

Can absence, change, and time, defy;

This is worthy of the name—

This is crown'd with constancy!

If we cannot, at present, assign Mr. Townshend a high rank as a poet, we may safely say he gives great promise to attain it, and we recommend his volume to every lover of poetry.

Collections relative to Claims at the Coronations of several of the Kings of England, beginning with King Richard II. 8vo. pp. 95. London, 1820.

This little work, which is intended as a supplement to the more extended labours of Mr. Arthur Taylor and Mr. Thomson, exhibits in its official form, and from authentic sources, the claims made at various coronations during a long period, with the answers of the court, and their reasons for allowing or rejecting the claims. We shall not enter into any analysis of the work, or inquire why one person claims to furnish ‘a mess called dillegant,’ and another to ‘hold the towel when the King washes his hands,’ but shall quote the claim of the King's Champion, which has been hereditary in the family of Dymoke for some centuries, in right of the manor of Scrivelsby, in the county of Lincoln. The claim in the coronation of Charles the Second, was—

‘To be the King's Champion on his Coronation day. And as such, to have on the coronation day, one of the King's great coursers, with a saddle, harness, and trappings of cloth of gold, and one of the best suits of armour, with cases of cloth of gold, and all such other things appertaining to the King's body as entirely as the King ought to have them if he was going into mortal battle. And on the coronation day to be mounted on the said courser, trapped and furnished as aforesaid, being accompanied by the high constable and marshal of England, and the king's herald, with a trumpet sounding before him, to come riding into the hall to the place where the King sits at dinner with the crown on his head; and there, in the presence of the said King, and in the hearing of all the people, after the trumpet hath made three solemn proclamations, one of the king's heralds to proclaim with an audible voice, these words following, or others of such-like effect:—“That if any person, of whatsoever degree he be, either high or low, will deny or gainsay that Charles the Second, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, son and next heir of our late sovereign lord, Charles the First, deceased, defender of the faith, being lineally and lawfully descended from the body of Margaret, daughter to the high and renowned Prince Henry the Second, King of England, France, and Ireland, and which Margaret was lawfully begotten of King Edward the Fourth, who was rightful King of the realm of England, ought not to enjoy the crown thereof, here is his champion ready by his body to assert and maintain that he lies like a false traitor, and in that quarrel to adventure his life on any day that shall be assigned him.” And

thereupon the said champion throws down his gauntlet; and in case no man shall say that he is ready in that quarrel to combat, then, as hath been usually done at all former coronations of kings and queens of this realm, after the before-mentioned words, if any one will deny or gainsay that the King ought not to be crowned, are proclaimed, the Sovereign drinks to the said Champion, in a gold cup with a cover.

It is remarkable, that the challenge to any person to deny the King's right to be crowned, is not made until after the coronation has been concluded. It is made at dinner, between the first and second course. Most of the claimants demand fees; these are frequently either disallowed or curtailed. The following are generally granted:—

‘An account of what quantity of plate is given at the time of the coronation, according to the claims delivered in to the Lord High Chamberlain of England for that day:—

1. The Lord High Almoner for the day, according to claim, two large gilt basons 305 oz.

2. To the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl of Arundel, claiming, as Chief Butler of England, a gold cup, of a wine quart 52 oz.

3. To the Lord Mayor of London, as assistant to the chief butler, and to serve the King with wine after dinner, a gold cup 30 oz.

4. To the Mayor of Oxford, as assistant to the Lord Mayor of London, a gilt cup or potole, weighing about 110 oz.

5. To the Lord of the Manor of Great Wimondley, in Hertfordshire, as Chief Cupbearer, a silver-gilt cup, weighing about 32 oz.

6. To the Champion of England, as Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire, now in the Dymock family, a gold cup of Winchester pint 30 oz.

7. To the barons of the cinque ports, for their claim of supporting the King and Queen's canopies, each by twelve silver staffs of eight feet in height, with bells to each staff weighing 40 oz. The 24 staffs and bells weigh in all 960 oz.

8. The staff of the Lord High Constable of England is of silver, the ends gold enamelled with the King's arms and his own, weighing about 12 oz.

9. The staff of the Earl Marshal of England is of gold, enamelled black at each end, and engraved with the King's arms and his own, in length 28 inches, and weighs about 15 oz.

10. The gold coronet for Garter King of Arms, weighing about 24 oz.

11. The sceptre or rod for Garter, part silver and part gold 8 oz. 19 dwts.

12. The gold chain and badge for Garter 8 oz.

13. The gilt collar of S. S. with badges for Garter 30 oz.

14. The same for Lord Lyon, King of Arms for Scotland;—in all 70 oz. 19 dwts.

15. The same for Bath King of Arms;—in all 70 oz. 19 dwts.

16. The silver-gilt coronet for Clarenceux King of Arms, about 18 oz.

17. The silver-gilt collar of S. S. for the badges of portcullis only 20 oz.

18. The gold chain and badge, about 7 oz. 1 dwt. 17 gr.

19. The same for Norroy King of Arms;—in all about 46 oz.

20. The collar of S. S. partly gilt and partly white, for the six heralds 120 oz.

21. The collar of S. S. all plain silver, for the four pursuivants 30 oz.

22. The Usher of the Black Rod for England, whose gariture is of gold lace, upon a fine black ebony stick or rod, weight about 5 oz. 6 dwts.

23. The Usher of the Green Rod for Scotland, whose gariture is of silver, part gilt upon a green . . . , weighing about 20 oz. 15 dwts.

24. The wedges of gold which the King and Queen offer at the altar, each two wedges, at 20 oz. each,—in all gold 40 oz.

The Pamphleteer. Nos. XXXV. and XXXVI.

THE last two numbers of this very useful work, present a variety of interesting articles, many of which are original, on politics, jurisprudence, commerce, literature, &c. In the thirty-fifth number we find, under the head of politics, ‘The Declaration of England against the Acts and Projects of the Holy Alliance,’—‘Reflections on the conduct of the Allies,’—Constant's celebrated Pamphlet on ‘The Dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies,’—and ‘Phocion in Reply to Cato, in Defence of the People of England, and in Vindication of the Public Press.’ In jurisprudence, we have an ‘Essay on Criminal Jurisprudence, with the Draft of a New Penal Code,’ by Mr. Barber Beaumont, which is also continued in No. 36. We shall notice the code of this modern Solon in a week or two. There is another pamphlet on the same subject, by Mr. Holford, intitled ‘Thoughts on the Criminal Prisons of this country,’ and the ‘Exclusion of the Queen from the Liturgy,’ historically and legally considered, by a Barrister; a concise well-written tract, proving that the mention of the Queen's name in the Liturgy, has formed a part of our church service ever since the time of Henry the Eighth, and that the King has no power in himself to alter or dispense with it, any more than with any other existing law, without the consent of the legislature.

Under the head of commerce, there is the ‘Sketch of a Plan for a Refor-

mation in the System of Provincial Banking,’ which the author proposes to effect by obliging country bankers to give security to the amount of the notes they may issue, by lodging adequate property in the hands of public functionaries, such as the Court of Chancery, &c. authorized for the purpose. Also a ‘Statement of the Present Timber and Deal Trade, as regards Europe and the British American Colonies,’ which is an original article, and appears to contain much useful information. The author is an enemy to any further encouragement of the timber trade from Canada, on the grounds of the noted defectiveness of the produce itself; and also from the ill effects which the encouragement given already to the Canadian trade has had upon the trade between the European nations and this country. The author is what our friend Baillie Nicol Jarvie would call ‘a man of figures, a man of calculation,’ and his statement is evidently the fruit of much patient investigation and personal experience, and is on that account well deserving attention.

In the literary department of this number, we may notice ‘Two Pairs of Historical Portraits,’ by Mr. Meadley, author of the ‘Memoirs of Dr. Pater,’ and of ‘Algernon Sidney.’ In the article before us, he gives ingenious parallels between the characters of Octavius Caesar and William Pitt, and Nicolo Rienzi and Bonaparte; the latter pair is new to the public, and is the most interesting of the two, particularly at the present moment. Another article considered as of a literary character, is Mr. Bowles's ‘Observations on the Poetical Character of Pope,’ being a further elucidation of ‘The Invariable Principles of Poetry,’ with a sequel, in reply to Mr. Gilchrist, a subject unworthy of the lengthened discussion it has undergone.

The thirty-sixth number contains a large proportion of articles entirely original. The first of them is on that ever-fruitlest subject, the national debt, and is entitled, ‘On the Expediency and Necessity of STRIKING OFF A PART OF THE NATIONAL DEBT; with Observations on its Practicability, with the least possible Injury.’ The author first examines into the distress of the country, and then into its expensiveness and revenue, of which he gives a table fully and accurately made out; he then proceeds to consider retrenchment, taxation, and loans: showing that the first is not sufficient, the

cond not practicable; the third, an increase of an evil already nearly insupportable in its effects. He then considers the proportion of the taxes which goes merely to pay the interest of the national debt, and the sacrifices already made by the land-holder, merchant, and mechanic, which brings him to his main argument,—as to the propriety of the fundholder making a sacrifice in return; and he with much ingenuity and ability endeavours to show, that this sacrifice, after all, would be attended with so many beneficial results, and make his remaining property so much the more valuable, that it would be rather a nominal than a real one, though the advantages of it would be really and actually felt in every part and throughout every class of the united kingdom, by the diffusion of occupation, the consequent improvement of the moral character and happiness of the people, and the increase of the national prosperity.

The second article is 'Two Letters to the Right Hon. Lord Byron, in answer to his lordship's letter to Mr. Murray, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, which we reviewed in our 104th number.

The third article is a continuation of Mr. Barber Beaumont's pamphlet.

The fourth article is an original 'Letter to G. Webb Hall, Esq. Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, &c. &c. in reply to his letter to the President of the Board of Trade, &c. and to the Views and Demands of the Agricultural Associations of the united kingdom. By Captain Robert E. Broughton.' This gentleman; a little whimsically, sets all our constitutional maladies in the most alarming point of view, and then says, that to propose a remedy would be foreign to his purpose. Indeed, he leaves off so abruptly in remarking, that now-a-days 'the moon comes nearer to the earth,' that, unless he himself is more under its influence than from the soundness of his remarks respecting the importation of corn, we should be willing to imagine, we may reasonably hope that he means to resume his subject in some future number of this interesting miscellany.

The same arguments respecting the importation of foreign corn, which the writer maintains is no way inimical to the agricultural interests, as are advanced in the letter we have just mentioned, are also urged in the 'Letter to the Rt. Hon. P. J. Robinson, President of the Board of Trade, on the present depressed State of Agriculture,' which

forms the fifth article in this number. The sixth is a new translation of Corrado's celebrated pamphlet, intitled 'Sure Methods of attaining a Long and Healthful Life, with the Means of correcting a Bad Constitution,' being the thirty-third edition. The seventh article is an original Letter to the Bishop of Norwich, on a subject of the first importance to literature in general; and we, therefore, rejoice to see it so ably treated in these 'BRIEF OBSERVATIONS ON THE COPY-RIGHT BILL; attempting to prove its injustice towards authors, and its tendency to injure the cause of literature.' We confess, however, that we by no means think the copy-right law so great an evil as the author represents it. The eighth article is the continuation of an original one, commenced in the thirty-fourth number of this work, under the title of 'Protection to Agriculture, or Universal Ruin.' The ninth, which is likewise original, presents us with 'Further Remarks on some Passages in SCRIPTURE, relating to MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE,' with reference to the pamphlet under that title, in No. thirty-four. And the tenth and concluding one is—'A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Byron, protesting against the Immolation of Gray, Cooper, and Campbell, at the Shrine of Poep.'

We are happy to see the Pamphleteer keep up its character, confident that, while so well conducted, it will form a very valuable record, for the use of future historians, of those floating materials which it is the province of history to arrange and to condense.

Picturesque Tour of the Seine. Part VI.

THE concluding part of this elegant work is just published, and as we have frequently noticed it in its progress, we shall now only observe, that it has fully justified the promise it gave at the commencement, and that it ought to have a favourite niche in every good library. From the description of Havre de Grace, we quote a brief notice of St. Pierre:—

'Havre has to boast of having given birth to J. H. Bernardin de St. Pierre, the celebrated author of "The Studies of Nature" and the exquisite tale of "Paul and Virginia." Qualified by his mathematical studies for the profession of a military engineer, he endeavoured to obtain a suitable appointment in his native country, but without success; on which he went to Russia, and offered his services to the Empress Catherine, by whom they were accepted. Disgusted by the con-

duct of that princess, in regard to the partition of Poland, but being unable to obtain an employment suitable to his wishes, he returned to France, and devoted the remainder of his days to the cultivation of literature. In his "Studies of Nature," he embodied with some fanciful theories the observations of his whole life, in language glowing with eloquence; and fraught with sentiments of the warmest philanthropy and unaffected tenderness. The same quality pervades his "Paul and Virginia," which, as we learn from the recent work of Mr. Aimé Martin, would probably never have been given to the world but for Mr. Vernet, the eminent marine painter. St. Pierre had, one evening, read this tale at Mr. Neckers's, to a company, among whom were Buffon, Thomas, and the Abbé Galiani, and from the manner in which those eminent writers listened to his production, St. Pierre was convinced that it was unworthy to see the light; and even formed the idea of committing the manuscript to the flames. Soon afterwards he received a visit from Vernet, who dissuaded him from his intention, and by his warm commendation of the performance, prevailed upon him to publish it. The extraordinary success of the work confirmed the opinion of his friend, increased the popularity, and greatly improved the pecuniary resources of the author. St. Pierre died in 1813, leaving an unfinished work, since published under the title of "Harmories of Nature," resembling, in its general character, his earlier productions.'

Waltz; an Apostrophic Hymn. By Horace Hornem, Esq. 8vo. pp. 40. London, 1821.

Most gladly would we 'give to every man his proper title, lest he be offended,' yet we are compelled to withhold from Horace Hornem, Esq. the addition of the title-page, that he is 'the noble author of Don Juan.' We do not profess to be either so deeply skilled in the poetry of Lord Byron, or so much in the secret with his friends, as to pronounce on every poem that has been attributed to him, that it has or has not proceeded from his pen; but, with all due deference to the publisher of the 'Waltz,' who declares his lordship to be its author, we disbelieve it, and positively deny that the 'style in which it is written, clearly evinces the pen of its noble author.' In support of this assertion, we might appeal to the whole poem and the notes, not a single passage of which breathes the genius or spirit of Byron. A single couplet will be sufficient to show how unlike it is to any thing written by his lordship:—

'Tenshore forgive! at every ball
My wife now waltzes and my daughters shall.'

Although we have denied this poem to be by Lord Byron, yet we do not deny that it possesses some merit. It is introduced by a letter to the publisher, from Horace Horneum, who has married a middle-aged maid of honour, with whom he lived happily for fourteen years, until the 'Waltz' was introduced into this country, when Mrs. Horneum caught the mania, which annoyed him excessively, and he wrote a hymn ironically in its praise. We quote one passage as a specimen:—

'Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine,
(Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
Long be thine import from all duty free,
And hock itself be less esteemed than thee;
In some few qualities alike—for hock
Improves our cellar—show our living stock.
The head to hock belongs; thy subtler art
Intoxicates alone the heedless heart;
Through the full veins thy gentler poison
swims,
And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

Oh, Germany! how much to thee we owe,
As heaven-born Pitt can testify below;
Ere curs'd Confederation made these France's,
And only left us thy—d debts and dances;
Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,
We bless thee still—for George the Third is left!
Of kings the best—and last, not least in worth,
For graciously begetting George the Fourth.
To Germany and highnesses serene,
Who owe us millions—don't we owe thee
Queen?

To Germany, what owe we not besides?
So oft bestowing Brunswicks and brides;
Who paid for vulgar, with her Royal blood,
Drawn from the stream of each Teutonic stud;
Who sent us—so be pardoned all her faults,
A dozen dukess—some kings—a queen—and
"Waltz."

Travels in Georgia, Persia, &c. &c.
By Sir Robert Ker Porter.

(Continued from p. 393.)

[We have only room this week for a short extract which is an account of the Assassins, &c.]

THE mountains of Elborz are noted in Persia, by numerous legends, respecting a malignant race of demons fabled to possess their extremest heights; and it was amongst the wildest recesses of Elborz, that the fiend-like sect, so horribly famous in the histories of the crusades under the name of Assassins, spread themselves from those remote eastern regions to the hills of Syria. Of this sect our traveller gives an interesting account:—

'The faith of these people was a wild aberration from the Mahomedan creed, mingling with its laws and fatalities the transigratory doctrines of the Hindoos; and, in consequence, they believed that their prince or imam was a successive incarnation of the Great Prophet, and that every behest of his to good or evil, must be obeyed as implicitly as the word of God himself. The first of this tribe who

arrogated these divine pretensions, was Hassan Saheb; a man whose domineering passions, consummate subtlety, and persevering spirit of enterprise, perfectly fitted for his plan of imposture. He appeared about the year 1090; and by various intrigues, and singular mysterious deportment, as well as so invincible a courage that few dared to resist that approached it, he inspired the ignorant barbarians around him with a firm belief in his mission, and an enthusiastic devotion to himself. His despotic authority followed of course. Once secure of his empire over these mountain hordes, he secured every pass with fastnesses; and holding himself totally independent of the surrounding states, he spread his colonies over Elborz, and along the whole range of hills to beyond Tabreez; whence they issued forth, singly or in bands, at the command of their imam, or his deputed emissaries, to destroy by open assault, ambuscade, or private murder, all people or persons that were obnoxious either to his ambition or his avarice. Christians, Jews, Mahomedans of Omar or of Ali, all were alike the subjects of his excommunication; and he sold his dagger, or rather that of his followers, to whatever party were vile enough to buy the blood of their enemies. There was a mystical obscurity about his person, and in the views of his widely extending government, with a dauntless determination of proceeding, which held the princes of that dark age in a kind of superstitious awe. Jealous of his sway, and abhorring his tenets; contemning his divine pretensions, yet doubting whether he did not possess some superhuman means of mischief; they dreaded a power, which seemed to hang over themselves and people with constant threatening, though never showing when nor where it would strike. He soon acquired from these appalled sovereigns, the vague but supreme title of Sheik-ul-Jebal, or lord of the mountains; while in the minds of the most superstitious people, he might well be considered one of the dreadful Deces, or Demons of the waste.

'It so happened, that for more than two centuries, in short, from their accession to their extinction, every successor of the first Imam inherited the same disposition to turn the blind zeal of their followers to the worst purposes. A colony of these fanatics, under the leading of one of Hassan Saheb's most odious representatives, settled themselves among the heights of Lebanon, and have been variously called Ismaelians, Bathenians, or Assassins. That colony is the best known to European historians, from the horrible enormities which its people committed in the towns and villages of the Holy Land; and not less so on the persons and lives of some of our most gallant crusaders. It is woeful to read who were the victims of these savages; but often much more horrible to turn the page and find who were their employers. Their universal violence, however, at last, armed every hand against

them; and, much about the same time, towards the end of the thirteenth century, they were rooted out of Syria and Egypt, (whither they had extended themselves) and from their original seats in Persia; leaving nothing but their appropriate appellation of assassins behind them; no longer to be considered what it had originally imported, the mere distinguishing name of a sect, but to have severally affixed from age to age hereafter, as a peculiar brand of infamy, on every treacherous, secret, or hired murderer.

'Halukoo, the mogul conqueror of Persia and of the family of the famous Zingis Khan, was the prince whose victorious arms almost repaid to his new dominions, the devastations of his conquest, by the entire extirpation of the lawless race, which had so long preyed on the vitals of the country.' (To be continued.)

Original Communications.

ANECDOTE OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

'Ever renowned blows a note of fame,
And a note of terror when his chronicle his name.'
GIOVANNI SPOGLIO.

MR. EDITOR,—Under the feeling that now, when—

'A mighty spirit is eclipsed, a power
Hath pass'd from day to darkness,'
every thing that is connected with him will be interesting to the reader, I send you the following anecdote.

When the late Emperor of the French was in Egypt, he had a Mameluke attendant, who was particularly attached to him, seldom leaving his side. One evening, Napoleon, after the fatigues of a scorching day, retired to his tent, and was for some time employed in writing; sleep at length overcame him, and, while sleeping, the plume which he wore in his hat nodded over the light which was on the table, and was instantly in a blaze; the faithful but unfortunate Mameluke, who stood sentinel at the entrance, rushed in to extinguish the fire; the Emperor, suddenly awakened by the noise, and unable in the confusion to distinguish between friend and foe, snatched his pistol from the table, and that heart which so faithfully beat received the fatal contents; he fell, and Napoleon never forgot nor forgave the rashness which cost the life of one so true.

S. R. J.

P. S. I do not remember seeing the above in print, and I am confident it has never been printed, at least not in England.

WELSH POETRY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I hope your correspondent CAMERO will excuse me, if I request to be favoured, through the medium of your publication, with the original of the 'free translation from the Welsh,' which appeared in your last number. From one cause or other, it has fallen to my lot to pay considerable attention to Welsh literature, both ancient and modern; but in all my experience, I must be allowed to say, I never met with any passage in the least degree resembling the one you have inserted. The 'Sketch,' I take it for granted, is designed by your correspondent for a poetical one; yet it is in every respect at variance with the acknowledged characteristics of the Welsh muse. In the first place; the strict and formal laws of Welsh prosody would never admit, even in a free translation, of the diffuse style which distinguishes this 'Sketch.' And again, the poetry of Wales is marked by those abrupt transitions of thought, which it is extremely difficult to represent to advantage in any other language: it is often forcible and sublime, but very rarely like the specimen furnished by CAMERO,—tender and sentimental. The following translation of a passage describing the day of judgment, selected from the works of Casiodyn, a poet of the thirteenth century, will exemplify what I have now stated. The original may be found in the first volume of the Welsh Archaeology:—

* When God shall manifest his presence,
The house of earth shall uplift itself over us,
The terror of the tumultuous sound of legions
in conflict,
Will be taking its course,—a loudly shouting
wind will be howling,
The wave of varied hue will bespraying itself
about the shore,
The sulphureous element will be taking to it-
self high wrath,
The fervency of the heat of fire will be hasten-
ing out.

I might adduce many similar examples, and some, perhaps, even more to the point than this; but at present I deem it unnecessary. I will, therefore, in conclusion only repeat my request, that your correspondent would oblige me by stating where I might find the original of his 'free translation,' provided it be in print. And, if it be not, perhaps he will have the goodness to transmit a copy to you, or even a part of it, which would be sufficient to remove the doubts I cannot help now entertaining respecting the genuineness of this Welsh sketch.

And I would also observe, that 'Marian' is a name which has no connexion with Wales.

ORDOVEX.

London, July 9th, 1831.

THE CORONATION*.

It would be a very curious inquiry to trace the various modes that have been adopted in different ages for the election and elevation of kings, from the rude customs of the Gothic nations to the present splendid ceremonial of an English coronation. The right of choosing their kings was exercised by all the tribes of ancient Germany; and the way in which these princes received the regal dignity was equally expressive of the tenure by which it was held, and of the qualities for which it was conferred. The king or commander, who was chosen by the people in a public assembly, was placed on a shield or target, and carried about on the shoulders of his men, while the multitude saluted him with shouts and loud applause. It was the custom in Navarre, that both the King and Queen, after being anointed, should set their feet on a shield emblazoned with the arms of the kingdom, and supported on six staves, each end of which was held by a nobleman. In this manner they were thrice lifted up before the high altar of the cathedral church. Imperial Rome was likewise an imitator of the barbarous North in the forms of conferring royalty; and in the Greek empire the same customs were adopted and long retained.

In an ancient law of Don Pelayo, one of the Gothic kings of Spain, are the following directions for the creation of their kings. 'Let the king be chosen and admitted in the metropolitan city of this kingdom, or, at least, in some cathedral church; and, the night before he is exalted, let him watch all night in the church; and the next day, when they come to lift him up, let him step upon a buckler or target, and the chief and principal men there present hold the target, and so lifting him up, let the people cry with a loud voice, *Real! real! real!*'

The Anglo-Saxon form of coronation directs that the King shall be carried from the ground, and having been chosen by the bishops and people, promise that he will observe the rules which are enjoined by his coronation oath.

* In this article we have availed ourselves largely of Mr. Taylor's *Glory of Regality*, and Thomson's *Coronation Ceremonies*, works full of interesting details on the subject.

It was the custom of the Scandinavian nations, the Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes, to form a circle of large stones, commonly twelve in number, in the middle of which one was set up much larger than the rest; this was the royal seat, and the nobles occupied those surrounding it, which served also as a barrier to keep off the people who stood without. Here the leading men of the kingdom delivered their suffrages, and placed the elected king on his seat of dignity. Of this kind was the *morasten* near Upsal, in Sweden, described by Olaus Magnus. In Denmark there are monuments of this kind, and the custom is said to have existed in Germany until the year 1356.

A similar rude enthronement to that of the northern nations is to be found among the Celtic tribes; and that the kings both of Scotland and Ireland, were placed on a stone at the time of their election, we have the testimony of the antiquaries of those nations.

The following singular customs are said to have been used at the inauguration of the ancient Dukes of Carinthia. Near the city of Saint Veit is a plain where the vestiges of a former town are still to be seen, and in a meadow just by, a large stone raised about two cubits from the ground. On this stone was placed a peasant who enjoyed by descent the right of presiding at the inauguration of the dukes, having near him, on his right hand, a black cow with a calf, and on his left a lean and hungry mare; the people of St. Veit, and a crowd of peasants, being assembled around him. The duke, in a countryman's bonnet and shoes, with a shepherd's crook in his hand, drew near to the assembly, accompanied by the senators clad in scarlet, and the great officers bearing their insignia. The man upon the stone seeing the train come nigh, cried out—Who is this that comes in such magnificence? The people answered, it is the prince of the country. Is he a just judge? replied the peasant: doth he seek the welfare of the state? is he of free condition, worthy of honour, obedient to the laws, and a defender of the Christian religion? They cried, he is and he will be such. The peasant then demanded by what right he would remove him from his seat; to which the master of the duke's court answered, this place is bought for 60 deniers; these beasts are thine (pointing to the cow and the mare) thou shalt be clothed in the garments which the duke will take off; and thy house shall

be free, and exempt from tribute. The peasant then came down from the stone, gave the duke a gentle slap on the cheek, and exhorting him to be a good judge, went away with his cattle. The prince then took his place on the stone, brandished his naked sword, turning to every side, and promised to judge the people with equity. A peasant's cap was then presented, filled with water, from which he was obliged to drink as a mark of his future sobriety. He was then conducted to the church, where he assisted at divine service and changed the peasant's dress for the ducal habit. After the feast which followed, he returned to the meadow, in which a throne had been set up, and here he gave judgment and conferred fiefs.

The point in our English ceremony which is most analogous to the Gothic and German elevations is that of our Kings being anciently placed upon a seat in Westminster Hall, which was thence denominated *THE KING'S BENCH*. This seat is by our old writers described as a marble seat and that there stood before it a marble table; and here our Kings were used to sit before their progress to coronation. Stowe describes it as a long marble stone of twelve feet in length and three feet in breadth,* and he says there was also, 'a marble chair where the Kings of England formerly sate at their coronation dinners.' Richard II. Richard III. and Henry VII. are all instances of King's setting in this marble chair.*

As Christianity began to make progress in Europe, the rude customs which we have described were superseded by more refined and awful ceremonies. The nations of the North and West learned to encircle the brow of their king with the diadem, to place the sceptre in his hand, to sanctify his person with the consecrated unction, and to confirm his authority with the benediction of the clergy; hence the new forms of inauguration may be sufficiently accounted for.

The ceremonies of unction and coronation were both derived from the Israelites as the sacred writings shew; the former is said to have been first introduced among European nations, at Constantinople, about the time of Justinian or Justin; and, in the western empire, it began with Charlemagne, whence it extended to other nations.

The royal crown or diadem is first mentioned in the book of Samuel, when the Amalekites brought Saul's crown to David; its use is as ancient in the empire as the time of Constantine. The sceptre, another ensign of royalty, is much antiequater than either the crown or diadem. Homer mentions kings with sceptres, but none with crowns. The use of sceptres, which, with that of crowns, hath long been common to the European nations, is very ancient in our own.

Of the ceremonies now used at the coronation of our kings it is not our intention to speak. As the newspapers are daily filled with the most ample details respecting them, we shall only observe, that the preparations made for the approaching coronation are on a more splendid scale than on any similar occasion that has preceded it. The arrangements making, to enable countless thousands to witness some portion of it, are on a scale quite unprecedented; and we understand that many will be accommodated on terms comparatively moderate.

A writer in the London Magazine for the year 1761, who had inquired into the subject of former prices for seats at coronations, states, that on consulting Stowe, Speed, and other antiquaries, with regard to the sums anciently given, it appears that the amount of a good place at the coronation of the Conqueror, was a *blank*, and probably the same at that of his son, William Rufus. 'At Henry the First's it was a *crocad*; and at Stephen's and Henry the Second's, a *pollard*. At Richard's and King John's, who was crowned frequently, it was a *suskin*; and rose at Henry the Third's to a *dodkin*. In the reign of Edward, the coins begin to be more intelligible, and we find, that for seeing his coronation a *Q.* was given, or the half a *ferling* or *farthing*; which was the fourth part of a *sterling* or *penny*. At Edward II. it was a *farthing*; and at his son's, Edward III. a *halfpenny*, which was very well given. In Richard the Second's thoughtless reign it was a *penny*, and continued the same at that of Henry IV. At Henry V. it was two *penies*, or the half of a *grossus* or *groat*; and the same at that of Henry VI. though, during his time, coronations were so frequent, that the price was brought back to the *penny* or *halfpenny*, and sometimes they were seen for nothing. At Edward IV. it was again the *halfgroat*; nor do we find it raised at those of Richard III. or Henry VII. At that

of Henry VIII. it was the whole *groat*, or *grossus*; nor was it altered at those of Edward VI. and Queen Mary; but at Queen Elizabeth's it was a *testour*, or *tester*. At those of James I. and Charles I. a *shilling* was given; which was advanced to half-a-crown at those of Charles II. and James II. At King William's and Queen Anne's it was a *crown*; and at George I. it was *seven* by many for the same price. At George II. some gave half-a-guinea.*

To our readers as may be fortunate enough to see any part of the splendid ceremonial, the following information respecting the dresses of the peers, may be of some service:—

The Barons of England, who constitute the lowest part of the peerage, had formerly neither coronets nor velvet robes, but only a cap of scarlet edged with fur, and a habit of cloth of the same colour. In the thirteenth year of the reign of King Charles the Second, he issued a grant, permitting them to use the coronet which they now wear; and which consists of a plain circle of gold, having six pearls set upon the upper rim, the lower part of the circle edged with ermine, and the whole surmounted by a cap of crimson velvet, with a tuft and tassel of gold. At the coronation of King James the Second, in 1684, the barons petitioned for robes conformable to their coronets, and accordingly a grant was issued, stating that, for the future, their robes should be of crimson velvet, with capes and edgings of white miniver, and two rows of ermine as a distinction.

A viscount, which is the next degree upwards, has for his coronet a circle of gold, richly chased, edged with ermine, and sixteen pearls, placed on the rim, with a cap and tassel similar to a baron's. His robes are also of crimson velvet, lined with white sarcenet, with white fur capes, and two doublings and a half of spotted ermine.

The coronet of an earl is a circle as before, richly chased, having eight pearls raised upon high points of gold, which spring out of the upper rim, with an equal number of strawberry leaves, formed of the same metal, standing upon lower points between them. It has also a doubling of ermine, cap, and tassel, as already described. An earl's mantle is similar to the former, except that it has three guards of ermine.

* For a description of the coronation chair at present used. See *The Literary Chronicle*, No. 48.

* For an account of the prices at the last coronation, see *Literary Chronicle*, No. 38.

A marquise's coronet differs from an earl's in the number of pearls and strawberry leaves, and in the manner of placing them. It consists of four of each ornament placed alternately, on short equal points, with the same doubling, cap, and tassel. The robes have three guards and a-half of ermine.

A duke's coronet is formed of eight golden strawberry leaves only, raised on short points of the same height above the rim; the fur, cap, and tassel are the same as before. The robes belonging to this degree have four rows of ermine.

It is necessary, however, to observe, that robes, as well as coronets, are regulated by the Earl Marshal's orders at every coronation.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

* Wisely every hour employ,
Happiness is present joy.—PRISON.

THE world—it is a scene of busy action: a monarch struggles on his throne and glitters in a golden shew, to justify his claims and smile beneath a precious crown;—his advocates surround him with temporal honours, and shed the lustre of their ancestry and glory at his royal feet.—A poor man whistles in his native fields and wears the ardour of the sun—quickness is his shadow and peace his daily guest—civility and grace accompany the courtier to his palace—anxiety draws lines on every aspiring and ambitious brow—the housewife hastes to complete her destined task—the child is hurried forward into learning and tutored for advantage in life—the sailor trims his sails to hasten his passage home—the attorney to prepare his client's briefs—the coachman to arrive at the inn, where many an expectant countenance is formed to shake hands at meeting, and laugh at pleasant tidings of distant friends being well—and the widow, too, is hurrying pensively from the grave which has just received her only hope and stay, into its cold and senseless shell—the bride and bridegroom, gay as the flowers appear in a sunny hour after a rainbow-morning, speed to the feast and entertain their jocund friends—the beauty of the fields is swept before the mowers' persevering toil—the pride of the gardens is destroyed with the destructive armies of ravenous insects—the skies are overspread with the velocity of airy substances—a flock of sheep lies at the mercy of a storm, and the cattle are seeking shelter from electric explosions—birds are bringing forth their young, and instructing them in

the unerring feats of instinct for future preservation: in short,—the whole creation is alive to some pursuit, occupied in some duty, striving to accomplish some end, and all the species of animal and intelligent beings are looking for HAPPINESS. Why are tens of thousands thus employed? Is Happiness so far away? Is there not present Happiness? Must mortals look so far beyond their knowledge of existence to the future to secure Happiness? Why live upon the breath of hope which dies, and is renewed with expectation? Why toil so long, and venture so far to obtain Happiness?—It resides in a cottage, it dwells in a mansion: that cottage and this mansion are in the human breast; it is the constant satisfaction of good actions being done first towards self, and afterwards towards all mankind,—keeping contentment in the heart—benevolence in the mind—duty in the practice—fortitude in the warfare—omnipotence in the eye—his rewards in the prospect:—uprightness of conduct will justify the conscience, humane exertions improve the capacity, cheerful and suitable conversation refine the animal spirits and make salutary the innumerable incidents which fall into the scale of rational creatures. Such are a few of the accepted and acceptable sentiments of the writer; that they may be taken in the spirit of harmony and kindness by the reader, is the secret but sincere wish of

Io SONO.

Original Poetry.

LINES TO A FRIEND,
On his Departure for Scotland.

COULD temperance have kept thee strong,
Or could our prayers thy health restore,
Thou woud'st not have been weak thus long,
Nor need'st at thou now seek Scotia's shore.

But, since disease comes not alone
To those who madly tempt its ire,
But makes the purest bosom groan,
And fills the calmest heart with fire;

Since even thou must know the cold,
And languid listless suffering,
Which thy whom sickness doth enfold
Must still endure un murmuring;

Since such, dear friend, must be thy fate,
Go, seek the land of cakes and song,
And may its breezes re-instate
The health of him we love, ere long!

J. W. DALRY.

THE EXILE'S WISH.

Art! what avails the secret sigh
Or solitary tear,
When neither will the wish supply
Which both in union share?

What, while in distant realms I roam,
Averts the festive scene?
I sigh to seek my native home,
Thou ocean rolls between.
As I survey the curling wave
That waltzes at my feet,
It hies, a distant shore to lave,
A distant realm to greet.

The truant breeze that idly blows,
Oh claims the passing sigh;
And stealing, tells me that it knows
The sweets of liberty.
Each has its charm, while both provide
A solace for the mind;
The destination of the tide—
The current of the wind.

The wave on ocean's bosom borne,
Thou' it return no more,
May, giddy, to the blench of morn,
Salute my native shore.

The balmy breeze that wanders by,
May know a happier lot;
And, borne on swifter pinions, fly
Around my humble cot.

Should they return the exile sigh
May each a token bear;
The breeze be loaded with a sigh,
The billow with a tear. H. G. B.

SONG.

Aldvalloch, imitated from the Gaelic.

Tune, 'Roy's Wife.'

Will ye go to Aldvalloch?

Will ye go to Aldvalloch?

Sweet the mellow notes sing,
Among the brakes of Aldvalloch.

There, beneath the spreading boughs,
Among the woods of green Glenfallach,
Softly murmuring as it flows,
Winds the pure stream of Aldvalloch.

Will ye go to Aldvalloch, &c.
The first golden smile of morn,
And the last beam that evening sheds,
Bath that echoing vale adorn—
That brightly glows, this mildly fades.

Will ye go, &c.

* The lady who favoured the public with the well-known song called 'Roy's Wife' forgot to mention the obligation she lay under to the original, of which the above is a close imitation, and, in some instances, a literal translation. This beautiful air is at least a hundred and twenty years old, for I learnt it twenty-eight years ago, from a Mrs. McHardy, who was then in the hundred and sixth year of her age, and who said that, when a little girl, she had learnt it of her mother; whereas, the Scotch words to the same tune have not been known half that time. Indeed, the greater part of the old Scotch melodies may be traced to the Gaelic bards: 'The Ewie wi' the cooked horn,' 'The rock and the wee pickle toot,' &c., are of Gaelic original, and have been known in the Highlands from time immemorial.—As I am upon this subject, I cannot help mentioning, that the last stanza of 'Roy's Wife' has been rendered downright nonsense, by the creation of the uncouth term *Aldvalloch*, in order to rhyme with the proper name, *Aldvalloch*. New words are daily invented, to designate things not already adequately described, but no such dance as 'The Highland Walloch' ever did exist, though any one but a Highlander, on reading the stanzas in question, would be led to suppose the reverse.

Short is there hour winter's stay,
 When spring returns like flave blooming—
 Hand in hand with rosy May,
 With balmy breath the air perfuming.—
 Will ye go, &c.

Brushing o'er the diamond dew,
 While Phœbus casts a lengthened shadow,
 There the fairest maiden's foot,
 The fairest flowers that deck the meadow.
 Will ye go, &c.

But there's a flower, a fairer flower
 Than ever grew in green Glenfallich,
 The *Mithome* maiden I adore,
 Young blooming May of Aldavallich.
 Will ye go, &c.

Let me but pu' this opening rose,
 And fondly press it to my bosom—
 I ask no other flower that blows,
 Be mine this modest little blossom.
 Will ye go, &c.

AULD DOMINIE.

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

As the exhibition of the Royal Academy closes this day, the few remaining observations which we shall make, must rather be of a general than a particular description. We should, however, be wanting in justice to an artist of considerable promise, Mr. S. Taylor, were we to pass unnoticed his four very charming pictures, Nos. 175, 178, 220, and 415. They are 'Woodcock and Teal,' 'Wild Ducks,' 'Horned Owl from the life,' and 'a Brace of Partridges.' They are all very spirited and well executed paintings, distinguished by correct drawing and chaste colouring.

In taking our leave of the exhibition, we cannot but regret that there are so few historical pictures, a branch of the fine arts which is said not to be sufficiently encouraged in this country; but this we can scarcely admit, for although individual patronage may be somewhat limited, yet we believe that no really good historical picture has ever remained long without a liberal purchaser; and, as to public patronage, let those painters who have exhibited single historical pictures, deny that it has invariably been extensive: not to mention the munificent encouragement extended to this branch of the arts by the British Institution. It is true that, in a country like this, where riches are so much diffused and often so rapidly acquired, when it is seldom unaccompanied by vanity, encouragement will be principally given to portrait painting; and hence the great attention that is devoted to it, of which the walls of the Royal Academy every year give abundant evidence. The exhibition this year contained

some hundreds of portraits, from the full-length as-large-as-life to the humble miniature; but of these how very few were interesting either as to the personages represented or the merits of the paintings; and certainly, without one of these recommendations, they can be interesting only to the feelings of the exhibitor or to the vanity of those who are thus exhibited at second hand.

In landscape painting this country is certainly making rapid advances; and, as England is sufficiently rich in scenery, our artists need not go to Italy for admirable subjects on which to exercise their pencil.

The architectural drawings in the exhibition this year are very poor, if we except two sketches by Mr. Soane. It is lamentable to think, that while millions are expending on public buildings, we have scarcely a single erection in the metropolis worthy of the age or country.

Of the sculpture we have already spoken; but there is another department on which we would offer a few words—the medals. The few that have been sent to the Academy this year exhibit proofs of considerable talent in our native artists; and we feel persuaded, that if this branch of art were only a little more encouraged, we need not send to Italy for artists to execute our coins, unless, indeed, they could give better proof of their talents than the one who has now the direction in the British Mint.

We are sensible that, in our notice of the Royal Academy, we have omitted several good pictures and neglected many deserving artists; but it was only possible, within the limits of this journal, to notice a few of the 1165 articles in the Academy, especially as the metropolis now teems with exhibitions, each of which presents a distinct claim on our attention.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Mackay, having entered into an engagement for a few nights at this theatre, has frequently repeated the character of the Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and with increased effect. In noticing this gentleman's performance, it would be unjust not to take into consideration the disadvantageous circumstances under which he appears. If, as is generally allowed, it is unfortunate to follow a favourite, it is still more so to appear in competition with one. The characters of Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Do-

minie Sampson have so exclusively become the property of Liston, that we can scarcely tolerate them in any other hands, much less judge of them with that strict impartiality which is due to an actor who undertakes them. The face of Liston (and what a face it is!) is his natural simplicity and comic humour; and the satisfaction which he feels in himself, in every thing he says and does, fairly seduces into applause, though it should sometimes be against our better judgment. Mr. Mackay also has his merits, and he represents the Glasgow weaver with singular fidelity to nature. In the scene in the toll-booth, where he encounters Rob Roy, and where the dignity of the magistrate is made to yield to his fears of the freebooter, and the eagerness with which he agrees to accompany Francis Osbaldistone to Aberfoil, when assured of receiving the 200l. he was very fine. In the rencontre with Major Galbraith, at the inn, he was equally successful, and the confidence with which he offered bail for the 'Dougall creature,' and his surprise that it should be refused, were extremely comic, as well as the excellent use he made of the red-hot poker. His interview with Helen Macgregor, and his reproaches to his companion, for leaving him dangling in the air like Mahomet's coffin, were admirable, and we hesitate not to pronounce the whole character as extremely well acted. Mr. Cooper played Rob Roy with great spirit, and in some of the scenes we were much pleased with him. Mrs. Egerton proved herself, in Helen Macgregor, a fit wife for so daring a chieftain. Her exclamation, 'I stand on my native heath,—I am a Macgregor,' was really astounding, and did not require the violent stamp of the foot by which it was accompanied. Mr. Barnard played Rushleigh Osbaldistone as ill as it was possible to play it. This gentleman ought to be called the syllabic actor, for he carefully divides every word into syllables, which he pronounces very distinctly. He also, as Mathews has it, 'exasperates the aitch,' where he ought not to do so.

On Tuesday night, the Queen honoured this theatre with her presence, and was received with the accustomed testimonies of applause, and the honours of the national anthem sung two or three times. The play was the opera of *Guy Rannering*, a very unfortunate one for the Drury Lane company to attempt at present, since there is scarcely a single character in it that they can play well. The principal ac-

velty of the evening, was Mr. Mackay's Dominie Sampson; though in the sentimental scenes he was very effective, yet he failed to mantle the character with that rich humour in which we have hitherto seen it clothed. He, however, played it very respectably. One praise we must give Mr. Mackay,—his continual attention to the business of the scene, and his by-play, which is excellent. He is also a very chaste performer, who only seeks applause by legitimate means, and not by artificial attempts at effect. The *Spectre Bridegroom* is quite successful, and has been played every evening.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.—Since our last we have had the pleasure of hearing comfortably some of our best dramatic pieces, and seeing the countenances of the performers without any extraordinary ocular exertions: one defect in the theatre, however, cannot pass unnoticed—the seats in the side boxes are too far from the front; to sit trimly the view of the stage is obstructed, and in leaning forward the distance is too great to be comfortable. *The School for Scandal*, *The Provoked Husband*, *The Green Man*, and a succession of good after-pieces make good promise of the taste which directs the management; and on Thursday *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* with a *Roland for an Oliver* were played with much spirit. Mr. Conway as Leon gave great effect to the character, and Mr. Decamp bustled through the Copper Captain extremely well. Mrs. Johnson's delineation of the wily jilt, Estifania, deserves particular commendation. In a *Roland for an Oliver* we were pleased with Mrs. Baker's Maria Darlington; and Mr. Williams's Sir Mark Clare, Mr. Hammond's Fixture, and Mr. Decamp's Highflyer, were good performances.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The clever little operatic piece, *Love's Dream*, continues to be played every night with deserved applause. A young lady has appeared once or twice in a vocal character, but we have not yet had the opportunity to hear her. The stock pieces at this house, which are numerous and well played, have drawn tolerable houses, but novelty is still much wanted.

SORREY THEATRE.—Mr. Dibdin's *Heart of Mid Lothian*, on which all the terms of praise have long been exhausted, had a new compliment paid to it on Saturday, when it was performed by command of her Majesty, who honoured the theatre with her compa-

ny. The characters were the same as they have usually been represented, and the piece appeared to give much pleasure to the royal visitor. The *Fate of Calas* and *Harlequin Hoax* have drawn good houses during the week, and two new pieces are to be produced on Monday, for the benefit of the worthy proprietor, Mr. Dibdin, whose talents and industry entitle him to the highest patronage.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Her Majesty, on Thursday, honoured this little theatre with a visit, and the house was crowded beyond precedent. The evening's amusements were *The Mountain Hut* or *The Tinker and his Son*, a burletta, and *Harlequin at Home*. The audience applauded every sentiment they could construe as applicable to her Majesty's circumstances, in the most favourable way, and the whole performance went off in the best manner possible.

MR. KEAN IN AMERICA.

THE career of Mr. Kean in America, has met with a slight interruption at Boston, which, it is said, he quitted in disgust, on account of the want of patronage. The transatlantic journals are quite indignant at his conduct, as will appear by the following extracts from Boston papers, dated May 28:—

'Mr. Kean, the great tragedian, was to have personated the character of *Richard the Third*, last evening, at the Federal-street Theatre. At the usual time of raising the curtain, a very respectable, though not a crowded auditory, had assembled. After waiting till nearly 8 o'clock, considerable uneasiness was displayed by the audience, and loud calls for the manager were heard from several parts of the house. Mr. Duff immediately came forward, and stated that "it was with extreme regret he was obliged to say, that Mr. Kean had positively refused to appear again on the Boston boards!" This information was certainly very disagreeable, and an awful silence pervaded the house for the space of two minutes. Mr. Duff requested the indulgence of the audience, and the play was accordingly permitted to proceed, Mr. Brown performing the part of Richard. Mr. Kean has been treated in Boston as well as he could have reasonably expected to have been, and if he had checked his passion "one little week longer," he would not only have fulfilled his private contract, and made one or two thousand dollars, but retired from our stage beloved and respected, but now he is universally de-

spised. He left town this forenoon, privately, for New-York, as we suppose, where we hope he will receive such treatment as his imprudence entitles him to.'—*Commercial Advertiser*.

'After a very respectable audience, and more numerous than some of those which the truly great Cooke played before, had assembled at the theatre, to see Richard the Third, Mr. Kean took it in his head that the audience was unworthy his merit, bolted from the theatre, announced to the manager that he should play no more, and that he was preparing to leave town. The audience received this specimen of rude superciliousness with marked contempt, and many called out for the substitution of the eccentric Kemble (who was in the pit) for the fugitive Kean. The play proceeded without interruption, Mr. Brown amply supplying the place of the runaway.'—*Gazette*.

'*The Theatre.*—A few minutes before eight o'clock last evening, Mr. Duff appeared on the stage, and announced to the audience that Mr. Kean had refused to take the part cast him, (Richard III.) without assigning any reason for so doing, and that he was then preparing to leave town. On the rising of the curtain, there being some slight disturbance and a call for the manager, Mr. Duff again appeared and stated, that Mr. Kean had been, during the day, repeatedly importuned by the managers and his friends, to appear in the part, but that he absolutely declined. Mr. D. on being questioned, said he believed the reason of Mr. K.'s conduct was want of patronage.'—*Patriot*.

Mr. Kean has published a very temperate letter in the New York National Advocate, in which he says that the offence with which he is charged, was committed with the concurrence of the Boston managers, and with the approbation of friends with whom he spent the evening. It appears that, in Boston, the theatres are only visited in certain months of the year, and that when curiosity subsides, dramatic talent is no longer patronized. Mr. Kean, who three months before had drawn large houses at Boston, on his second visit acted twice without profit, and on the third night, when the curtain was about to rise, there were only twenty persons in front of the house. He declares his intention to revisit Boston before he returns to England, and says if he has committed an error he is willing to apologize for it. Google

GOVERNNESS.—A YOUNG LADY, who has just completed her Education, and is fully competent to teach French and English grammatically, Geography, Writing, History, &c. is desirous of becoming an inmate in a respectable family, in or near London, where the Education of two or three Children would be considered an equivalent for her Board and Lodging. A comfortable home being the Advertiser's chief consideration, Salary will be no object. Further particulars, with unexceptionable references, will be given in reply to letters addressed, post paid, to E. T., Office of the Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review, 355, Strand.

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ITALY. BY LADY MORGAN.—Lady Morgan's Italy has now been open to the public for several days, and already we observe that the warm and benevolent enthusiasm in the cause of civil and religious liberty, which animates her pages, has put all the race of intolerant critics into a state of fury. Strange that the men who are the loudest and most vehement in their denial of all relief from the restraints which still oppress the Roman Catholics of the united kingdom, (on the pretext of the hostility of the dogmas of that religion to British freedom) should also be the most inveterate in their denunciations of all attempts to expose its superstitions. Lady Morgan has kindled all their indignations. She has, in the pure and benign spirit of Christianity, exposed to open day the horrors inflicted on this most beautiful portion of earth, by the despotism of Church and State; and though every statement she has made is justified by history, her ladyship will obtain no mitigation of assault on account of her veracity. The liberal part of every sect, however, will duly appreciate her reasonable Work, at a time when the united sovereigns of Europe are so indefatigable in their efforts to perpetuate the barbarism and debasement of the Italian people. Lady Morgan's view of Italy combines the high tone of philosophy with the most gay and familiar descriptions of the life and manners of the very mixed societies to which she had access—and her opportunities were highly favourable to the task she had in view. Her narrative abounds with striking anecdotes, traits of character, incidents, fates, and fancies, which will highly interest the public.

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A GENTLEMAN, well known as the Author of several Works on Education, has opened a **BOARDING SCHOOL** for **YOUNG GENTLEMEN**, about Two Miles from Hyde Park Corner, in which the comforts of home are combined with the Studies of a Public School. The Terms are Forty-five Guineas per annum. For Pupils under Two Years of Age; and Fifty Guineas when they exceed that Period. Further Particulars will be known from his Card, which may be had at Mr. Haile's, Bookseller, Museum, Piccadilly; and at Mr. Souter's, Bookseller, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard.

CORONATION.—MR. BISHOP begs leave respectfully to inform the Nobility and the Public in general, that he has erected splendid and substantial Galleries in St. Margaret's Church Yard, near Westminster Abbey, under the immediate direction of J. H. TAYLOR, Esq., Surveyor, Great Queen St., Westminster. The View of the Procession from these Galleries will be extremely grand, and as this august Ceremony will occupy a considerable time, arrangements have been made for the free ingress and regress of the Visitors to and from their seats.

Refreshments of every kind will be provided, and there will be separate Apartments for the Ladies, with Female Attendants in waiting.

Behind the Galleries there is an extensive and convenient Promenade, for recreation during the Ceremony within the Abbey.

Newspapers, &c. &c. will be placed in the Refreshment Rooms.

Plans are exhibiting, and Tickets may be had of J. H. TAYLOR, Esq., Surveyor, Great Queen Street, Westminster; at Mr. BISHOP'S Office, on the Ground; and, to prevent mistakes, the Tickets will be numbered, so that early Purchasers will have it in their power to select the most eligible Seats, (many of which are within twelve feet of the platform) handsomely fitted up. Parties may also have separate Boxes for their greater convenience.

New Edinburgh Review.

On the 31st of July next, will be published, price 6s. sewed, (to be continued Quarterly,)

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This day was first published, for sale, price 7s. **A LETTER** from a **GRANDFATHER** to his **GRANDSON**, an Article Clerk, pointing out the right course of his Studies and Conduct during his Clerkship, in order to his successful Establishment in his Profession.

By JACOB PHILLIPS, Esq. Of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. Sold by WILSON, Law Bookseller, Essex Street, Strand, London; and by all Booksellers.

••• The Conveyancer, No. 10, will be published in Michaelmas Term.

Just published, by W. CLARK, 201, Strand, opposite St. Clement's Church, **AN** hitherto Suppressed Poem, by LORD BYRON, entitled **WALTZ**, elegantly printed in 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

2. **KILLING NO MURDER**, written by COLONEL TITUS, during the Protectorship of OLIVER CROMWELL, who is said by different historians to have never smiled after the publication of it. Printed in 4to. from the original, without any alteration in orthography or punctuation, price 2s. 6d.

••• An informant employed by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, better known as the 'Vice Society,' said, when purchasing a copy of 'Queen Mab' of Mr. Clark, 'This is a good book, (meaning **KILLING NO MURDER**) the principles laid down in it could be well made to apply to Castlereagh and the whole of his junco.' See Mr. Clark's Petition, presented to the House of Commons by Dr. Lambington, on Tuesday, the 13th inst., which will shortly be published, with a Letter to the **St. Mary Wilberforce**, by W. Clark, by his staying to the House of Commons that 'his informant were not employed by the Suppression of Vice Society!'

'I will not call him a liar, but I will indubitably prove him such.'

N. E. AN ANSWER to QUEEN MAB is in the Press.

3. **REFLECTIONS ON THE LIFE AND DEATHS OF LORD CLAVE**, by Mr. THOMAS PAINE. This piece, which is a specimen of beautiful writing, never appeared in this country till Mr. Clark, who brought from the United States, published it. Price 3d.

4. **ESSAYS ON SUICIDE, MIRACLES, and the IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.** By DAVID HUME. Price 1s.

5. **WREATH OF FREEDOM**, being a Collection of Songs in favour of Public Liberty; many of them are American Republican Songs, which are in no other collection. Price 1s. 6d.

6. **MANIA OF EMIGRATING** to the UNITED STATES exposed. Price 1s.

7. **DE FOX'S TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN**. Price 6d.

8. **FUN BOX BROKE OPEN; OR, Lotteries Exposed.** Price 6d.

9. Mr. Clark has a few copies of **SHERWIN'S LIFE OF PAINE**. Price 7s. 6d. This is the only work that has done justice to the memory of Mr. Paine.

10. **TAKING MISTAKE**, by JOHN CANN HOUSE, M. P. for Westminster. For the Writing and publishing of this Pamphlet, Mr. Robinson was sent to Newgate. Price 1s. 8d.

London:—Published by J. Edmund, 35, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; where advertisements and communications should be sent to the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Also by Bowyer, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Strand; and by all Stationers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Bailey Court, Curry Street.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published only every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or by Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 114.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

The Personal Narrative of a Private Soldier, who served in the Forty-second Highlanders, for Twelve Years, during the late War. 12mo. pp. 364. London, 1821.

This narrative is a 'round unvarnished tale' of a soldier's whole course of life, while serving in one of the most distinguished regiments in the army, engaged in the most active duties, during a period of twelve of the most busy years of the most eventful war in which Europe was ever engaged. It details the author's adventures from his first enlisting as a recruit, in 1803, to his discharge, in October, 1814. The author's service, it will be seen, was one of almost continued engagement. He was in the retreat of Sir John Moore, and was one of those who fought so gloriously at Corunna. He survived the pestilential air of Walcheren, so fatal to our army, and being sent into Spain, was at the siege of Burgos, and the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and Toulouse, where he was wounded, and, after being some time in the hospital at Bourdeaux, he was, on his recovering, sent home and discharged. The Narrative was written in a series of letters to a friend of the author, in town, who undertook the office of editor; but rarely ventured to alter the original composition of the writer, either by curtailing or adding to the text. The style is that of a man of very slender education, but every allowance should be made, when we consider the author's rank in life—that of an humble artisan—that he entered the army at the age of sixteen, and that, in the marching and counter-marching, sieges and battles, of the Peninsula, a literary taste was neither to be cultivated nor acquired. Our author gives a melancholy picture of the disastrous retreat to Corunna, in which his regiment suffered so severely, that out of one thousand men that entered Spain, only one hundred and fifty reached Britanizas, and not an officer among them to carry

the colours; but he adds, with characteristic pride, 'while a man was left, the Forty-second's colours would be where they were safe.' The remainder of the regiment had fallen behind, been taken prisoners, or had perished. A few detached extracts, respecting this retreat, will not be deemed uninteresting. Our author says,—

'On new-year's-day morning our provisions were all eaten up. Never shall I forget that new-year's morning. It was a Sunday too. Men, who on that day had been wont to bless God, imprecated their Maker. Nor did the authors of their calamities lack the widow's curse. Our provisions were done, and how to get more we knew not. My messmates that remained were famishing, and I proposed another foraging party. Great as the risk was, there was no alternative between it and death by starvation. "I will go for one," said I; "will anyone go with me?" "I will," said one man; and "I," said another. We soon got ourselves ready, with our bayonets fixed on sticks; we were not an hour out when we fell in with ten pounds weight of bread, and a pig's skin full of good wine. In this part of the country the wine is all kept in pigs' skins. We came home to our comrades; and we did not want for the first day of the year 1809; but those that won't fight for their virtials won't fight for their king.'

After a skirmish with the French, who had come upon them unawares, at Lugo, when dressing the first provision that had been served out regularly for five days, the army took up their position in close column for the night.—

'Our officers,' he says, 'poor fellows, sat by us, roasting potatoes all night; folks say, "like master like man;" it was like man like officer here. Hunger, like death, is a ruthless leveller. Some of our good Highlanders went out to forage; no men in the army were their match on this midnight duty; they are perfect catanans: if they came to a farm-house, and wanted a hen or two, they would merely apply a brimstone match to its beak; the poor hen gave one sneeze, and dropped down lifeless! no roost was safe, if there was no dog to give the alarm; but I was going to tell you of our foragers. They belonged to my mess; they did not like to see their officers eating potatoes. "By the cross, they'll have potatoes and point, if

there be aught in the land," said a trusty Argyleshire man; and he was as good as his word. The foragers returned with a sheep and a kid, and their plaids full of Irish fruit. There was nothing done that night but cooking, as we did not know but we would be off before day.'

The battle of Corunna terminated this fatal march, and rescued those that had not sunk under it from further peril for that time. Speaking of this engagement, which is described with a good deal of spirit, our soldier says,—

'The French army did not advance very rapidly, on account of the badness of the ground. Our colonel gave orders for us to lie on the ground, at the back of the height our position was on; and whenever the French were within a few yards of us, we were to start up and fire our muskets, and then give them the bayonet.'

'They came up the hill cheering, as if there were none to oppose them, we being out of their sight; when they came up to the top of the hill, all the word of command that was given was,—"Forty-second, charge." In one moment every man was up with a cheer, and the sound of his musket, and every shot did execution. They were so close upon us, that we gave them the bayonet the instant we fired. The confusion that now ensued baffles all my powers even of memory and imagination—pell-mell, ding-dong—ilka man gat his birdie, and many of us skivered pairs, front and rear rank; to the right about they went, and we after them, I think I see the grizzly fellows now running and jumping, as the Highlanders, laughing and swearing, and foaming, stuck the pointed steel into their loins. We followed them down to the valley, and stopped not for general or commanding officer; but still on, in the rage and wrath of the Highlanders. When we had driven them in upon their other columns, we ourselves retreated, but not pursued, and took the advantage of a ditch that was in the valley, from which we kept up a constant fire on the enemy till dark.'

'As we pursued them down the hill, there was a poor Frenchman sorely wounded, and on his knees, his hands up-lifted, and pleading for quarter. My next man, a robust Highlander, in his rage, exclaimed, "You Bonaparte man! she'll run her through." With a sudden jerk of my musket I threw his on his shoulder,

and the poor fellow's life was saved; if he still lives, and could hear this, he would know that his preserver lives also. We were in full speed then of his comrades, and far past him, before my countryman brought his piece to the charge again. The Highlander thanked me many a time afterwards; and used to add, "The deed would have been done but for you, John—I was in such a rage at the time."

Our author embarked with the rest of the army, and describes, with much feeling, the wretched condition in which the soldiers were, and the humanity of the people of Plymouth, where they landed, in giving them money and clothes, of which so many of them were almost destitute. After remaining a short time in England, he accompanied the Walcheren expedition, again returned home, and a second time was sent to Spain, and was at the battle of Salamanca and the siege of Burgos, which, he says, 'was as foolish a piece of work as ever he saw Wellington encounter.' It had well nigh been a fatal piece of work to our military censor, as appears by the following accident. The horn-work had been carried, and works were constructing in the trenches:—

'There were,' says he, 'a few of the company I belonged to collected together in one spot in the trench, as it is usual for men of the same corps and companies to gather into a knot when time permits to chat. We were all sitting on the ground; there was an officer of the company and a sergeant too. I was corporal. There were the matter of four or six privates, I think. Ashell felt right in the midst of us; we all got up and ran except one stupid booby, who sat still, and the shell I may say between his feet; he took handfuls of earth, and tried to smother the fusee, not knowing what a fusee was; but in an instant he was blown to pieces. I threw myself flat down on the earth where I was, about four yards from the active shell; the rest of the men were eager to get as far from it as possible, before it would explode; they were desirous to lay down as far off as they could; but fight was unavailing. The officer was struck with two pieces of the shell, when it burst, on the head and the arm; the sergeant was struck with one piece on the head, which caused his death soon after; my musket was wrested out of my hand by another splinter, and broken into a hundred pieces.'

After the retreat from Burgos, an affair of an unfortunate nature occurred; a corporal, of the name of M'Morran, having formed an attachment to a young girl, who had also smitten the heart of his officer, Dickenson, he became very obnoxious to him. On some

occasion, M'Morran staid longer than he should from his duty, and was severely reprimanded, and threatened to be flogged by Dickenson:—

'As soon as M'Morran went into his quarters, he loaded his musket and put a new flint in her, before he began to dress himself; the company in the mean time had been dismissed. Dickenson, however, traversed the parade-ground, waiting for M'Morran; out came M'Morran to him. When a soldier goes to speak to an officer, with a musket in his hand, he comes to the recover, the next motion to the present to fire. Dickenson and M'Morran stood together for about ten minutes, but no one of us knew what passed between them. M'Morran stood about two yards from Dickenson, and he was heard to say, (by the men who were at a little distance loitering on the ground,) "You shall never have it in your power to do that," and in an instant brought his musket to the present to fire, and the shot went through Dickenson's left breast; he fell on the spot, and never spoke! M'Morran then threw away his musket, and called out, "Take me prisoner, I am willing to die for what I have done." The whole village was in an uproar in a minute; the inhabitants crying and wringing their hands, and making doleful lamentation.'

'M'Morran was taken prisoner to the guard-house. I was acting corporal of the guard; we mounted a corporal and three men. As soon as he got himself undressed, the sergeant of the company and my guard went down to head-quarters with him. We were met by the surgeon and adjutant; the adjutant began to abuse M'Morran, who told the other not to use abusive language to him, for he was now a prisoner; and he was happy for what he had done, and willing he was to die for the same.'

He was tried by a general court-martial, at Ceia, condemned, and executed, ten days after. We shall not accompany our soldier through the rest of the campaign, but shall conclude with an extract from his account of the battle of Toulouse, which, though the last, was one of the most glorious in the war, so far as the military talents and bravery of our army was concerned:—

'As soon as the wing was about formed, the colonel [Maccara] went off at the charge with us, cheering all the way, and the left wing followed in the same gallant style. All the troops who saw us start cheered us, and "Bravo, forty-second," could be heard above all the noise of guns. "Hurra!—hurra!—hurra!" sounded on all sides of us, from the division, Portuguese and Spaniards: all saw the work of death we were going on; all saw our men fall like the fruit of an apple-tree, when shook by the boisterous blast of the sky. I had escaped hitherto in all

the actions I had been in, but I had no hope of leaving the field alive. The shot was whizzing past us like hail; most of the right wing that were killed and wounded, received two, three, and some several shots at once. The man on my right hand received six grape shots in his body, and fell like a log; and his brother, on his other side, was wounded at the same time. When about fifty yards from the redoubt, I received a shot through my right arm, and was obliged to halt; but I was almost sure of receiving another before I could get under cover. I went to the rear a few yards, (my arm hung motionless by my side) and lay down in the furrow of two rigs, thinking this might afford me some cover. I had hardly stretched myself on the wet ground when a round shot from a cannon covered me almost wholly over with earth; then I started to my feet again, and made for the road we had marched from, knowing that I would have good cover there. My wound bled very much. I could not get it bound up. I had about half a mile to walk to the ground the surgeons were on; but I was obliged to halt by the way, I became so weak from the stream of blood flowing down my arm. I was several times so dizzy I could with difficulty stand and look round me; then I would become sick and languid. I was parched up with thirst, but no water could I get.

'At this moment our artillery were passing me, making for the position we had taken up: one of them dismounted from his horse, seeing the state I was in, and gave me a draught of wine out of his canteen. I bade God bless him. "You deserve it," said he, "if it was gold you could drink, for you have fought hard: away with you to the doctors; there are crowds of the 42d about them." Again I thanked this brave artillery-man: he clapped spurs to his horse, and was off after the guns.

'I revived very much after I had swallowed the wine, and made the best of my way for the houses he pointed to. It was full two hours before the surgeon could look at my arm; they were amputating legs and arms so fast, and so many; it was very lamentable to be two hours the spectator of this sight.'

Here we close this Narrative, and we shall be happy to learn that its able compensates its author, in some degree, for his share in the sufferings he has detailed.

Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the Years 1799—1804. By Alexander de Humboldt and Aimé Bonpland. Translated by Helen Maria Williams. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 864. London, 1821.

We are always glad to see a new volume from Humboldt, who is one of

he most interesting and engaging of all modern travellers; and, although the preceding volumes of his 'Personal Narrative' have not come before us, yet they are so well known either in the original or through the spirited translation of Miss Williams, that we shall not deem it necessary to advert to them, but only to notice the volumes just published, which, in interest and importance, are equal to those that have preceded them.

Mr. Humboldt's Narrative is a most agreeable mixture of scientific description, amusing anecdote, and moral reflection, and there is scarcely a page in the whole work that does not present something interesting under one of these classes.

While steering among the cataracts of the Oronoko, Mr. Humboldt first heard of the hairy man of the woods, called *Salvaje*, that is said to carry off women, construct huts, and sometimes eat human flesh. Though the natives and the missionaries have no doubt of the existence of this much dreaded monkey, yet our author disbelieves it, and thinks that the man of the woods was one of those large bears, the footsteps of which resemble those of a man, and which is believed, in every country, to attack women. Of the insects in this quarter of the globe, the Moschetoes are the most numerous and the most annoying: Mr. H. says,—

'Persons who have not navigated the great rivers of equinoctial America, for instance, the Oronoko and the Rio Magdalena, can scarcely conceive, how without interruption, at every instant of life, you may be tormented by insects flying in the air, and how the multitude of these little animals may render vast regions wholly uninhabitable. However accustomed you may be to endure pain without complaint, however lively an interest you may take in the objects of your researches, it is impossible not to be constantly disturbed by the moschetoes, *zancudos*, *jijenas*, and *tempaneros*, that cover the face and hands, pierce the clothes with their long sucker in the form of a needle, and, getting into the mouth and nostrils, set you coughing and sneezing whenever you attempt to speak in the open air. In the mission of the Oronoko, in the villages placed on the banks of the river, surrounded by immense forests, the *plaga de las moscas*, the plague of the flies, affords an inexhaustible subject of conversation. When two persons meet in the morning, the first questions they address to each other are, "how did you find the *zancudos* during the night? How are we to-day for the moschetoes?" These questions remind us of a Chinese omen of politeness, which indicates the ancient state of the country where it took

birth. Salutations were made heretofore in the *celestial empire*, in the following words, *you-tou-hou*, "have you been incommoded in the night by the serpents?" We shall soon see, that on the banks of the Tuamini, in the river Magdalena, and still more at Choco, the country of gold and platinum, the Chinese compliment on the serpents might be added to that of the moschetoes.'

'At Mandavaca we found an old missionary, who told us with an air of sadness, that he had spent his *twenty years* of moschetoes in America. He desired us to look well at his legs, that we might be able to tell one day, "poor alla (beyond sea), what the poor monks suffer in the forests of Cassiquiare." Every sting leaving a small darkish brown point, his legs were so speckled, that it was difficult to recognize the whiteness of his skin through the spots of coagulated blood. If the insects of the simulum genus abound in the Cassiquiare, which has *white waters*, the culices, or *zancudos*, are so much the more rare; you scarcely find any there, while on the rivers of *black waters*, in the Atabapo and the Rio Negro, there are generally some *zancudos* and no moschetoes.'

It is a very remarkable fact, that the geographical distribution of insects varies in this labyrinth of rivers, with white and black waters. The different species do not associate together, and at different hours of the day you are stung by a distinct species. Every time that the scene changes, and other insects 'mount guard,' as the missionaries call it, there are a few minutes of repose. Of these insects, M. H. gives very curious details; he says,—

'The whites born in the torrid zone walk barefoot with impunity in the same apartment where a European recently landed is exposed to the attack of the *niguis* or *cheques* (*pulex penetrans*). These animals, almost invisible to the eye, get under the nails of the feet, and there acquire the size of a small pea by the quick increase of its eggs, which are placed in a bag under the belly of the insect. The *niguis*, therefore, distinguishes, what the most delicate chemical analysis could not distinguish, the cellular membrane and blood of an European from those of a Creole white. It is not so with the moschetoes.

'In the day, even when labouring at the oar, the natives, in order to chase the insects, are continually giving one another smart slaps with the palm of the hand. Rude in all their movements, they strike themselves and their comrades mechanically during their sleep. The violence of their blows reminds us of the Persian tale of the bear, that tried to kill with his paw the insects on the forehead of his sleeping master.' Near Maypures we saw some young Indians seated in a circle and rubbing cruelly each other's backs with the

bark of trees dried at the fire. Indian women were occupied with a degree of patience, of which the copper-coloured race alone are capable, in extirpating by means of a sharp bone the little mass of coagulated blood, that forms the centre of every sting, and gives the skin a speckled appearance. One of the most barbarous nations of the Oronoko, that of the Otomacs, is acquainted with the use of moschetto curtains (*mosquiteros*) formed of a tissue of fibres of the palm-tree, *murichi*. We had lately seen, that at Higuerote, on the coast of Caracas, the people of a copper colour sleep buried in the sand. In the villages of the Rio Magdalena, the Indians often invited us to stretch ourselves with them on oxskins, near the church, in the middle of the *plaza grande*, where they had assembled all the cows in the neighbourhood. The proximity of cattle gives some repose to man. The Indians of the Upper Oronoko and the Cassiquiare, seeing that Mr. Bonpland could not prepare his herbal, on account of the continual torment of the moschetoes, invited him to enter their ovens (*hornitos*). Thus they call little chambers, without doors or windows, into which they creep horizontally through a very small opening. When they have driven away the insects by means of a fire of wet brush-wood, which emits a great deal of smoke, they close the opening of the oven. The absence of moschetoes is purchased dearly enough by the excessive heat of stagnant air, and the smoke of a torch of copal, which lights the oven during your stay in it. Mr. Bonpland, with courage and patience well worthy of praise, dried hundreds of plants, shut up in these *hornitos* of the Indians.

'It is difficult not to smile at hearing the missionaries dispute on the size and voracity of the moschetoes at different parts of the same river. In the centre of a country ignorant of what is passing in the rest of the world, this is the favourite subject of conversation. "How I pity your situation!" said the missionary of the Raudales to the missionary of Cassiquiare, at our departure; "you are alone, like me, in this country of tigers and monkeys; with you fish is still more rare, and the heat more violent; but as for my flies (*mia moscas*), I can boast, that with one of mine I would beat three of yours."'

Escaping from the moschetoes with more ease than our author, we shall pass on to the following affecting anecdote, which has its local habitation in the junction of the Atabapo and the Rio Temi:—

'Before we reached its confluence, a granitic hummock, that rises on the western bank, near the mouth of the Guasacavi, fixed our attention; it is called the Rock of the Guahiba woman, or the Rock of the Mother, *Piedra de la Madre*. We inquired the cause of so singular a denomination. Father Zea could not satisfy our curiosity; but, some weeks after, an

other missionary, one of the predecessors of this ecclesiastic, whom we found settled at San Fernando as president of the missions, related to us an event, which I recorded in my journal, and which excited in our minds the most painful feelings. If, in these solitary scenes, man scarcely leaves behind him any trace of his existence, it is doubly humiliating for a European to see perpetuated by the name of a rock, by one of those imperishable monuments of nature, the remembrance of the moral degradation of our species, and the contrast between the virtue of a savage, and the barbarism of civilized man!

In 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile incursions, which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They found in an Italian but, a Guahibi mother with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of Castava. Resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to *hunt men*, like the whites and the negroes in Africa. The mother and her children were bound, and dragged to the bank of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition, of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her, for every thing is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls (*a la conquista espiritual*), and it is children in particular they seek to capture, in order to treat them, in the mission, as *poitos*, or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando, in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home, by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children who had been snatched away by the missionary, and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando, but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children, who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone toward the missions of the Rio Negro, going up the Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat; ignorant of the fate that awaited her, but she judged, by the direction of the sun, that she was removed farther and farther from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock, which bears her name to this day. She

landed, and took shelter in the woods, but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahibi. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon the rocks (*la Piedra de la Madre*), a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of manatee leather, which serve for whips in that country, and with which the alcaides are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her hands tied behind her back with strong stalks of *mavacure*, was then dragged to the mission of Javita.

She was there thrown into one of the *caravanseras*, that are called *Casa del Rey*. It was the rainy season, and night was profoundly dark. Forests, till then believed to be impenetrable, separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other part is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother, who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atabapo; she must find them again, she must execute her project of delivering them from the hands of Christians, of bringing them back to their father on the banks of the Guaviare. The Guahibi was carefully guarded in the *caravansera*. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the alcaides. She succeeded, by the help of her teeth, in breaking them entirely, disappeared during the night, and at the fourth rising sun was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. "What that woman performed," added the missionary who gave us this sad narrative, "the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and the sun, during whole days, appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods where the movement of the waters is almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianas, that form a network around the trunks they entwine! How often must she have swam across the rivulets, that run into the Atabapo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during the four days! She said, that, exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants called *vachacos*, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests." We pressed the missionary to tell us, whether the Guahibi had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children; and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy

our curiosity; but at our return from the Rio Negro, we learnt, that the Indian mother was not allowed time to cure her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oronoko. There she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities.

Such is the remembrance annexed to this fatal rock, to *Piedra de la Madre*!

Our author gives a curious account of the caoutchouc, which he observed at the mission of San Balthazar, on the Atabapo. He says,—

'Here we saw, for the first time, that white and fungous substance, which I have made known by the names of *dapicho* and *sapiti*. We immediately perceived that it was analogous to the elastic resin; but, as the Indians made us understand by signs, that it was found underground, we were inclined to think, till we arrived at the mission of Javita, that the *dapicho* was a fossil caoutchouc, though different from the elastic bitumen of Derbyshire. A Pomisana Indian, seated by the fire in the hut of the missionary, was employed in reducing the *dapicho* into black caoutchouc. He had spitted several bits on a slender stick, and was roasting them like meat. The *dapicho* blackens in proportion as it grows softer, and gains in elasticity. The resinous and aromatic smell which filled the hut, seemed to indicate, that this coloration is the effect of the decomposition of carburetted hydrogen, and that the carbon appears in proportion as the hydrogen burns at a low heat. The Indians beat the softened and blackened mass with a piece of Brazil wood, ending in form of a club; he then kneaded the *dapicho* into balls three or four inches in diameter, and let it cool. These balls exactly resemble the caoutchouc of the shops, but their surface remains in general slightly visuous. They are used at San Balthazar, in the Indian game of Tennis, which is so celebrated among the inhabitants of Urama and Encaramada; they are cut into cylinders to be used as corks, and are far preferable to those made of the bark of the cork tree.'

Mr. Humboldt afterwards found, that the *dapicho* is the result of an extravasation of the sap from the roots, which takes place when the trees have attained a great age, and the interior of the trunk begins to decay; and he was shown some of it at the depth of two or three feet between the roots of two trees, known by the name of *juco* and the *currena*. The first is the tree of Aublet, or siphonia of the modern botanists, known to furnish the caoutchouc of commerce in Cayenne and the Grand Para; the seconde has *juvante* leaves, and its juice is milky, but very thin and almost destitute of viscosity.

(To be continued.)

Tobias, a Dramatic Poem: with other Pieces. By James Jacobson, Esq. 12mo. pp. 137.

THIS little volume is the production of a scholar and a gentleman; and it is well for national taste, that amongst the highly seasoned dishes which are daily prepared to pamper our literary appetites, we may now and then meet with some more homely and not less wholesome viands.

In common with the many, we cannot but admire the energetic verse of Lord Byron, the luxuriance of Thomas Moore, and the fecundity of Walter Scott; but we can also duly appreciate the amusement which an author of less pretension, but of much good sense, has, in the volume before us, offered to our acceptance.

The piece which the author has thought most worthy of being placed at the head of his volume, does not appear to us either the most poetical or the most attractive of his effusions; nor is the subject the most calculated to urge successfully its claims to general perusal, for it is a drama founded upon the sacred writings.

* Tobias is written upon the model of the Greek drama, in which the chorus forms a prominent feature.—

'The fable,' for so the *argument* states, is taken from the book of Tobit, which, as it stands in our English Apocrypha, is a translation from a Greek version, supposed to have been made by some Hellenistic Jew, at an uncertain period, from the original Hebrew or Chaldee. Whether the persons were real characters, and the events founded on fact, and ornamented by the imagination of the writer, or the whole a poetic fiction, is uncertain. Tobit is represented to have lived in the city of Thibis, and to have been carried captive with his wife and his son Tobias, to Nineveh, by Enemasser, or Shalmanezar, about A. M. 3283.'

The poem opens with Sarah's description of the melancholy feelings of her mind, from the recollection of her early happiness and the sad reverse she had experienced. In her former hours of bliss,—

'To be, was to be blest,—life knew no change, But soft vicissitude of rest and joy; Then heavenly guards kept watch about my couch,

Prompting bright dreams and blessing my repose,

This morning waked me to some new delight.'

'But now, she exclaims,—

'Good spirits have forsaken me, And a dark demon scouped the troubled flood, Or from the abyss let loose for mortal's bane, By mystic charm, by prayer, or muttered spell, Still, uncontrol'd, pursues me to destruction. Seven times have I been claimed a bride—seven times,

Soon as the nuptial pomp was celebrated, And guest and paragon retired—the dead Vision came, and, at his withering look, All in the blooming pride of manhood's prime, The joyous bridegroom fell a lifeless cove.'

A band of Median virgins form the chorus, and, with their friendly zeal, interpose their ineffectual condolences.

Lighter griefs may admit of consolation, but Sarah's affliction was too deep even for a momentary pause from grief.

The first ode is rather too mystical to be generally understood. It is founded upon the Chaldaic philosophy respecting evil demons, of which six kinds are enumerated: the fiery—the aerial—the terrestrial—the marine—the subterraneous—and the Lucifugous. Of these demons, the aerial and terrestrial are described 'as circumventing men by art and subtlety, and deceiving the minds of men, and drawing them to absurd and illegal phantasies.'

Surely these demons, if indigenous in Persia, have of late years migrated many degrees to the north-west, and are now very prevalent in our own country.

The chorus reminds her,—

'To the seaman tempest-tost,
To the nightly wanderer lost,
When not a star is seen on high,
And death at every step is nigh,
O'er the wave or mountain slope,
Not so sweetly breaks the morn,
As the cheering ray of hope,
To the wretched and forlorn.'

The reply of the sufferer to the virgins is written with great spirit:—

'Yonder see your flaming god!
Now his sultry path is trod;
Now he sinks beneath the hill,
All will soon be dark and still—
All that lived his beam beneath,
Seem as wrapt in sleep or death.
Tho' darken'd nature seem to expire,
To-morrow, when his shafts of fire
He hurls through kindling air,
Darkness shall flee—the flower revive.—
The streamlet shine—all nature live.

My darkness is despair.
Nature growing loads of care,
Learns, by slow degrees, to bear
Age, as comforts drop away,
Scarcely feels the slow decay,
And at length to sorrows dart
Turns an indurated heart.
Not one by one my pleasures fled,
When Hope was cold and Passion dead,
Unfelt affliction's stroke;
But, all at once, the vengeful power
In youth's gay, fearless, feeling hour
My living heart-strings broke.'

The argument of the drama is so exactly the apocryphal account of Tobias, that it is only necessary to refer the reader to the sacred volume for its ground work. But as this forms but

a portion of the book, we have no room for further extracts.

A few minor pieces are introduced between Tobias and the Evening Walk, and, although we do not call the latter an extraordinary poem in the present age of poetry, still it is one which no poet need hesitate to avow; and we confess having received from it a considerable share of entertainment and instruction. It breathes a pure strain of morality, and rests not its claim to our favour upon that meretricious style of ornament so frequently, in modern verse, substituted for something better. We rise from its perusal, more satisfied with ourselves, and more in charity with our fellow creatures, than we have done from half the ephemeral publications at this day of book-making.

We close our remarks upon this unassuming volume, with a paraphrase of an apothegm of Cicero, from which many of us would certainly dissent:—
'Si quis deus mihi largiatur, at ex hac ætate repuerascom—valde recusam:—
Spirit! that loosened from thy clay,
Art nerved and winged for parting—say,
If some descending angel's care
Thy tottering mansion would repair;
On that cold withered form bestow
Youth's bounding pulse and rosy glow,—
The open brow of joy, the face
Of smiles, the limbs of strength and grace,—
Those silvery temples clothe again
With shining locks of raven grain,—
Would warm the cheek and light the eye
With all the fire of sympathy:
Would'st thou on earth consent to stay?
I hear a voice that seems to say,—
"Again, for all that earth can give,
A mortal's life I would not live;
I would not tread, for seventy years,
Again this scene of guilt and tears;
For good, where specious ills are dealt,
And pleasure's stings unceasing felt—
Where Reason is too slow to stay
Impetuous Error's headlong way;
And only comes, with lagging course,
To brighten pain and point remorse.
What boots it, that experience age
Would be the light of early age—
Save that I then at once, should see,
Life's sum of joy and misery—
That Hope's a cheat; and double woe,
From suffering and from foretaste, know."

An Autumn near the Rhine; or, Sketches of Courts, Society, and Scenery in Germany.

(Concluded from page 421.)

In the residence towns of the German princes, all that is handsome or striking is modern. The buildings generally bespeak the increased and growing splendour of the prince and his state; and you may trace pretty accurately in the date and appearance of the architecture and embellishments,

their gradation from the old-fashioned regime of Margraves, Landgraves, and Counts of the Empire to the glittering independence of Grand Dukes and Kings. The Dowager Queen of Wirtemberg, formerly Princess Royal of England, lives retired at Ludwigsburg, where she is much esteemed for her benevolence. Some interesting traits in the character of her husband, the late king, are related, particularly a monument of royal attachment, which he raised to the memory of his favourite minister, Count Zeppelin. Speaking of that monarch, our author says,—

‘You must not set the late king down for a mere despot of the common-place kind. Napoleon, no mean judge of talents, once said to him, “*Je ne voudrais pas voir votre Altesse à la tête de cent mille hommes*!”—(the king (then duke) replied with spirit and brevity,—“*Sire, cinquante mille me suffiroit*.”—He was a man of strong intellect and cultivated taste, but yet a tyrant, and confessedly wanting in personal courage.—His person and manners were imposing, and he possessed that ascendancy over those around him, which violent temper alone, without some masculine traits of character, is insufficient to produce. He often made reparation to those he had injured. A lady, who used to be much in the circles and card-parties at Ludwigsburg, told me she never met with a man “*qui possédât mieux l’art de parler*.” The queen was as much in awe of him; as attached to him.’ His reign was severe and despotic; but, with the exception of the havoc of hunting, and some other arbitrary follies, its severity fell principally where, in spite of its unpardonable injustice, it did least harm—on the noblesse. He cut down many of their undue privileges, made many serve as common soldiers in his army, and vexed them by tyrannical seizures and oppressions. His more feeble neighbours, on the other hand, purchased their flattery and support at the expense of their meaner subjects. There was, in short, something like grandeur, mixed with much littleness, in his pride; and some nobleness of nature mollified his intemperance of disposition.’

After an account of Danecker, the sculptor, which we quoted in a preceding number, we have the following particulars of the early life of Schiller:—

‘His father was a major in the Wirtemberg service; and Schiller, who was intended for a regimental physician, pursued his studies here for nine or ten years, during which I think he was cotemporary with Danecker.—At this school he composed “The Robbers.” The seminary was governed by strict military regulations, which naturally irritated and oppressed the proud and daring spirit of Schiller.—

All books not within the routine of school-study were strictly proscribed. Schiller meditated and attempted escapes, in which he failed—and read and ruminated at night over the works of Plutarch, Ossian, Young, Goethe, and, above all, Shakespeare, till his favourite authors fell one by one, into the hands of the inspectors. The histories of Greece and Rome still remained to him, and his ardent imagination constantly dwelt among their patriots and heroes. He now composed the dialogue between the Shades of Brutus and Cæsar, which Charles Moor used to sing in The Robbers; while employed on the play, he used to recite scenes and speeches, to the great delight of his school-fellows. One day, as he was declaiming, with great energy, the scene (now omitted) in which Francis Moor, tortured by suspicion, says to Moses, “*Ha! what know’st thou none?*”—reflect—death, heaven, eternity, damnation, hang on the words of thy mouth!” the Inspector opened the door, inquiring, in an angry tone, what boy was in such a passion and swearing so dreadfully.—The youthful audience all laughed; and when the Inspector departed, Schiller bawled out the next words of the part with double emphasis—“*Ein confusierter kerk!*”—“a conficated fellow!”—He wrote an able probation essay “on the connection between the physical and intellectual nature of Man,” which procured him a licence as a regimental physician on quitting the academy.—In this essay, he quoted a passage from The Robbers, then in manuscript, calling it, “A popular English Drama, called The Robbers.” The play was soon after acted at Mannheim, with great applause; and Schiller commenced other dramatic works, and very soon left Stuttgart and his profession.—He repaired to Mannheim, and devoted himself entirely to literature and the drama.’

In an account of the German Universities, we meet with the following, not very creditable, details respecting the students:—

‘Their language and costume are as unlike those of the rest of the world as their boisterous manners and extraordinary privileges. A glossary of about three or four hundred words is published at Göttingen, for the benefit of the young freshmen, or *die fuchsen* (the foxes), as they are called, who come uninitiated in their barbarous slang. A drinking party is called a *commerschick*; and the quails which follow it the next morning, for which a noble bard recommends the specific of “Hock and Soda-water,” are expressively termed a *Katzenjammer* (cat’s misery.) Young ladies, not arrived at that age, which the students consider interesting, go by the elegant appellation of *Backsack*; and the fair sex in general are called by the more poetical one, *Flor* (Flower): ready money is called *Baria*; but credit (being, I presume, a commodity

more in use) has three various titles—*pimp*, *pump*, and *puff*, from which come the compounds, *Haus-pimp*, *Haus-pump*, *Haus-puff*, (house-credit)—the credit which a student receives from his landlord. The costume of the students, meant for a revival of the *alt Deutsche kleidung* (old German dress), is as motley and as barbarous as their dialect. The long hair flowing on their shoulders, frock-coats without shirts, thick coarse woollen trousers, small red caps, a pipe in the mouth, and a *zeigenhalm* (thick sort of bludgeon) in the hand, give them much more the air of troops of banditti or travelling mechanics, than of scholastic youths who hear lectures on the pure æsthetic, and who are to be the future statesmen, pastors, and judges of their country. Their wild and irregular lives generally unite in a strange manner a sort of coarse dissipation—smoking at taverns, waltzing at public gardens, hazard playing, and rambling about to bathing places and beer-houses, with romantic notions of honour, and an inordinate enthusiasm on all political and moral subjects.—Kant’s mystics, Kotzebue’s sentiment, and Goethe’s fanciful originalities share their admiration along with the less refined enjoyments of tobacco and nine-pins. In their grand carousals they sing a song, called “the Sovereign” (*der Landesherr*), in praise of their country and their prince, during which they stick their hats upon the points of their *hiebers* (swords), and swear to remain brave *Burschen* to all eternity. Their funeral processions are conducted with great pomp and ceremony—they often hire a string of carriages for the occasion—officers with appropriate dresses and titles regulate the ceremony—and a long and elaborate eulogium is pronounced over the grave. When they wish to pay particular honour to a brother *Bursch*, they give him a few rounds of formal *riots*, and then deputate an officer, called a *Chapeau d’honneur*, in full dress, to acquaint him in a set speech of the honour conferred on him.’

A singular picture of German manners appears in the following anecdote:—

‘A friend of mine received a note from a lady of her acquaintance, proposing to come and pass the evening; but happening to expect, among other visitors, the two former husbands of this lady, who had been twice divorced, out of regard for her feelings, she wrote a feigned excuse, begging her to postpone her visit. The divorced lady, however, immediately returned for answer, that she suspected the real ground of the excuse, and was grateful for my friend’s considerate kindness; but she begged also to assure her it was quite unnecessary, and that there would be no one in her party that she should not have pleasure in meeting. She accordingly came, and brought her present and third husband, to make a trio with her two former ones; and all parties

spent the evening with perfect content and cordiality.

The mountain of Rolanddeck, one of the most picturesque scenes on the Rhine, takes its name from Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, who, according to the tradition of the country, lived here in melancholy seclusion. The history of his love and constancy form the subject of a very pretty ballad, by Schiller, of which our author gives the following translation:—

ROLAND AND HILDEGONDA.

A BALLAD.

"Sir Knight, a sister's truest love
For thee this heart doth know;
Then ask, I pray, no other love,
It only wakes my woe.

Unmov'd I look upon thee, knight,
And lo! I see thee fly,
I wis not why that gentle tear
Is glist'ning in thine eye—"

Her speech be heard with silent grief,
And sore his heart did bleed;
Then quick he press'd her in his arms,
Then bounded on his steed—
Then summon'd he his brave men all
That dwelt about the Rhine;
The cross upon each valiant breast,
They sped to Palestine.

There, deeds of high renown were wrought
By every warrior's sword;
Their banners' crests in battle gleam'd
Asidest the pagan lord;
And most at Roland's dread name,
Quail'd each Moslem chief;
But Roland's heart was fastly bound
Within its chains of grief.

A long long year his pain he bore,
Till all his joy was lost;
And refuge finding none from woe,
He left the armed host.
A ship well dight with ready sail
By Joppa's strand there lay,
And he for that dear land embark'd
In which she breathed the day.

And at her castle gate anon
Low the pilgrim knock'd,
Ah! with a thunder's sound
Was that gate unlock'd—
"She whom thou seek'st now wears the veil,
And is bright Heaven's bride;
For yesternorn, with holy rites,
Was she to God allied."

And then for ever he forsook
His father's castle door—
His armour never more he plied,
He strode his steed no more.
Down from the Donjon rock he roam'd,
A stranger everywhere;
For now his noble limbs were hid
In cloth of coarsest hair.

And now a lonely he be built,
Amid that lov'd countree;
Whence looking through the linden shade
The convent he might see;
And station'd there from morning dawn,
Till evening purple shone,
With hope upon his pensive eye,
Still he sat alone.

Still look'd he on the convent walls,
Still hopeful did he look
Upon the casement of his love,
Until the casement shook;

Until her lovely form appear'd,
Until that face so dear,
With angel look, so still and mild,
Bent o'er the valley near.

And then he laid him joyful down,
And slept with solace sweet,
Rejoicing when the morning beam
Again his eye should greet;
And thus full many a day he sat,
He sat through many a spring,
Still hating, without plaint or pain,
To hear the casement kiling.

Until that lovely form appear'd,
Until that face so dear,
With angel look, so still and mild,
Bent o'er the valley near;
And there one morning fix'd he sat,
A pallid corpse upright;
But to the casement turn'd he still
His dim and clouded sight."

The following traditionary story, on the banks of the Rhine, we recommend as a good subject for our melo-dramatic writers to work upon:—

Near the little village of Hirtzenach, between St. Goar and Boppard, the ruins of the two old castles of Liebenstein and Sternfels stand close together, on a fine mountain covered with vines on the right bank of the river. Their grey mouldering towers nod at each other with a sort of rival dignity; and they go by the name of the Two Brothers.—Tradition says they were formerly inhabited by an old knight, who had two sons equally dear to him; and a rich and beautiful young orphan was also brought up under his protection. Her charms increased with her years; and, as was very natural, the young knights both fell in love with their fair play-fellow. When she arrived at a marriageable age, the father proposed to her to choose between his two sons; but she, knowing the sentiments of both, was unwilling to grieve either by preferring his rival. The elder son, however, believing that her heart a little inclined to his brother, resigned his pretensions, and besought her to declare in his rival's favour. The old knight gave the young couple his blessing, but their union was delayed.—The elder brother saw without envy, but not without melancholy, the happiness of his rival. The charms of this beloved object increased in his eyes every day, and to fly from her presence he joined the prince, residing at Rhense, and was admitted into his suite.

Just at this time, St. Bernard was preaching the cross on the banks of the Rhine. There was not a chateau near the river that did not send a knight to Frankfort, where the Emperor Conrad presented the saint to the people, who all took the cross. Almost every castle along the river, from Basle to Cologne, mounted a streaming flag with the holy symbol of our Saviour's sufferings; and the river and roads in the country were thronged with joyous companies flocking towards Palestine. The young intended bridegroom caught the general flame, and resolved to visit the Holy Land before lead-

ing his bride to the altar. In spite of his father's displeasure, and the ill-concealed tears of his mistress, he assembled his little troop, and joined the Emperor's army at Frankfort.

The old knight, dying soon after, the elder brother returned from Rhense to take possession of his ancestor's castle. Love was now ready to revive more strongly than ever in his breast; but he overcame himself, and scrupulously treated the young lady with the kind protection of a brother. Two years had elapsed, when the news arrived that the younger brother was returning from Palestine, accompanied by a beautiful Grecian dame, to whom he was betrothed. This intelligence pierced his deserted mistress to the heart; and, according to the custom of the age in such disappointments, she resolved to take the veil. The elder son was indignant at this conduct of his brother; and, when a courier arrived at the castle to announce his approach, he threw down his glove, bidding him take that for answer.

The crusader arrived with his fair Grecian at the castle of Sternfels, his paternal inheritance, and a bloody war took place between the brothers, which they were on the point of concluding by single combat, when the young lady interposed and pacified them. She afterwards quitted the abode of her infancy, and took the veil.

Sadness and mourning now reigned in the castle of Liebenstein—while joy and dissipation occupied the inhabitants of Sternfels. The beauties of the Grecian dame, and the graces of her conversation, attracted around her all the gay knights of the neighbourhood; and she was by no means scrupulous in receiving their homage. The elder brother saw the disgrace of his brother before he himself was aware of it, and soon found an opportunity to convince him of his wife's infidelity. The young knight would have sacrificed her to his vengeance, but she found means to escape. His elder brother pressed him in his arms as he was abandoning himself to his despair, saying, "Let us live henceforth together without wives, to do honour to the grief of our first love, who is now passing the brightest days of youth in a convent." The younger brother agreed, and they remained bachelors and inseparable friends for the rest of their days. Their race expired with them—and their old ruined castles, which still retain the name of "The Brothers," remind the traveller of their history.

One extract more, and we have done; it is an anecdote related by a Lyonsese merchant, with whom our author travelled to Aix-la-Chapelle:—

Sometimes the old gentleman gave us some amusing particulars of the famous siege of Lyons, in the defence of which he had taken a part, and had narrowly escaped the guillotine. He was also at Lyons when the Duke of Tarentum and

Monsieur repaired there to attempt to stop Bonaparte's progress from Elba to Paris. He saw the troops drawn up in the *Grande Place*, and reviewed by the Duke and Monsieur. The men had had three francs each given to them; and it was hoped the exhortations of the marshal would excite universal devotion to the cause. His royal highness and the duke rode through the ranks again and again; and the marshal, after repeated addresses, and exhausting every topic calculated to rally loyalty, called to the men to give a token of their attachment by saluting the prince with *vive le roi!* Scarcely three voices broke the dismal silence. The marshal turned away in despair, the tears streaming from his eyes—and the Count d'Antois and he shortly afterwards left Lyons. The gay Frenchman assured me that he, and almost all present, were moved to tears by this cruel scene. A colonel of cavalry of half pay, a friend of our companion's, resided near Lyons, with his wife, to whom he was much attached. On hearing of Napoleon's approach, he let fall some hints of an intention of joining him, on which his wife indignantly broke forth, "*A ton âge, mon ami,—et tu ne conçois pas le chemin d'honneur? Penses-y bien. Si tu le quittes, tu ne me verras plus de ta vie.*" The colonel, persuaded by his wife, fully resolved to serve his King, and left her with a vow never to forget her injunctions; but, on arriving at Lyons, the cries of *vive l'Empereur!* and the sight of the tri-colour cockade, were too much for his firmness; and neither his spouse, his vow, nor his honour, had influence enough to prevent his flocking with his comrades to the standard of his old leader. This is a curious illustration of that invariable resignation to momentary impulses which forms the consistent inconsistency of the French character. Military glory, that vainest and most delusive of feelings, appears to be the only one to which they have ever been true."

We now quit, reluctantly we confess, one of the most pleasing volumes of its kind, that we have met with in the course of our critical labours, and we shall be much surprised if its circulation be limited even to a second edition.

Sketches of the Domestic Manners and Institutions of the Romans. 12mo. pp. 347. London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH every well-educated person is acquainted with Roman history, and many are well versed in Roman antiquities, yet few have an accurate idea of Roman manners; nor, until the appearance of the volume before us, was it to be obtained, but by ransacking the ponderous tomes of Kennet, Adams, Potter, and the elaborate commentaries on Pliny, Juvénal, and Persius,

&c. The labour that was required for such a task, was considerably aggravated, to ladies in particular, by the classical allusions and the learned quotations in which the subject has been usually enveloped, and which deterred them from the study.

Having said so much of the necessity of a work like the present, it only remains for us to notice the manner in which it has been executed. The object of the author has been to give a concise account of the state of society in ancient Rome, clothed in plain language, divested as far as possible of Latin terms, and pruned of all subjects which offend against delicacy; and he modestly claims no other merit than that of having attentively compared various authorities, and of having recorded such facts only as are either incontestably established or generally received. That he has succeeded in the task we hesitate not to say; and his work presents a popular view of the manners of the Romans, which will not only be of the greatest service to persons completing their education, but will be found extremely useful in refreshing the memories of those who may long ago have quitted the study of Roman history for other pursuits. We shall now make a few extracts, which will not only confirm our observations on the work, but will, we trust, form an interesting page in our journal. Much has been said, and with great truth, of the rapacity of lawyers, but if antiquity could justify them, they might refer us to the Romans for a precedent. The bar was so distinguished a profession, that many Romans of the highest rank acted as pleaders, and consecrated their talents to the gratuitous service of their fellow citizens; but this apparent liberality was not altogether disinterested: it was in fact the instrument of their ambition:—

'At length, when the emperors deprived the people of the right of electing their own magistrates, the chief motive which actuated patrons in the gratuitous exertion of their abilities ceased; and their former clients being thus deprived of legal advice, the practice of the law necessarily became mercenary, and was thenceforward followed as a profession for profit. The mere lawyers, however, placed so high a value on their assistance, that it became necessary to fix bounds to their rapacity; and they were not allowed to accept of more than certain specified fees, under penalty of being considered guilty of extortion, which subjected them to a forfeiture of four times the amount. The maximum of these fees was at first

fixed at ten thousand sesterces, about \$60, sterling. But this wholesome regulation was evaded: a swarm of venal pettifoggers,—the pests of society, fomented law-suits for their private advantage, and carried their depredations on the public so far, that they attracted the notice of the senate; and in the reign of Trajan, a decree was passed obliging the parties in every cause to make oath, before it was tried, that they had neither given nor promised any gratification to their advocates; permitting them, however, to remunerate them after judgment was obtained. This edict was not intended to deprive the lawyers of the just fruits of their labours, but was a necessary check on the mercenary cupidity of knaves, whose exactions brought disgrace on an otherwise honourable profession. It did not prevent baristers of eminence from accumulating very large fortunes; the younger Pliny mentions one Regulus, who, notwithstanding he lived in great splendour, and was not, it would seem, much indebted to the goodness of his character, realized a sum equivalent to 400,000*l.* of our money. Nor, if the accusation of Persius be not unfounded, were they very delicate in the mode of acquisition:—

'Envy not the sordid gains,
Which recompense the well-tongued lawyer's pains;
Though Umbrian rustics, for his sage advice,
Pour in their jars of fish, and oil, and spice,
So thick and fast, that, ere the first be o'er,
A second and a third are at the door."

Of course, the same illustration of the Romans, we quote an account of their boxing matches and chariot-races:—

'Boxing, wrestling, and throwing the *discus*, or quoit, held a prominent share in their amusements; but chariot-driving took the lead before all others.

'When boxing took a more serious turn, it became a contest of much greater danger than the modern pugilistic battles. The combatants wore gloves loaded with metal, and the issue of "the fight" was often fatal to one or both of them.—

'He threw
Two ponderous gauntlets down in open view—
Gauntlets which Eryx won in fight to wield,
'And sleuth his hands with, in the listed field.
With fear and wonder seised, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with seven distinguishing folds

Of tough bull-hides: the space within is spread
With iron, or with heavy loads of lead."

Dryden's Virgil, &c.
Whether they were as expert as the pugilists of the present day, we have no means of ascertaining; but it is certain that professors of the art were trained with equal regularity; and there can be little doubt of their prowess, as we are told of one of them having had his whole set of teeth knocked down his throat at a single blow!

'Both horse and chariot-races, but especially the latter, were favourite diversions

of the people in general; and, in order to enjoy them at their ease, there was an inclosed course immediately adjoining the city, called the Circus, although, in point of fact, its form was oval. It was rather more than a mile in circumference; was surrounded with seats in the form of an amphitheatre, and three tiers of galleries; and was calculated to contain at least one hundred and fifty thousand, or, as some suppose, more than two hundred and fifty thousand spectators. In the centre, there was a wall twelve feet in breadth, and four in height, round which the race was performed; and at one end there stood a triumphal arch, through which the successful charioteer drove amid the plaudits of the assembly. The horses ran to the left, and were restrained by a chain across the goal, until the signal was given for starting. The race was generally decided in one heat of five, or sometimes seven times round the course, which, in the latter instance, was a distance of about four English miles. Four chariots usually started together, the drivers of which were distinguished by dresses of different colours, each of which had its partizans, who, betted largely on their favourite; for it was neither the charioteer nor his horses that interested them, but the colour which they adopted; and so far was this carried, that the people were actually divided into parties, who espoused the pretensions of the different liveries with such warmth, that all Rome was at one time agitated with the disputes of the *green* and *red* factions. The chariots, as they are usually called, were nothing more than uncovered two-wheeled cars, high and circular in front, and open behind. They were usually drawn by three or four horses abreast, which the driver guided in a standing position, with the reins fastened round his body; a custom which occasioned many serious accidents; for, the course being narrow, the turnings sharp and frequent, and both crossing and jostling permitted, the carriages were often overturned.

The amusements of literary men among the Romans, had an advantage over our modern *conversations*, if we except the recitation of the poets, which, if brought into fashion now, would certainly soon put the most polite company in the world *hors de combat* :—

Cicero constructed galleries at his villa at Tusculum, in imitation of the schools of Athens; they were ornamented with the finest statues and paintings of Greece; and were appropriated to philosophical discussions, and familiar discourse with his friends. Of those conversations he has left an account, which shows the degree of refinement in manners as well as morals, at which the Romans had then arrived. "They generally turn," says he, "on our private affairs, or those of the state, or else on some literary subject, without carrying the discussion of

any one topic so far as to tire those whose taste it may not suit. Attention is paid to treat each subject with the proper degree of seriousness or levity, which its importance may require, or its trifling nature permit; but, above all, care is taken never to make an observation which may betray a defect in the moral character; of which there is not a greater mark than the too common habit of ridiculing, or speaking to the disadvantage of the absent. Our language, indeed, should ever be free from heat, as our observations from prejudice, malevolence, or frivolity; it should always be accompanied by affability of manner, and respect for those to whom it is addressed; and we should studiously avoid speaking of ourselves, but more especially in our own commendation." These maxims were carefully observed by all well-bred persons; and particular regard appears to have been had to preserve the decorum and respect due to age, and to the fair sex, and the circumspection necessary in the presence of youth. Not but that they were sometimes infringed upon; gross and immoral persons will occasionally be found in every society; but then, as now, though they might be tolerated, they were not respected.

The galleries were chiefly devoted to sedentary amusements, among which the game of chess, or one nearly resembling it, appears to have had a principal share. Neither were they without the resource of a daily newspaper, which recorded the chief occurrences of public note and general interest, with the more private intelligence of births, deaths, marriages, and fashionable arrivals, in much the same manner as those of more modern date. It was not, indeed, issued for circulation, being merely hung up in some place of usual resort, and published under the sanction of the government, for general information; but we may presume that it was copied for the private accommodation of the wealthy. Poets not unfrequently took advantage of the indolent leisure that reigned in these places, to recite the efforts of their muse, and sometimes, it would appear, to tire the patience of their auditors :—

"While sweetly floats the voice in echoes round,
The coxcombs never think at whose expense
They thus indulge the dear imperipience."

Francis's *Hor.* b. 1, sat. 4.

Literary men, indeed, read aloud for exercise; the younger Pliny gravely tells us, that it assisted his digestion; and the celebrated physician, Celsus, recommends it for the same purpose.

Our author gives a very circumstantial account of the feasts of the Romans, from which we shall only make one short extract :—

"Grace being ended, the king of the feast was appointed. He was generally elected by lot, but sometimes by acclamation. His functions much resembled those of the president of a convivial

club; he alone regulated the festivities of the table; called upon whom he pleased to sing, to tell his story, or to amuse the company by any other talent he might possess; announced the quantity of wine to be drank to each health or toast; decreed the forfeitures of non-compliance; and enforced his authority under penalty of additional bumpers. Plutarch has a long dissertation on the qualities which this arbitrary sovereign ought to possess: even Cato, the censor, acknowledged that, old as he was, he was delighted at being of those convivial parties, where the king of the feast animated each of the company to contribute his share to the general hilarity; and the importance attached by some of the gravest personages to the exercise of his jovial duties, very forcibly depicts the attachment of the Romans to social enjoyment."

We shall conclude where gallantry would have made us begin; namely, with the ladies :—

"The Roman ladies were extremely careful of their teeth; they used small brushes, and tooth-picks; the latter sometimes of silver; but those most esteemed were made of the wood of the mastich tree. Of what, besides water, they employed to cleanse them, we only know, that there was a favourite lotion, which they received from Spain, the chief ingredient in which was a liquid that undoubtedly would not recommend it to modern notice. False teeth are mentioned both by Horace and Martial, as being common in their time."

"Art had not, indeed, then arrived at the perfection of supplying the absolute deficiency of an eye: but means were not wanting to increase their lustre, and to make those which were small, or sunk, appear larger and more prominent than they really were. This was effected by burning the powder of antimony, the vapour of which being allowed to ascend to the eyes, had the effect of distending the eyelids; or the powder, and sometimes, indeed, common soot, was gently spread with a bodkin underneath the lid, and the tint which it imparted was supposed to give an expression of liquid softness to the eye." Penciling the eye-brows was a constant practice; nor was there any ignorance of the effect produced by a skillfully disposed patch; or of any other of the numerous artifice by which the charms of the person are heightened and displayed.

Having carefully examined this little volume, we give it our most hearty commendation.

"A skillfully disposed patch." It has been doubted whether the Roman ladies did actually employ the "artillery of patches." But not only are they repeatedly mentioned in Martial's Epigrams, but the younger Pliny tells us, that even a grave lawyer had recourse to their aid, and that, according as he was to plead for plaintiff or defendant, he used to wear a white or a black patch, over the right or the left eye: Plin. *Epist.* l. vi. ep. 2.

A Series of Tables, exhibiting the Gain and Loss to the Fundholder, arising from the Fluctuations in the Value of the Currency, from 1800 to 1821.
By Robert Mushet, Esq. 8vo. London, 1821.

MANY attempts have recently been made to induce government to break faith with the fundholder, by fallaciously representing his situation as highly advantageous, arising from the circumstance of his now receiving in a current of standard value, the interest of the capital which he lent to Government, in a currency considerably depreciated. This, too, has been done in the absence of any proof, that the fundholders, as a body, have derived any gain whatever, in consequence of the depreciation which has existed upon the currency since 1800. In the tables which Mr. Mushet has ingeniously constructed, shews clearly, that so far from the fundholder having gained, that he has actually lost by the depreciation. Burns says, 'facts are chieft that winna ding and munn be disputed,' and it is to facts that Mr. Mushet appeals in support of his argument, which we recommend not only to every fundholder, but to those who, possessing no funds, so eagerly denounce their more fortunate countrymen.

Original Communications.

ESSAY ON RHYME.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

LITERATURE, with respect to its language, may be considered as rhythmical, metrical, and prosaical; or, more distinctly, as rhyme, blank verse, measured prose, and mere prose. I would not, however, be understood as intending by this enumeration, to offer a perfect division of literary language to the eye of the logician, but merely as assuming these different species of phraseology to be contained under it. I am aware that, in the philosophical treatment of a subject, the analyst is supposed to be as careful of transgressing the two great props of argument, definition and division, as of walking over his father's tomb-stone, and that these two remaining idols of Aristotle's supremacy are yet worshipped, even by those who deny its infallibility in every other particular. Mr. Locke himself, who was at such pains to overturn the supposed efficacy of syllogism, that he has made several disgraceful mistakes in it, through precipitation, leaves these two logical instruments as absolute as ever; nay, asserts that there can be no

exact reasoning without definition. But, notwithstanding my unfeigned reverence for the opinions of that great man, I cannot help dissenting from him on this point, inasmuch as I think, were definition requisite to exact reasoning, we should have no exact reasoning at all.

The examination of this point, however, would be irrelevant to our present subject. I may endeavour to prove the truth of my opinion on some future occasion; having premised so much, merely to prevent any cavils which might arise as to the accuracy of the divisions above-mentioned, definition and division being so intimately connected in their natures, as to be nearly identical.

To resume; the order of the invention of these four species of phraseology, in point of time, was evidently the inverse of that in which I have enumerated them; for the order of the artifice in their composition, by which the time of their invention is naturally measured, is according to that inverted succession; namely, prose, metrical prose, blank verse, and rhyme. I stay not to examine whether prose be properly denominated an invention of mankind or no, (though, by parenthesis, I may observe, that if human reason were superadded to the vocal capacity of many animals, quadrupeds, and birds, in whom we often see most wonderful exertions, to expression and modulation of sounds, so as to convey their desires, might not this addition produce something very near the human faculty of speech?) but of this we are pretty certain, that it must have preceded every other species of language. Metrical or measured prose was evidently the next; impassioned language breaking into cadences, as the natural effect of a raised imagination, but as yet unrestricted by the artificial similitudes in the final words of these cadences. The like evidence is in the priority of blank verse to rhyme, the latter containing all the artifices of the former, with the additional one of rhyme superadded.

As to the comparative merit of these different species of composition, I mean in their language solely, considering them abstractedly and metaphysically, I have no hesitation in declaring for the superlative excellence of rhyme; so that, it is little doubtful to me, but that, if superior intelligences, angels, spirits, nay the Deity himself, convey their sentiments by verbal signs, it is and cannot be otherwise than in rhyme.

This opinion may, perhaps, startle the unpoetical, by attributing that phraseology which is pretty much considered as the peculiar vocabulary of madmen, fools, and the weak in intellect, to the majesty of divine wisdom, as the language in which its sublime and serious ordinances are proclaimed; but let the reader observe, I speak of rhyme in the abstract, i. e. not of rhyme as it is, but as it might be. The difficulties in works of rhyme, and which depend on its multifarious artificialness, render it, in the hands of us finite and imbecile agents, for the most part the vehicle of nonsense, insipidities, or mere prettinesses at best; we never see a work on the abstruse sciences in rhyme, and rarely one of any sublimity in polite literature; rhyme is, in fact, considered as the attribute of sentiment alone, not of reasoning, and hence has come into disrepute with the scientific; nay, has incurred the contempt of poets themselves. Milton, in his preface to his *Paradise Lost*, I think, censures it, as puerile and unworthy of a true genius, citing the examples of the celebrated Greek and Roman poets, who wrote in blank, and of the latter and inferior authors who composed in rhyme; beside, his derogatory opinion of rhyme may be collected from his sarcastic misprophecy upon Dryden's capabilities, 'that he was a good rhymer, but no poet,' though I allow this might be; the faculty of rhyming by no means involving poetical qualifications.

But if these unfriendly opinions be examined, they will be found to depend on a false and partial consideration of rhyme; upon arguing merely from its actualities, (so to speak,) and neglecting to consider its capabilities; in fact, upon considering it practically, instead of as we ought, abstractedly; for in investigating philosophically the nature of any thing, we are not to bind it down to the measure of what we finite beings are able to make of it, but to consider what its own absolute and unrelated capabilities admit of; we should no more judge of the powers of rhyme from our application of it to language, than of those of reason from our application of it to ideas; they both partake of the narrowness and imbecility of our faculties.

Let me ask; why are not the sciences composed in rhyme? Why did not Milton write his *Paradise* in rhyme? plainly for this reason; not because these works could not be so written, and would not be improved by it—no; but because the authors were unable.

It may be said, in the former, rhyme, or any species of poetry, would detract the reader's thoughts; and, in the latter, would have been beneath the dignity of the subject. To which I reply: that is not the fault of rhyme, but the fault of the reader in the former case, and of the writer in the latter. Why does the reader suffer his thoughts to be distracted? and why does the writer suffer his dignity to droop? no one will deny, but that if the reader were able to preserve his thoughts, and the writer his dignity, the science and the blank poem would be both improved; or, if there be any one who is so hardy as to deny this, I would beg of him to examine whether the reason of it be not to be found in himself, and not in the rhyme. That metre is an improvement upon mere prose, and rhyme upon metre, is evident, in that it is the addition of a new though inferior cause of pleasure; viz. that of sound to that of reasoning. Prose is considered the vehicle of reasoning; but the same unalloyed reasoning into metre, and you add that pleasure which arises from a musical cadence or tone, to that which you before received from the argument, a sensibility to an intellectual pleasure; now superadd rhyme, and you increase the sensible pleasure to the ear; and there is but this difference in these two sensible pleasures afforded by metre and rhyme, that metre gives you that species of pleasure which arises from melody,—rhyme, that which proceeds from harmony; metre is a bar, rhyme is a chord or double-note of music, where the notes are words; and the pleasure in both music and poetical language, arises from the same proximate cause; viz. the succession of sounds in melody and metre, the accordance of them in harmony and rhyme.

Hence, I think, it must be granted me, that even a mathematician would be better pleased were his works in sweet rhyme than in sour prose; unless he be deficient in the faculty of receiving auricular pleasures; on which, though he may plume himself, it is nothing else than an imperfection, the marring of God's perfect work; for it is an absurd argument, that because the faculties of sensation are often prostituted to low and ignoble purposes, the pleasures derivable from them, pure and legitimate, are unworthy of any one capable of enjoying those of a higher description, such as intellectual pleasures certainly are: either sensate acts are pleasurable or not, and if they are, I can only commiserate those who are deprived of this

source of enjoyment. It is ridiculous for any one who will allow that a pleasure of sense may be innocent, to congratulate himself upon being deficient in that sense, or to found any argument against the excellence of rhyme, or the inferior species of pleasure it affords; if it be possible to receive pleasure from reason and from rhyme separately, why not add them, though they be gratifications of a different species and a different degree?

Hence also, I think, the inference made above, about superior intelligences, may be concluded, and that not only contingently, but necessarily. For if it be allowed that rhyme is an additional good quality to prose, I mean where this addition does not act as an injury, as frequently in mortal works, where sense is sacrificed to or injured by sound; I say if this be allowed, as from what I have proved I believe it must be, then it is impossible that the Deity and his angels, if they communicate their ideas as we do, should speak in a less eloquent and pleasurable style when they may speak without more difficulty in a better. Hence, I think it demonstrative, that the Supreme and other high intelligences speak in rhyme.

The above reference of the pleasure we receive from rhythmical poetry to its euphony, is, I believe, the true account of it; and if it should be asked of me, how does this theory explain the pleasure which one reading merely in his mind perceives? I answer, by memory. He collects from the words which he sees what sound they would have might he hear them, and is thus pleased, not with their actual euphony, but with that which they would have if pronounced aloud, and which the reader is enabled to assign them by his recollection of the usual sounds of words, disposed as in the piece he is reading, i. e. by his memory. Those who may be inclined to place the gratification which we receive from the language of poetry, in our admiration of the difficulty of so combining our words, will, perhaps, be of another opinion, when they consider, that those pieces which please us most in their phraseology, have usually the least appearance of difficulty; though, indeed, this is not conclusive, as their apparent ease is the more admirable, if their real difficulty be acknowledged. Perhaps our gratification proceeds from both these causes, but more largely from the first.

July 11, 1821.

REDLAY.

WHAT IS THIS?

JUNO was pleased to send cards of invitation to the goddesses, and, at the time appointed, the divinities arrived at her celestial palace.

By command of the queen of heaven, Elysium assu'd its brightest aspect: light azure and blue clouds, studded with golden stars, and interwoven with wreaths of myrtles and roses, formed a canopy over the heads of the goddess and her guests. The soft zephyrs yielded their refreshing breezes, while enchanting syrens swelled each note, producing the most exquisite harmony: Juno looked divine; a celestial feast was provided, of which the goddesses partook, and Elysium re-echoed with laughter and merriment.

At length their mirth began to abate; the wise and prudent goddesses retired; but Juno, perceiving that some of her guests still remained, and being too polite to appear fatigued, proposed a plan to dissipate an idle hour:—

'Look,' said she, 'what Jupiter has left,' and she presented to the view of all present a human form; 'Let each of you endow him with some property, and I will adjudge to whom the prize shall be given.' Her visitors seemed quite delighted, and Folly, forgetting all decorum, rushed forward to gain precedence. 'The wishes of the queen are mine,' answered she, 'provided a proper share of praise be allotted for my services.' 'And I,' said Vanity, pompously advancing, 'am willing enough to lend you my abilities, queen of heaven, concluding that their worth and consequence will be sufficiently estimated.' Conceit laughed at their pretended abilities without her assistance, and, therefore, with due solemnity and conscious superiority, condescended to vouchsafe her aid. 'I shall endeavour to please you all,' said the queen, while a gracious smile of approbation encircled her celestial countenance. Folly, Vanity, and Conceit began their incantations, and soon displayed their work to view, at sight of which the queen of heaven and all her train, who sat by, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. Folly and Vanity had implanted an expression of vacancy on the countenance of this mortal, which, aided by the ridiculous decorations of Conceit, produced a novel and whimsical appearance, unknown before even to the celestials themselves. Juno, at length,

commanding silence, thus spoke.
 'However great and unparalleled
 have hitherto been the combined powers
 of Folly, Vanity, and Conceit, in these
 your operations you have succeeded
 beyond what I could have expected;
 and such is the appearance of this
 mortal, that I dread the ridicule of
 Jupiter too much to allow of his continu-
 ance in Elysium; therefore, as you
 have created him at my desire, I must
 further claim your assistance, to enable
 me to expel him from heaven.' Thus
 saying, the goddesses joined their efforts
 to effect what the prudence of Juno sug-
 gested, and tumbled him down from
 heaven upon earth. Alas! he there
 meets no better fate; terrestrial mortals
 gaze with wonder to see this non-de-
 script, and, while he continues harm-
 less, think, 'tis a creature fit only to
 amuse; but when, as soon as in his
 pride, he is desirous of shewing the
 materials of which he is framed, he be-
 comes insupportable, and every rational
 creature shuns—THE DANDY.

Original Poetry.

TO AN OLD FIGURE HEAD.

The following lines were written in conse-
 quence of seeing, lying in decay at a certain
 dock-yard of the banks of the Thames, a figure,
 which the writer remembers when a boy, admi-
 ring the head of the ship Diana. It may be
 deemed a singular subject for poetry; but, as
 poets, like sailors, are not very particular
 in the choice of their goddesses, and as some have
 written in praise of stone ones, I see no reason
 against my choosing one of wood. Were I sup-
 plicating her, I might have the best chance of
 success, as her heart would, probably, of the
 two, be the most tender.

Oft, thou that liest there, alone,
 And valueless as yonder stone;
 To every change of season bare;
 Thou, that wert once so bright, so fair,
 Where is thy glittering beauty flown?
 Thou, that did'st, like an empress, ride
 Majestic o'er the vassal tide;
 Love's image, wanting but the tone
 Of voice, to call thee Nature's own:
 What art thou now? who once wert seen
 Array'd in beauty, as a queen,
 Smiling above the wave serene,
 Calm 'mid the demented jar,
 And in the thunder of the war;
 The crescent on thy forehead beaming,
 Thy bright locks o'er thy shoulders streaming,
 With pointed dart, and bukin'd feet,
 Thou seem'st as the billow fleet,
 Eying, as 'twere, with lofty glance,
 Thy victims from their dens advance.
 There was a time when valour's eyes
 Would gaze intently on thy face,
 And sighs from iron hearts arise—
 As love would come fond image trace
 Of maiden left 'neath kinder skies—
 The sailor bending o'er the bow,
 Saw, in thy smooth and open brow,
 Some sweet resemblance of the fair,
 His bosom vainly pined for there;

Till with the fond idea warm,
 He almost clasp'd thy silent form;
 But bumbled in the dust art thou,
 And who, alas! will clasp thee now.
 The flame will clasp thee! hotly bright,
 To feed its fiery appetite,
 Like as the lustful spoiler woos
 The wretch that dares not to refuse;
 And having won her to his arms,
 Riots in, and destroys her charms.
 And thou, like those that gave thee form,
 At last may mingle with the worm.
 I saw thee once, with aspect bland,
 Fresh from thy skillful maker's hand,
 Ere youth's fair reign with me began;
 And now that years have mark'd me man,
 I see thee, and with deep regret,
 In ruin laid, but comely yet.
 So looks, perchance, some earthly maid,
 To whom the world has homage paid,
 The victim of her love or pride,
 In beauty's autumn cast aside.

Yet, thou art better far than those
 Inheritors of earthly woes,
 Whose semblance unto thee is given;
 What, tho' thou had'st not light from heaven,
 Thou never hast with sickness striven;
 Neither has want nor sorrow been
 To blight the calmness of thy mein;
 A faithless friend thou hast not met,
 Thou had'st no false love to forget;
 Stern age alone has brought thy doom,
 And winds and waves have stol'n thy bloom;
 And if (like mortal maidens), thou
 Hast the neglect of mankind now,
 It is not felt, thou tranquil art,
 Thou know'st not sickness of the heart.

Oh! well can I recall the time
 When the gay bark that bore thy name
 Left Albion's cool and pleasant clime,
 For western India's realms of flame.
 'Twas summer; brightly shone the sun,
 As (quarterly the wind) she run
 A steady free-top-gallant breeze;
 She dash'd aside the clapping seas,
 A sight that every eye might please;
 And every sail, so white and full,
 Look'd, in the sun light, beautiful.
 O'er many a wave thou sincest hast been,
 And eke by many a gallant scene
 Renown'd, and sacred held in story—
 But thou could'st know not of their glory,
 Thou could'st not feel the soul expand,
 As some do when they pass the land
 That once was glorious, once was great
 And lovely,—lone and desolate.
 Thou could'st not know of freedom, thou
 Before it stood 'st with unmur'd brow.

Oh! what can bring sweet liberty
 To man a just idea of thee;
 I've seen the her'd, with pinion wide,
 Thro' the blue realms of ether ride,
 Cleaving the wind in freedom's pride—
 And watch'd him sailing on, alone,
 Till in the distance he was gone,
 Farther than eye its glance could send,—
 And yet his journey found no end.
 And thought that sight description true—
 But he who sails the waters blue,
 All clear above and fair below,
 And ought to stay his daring prow—
 No spot whereon to fix his eye,
 Save the blue wave and blue sky,
 Will feel thee most, sweet Liberty.
 But, oh, not all the hearts that ride
 Upon the breast of ocean's tide;

Can feel as wand'ring o'er to feel.
 Unmark'd by them, the waves may glide
 In beauteous silence past her side,
 Or round her stern in eddies steal;
 Unfelt by them, the freshening breeze
 Plays in the sail and wakes the seas;
 They have not minds for things like these—
 Unheeded rides the moon on high,
 And night, her stary canopy
 Spreads o'er the waters and the sky.
 There are too many*, who, like thee,
 Old Dian, wander on the sea;
 Their voyage, but a tale sleep
 Awak'd, but when on shore they creep.
 There let them run their useless race,
 So Ocean be my dwelling place;
 Mine be the life, the varied life,
 The careless sun of Ocean lead,
 To-day in peace, the next in strife,
 Free as the wind that gives them speed;
 Where the soul dancer meets and dares it,
 Wild as the element that bears it.

Farwell, farewell! thy day has past,
 And mine has come, but may not last;
 The few bright hours of youth are gone,
 And manhood's years roll darkly on,
 Behind me. Ills I've had to bear,
 Authors of thoughts that painful are,
 Before me a long vale of care—
 A troubled sky, a stormy sea
 Betwixt me and eternity;
 And when the painful struggle's o'er,
 Tost a lone wreck, on death's pale shore,
 My form at length shall be like these.

SAM SPIRITALE.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Dibdin's cele-
 brated drama, *The Heart of Mid Lo-
 thian*, has been produced at this the-
 atre; and we congratulate the manager
 on his ingenuity in rendering one of
 the most popular of modern dramas as
 dull and insipid as it was possible to
 make it. We will not so far libel the
 good taste of our readers as to suppose
 that any one of them is unacquainted
 with this drama, and to most the *dra-
 matis personæ* of this house can scarce-
 ly be strangers; we need, therefore,
 only mention by whom, not how, the
 characters were sustained, as that will
 easily be guessed. Reuben Butler,
 Mr. Barnard; Effie Deans, Madame
 Vestris; Jeannie Deans, Mrs. Orger;
 Staunton, alias Robertson, Mr. Thomp-
 son! Madge Wildfire, Mrs. Vining,
 who had come to the theatre as a visit-
 or, but promptly undertook the char-
 acter, when Mrs. Egerton, who attempt-
 ed it, was unable, through hoarseness,
 to proceed in it. There were, however,
 three good characters in the piece:
 Dumbdies, by Mr. Mackay; Meg
 Murdochison, by Mrs. Brooker; and
 Saddletree, by Mr. Smith; the two

* Many travellers may be well compared
 with the figure at the head of a ship; they go a
 great way and see nothing.

last one from the Surrey Theatre, Mr. Mackay's Dumbdies was an admirable piece of acting; the gait and manner, the mixture of avarice and benevolence, and the doating attachment of the Laird, were finely portrayed; and wretched as the piece was generally performed, yet its intrinsic merits, in spite of all disadvantages, procured it abundant applause.

COVENT GARDEN.—Shakespear's King Henry the Fourth, or rather the Coronation, attracts crowded audiences every evening. Those who cannot witness the splendid pageant at Westminster Hall or the Abbey, may form as good an idea of it from this exhibition as the limits of a theatre will permit. The dresses are splendid, the procession numerous and well-arranged, and the ceremonial altogether very imposing.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—*The Belle's Stratagem* was performed here on Monday to a numerous and genteel audience. Mr. Conway played Doricourt for the first time, and sustained the part in a very respectable manner; but there is a stiffness in his demeanor, that disqualifies him for the pretensions of a perfect gentleman. Mrs. Johnson, in Letitia Hardy, wanted the delicacy that should heighten the interest of the character with the audience. Mrs. Charterley's personification of the lively widow, Racket, was admirable; she seemed pleased with the part she was acting, and every one seemed pleased with her. Mr. Lucy, as Flutter, was just the gay, flippant, busy, insignificant thing the author must have intended; he played with great ease, and was really very amusing. Mr. Terry's character, Hardy, was unworthy of his talents, and the rest of the performance was neither good enough for praise nor bad enough for reprobation.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—On Monday night, her Majesty the Queen visited this theatre, which she entered a few minutes before seven o'clock, amidst the universal plaudits of a crowded and respectable audience. She occupied one of the boxes situated below the level of the stage, a circumstance which occasioned some displeasure until explained. After God Save the King had been sung by the company, with the discordant substitutions by the audience, the manager was peremptorily summoned to answer for the disrespect shown to the Queen in the selection of her box.

Mr. Bartley came forward; but for some time he might have been just as

profitably employed in communicating with his own lips. Silence, however, was restored, and this respectable actor proceeded to inform the audience, that it was the wish of the manager to treat with all imaginable respect the august personage who had on that occasion condescended to honour the English Opera House with her presence. Mr. Bartley was proceeding, but he was interrupted by loud cries of '*the Queen, the Queen.*' After some moments he proceeded;—

'Ladies and Gentlemen—I have had some experience of the stage, and I never, in the course of my life, heard an actor from the stage presume to designate one of the Royal Family by the title of King or Queen. So much for that objection; but if you think that I am derogating from that respect to which I consider her Majesty entitled, I assure you that I have not the slightest objection to state to you that the Queen has been placed in that box by the express desire of her own chamberlain. The selection, Ladies and Gentlemen, is his, and cannot, therefore, with justice, be attributed to the manager.'

This address was received with applause, and the performance proceeded. The operetta of *Bachelors' Wives* was followed by *Love's Dream*, in which Miss Kelly's acting was frequently and forcibly applauded. The Queen left the theatre at the conclusion of the second piece. The house at half price was crowded to excess.

SURREY THEATRE.—On Monday night the able and indefatigable manager of this theatre, Mr. Dibdin, had his benefit, when a new serious piece, entitled *The Mysterious Marriage*, and a new comic one, called *Frederick and Voltaire*, were produced. Miss Taylor and Mr. Huntley in the first were very effective; and the principal characters in the last piece were well sustained by Huntley, Bengough, Wyatt, and Fitzwilliam. The house was well filled.

MADAME CATALANI.

It forms no part of our plan to notice either public or private concerts, confident that our pages can generally be devoted to objects of more extended interest, we are, however, disposed to make an exception in the case of that sweet syren, Madame Catalani, who, after an absence of seven years, has returned in the fulness of her strength, to reap new laurels and impart new pleasures.

In our notice of Lady Morgan's Italy, we mentioned, in an anecdote, that Madame Catalani was born at

Senigaglia, and, we believe, in the year 1780, and of respectable parents. She was educated at the Convent of Guccio, where her exquisite voice soon rendered her so conspicuous, that the nuns, jealous of her superiority, succeeded in prohibiting her from singing in the church. At the age of fourteen, she quitted the convent, and being furnished with the means of cultivating her talents by a cardinal, she made such rapid progress in vocal music, that she soon ventured, publicly, to compete with the two famous singers, Marchesi and Crescentini. She placed herself under the tuition of a celebrated Italian singer, Anna Morichetto Bosello, who died about the year 1800. Madame Catalani now shone successively at the theatres of Venice, Milan, Florence, and Rome; she was next invited to the court of Lisbon, where she remained four years, with a yearly salary of 24,000 cruzados. From thence she proceeded to Madrid, with letters of recommendation to the queen, who loaded her with favours; and, at a single concert which she gave in that capital, she received nearly 3500*l.* From Spain she went to France, and was received with such distinction in all the towns throughout which she passed, that her journey resembled a triumphal march. At Paris, she gave four concerts, which attracted immense crowds, notwithstanding the exorbitant price of the tickets, which were one louis d'or each.

In the year 1806, Madame Catalani visited England, where her talents were as much admired and more liberally paid than in any country she had previously visited, and in a residence of somewhat less than eight years, she gained the immense sum of 90,000 guineas! In the beginning of the year 1814, she returned to France, and, by permission of the king, established an entertainment, which combined the opera seria and the opera buffa, in the Theatre Favart. She was, for a considerable time, sole proprietor and manager of this theatre, which possessed the best orchestra in Europe, under the direction of the celebrated Paer.

When the congress was held at Aix-la-Chapelle, Madame Catalani relieved the tedium of partitioning kingdoms, by the soft enchantment of her voice, which procured her the applause and the rewards of all the sovereigns and princes there assembled; since that time she has visited various parts of Italy and Germany.

Having given this brief biographical sketch of this celebrated singer, we shall now notice her first appearance this season, at a concert at the Argyle Rooms, on Monday evening. The performance was announced for nine o'clock, and at that hour the Music Hall was crowded with amateurs and persons of fashion. In the royal box were the Dukes of Clarence and Cambridge, with, we believe, the Duchesses of Kent, Gloucester, Clarence, and the Princess Augusta. The concert began with a symphony of Mozart. Spagnoletti led the orchestra, and Clanchettini sat at the piano-forte. The symphony was correctly played, and intolerably tedious. This was followed by a comic duet song, As it might so please Fortune, by the Signors Placchi and Angrisani.—On Catalani's ascending the orchestra, every glass and every eye was turned upon her; a considerable part of the assembly rose, and the singer seemed for the moment not slightly embarrassed. Catalani's face and figure are much improved; her physiognomy, without losing its powerful expression, is fuller, and her form more rounded. Her voice has undergone a change not unlike that of her person. It is richer, more complete, more rounded. Its spirit has undergone no change: it is still the same brilliant, vivid, and penetrating talent; its tone is magnificent. This tone is obviously improved in quality; it has acquired additional sweetness without losing its early delicacy, and runs through the most minute divisions of the scale with matchless sweetness. Some of its cadences were prolonged with a splendid ostentation of her strength, and their closes were unfailingly wound up with some subtle sudden feat of taste and skill, that left the audience in wonder.

The first song, *Della Superba Roma*, a bravura, gave a fine occasion for the development of her volume of voice. She reserved her mastery of the scale for another display; but, even in this less ambitious commencement, she gave striking evidence of her powers. A duet on the harp and piano-forte, by the Misses Ash, was next performed. It was a clever composition, and executed with a neatness very creditable to those young performers. *Rodés Violin Variations* followed, sung by Catalani. This was palpably for the display of that rapid execution which first distinguished this great singer. It was delightfully per-

formed, and applauded in the highest degree.

Non più andria was one of the most striking efforts of the night. The melody is popular from its elegance and gaiety, and Catalani sang it with singular grace and animation. The night concluded with *God save the King*. The audience rose, and Catalani sang a verse with a tolerable English pronunciation, and with extraordinary force of voice. We have spoken of this performance in superlatives; but nothing can be too strong for the description of Catalani's excellence; her voice is of unlimited compass; her execution is eminently dextrous, swift, and articulate. She has a perfect shake, of surprising strength, finish, and sustained tone, which leaves all competitors at an immeasurable distance.

MR. KEAN'S FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

(From the National Advocate of June 8.)

SIR,—As I find it impossible for individual efforts to stem the torrent of opposition with which I have to contend, and as I likewise consider it inconsistent with my feelings and character to make additional apologies, I have resolved to return to my native country, and beg leave to offer to the public my thanks for that portion of favour bestowed upon me, and respectfully bid them farewell.

Had I been aware of the enormity of the offence which has excited so much indignation, I certainly should not have permitted my feelings to interfere with my interest.

The 'very head and front of my offending' amounts to this: an actor, honoured, patronized by his native country, and enjoying a high rank in the drama, withheld his services, under the impression that they were not duly appreciated; and so much do I fear the frailty of my nature, that it is not improbable, under the same circumstances, I might be tempted to act in the same manner. I therefore think it proper to leave the theatre open to such compeers, whose interests it may be to study the customs, and not offend them by my presence any longer.

Before I left England, I was apprised how powerful an agent the press was in a free country, and I was admonished to be patient under the lashes that awaited me; and, at a great sacrifice of feeling, I have submitted to their unparalleled severity and injustices. I was too proud to complain, and suffered in silence; but I have no hesitation in saying, that the conduct I pursued was that which every man of reputation pursued under the same circumstances, in that country where Shakspeare was born, and Garrick had acted.

Again, I disclaim any intention of of-

fending; and although every natural domestic tie, as well as the public love, await me on my own shores, it is with reluctance and regret, I leave my friends in America.

EDMUND KEAN.

STATEMENT OF THE BOSTON MANAGERS.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The Managers of the Boston Theatre having suffered, not only severe mortification from the disappointment experienced by the public, but a heavy pecuniary loss from Mr. Kean's non-fulfilment of his engagement with them, indulged the hope that they should not, in addition, be accused of 'concurring in any offence to the public.' Mr. Kean's statement, however, republished in the Boston papers of this day, has reduced them to the unpleasant alternative of either, by silence, admitting the truth of that statement, or of publicly disavowing it. They, therefore, respectfully state, that Mr. Kean's refusal to perform the part of *Richard III.* was not only without their concurrence, but met from them all the opposition in their power, which they thought decorous and gentlemanly. This course was dictated by a sense of duty that they owed to the patrons of the drama; and when they add, that Mr. Kean was not to receive any specific sum for his services, but was to share the receipts of the eight nights, if they exceeded a certain agreed sum, and to have the ninth night clear for his benefit, it will appear evident, that interest as well as duty would prevent them from 'concurring.'

The managers submit this statement in duty to the public and themselves, not from any hostility to Mr. Kean.

(Signed) J. A. DICKSON.

Boston Theatre, June 4, 1821.

Monument to the late Mr. Cooke.—We are informed that Mr. Kean, previous to his departure from this country, put into effect his original intention when he first arrived among us, and has erected a splendid monument, in St. Paul's Church Yard, in this city, to the memory of the celebrated Cooke.—*New York Paper.*

THE CORONATION.

HAVING already said so much in the *Literary Chronicle* on the coronation generally, it may be expected, now that the splendid pageant is over, that we should be equally forward in describing it. Our object, however, was to prepare our readers for the event by collecting such information as escaped the vigilance of other journalists; and now, when there is nothing left us but the description of the ceremonial, such are our narrow limits that we could not enter upon it without being inferior to every daily and evening paper, which have the most ample details.

The coronation was in every respect

similar to that of James II. and George the Third, except in what relates to the coronation of a Queen. His Majesty went through the whole of the ceremony with great dignity, and without appearing to suffer much from fatigue.

There is one circumstance which will particularly distinguish the coronation of His Majesty George the Fourth, and which ought to be recorded by every journalist—the great accommodation made for the gentlemen of the press. At the last coronation, they were not recognized, and only admitted even to the Houses of Lords and Commons by stealth, and their reports, meagre and wretched as they were, were suffered by connivance.

The newspapers, the day after the coronation of George the Third, contained nothing more than the programme of the ceremonial, and a solitary paragraph; now the evening papers of the same day fill their sixteen columns with an account of the events, which on the following day are extended to twenty close columns in some of the morning papers. In noticing this difference, we cannot sufficiently praise Lord Gwydyr, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, with whom the important arrangement originated. The boxes, belonging to this office in the hall, had, at former coronations, been turned to a profitable account, but his lordship generously gave his up to the gentlemen connected with the press, who were accommodated with one of the best boxes in the hall, which was exclusively devoted to their use. We wish we could have accorded a similar praise to the deputy or acting earl marshal, who, by virtue of his office, has charge of the abbey: but, although admissions were given to reporters, yet it was done in a reluctant and ungracious manner, and the place assigned to them was well calculated to render their attendance of as little service as possible.

There is another point in which the present coronation will be distinguished from all others, in the liberal provision made all over the metropolis for the amusements of the populace. We do not allude to the booths and galleries which were erected in the neighbourhood of Westminster Hall and the Abbey, to enable spectators to see the procession; for these were prompted by cupidity. Owing, however, to various circumstances, these galleries were very slenderly filled, and seats, which, a few days before, were

charged three and four guineas, might, on the day of coronation, have been procured for as many shillings. The accommodation we allude to was that provided by government.

We have often been reproached by our Gallic neighbours, who open their places of public amusement on great occasions, for not following their example. This, however, was done on Thursday, and without any of the consequences which had been dreaded from it. By command of the King, all the theatres were open to the public; and we need not say, that they were all very well filled: tickets of admission were given in the morning from ten till two o'clock, to all applicants until as many were issued as would fill the theatres.

In addition to the above, there were the most splendid fire-works in Hyde Park—a sort of naumachia on the Serpentine—the ascent of a balloon in the morning—the discharges of rockets from various parts of the town; and bands of music paraded the streets to enliven and amuse the inhabitants. There was a liberality in all this, which we cannot but applaud, and we are happy to say that it seemed to be appreciated by the public.

Literature and Science.

Coronation Tickets.—The tickets for admission to Westminster Hall and the Abbey, on the day of the Coronation, were printed on Sir William Congreve's plan, in colours, and are embellished with very elegantly embossed borders, and other decorations, illustrative of the occasion. The Hall Ticket comprised the mark of the Congreve Press, eight inches long and five broad, in black and red, which is succeeded by a beautifully embossed border, more than three-quarter inches wide, composed of oak branches, with their leaves and acorns connected at each angle by the Union Badge, surmounted by the crown of state. Within a circle of about two-and-a-half inches in diameter, there is a representation of his Majesty, seated in his coronation chair: an angel is pouring the holy oil on his head; Britannia presents him with the sceptre; while Justice, with her scales, and Mercy, with the *cintara* or pointless sword, are also in attendance. Each Hall Ticket is signed by Lord Gwydyr, the Deputy Great Chamberlain. The Abbey Ticket is printed with the same Congreve plate as the former, but, in respect to the solemnity of the place,

with blue and black ink instead of red and black; it is decorated by Mr. Dobbs, with a different but most appropriate frame-work in relief; it consists of a rich border of embossed Gothic fancy, in *quatre foil* panels, the margin between the panels being ornamented with the laural branch; whilst the rose, shamrock, and thistle, are alternately distributed within them; the angles are appropriated to the (Abbey arms) portculis, surmounted with the royal crown, the space on each side being filled with the Union Badge, the rose, thistle, and shamrock; the backs of the tickets are distinguished by different colours, red, green, blue, and yellow, applicable to the particular situations in the Abbey, &c. The execution of these tickets do no credit to the arts; and if Sir William Congreve's plan can do nothing better, we would never wish to see it employed on any thing but ornaments for valentines, for which it seems admirably suited.

The Bee.

*'Floris et apes in solibus omnia linant,
Omnia non tridem depascitur aurea fides.'*

LORENZUS.

Marshal Keith.—When the Turks had invaded the Ukraine on the side of Russia, that empire sent two numerous armies to repel the invaders. The one commanded by Count Lasci, an Irishman, broke through the Turkish intrenchments, and ravaged Crimean Tartary with fire and sword. The other army, under the command of Count Munich, was destined for the destruction of Oczakow. In this army, Mr. Keith, then a lieutenant, but afterwards governor of Berlin, and field marshal of the Russian forces, served; and by his valour and skill at the head of eight thousand men, contributed most materially to the taking of the place. In storming this city, Lieutenant Keith gave such instances of tenderness and humanity, as diffused additional lustre round his military glory, for while the furious Moscovites were sanguine in their revenge, he checked their ferocity, and exhorted them to spare the lives of their enemies. Among others, he rescued a child of six years of age from the hands of a Cossack, who had already raised his scymitar to cut off her head, as she was struggling to extricate herself out of some rubbish in which she had been entangled. The father of the child was a Turkish grandee of some eminence; but being now left an orphan, Mr. Keith took her under his protection,

educated her in the most liberal manner, and treated her as if she had been his own daughter. When she grew up, he gave her the charge of his house, where she did the honours of the table, and proved herself worthy of the kindness she had experienced.

Miracles.—Gervase informs us, that such multitudes of miracles were wrought at the tomb of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, that the number and nature of them, instead of satisfying the world, would, in an age less credulous, have created a suspicion of their reality: neither Christ nor his Apostles performed so many to prove the truth of Christianity, as Becket did to defend the privileges and immunities of the clergy. The monks affirm, that he not only restored dead men to life, but that he even raised the very beasts. They farther add, that being exposed to view in the church, before he was interred, he rose out of his coffin, and went and lighted the tapers which had been extinguished; and that, after the funeral ceremony was over, he held up his hands and blessed the people. The fame of these miracles drew such an immense number of votaries from all parts of Christendom, that in the year 430, no less than fifty thousand foreigners came on a pilgrimage to the shrine of this renowned martyr.

St. Erremond.—The following character of St. Erremond is drawn by himself.—I am a philosopher, as far removed from superstition as from impiety; a voluptuary, who has not less abhorrence for debauchery, than inclination for pleasure; a man, who has never known want nor abundance. I occupy that station of life which is despised by those who possess every thing; envied by those who have nothing, and only relished by those who make their felicity to consist in the exercise of their reason. Young, I hated dissipation; convinced that a man must possess wealth to provide for the comforts of a long life; old, I disliked economy, as I believe that we need not greatly dread want, when we have but a short time to be miserable. I am satisfied with what nature has done for me; nor do I require a fortune. I do not seek in men what they have of evil, that I may censure; I only find out what they have ridiculous, that I may be amused. I feel a pleasure in detecting their follies; I should feel a greater in communicating my discoveries, did not my prudence restrain me: life is too short, according to my ideas,

to read all kinds of books, and to load our memory with an infinite number of things at the cost of our judgment. I do not attach myself to the sentiments of scientific men to acquire science; but to the most rational, that I may strengthen my reason. Sometimes I seek for the more delicate minds, that my taste may imbibe their delicacy; sometimes for the gay, that I may enrich my genius with their gaiety; and, although I constantly read, I make it less my occupation than my pleasure. In religion and in friendship, I have only to paint myself such as I am—in friendship, more tender than a philosopher; and in religion, as constant; and as sincere as a youth who has more simplicity than experience. My piety is composed more of justice and charity, than of penitence. I rest my confidence in God, and hope every thing from His benevolence.—In the bosom of providence, I find my repose and my felicity.

Song, from the Opera of Tulipano.

Away from our lovers,
We doubt, we desire,—
Our breast is on fire,
To see them return.
But blest hope appearing,
Our clouded brows cheering,—
The heart soon discovers
No reason to mourn.

Epigram, from the French.

Dante, an author cold and weak,
Thinks as a critic he's divine;
Likely enough—we often make
Good vinegar of rosy wine.

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No. 115.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Ten Years' Exile; or, Memoirs of that interesting period of the Life of the Baroness de Staël Holstein, written by herself, during the Years 1810, 1811, 1812, and 1813, and now first published from the Original Manuscript, by her Son. Translated from the French. 8vo. pp. 434. London, 1821.

THE literary fame of Madame de Staël is fixed on too firm a basis to be shaken by the publication of an incomplete and unfinished work; and, therefore, we exonerate her son from giving these fragments of her Memoirs to the public in the state in which he found them. *The Ten Years' Exile* is now first added to a complete edition of this distinguished lady's works, published by her son, in seventeen volumes, octavo, in French. The title is one chosen by the authoress, but the work comprises only a period of seven years. The narrative begins in 1800, two years previous to Madame de Staël's exile, and stops at 1804, after the death of her father, M. Necker. It recommences in 1810, and breaks off abruptly at her arrival in Sweden, in the autumn of 1812. Between the first and second parts of these Memoirs, there is, therefore, an interval of nearly six years.

The narrative dwells principally on the persecution to which Madame de Staël was subjected during the imperial government, in exiling her from Paris, and subsequently sending her out of France, and in suppressing her work on Germany. The editor, in his preface, deprecates the idea of exulting over a fallen enemy, in painting, in strong colours, the imperial government; but as the powerful of the earth have carefully gathered up the shameful inheritance of him whom they have overthrown, he considers this work as attacking a still powerful adversary, and calculated to increase the horror of arbitrary government.

Madame de Staël commences her work with an account of the causes of

Bonaparte's animosity against her, the principal of which was the respect she always entertained for real liberty. She says,—

Shortly after the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte had heard that I had been speaking strongly in my own parties, against that dawning oppression, whose progress I foresaw as clearly as if the future had been revealed to me. Joseph Bonaparte, whose understanding and conversation I liked very much, came to see me, and told me, "my brother complains of you. Why, said he to me yesterday, why does not Madame de Staël attach herself to my government? what is it she wants? the payment of the deposit of her father? I will give orders for it: a residence in Paris? I will allow it her. In short, what is it she wishes?" "Good God!" replied I, "it is not what I wish, but what I think, that is in question."

Before we proceed further in Madame de Staël's Narrative of the persecutions she suffered from Bonaparte, we ought to state that his advocates give a very different version of the affair. They assert, that during the first campaigns in Italy, where Napoleon established his reputation, Madame de Staël often wrote long letters to him, in which she was by no means sparing of her praises; and that, after his return from the Italian campaigns, at the great fêtes which the government gave to him, she was unwearied in her attendance on Bonaparte. It is also said, that during the latter part of the imperial government, she endeavoured to obtain the situation of *Dame du Palais* to the Empress Maria Louisa, but without success, Bonaparte always treating her with great coolness.

This, it will be seen, is a very different account of the transactions between Bonaparte and Madame de Staël from what she gives, and perhaps truth lies between the two. We have already stated, that a love of liberty is said to have been Bonaparte's first cause of animosity against this lady; a second is said to have been her friendship for M. Benjamin Constant, who consulted her on a speech he was about to deliver in the Tribune against tyranny. When that speech was delivered, Ma-

dame de Staël's drawing room, which had hitherto been frequented by Joseph and Lucien Bonaparte, and several partisans of Bonaparte, became deserted, and she was suspected of having excited M. Constant to speak so freely.

The narrative is very desultory, and often interrupted by disquisitions which display the good sense and profound thinking of the author. Spraking of the policy of Bonaparte, which she aptly calls a system of fusion, she says,—

While we have seen the Christian kings take two confessors to examine their consciences more narrowly, Bonaparte chose two ministers, one of the old and the other of the new regimes, whose business it was to place at his disposal the Machiavelian means of two opposite systems. In all his nominations, Bonaparte followed nearly the same rule, of taking, as it may be said, now from the right, and now from the left,—that is to say, choosing alternately his officers among the aristocrats and among the Jacobins: the middle party, that of the friends of liberty, pleased him less than all the others, composed as it was of the small numbers of persons, who, in France, had an opinion of their own. He jested much better to have to do with persons who were attached to royalist interests, or who had become stigmatized by popular excesses. He even went so far as to wish to name as a counsellor of state a conventionalist sullied with the vilest crimes of the days of terror; but he was diverted from it by the shuddering of those who would have had to sit along with him. Bonaparte would have been delighted to have given that shining proof that he could regenerate, as well as confound, every thing.

What particularly characterizes the government of Bonaparte, is his profound contempt for the intellectual riches of human nature; virtue, mental dignity, religion, enthusiasm,—these, these are in his eyes, the eternal enemies of the Continent, to make use of his favourite expression; he would reduce man to force and cunning, and designate every thing else as folly or stupidity. The English particularly irritate him, as they have found the means of being honest, as well as successful, a thing which Bonaparte would have us regard as impossible. This shining point of the world has dazzled his eyes from the very first days of his reign.

In 1800, when Bonaparte was in his way to make the campaign of Italy, he went by Geneva, and expressed a wish to see M. Necker, who waited on him, and interceded so far for his daughter as to ensure her, for some time longer at least, a residence in France. It cannot be disguised, that Madame de Staël's work is written with a very strong prejudice against Bonaparte; she confesses, that she wished he might be beaten in the Italian campaign, 'as the only means of stopping the progress of his tyranny.' This is a rather singular declaration for a woman who boasts so much of her attachment to glory and to France. Speaking of one of the most splendid of Napoleon's victories, she says,—

'The battle of Marengo was lost for a couple of hours: the negligence of General Melas, who trusted too much to the advantages he had gained, and the audacity of General Desaix, restored the victory to the French arms. While the fate of the battle was almost desperate, Bonaparte rode about slowly on horse-back, pensive, and looking downwards, more courageous against danger than misfortune, attempting nothing, but waiting the turn of the wheel. He has behaved several times in a similar way, and has found his advantage in it. But I cannot help always thinking, that if Bonaparte had fairly encountered among his adversaries a man of character and probity, he would have been stopped short in his career. His great talent lies in terrifying the feeble, and availing himself of unprincipled characters. When he encounters honour any where, it may be said that his artifices are disconcerted, as evil spirits are conjured by the sign of the cross.'

Madame de Staël returned to Paris from Geneva, in November, 1800, and was within hearing of the explosion of the infernal machine, intended for the destruction of Bonaparte:—

'He discussed very coolly at his own house the same evening what would have happened if he had perished. Some persons said, that Moreau would have replaced him: Bonaparte pretended that it would have been General Bernadotte. "Like Antony," said he, "he would have presented to the inflamed populace the bloody robe of Cæsar." I know not if he really believed that France would have then called Bernadotte to the head of affairs, but what I am quite sure of is, that he said so for the purpose of exciting envy against that general.'

It is very evident, that Madame de Staël entertained a much higher opinion of her own importance than Bonaparte did; and she tells us, that being invited to General Berthier's one day, when the first consul was to be of the party, she, thinking that he might

accost her rudely, wrote down 'a variety of tart and piquant replies' to make to him; a precaution which proved quite unnecessary, as 'he only addressed the most common questions possible.'

Our fair author condemns, with just indignation, Bonaparte's conduct in regard to the English *détachés*, and she gives an amusing account of the preparations for invading England:—

'During the summer of 1803 began the great force of the invasion of England; flat-bottomed boats were ordered to be built from one end of France to the other; they were even constructed in the forests on the borders of the great roads. The French, who have in all things a very strong rage for imitation, cut out deal upon deal, and heaped phrase upon phrase: while, in Picardy, some erected a triumphal arch, on which was inscribed, "the road to London;" others wrote, "To Bonaparte the Great." "We request you will admit us on board the vessel which will bear you to England, and with you the destiny and the vengeance of the French people." This vessel, on board of which Bonaparte was to embark, has had time to wear herself out in harbour. Others put, as a device for their flags in the roadstead, "a good wind and thirty hours." In short, all France resounded with gasconades, of which Bonaparte alone knew perfectly the secret.'

In the month of September, 1803, Madame de Staël was, by order of Bonaparte, banished to forty leagues distance from Paris. Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte and General Junot, all interceded in her behalf, but ineffectually; Joseph even received her into his house at the time she was thus the object of his brother's persecution. He also succeeded in obtaining permission for her residence in Prussia, and gave her some strong letters of recommendation to Berlin. The King of Prussia received Madame de Staël with great kindness, and which she repays by gross flattery. It was at Berlin that our author first heard of the death of the Duke d'Enghien, and the fatal event was announced to her by Prince Louis. She condemns it as a horrible action, and inquires, how was it possible for a single monarch in Europe to connect himself with such a man? and yet we find nearly all the sovereigns of Europe, including her favourite King of Prussia, uniting with him in all the cordiality that friendship or necessity dictated. On this subject, she gives some interesting anecdotes:—

'A lady of my acquaintance related to me, that a few days after the death of the Duke d'Enghien, she went to take a walk round the castle of Vincennes; the

ground, still fresh, marked the spot where he had been buried; some children were playing with little quills upon this mound of turf, the only monument for the ashes of such a man. An old invalid, with silvered locks, was sitting at a little distance, and remained some time looking at these children; at last he arose, and leading them away by the hand, said to them, shedding some tears, "Do not play there, my children, I beseech you." These tears were all the honours that were paid to the descendant of the great Condé, and the earth did not long bear the impression of them.

'For a moment at least, public opinion seemed to awaken in France, and indignation was general; but when these generous flames were extinguished, despotism was but the more easily established, from the vain efforts which had been made to resist it. The first consul was for some days rather uneasy at the disposition of men's minds. Fouché himself blamed this action; he made use of this expression, so characteristic of the present regime: "It is worse than a crime; it is a fault." There are many ideas in this short phrase; but, fortunately, we may reverse it with truth, by affirming that the greatest of faults is crime. Bonaparte asked an honest senator, what was thought of the death of the Duke d'Enghien. "General," replied he, "it has given great affliction." "I am not astonished at it," said Bonaparte, "a house which has long reigned in a country always interests: thus wishing to connect with motives of party interest the most natural feeling that the human heart can experience. Another time he put the same question to a tribune, who, from the desire of pleasing him, answered: "Well, general, if our enemies take measures against us, we are in the right to do the same against them;" not perceiving that this was tantamount to a confession that the deed was atrocious. The first consul affected to consider this act as dictated by reasons of state. One day, about this period, in a discussion with an intelligent man about the plays of Corneille, he said, "you see that the public safety, or, to express it better, that state necessity has with the moderns been substituted in the place of the falsity of the ancients: there is, for instance, such a man, who naturally would be incapable of a crime, but political circumstances impose it upon him as a law. Corneille is the only one who has shown, in his tragedies, an acquaintance with state necessity; on that account, if he had lived in my time, I would have made him my prime minister."

The illness and death of M. Necker, which occurred about this time, are related with that blind affection for which his daughter was so much distinguished. The trial and banishment of Moreau, and the commencement of the French empire followed:—
The empire to call Bonaparte to the

empire was made in the tribunate by a conventionalist, formerly a jacobin, supported by Jaubert, an advocate and deputy from the merchants of Bourdeaux, and seconded by Simeon, a man of understanding and good sense, who had been proscribed as a royalist under the republic. It was Bonaparte's wish that the partisans of the old regime, and those of the permanent interests of the nation, should unite in choosing him. It was settled that registers should be opened all over France, to enable every one to express his wish regarding the elevation of Bonaparte to the throne. But, without waiting for the result of this, prepared as it was before-hand, he took the title of emperor by a senatus consultum, and this unfortunate senate had not even the strength to put constitutional limits to this new monarchy. A tribune, whose name I wish I dared mention*, had the honour to make a special motion for that purpose. Bonaparte, in order to anticipate this idea, adroitly sent for some of the senators, and told them, "I feel very much at thus being placed in front; I like my present situation much better. The continuation of the republic is, however, no longer possible; people are quite tired out with it: I believe that the French wish for royalty." I had at first thought of recalling the old Bourbons, but that would have only ruined them and myself. It is my thorough conviction, that there must be at last a man at the head of all this; perhaps, however, it would be better to wait some time longer I have made France a century older in the last five years; liberty, that is a good civil code, and modern nations care little for any thing but property. However, if you will believe me, name a committee, organise the constitution, and, I tell you fairly, adding he smiling, "take precautions against my tyranny; take them, believe me." This apparent good nature seduced the senators, who, to say the truth; desired nothing better than to be seduced. One of them, a man of letters, of some distinction, but one of those philosophers who are always finding philanthropic motives for being satisfied with power, said to one of my friends, "it is wonderful! with what simplicity the emperor allows himself to be told every thing! The other day, I made him a discourse an hour long, to prove the absolute necessity of founding the new dynasty on a charter which should secure the rights of the nation." And what reply did he make you? was asked. "He clasped me on the shoulder with the most perfect good humour, and told me: you are quite right, my dear senator; but from now, this is not the moment for it." And this senator, like many others, was quite satisfied with having spoken, though his opinion was, not in the least degree, acted upon. The feelings of self-importance have, a prodigiously greater influence

* M. Gallois.

ence over the French than those of character."

The first part of Madame de Staël's Narrative terminates here, and there is a period of five years before it is resumed. Her son has, however, given a rapid sketch of the principal events of her life during this period. On the death of her father, Madame de Staël went to Italy, where she remained a few months, and then returned to Coppet, where and at Geneva she passed a year, during which time she began to write *Corinne*. She afterwards went nearer Paris, but was again banished, to Switzerland. In 1807, she set out for Vienna, afterwards passed two years in Switzerland, writing her reflections upon Germany, which were finished in 1810. She then wished to superintend the printing of them at forty leagues distance from Paris, a distance still permitted her; and here she resumes her Narrative in the commencement of the second part of the work, which, however, we shall not enter upon at present. (To be continued.)

Notes relating to the Manners and Customs of the Crim Tatars; written during a Four Years' Residence among that People. With Plates. By Mary Holderness. 12mo. pp. 168. London, 1821.

This little work, with its modest title, contains much interesting information respecting a people of whom we have hitherto known little. The fair author resided four years, from the year 1816 to 1820, at the village of Karagose, in the Crimea, where she had daily opportunities of becoming acquainted with the Tatar inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Such of these as appeared to be most remarkable, she occasionally noted, for the amusement of a friend in England, carefully committing to paper her observations as they successively arose. The sketches, though in the form of notes, are not altogether unconnected; and although the author claims no other merit than their fidelity, yet we may assign them not a higher praise certainly, but an additional one—that they are written in a very pleasing and familiar manner. The plates which embellish the work, are coloured engravings, representing the costume of the inhabitants. We have seldom met with a work that required less introduction, and, therefore, we shall do nothing further than make a few extracts, to enable our readers to judge for themselves:—

Simplicity of Manners.—In the simple

life of the Tatars much may be traced of similarity with those recorded in the earliest ages of Scripture history. Their riches consist now, as was usual then, in flocks and herds, and in the number of their families. Many also of their domestic habits are the same; nor is it so much a matter of wonder, that, in lives so simple, so much accordance should be found, as that any people, having had for some centuries past an intercourse with more civilized nations, should still retain those manners which characterized mankind before learning had enlightened and commerce enriched the world. Here, the former is still unknown, and the latter scarcely ventures a step beyond the neighbourhood of the seaport whither navigation tempts her. Exchange is still the medium of purchase, and money is but seldom required or produced in bargains made between one Tatar and another, since they look with far more anxious eyes at the expenditure of a single *petack**, than at the cost of ten or twenty roubles, if negotiated by the way of exchange. Poor Tatars, like Jacob, serve an apprenticeship for their wives, and are then admitted as part of the family.

Costume.—The dress of a Tatar gentleman is of cloth, trimmed with gold or silver lace, or, in the heat of summer, of Turkish silk, or, of silk mixed with stuff. In winter, his coat is lined with fur; his trousers are worn tight and low at the ancles, and are made of some bright coloured linen, frequently blue. He wears upper and under slippers, and no stockings. He has generally a large high cap of broad cloth, (which distinguishes him from the peasantry,) and a coloured linen shirt. The priests and old men wear their beards, but the young shave them. All shave the head; and the Mullas are known by a white linen cloth which they bind round the outside of their caps.

The dress of the women consists of a pair of trousers, tied at the ankle and falling loose to the heel; a shift, and a quilted robe, made either of Turkish silk or cotton, or of gold or silver brocade, according to the rank and condition of the wearer. The cap worn by the girls is of red cloth, trimmed round with gold fringe, or (amongst the peasantry) with their small gold money; of which they also make necklaces; these latter are likewise sometimes of silver, in form somewhat resembling a collar, being tight round the neck, with silver pendants hung close around it. Their bracelets occasionally consist of three or four silver chains affixed to a broad clasp, but are most commonly rings of coloured glass, of which they often wear two or three on each arm. Every finger is loaded with a multitude of rings of brass, lead, silver, and some few of gold, generally with coloured stones in them. A broad belt is worn around the waist, hanging very loose and as low as the hips:

* About a halfpenny.

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its materials vary according to the taste of the owner, but it is generally worked with gold or silver thread on black velvet, and fastened with a clasp as big as the palms of both hands: these are sometimes of gold or silver, richly embossed, and occasionally of brass or lead. A pair of silver clasps costs from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and seventy roubles.

Tatar Women.—The Tatar women suckle their children from two to three years, and think us barbarous for weaning our's so early. For the first half year they are seldom carried in the arms, but are commonly laid on their backs in a kind of cradle, in which they are bound so as not to roll out. To the top of this, immediately over their heads, are attached coloured beads, bits of glass, or money, in order to attract their notice. This, to an English mother, appears a most promising plan for making the infants cross-eyed, but it rarely happens that they are so. A Tatar child is swathed from head to foot with no other clothes than a few rags, for the first two or three months, but, after that, it is habituated in the same stiff and formal manner as the mother; and its dress, the ugliness of its features, and, more than all, the scorbatic humours which almost invariably cover it from a very short time after its birth, make it, of all the infants I ever saw, the most disgusting and uninteresting. Rarely, indeed, is one seen which we may venture to take in our arms.

A Tatar wife is most completely the slave of her husband, and that the men consider her such I had from the mouth of one of the most respectable of them. Thus she is only desirable as she serves to gratify his passions, or to connect him with some Tatar of better family or greater riches than himself. Among the peasantry, however, who are less bound by rigid forms, or less observant of them than their superiors, I have often seen sincere affection displayed; but their religious tenets, as well as long established customs, teach them to suppress and subdue feeling rather than to indulge it. When a Murza visits the apartments of his women, they all rise on his entrance, and again when he leaves it, although he comes and goes very frequently. This ceremonious mark of respect is never omitted, even by the wife or by any other of the females, except they be very old women, who, on account of their age, are excused from this form.

Marriages.—December 21st, O. S. 1819. The wedding of one of the sons of Atti Bey Murza is now going on in this neighbourhood, where it is supposed that the persons who will assemble on the last day of the ceremony, will not be fewer than a thousand, and that the money expended will not be less than seven or eight thousand roubles. The receiving of guests will have lasted eight days, and on each day from four to five hundred persons have attended.

It is by no means rare for a Tatar peasant to expend from one thousand to two thousand roubles at his wedding, though there are many who are compelled by poverty to more frugality.

It is well known that the Mahometan law admits of a plurality of wives. Four are allowed, but few Tatars are found to have more than one. As long as they continue to live in unity with the first, it very seldom happens that they take a second; for the women, though brought up in such perfect subservience and submission, have still the same passions and feelings as ourselves, and can as ill brook to share with another the affections of their husbands. Whether or no, the existence of the law, and the knowledge of the right which it confers, may stimulate them to a more attentive observance of their duties, and more constant endeavours to maintain undivided the regard of their lords, I will not venture to say, but I think it by no means an improbable effect; certain it is, that though a Tatar husband is supreme and absolute, and though he considers his wife most perfectly his slave, still is he affectionate and kind to her, and instances of unhappy marriages are rare.

In cases where husbands have two or more wives, separate apartments and separate establishments must be given them; they will never consent to live together, and always regard each other with feelings of hatred, jealousy, and pride.

The priest possesses the power of giving a divorce under particular circumstances. If the husband beat or ill use his wife, she may complain to the Mulla, who, attended by the community of the village, comes to the house, and pronounces a formal separation between the parties. The woman goes back to her own relations.

Runaway matches, though not common, sometimes happen, and appear to be as valid as those which are sanctified by the priest. No other shame attaches to them than that which results from the omission of the proud ceremonies and festivities. The woman considers herself as effectually bound to the man, and he as faithfully attaches himself to her, as if they had passed through the long ordeal of a Tatar marriage. An instance of this happened in the village of Karagoss, amongst our own labourers.

A Tatar having more than one daughter, will not give the younger in marriage before the elder, even though a higher price be offered for her; therefore, be her beauty or disposition ever so much commended and extolled by her attendants, the girl has no chance of being married sooner than her sisters, or, perhaps, if there be many of them, of getting a husband at all. Among the peasantry, however, this rule is possibly dispensed with. The daughter of a Murza may not marry a peasant, and the number of her own rank is now diminished to a small one.

Superstitions.—The Tatars wear a great number of charms and amulets, as

preservatives from sickness and other dangers. They commonly consist of some written paper, purchased from the Mulla, and carefully sewn up in a piece of cotton or silk. These hang in strings about the neck, are suspended by the women to the hair, and are worn by the men in the centre of the back, stitched to the outer garment. They use this remedy for the sickness of their horses as well as for their own, and one of them lending my son a bridle, begged him to take care of the amulet attached to it, "for which," said he, "I paid five roubles." Another of their favourite specifics, is a bag of millet tied round a horse's neck, which, as it is applied either for a lame foot or a sore back, is, I suppose, equally efficacious for each. They likewise throw an egg, or eggs, into the face of a horse which is ill, but that this charm is not always effective I can answer from my own experience. These superstitions, gross as they may appear, are by no means confined to the lower class. During the illness of one of my children, the steward of a neighbouring Murza, who accidentally came to the house, informed me that his master had the power of curing it. "He will write a paper for you," said the man, "which you must burn, and hold the child over the smoke of it; this does, he will recover; or, perhaps, he will direct you to sew up the paper, without looking at it, and let her constantly wear it. Do not hesitate to send to him if you desire it." I had no occasion to try the strength of this charm, as my child recovered without its assistance.

In common with many other nations of the east, they retain the superstition of the evil eye, which is too well known to require description; connected with this is the belief that the admiration of a stranger is liable to bring bad luck upon their children, cattle, &c.; and the very ancient method of averting its ill consequences, by spitting on the object supposed to be affected.

Another and more singular prejudice which pervades the better informed as well as the lower class of people, is that respecting bees. They suppose that if any robbery be committed where a number of hives is kept, the whole stock will gradually diminish, and in a short time die; "for bees," say they, "will not suffer thieving." This remark has been more than once made to me by respectable, and on other subjects, apparently sensible persons.

In cases of epidemic disease amongst cattle, a Tatar expects to cure it by cutting off the head of one of them, and putting it in a hole. This, I believe, is a sacrifice to the Devil, or evil spirit, who has sent the contagion.

It is a very common custom in the Crimea, with the Tatars as well as the Bulgarian settlers, to stick up a horse's skull near their houses, in order to preserve them from witchcraft. It appears, I am told, from ancient authority, that a

somewhat similar superstition prevailed among the earliest known inhabitants of this country, (the Taurians,) who, however, made use of a human skull for this purpose.

'A Tatar, who was hired to go from Karagoss to Odessa, refused to set out on a Tuesday, considering it an unlucky day; "for," said he, "I once began a journey on that day, and lost two horses by it, so that I would not again run the risk for one thousand roubles." He added, that it was against the law; which I cannot believe, since it is not probable that Mahomet, who allows his followers to work on their sabbath, should prohibit them from doing so on any other day.'

Tatar Meals.—At their dinners they sit in a circle around a small table, about a foot from the ground, over which is thrown a large table-cloth, or more commonly a very long napkin, covering the knees of all the party. The first dish, which generally consists of soup, is then brought in, with slices of bread, and a spoon for each person. All eat out of the same dish, and the use of forks is unknown. When roast or boiled meat is sent to table, the master of the house cuts it into slices, and helps his guests with his fingers, placing every one's portion upon his bread, or upon the tray. At their parties they serve up ten or fifteen dishes, one at a time, and at a friendly dinner I have never seen less than six. Water is commonly drank at table, and when that is removed, excellent coffee, often without sugar or cream, is handed round. An ewer and basin are brought to each person, before and after the meal. It is not their custom to say grace aloud, but I have remarked the elder women of the family repeating some sort of prayer before they began to eat.'

Tatar Mills.—A Tatar mill is the most simple piece of mechanism that can be conceived. Few windmills are employed. The water-mills are all undershot, and being worked by very small streams, seldom move above half the year; for in the height of summer they frequently stand still from drought, and in winter from frost. At these times, it is often necessary to send corn to be ground to the distance of forty or fifty versets. These mills perform their office so badly, that the best wheat which can be procured will not give a fine flour. The only mode of dressing it known here, is by sieves at home, and all the fine flour in use throughout the southern governments of Russia, is brought from Moscow. It sells at from seven to ten roubles per peck, while the best home flour, undressed, is bought at from twelve to twenty-five kopecks the oka.

Rye-flour is universally used by the Tatars in the manufacture of bread, and wheat-flour in that of pastry. The small quantity of good wheat which they rear, is almost all sold to purchase the few necessaries which they have occasion to buy.'

Agriculture.—All agricultural labours

are performed by oxen, except that of threshing, which is generally done by horses. From the rude and barbarous form in which their ploughs are constructed, seven pairs of oxen are often required in breaking up old grass land. In ploughing a second or third time, they use two, three, or four pairs of oxen. They work these animals until they are upwards of twenty years old, and consider it wasteful to kill them while they are still able to labour. In order that they may earn as soon as possible the cost of their sustenance, they are broken into the plough as early as at two years old. The Tatar oxen are small and ugly, and those more remarkable for size and beauty, which are often seen in the Crimea, are brought from the southern provinces of Russia, particularly from the Poltava government. The cows give but a small quantity of milk, which is perhaps attributable to the dryness of the soil. The best are those of the German breed.'

'The common price given to a proprietor by those who pasture their sheep on his land, is an ewe and a lamb per hundred, for three or four months. The Tatars have an idea, that if their sheep feed on the *stipa pinnata*, a plant which grows upon the Stepp, it destroys them, by eating into their livers.

Goats are kept in great numbers with the flocks of sheep. They are not handsome of their kind, and as neither the carcass nor skin bear any considerable value, they seem to be very unprofitable stock. A Tatar, however, computes his riches by the number rather than by the intrinsic worth of his possessions.

'Some shawl goats were lately brought from Bucharia to the Crimea, and were shipped for France from the port of Kaffa. The fine wool for which they are so famous, is concealed under a coat of long coarse hair, and in appearance they are very little superior to the native breed.'

Amusements.—Coursing is a favourite amusement with the Tatars, who, contrary to our practice, take out for this purpose as many dogs as they can muster, and ensure the destruction of poor puss by surrounding and besetting her on all sides, like some ferocious animal, until she is hunted by one greyhound into the mouth of another. As soon as they have picked up their prize, they immediately cut its throat, as they are forbidden to eat "flesh with the blood thereof." I have seen them refuse to partake of game at our table, because they suspected that it had not undergone this operation. The hares of the Crimea are very large, generally weighing nine or ten, and often thirteen or fourteen pounds. Their fur becomes somewhat more grey in winter, but never white, as in the north of Russia and Poland. The wild rabbit does not exist in the peninsula.'

The length of our extracts will be a sufficient apology for the brevity of our criticism, and will sufficiently recommend the work to the general reader.

Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures, with the Masque intended to have been presented before Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth Castle, in 1575. With an Introductory Memoir and Notes. 12mo. pp. 104. London, 1821.

This elegant re-print of a scarce work, has been induced by the last romance of the Great Unknown, to which it will form an appropriate and illustrative appendage. The 'Princely Pleasures' of Kenilworth, though forming a prominent feature in the romance to which we have alluded, have been further elucidated by the publication of *Laneham's Letter*, which we noticed in our 94th Number; but, though Laneham gives a perfect description of the arrangement and nature of the various pageants, yet he often professes himself unable to give more than a general abstract of the many laudatory orations, both in verse and prose, which were delivered in the course of the Queen's visit. Laneham's Letter being thus imperfect in its details, Gascoigne's work, which supplies the deficiency, is arranged on the same popular plan (and, we presume, by the same editor), and thus completes a perfect view of the Kenilworth pastimes.

The work consists of a series of masques, not altogether unconnected, and written by various persons, of whom biographical notices are added by the editor. The introductory preface contains a brief memoir of Gascoigne, who was the son and heir of Sir John Gascoigne, of an ancient family, in Essex. Gascoigne, after being at the university, was entered of Gray's Inn, where he led so dissipated a life, as to cause his father to disinheritor him: Left entirely to himself, he embarked for Holland, entered the service of William, Prince of Orange, in 1573, and was in a fair way for promotion, when a quarrel with his colonel caused him to remove to Delft, in order to resign his commission. He did not, however, quit the army, but was with William of Nassau, at the siege of Middelburg, where he displayed such bravery, that the prince, as he relates, presented him with—

'Three hundred guilders good above my pay,
And bad me bide till his ablance
Might better gerdon my ablance.'

Gascoigne was afterwards taken prisoner by the Spaniards, in an affair which did him much credit, and, after remaining four months in captivity, he returned to England, where he again began to study the law, and published such of his more serious poems, as he

expected would efface the memory of his former amatory productions. In 1875, he attended the Earl of Leicester to Kenilworth, to assist Hunnis, Badger, Goldingham, Ferrers, Mulcaster, and others, in the production of masques and pageants for Queen Elizabeth's entertainment. When this festival was over, Gascoigne employed himself in arranging his works for the press, and, in little more than two years after, on the 7th of October, 1877, he died at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, according to his poetical biographer, Whetstone, with such calmness—

'as no man there perceiv'd,

By struggling sign, or striving from his breath,
That he abode the pains and pangs of death.'

Of Gascoigne's miscellaneous poems we shall not speak, although the editor has given an interesting bibliographical notice. As a poet, he ranks high in the Elizabethan period; he had an intimate knowledge of the world, and his poems are distinguished by considerable warmth of sentiment and fertility of fancy, as well as by smoothness and harmony of versification.

Gascoigne, who had a considerable share in the masques, was, on the Queen's preparing to depart, commanded by the Earl of Leicester to 'devise some farewell worth the presenting,' on which he clothed himself like Sylvanus, god of the woods, and meeting the queen as she went out a hunting, addressed her extempore. 'Her majesty stayed her horse to favour Sylvanus, fearing lest he should be driven out of breath by following her horse so fast. But Sylvanus humbly besought her highness to go on, declaring, that if his rude speech did not offend her, he could continue this tale to be twenty miles long.' This was courtly enough, but not so much so as his protestation, 'that he had rather be her majesty's footman on earth than a god on horseback in heaven.' Among the characters which Gascoigne had placed to join in complimenting the queen, was *Deep Desire*, who was placed in a holy bush, and thus addressed her majesty:—

'Stay, stay, your hasty steps,
O Queen without compare;

And hear him talk, whose tasty tongue
consumed is with care:

I am that wretch *Desire*,
whom neither death could daunt,

Nor dole decay, nor dread delay,
nor signed clear enchantment;

Whom neither care could quench,
nor fancy force to change;

And therefore turn'd into this tree,
which sight, perchance, seems strange.

But when the gods of heaven,
and goddesses withall,

Both gods of fields and forest gods,

yea, satyrs, nymphs, and all,

Determined a doly,

by course of free consent,

With wailing words and mourning notes,

your parting to lament:

Then thought they meet to choose

me, silly wretch, *Desire*,

To tell a tale that might bewray

as much as they require.

And hence proceeds, O Queen,

that from this holly-tree

Your learned ears may hear him speak,

whom yet you cannot see;

But, Queen, believe me now,

Although I do not swear,

Was never grief, as I could guess,

Which set their hearts so near,

As when they heard the news,

that you, O royal Queen,

Would part from hence; and that to prove

it may full well be seen.

For mark what tears they shed

these five days past and gone:

It was no rain of honesty,

it was great floods of moan.

As first *Diana* wept

such brinish bitter tears,

That all her nymphs did doubt her death,

her face the sign yet bears.

Dame *Flora* fell on ground,

and bruis'd her woeful breast:

Yea, *Pan* did break his outen pipes;

Sylvanus and the rest,

Which walk amid these woods,

for grief did roar and cry;

And *Jove*, to shew what moan he made,

with thundering, crack'd the sky.

O Queen, O worthy Queen,

within these bolts and bills,

Were never heard such grievous groans,

nor seen such woeful wills.

But since they have decreed,

that I poor wretch, *Desire*,

In their behalf shall make their moan,

And comfort thus require:

Vouchsafe, O comely Queen,

yet longer to remain,

Or still to dwell amongst us here;

O Queen, command again

This castle, and the knight

which keeps the same for you;

These woods, these waves, these fowls, these

fishes.

these deer which are your due:

Live here, good Queen, live here,

you are amongst your friends;

Their comfort comes when you approach,

and when you part, it ends.

What fruits this soil may serve,

thereof you may be sure:

Dame *Ceres* and dame *Flora* both

will with you still endure.

Diana would be glad

to meet you in the chase;

Sylvanus and the forest-gods

would follow you apace;

Yea, *Pan* would pipe his part,

such dances as he can;

Or else *Apollo* music make,

and *Mars* would be your man.

And to be short, as much

as gods and men may do,

So much your highness here may find,

with faith and favour too.

But if your noble mind,

resolved by decree,

Be not content, by me, *Desire*,

persuaded for to be:

Then bend your willing ears

unto my willing note.

And hear what song the gods themselves

have taught me now by rote.

Give ear, good gracious Queen,

and so you shall perceive

That god's in heaven, and men on earth,

are both such Queens to leave.'

Gascoigne's work is preceded by a tract of uncommon rarity, Whetston's 'Remembrance of the well employed life and godly end of George Gascoigne, Esq.' which is printed intire. This tract, which contains only thirteen pages in the original, and is printed in black letter, formerly belonged to Mr. Malone, who gave forty guineas and a half for it at a public sale. From this really scarce poem, we quote a few stanzas, on account of their excellent moral as well as poetic merit:—

'What is this world? A net to snare the soul.

A mass of sinne, a desert of deceit,

A moment's joy, an age of wretched dole,

A lure from grace, for flesh a loathsome baite,

Unto the minde a cankerworm of care,

Unsure, unjust in rendering man his share;

A place where pride o'erturns the honest minde,

Where rich men joyne to rob the shiftless

wretch,

Where bribing mist the judges eyes doo blinde,

Where parasites the fattest crummes do catch;

Where good deserts (which challenge like re-

ward)

Are overblown with blasts of light regard.

And what is man? Dust, slime, a puff of winde,

Conceiv'd in sin, plant'd in the world with grief,

Brought up with care, till care hath caught his

minde,

And then, (till death vouchsafe him some re-

lief),

Day, yea nor night, his care dooth take an end,

To gather gods for other men to spend.

O foolish man, that art in office plaste!

Think whether thou camst, and whether the

shall go;

The huge life okes small windes have overcast,

When slender reeds in roughest weathers growe.

Even so pale death oft spares the wretched

wight,

And woundeth you who wallow in delight.'

The notes to the two tracts of which this little volume consists, are very curious and interesting, and discover considerable research and bibliographical erudition; and we cannot withhold our tribute of praise to the liberality of the editor and publisher in re-printing works of such rarity at so moderate a price, as not to confine them to the library of the bibliomaniac, but to make them extensively known.

A Legend of Argyll; or, 'tis a Hundred Years since. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 967. London, 1821.

SOME months ago, we noticed a well-written novel, entitled 'Glenodon,' which gave a good view of the state of the Highlands previous to 'the

45,' as a true jacobite would call it, and a pretty faithful picture of the memorable events of the period, grafted on a tale of considerable interest. 'Lochiel' is a novel of precisely the same class, and forms a counterpart to the one previously published; the subject is the less formidable rebellion of 1715; and it is treated with equal, if not with superior ability. In addition to the interesting scenes which this insurrection furnishes, the work embraces a variety of characters, so prominent in their day, and even in history, that the author has had the most ample materials for his novel. Among the most important personages in the drama, were the Duke of Argyle and Rob Roy; but these characters have already been so ably drawn by another pen, that the author labours under a disadvantage; he has, therefore, contented himself with describing the outer man of the latter, which traditionally differs from the account of him given by the author of Waverley. Our author thus describes this famous freebooter:—

'His stature was gigantic, his limbs robust, but exquisitely symmetrical, and where left bare between the kilt and hose, covered with long red hair.

'His body was not proportionally stout, but bore all the appearance of great strength, as well as agility; his arms were of an unusual length, and a long red grizzled beard descended on his breast.

'As he acted on this occasion, we believe, for the first time as the chief of the clan, his low Highland bonnet was adorned with the eagle's plume. Beneath the fold of his plaid, he wore a breast-plate and back-piece. He disdained to use any other armour, saying that he despised the man whose hand could not keep his head without the aid of an iron scull-cap; and the other extremities of his person were never thought of as wanting such defence.

'His physiognomy had in it a mixture of ferocity, with arch pleasantry and good humour, as he looked from under his shaggy red eye-brows; and he marched with such rapid strides, as to keep many of his followers in a continual trot. He led a party of grotesque, but sturdy and resolute looking fellows, some of whom were well clad, and shod with the low-heeled shoe and silver buckles, with ruffles at their wristbands and bosoms; these denoted the successful invaders of their neighbour's property; whilst others, not so fortunate, were but meanly dressed, some barefooted, and some wearing the gaidharra, or sandals reaching above the ankle, made of untanned leather. They all, however, wore the Highland dress of the same pattern and shape, and were armed in the same sort. Many ancient and curious pieces of armour might be discerned

amidst their ranks, which are, at this day, almost unknown to antiquarian research, such as legs-plents, pesanes, rebarbasses, and other specimens of the "unfeeling armour of old times," of equally obscure denominations.'

There is a well-drawn character in this novel, one Saunders Knox, a conventing schoolmaster and catechist of Auchterblair, who loses no opportunity of detailing all the Latin he remembers since he quitted St. Andrews. Saunders is the first man to inform the Duke of Argyle of the rising of the rebels, which he does by vociferating through the huge horn that hung at the wicket of the castle of Inverara, that 'the holy kirk of Scotland and the whole Protestant religion are in danger, unless the Duke o' Argyle quickly arise, and gird up his loins against the men o' Belial, who come up against him!' The duke opened the postern, and, notwithstanding the alarming annunciation with which Saunders had greeted his ears, he could not suppress a hearty laugh at the grotesque figure of the chivalrous pedagogue of Auchterblair:—

'His tall and thin form was raised to a colossal height, by a helmet or steel cap, in shape somewhat like a bishop's mitre; his body was hamessed in half-armour, and a huge broad sword dangled at his side; his brogues were armed with a pair of rusty antique spurs, and his lower person was clad in a kilt and taitan hose, with a surtout o' hoddenn gray' over all.

'When his grace had in some degree recovered his composure, "the kirk of Scotland and the Protestant religion," he replied, "are built on a rock which cannot be shaken; so dismiss your fears, stable your garron, and join me in the study, where I shall wait to learn the source of this your alarm, and deliberate on the means to obviate its cause. You see Mac Callumore is never discomposed."

"But I am," replied Saunders; "and once again I tell your grace, that this is nae time for stabling o' garrons, but for turning them out; and, instead o' deliberating, the friends of the kirk should be acting. The kirk o' Rome is in the field, and the kirk o' Scotland is in peril. Rob Roy and his clan marched past the school-house o' Auchterblair in the dead o' night, but it was nae for fear of being known, for his pibroch sounded ten miles off."

"Ah!" replied the duke, "Rob Roy in the field! then, Saunders, there is some danger, but property has more to fear than religion, from the excursions of Rob. Neither the church of Rome or of Scotland will find him a zealous crusader, unless, indeed, the spoils of some captured city, or the droves of a strath, are likely to reward his services."

"Rob is a waldy creature, sure enough," rejoined Saunders, "and gold,

I may say, is his god; but he's a Papist inwardly; and, if your grace wo'n't take my warning, ye may repeat o' when its too late. If ye don't smother the flame in time, the bonny towers o' Inverara may, ere long, fall a prey to its fury. Ye should bear in mind—

'Proximus a tectis ignis defenditur ager,' as we used to say at St. Andrew's. It is a cautious and a salutary maxim, my lord duke."

"So it is, Saunders," said the duke; "but I have been always considered as much of a Scipio as a Fabius, at least; and I know too well how to appreciate the motives and the power of Rob Roy, to give way to any serious apprehensions for the safety of either church or state on his account. I shall call up Duncan Buie, the butler, to whose care I shall assign you till the morning, when we may, perhaps, hear further tidings of these marauders, for all my clan are on the alert to watch their motions. Take courage, man! Mac Callumore is your host:—

'Revocate animos, mestumque tororem Mittite.'

is a maxim which, I hope, was not unknown at St. Andrew's in your time; but college maxims, I fear, are in the same predicament as college oaths—reduced, by frequent repetition, to mere matters of form."

"I would have your grace to know," rejoined Knox, "that when religion is in danger, I can be as bauld as my great namesake of old,—

'Wha' never feared the face o' man?'

and he added, with increasing fervour, and casting a significant look on his warlike accoutrements, "when I buckled on this martial panoply, which, by the bye, did good service to the cause at Bothwell Brigg before now, it was with a resolution never to loosen its thongs, or free my person from its icy bonds, unless hewn off piecemeal by the swords of the enemy, till I have either fought for, or otherwise served the good cause in a notable manner."

"And you have done the cause a notable service," rejoined the duke; "you have, like a true and valorous knight, accomplished your vow, in communicating this important intelligence to myself; and let me now beg that you will enlist yourself under my banners—leave all the rest to me."

We shall not enter into any narrative of the incidents of this novel, nor shall we make another extract, but merely content ourselves with stating that the author appears not only intimately acquainted with the history of the period on which he writes, but also very familiar with Scottish manners and customs. The work is well-written, and, as an historical novel, is second only to those of the same class by the celebrated author of 'Waverley.'

Enchiridion; or, a Hand for the One-Handed. By George Webb de Renzey, Captain, H. P. 82d Regiment. 8vo. pp. 60. London, 1821. With the most sincere respect and good wishes for Captain de Renzey, we devoutly wish that we may not have a single reader that may require the assistance of his ingenious work. Should, however, any of them have suffered a similar misfortune with the author, that of losing a right hand, we recommend them, without delay, to avail themselves of the valuable helps which he has contributed for their assistance.

Captain de Renzey, losing his arm at the battle of Vittoria, has since been induced to devote a considerable portion of his time and thoughts to the contriving and perfecting of a set of instruments, such as shall enable the possessor of them to dispense with the attendance of a servant, or that attention from a friend, which would otherwise be absolutely necessary to supply to him those minute arrangements of neatness and economy, which the modes and refinements of social life render indispensable to personal comfort and appearance. The captain's attention has been devoted to constructing a variety of articles for a complete apparatus, sufficient to enable a one-handed person to go through the whole business of the toilet, dispatch eggs at his breakfast with the greatest ease, mend his own pens, brush his hat, &c. sit down in any company with as much ease and independence as the rest of the guests,—

"No fear lest dinner cool"

while he waits for the assistance of his neighbours,—crack his nuts himself at the desert, like his jokes, and play a rubber at whist; provided he knows the game, wherever he may go." Such are a few of the advantages to be gained by Captain de Renzey's *Enchiridion*, which will recommend itself to all who may require its assistance.

MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENTS.

It has ever been the praise of England, that as the weaker sex are excluded, more strictly perhaps than in most other European countries, from all the walks of profit or honour, an amends is made to them by their being excused from those more laborious offices, which are neither fitted to the weakness of their frame, nor the delicacy of their habits and manners. This state of society has been, in some degree, attempted to be disturbed; and among the premiums of the Bath Agricultural Society, in 1805, there is one for

* From the *Perey Anecdotes*, No. XX. Anecdotes of ladies.

'women ploughing.' What might be the motive of this singular attempt to give a new direction to the industry of one half the species, it is not easy to determine; for, notwithstanding the consumption of human lives by our fleets and armies, and our devouring manufactures, there are still men sufficient left for the purpose of agriculture.

It was esteemed one of the most unequivocal signs of the exhausted and miserable state to which France was reduced in the latter days of Louis XIV. that in many provinces they had only women left for the offices of husbandry; and in all ages and countries, to have only women to till the ground, or gather in the fruits of the earth, has been thought to present a striking picture of desolation. The country is poor, whatever else is plentiful, where men are scarce. This scarcity does not exist in England; and the evil is, that the men have usurped the departments of the women. If we ask where are the robust frames that ought to be toiling in the winter's frost and summer's sun, we shall find that some of them are stationed in warm carpeted rooms, handing tea to a circle of idle listless ladies and gentlemen; others are lifting up and down their long legs, and painfully trying to accommodate their pace to the short strip of a delicate young lady, who walks before them, or the slow pace of an infirm old one: some are carrying out lap dogs to air; some with white sleeves and aprons making cheese-cakes; and hundreds are stationed the live-long day behind counters, sorting thread, and measuring lace and ribbons. Let, then, the servants' halls give up the idle that are in them, and the pastry-cooks' and haberdashers' shops the idle that are in them, and there will be a sufficiency of stout recruits for the plough, without taking the women from their appropriate employments. Indeed they cannot attend to both; and if the wives are to be in the field, their husbands must, in return, wash the linen, rock the cradle, and dress the dinner.

Of the consequences of such an exchange of employment, we have an admirable picture in an old Scotch ballad, called 'The Wife of Auchtermuchty:—

'In Auchtermuchty dwelt a man,

An husband, as I heard it tawd,

Wha weel could tillie out a can,

And neither luvit hunger nor cauld;

And ance it fell upon a day,

He yokit his pleuch upon the plain,

But soon the storm would let him stay,

Sair blew the day with wind and rain.'

Loosening his oxen from the plough, he returns home; and envying the snug warmth which his wife enjoys by the fire side, he insists that she shall to-morrow go out to the field, and he will attend to the domestic duties. The good dame at once consents, on condition that it shall be a binding bargain to go to the labours of the field day about. The account of the first day's trial is told with great humour.

After the wife has gone to the plough, the husband drives out the geese, seven in number, to feed; the fox comes past and carries off five of them; on hearing their cries, he runs out, when taking advantage of his absence, the calves break loose, and save him the trouble of milking the cows. On his return, he sits down to spin; but stooping down too near the grate, the lint takes flame, and sets fire to the chimney, which he has no small difficulty in quenching. He then tries the churn; but after toiling at it for an hour, 'the sorrow a crap of butter he gat;' on his abandoning the butter-making in despair, the sow comes in, and is beginning to lap up the un churned milk, when seizing the churn-staff to drive it away, he kills, by mistake, the two godings which the fox had left. It is now time to go and 'take up the bairns;' but here such a scene awaits him, that—

—'Up he gat on a know-head,

On her to cry, on her to shout;

She heard him, and she heard him not,

But stoutly steered the stots about.

She drove the day unto the night;

She lood'd the pleuch, and syne cam hame;

She fand all wrang that suld been right,

I trow the mon thoct meikle shame.

'Quoth he, my office I forsake,

For all the hail days of my life;

For I wuld put a house to wreck,

Had I been twenty days, guid wife.

Quoth she, weel might ye bruk your place,

For truly I sail ne'er accept it;

Quoth he, fey'd I fe' the lark's face,

But ye ye may be blyth to get it.

'The up she gat a meikle mug,

And the guid mon made to the door;

Quoth he, dame I sail hald my tongue,

For an we fecht I'll get the war.

Quoth he, when I forsok the pleuch,

I trow I wuld forsok my skill;

Then I wuld to my pleuch again,

For I and this house will never do weel.'

The poet of nature, Thomson, has described, in glowing colours, the hay-making lass, placed by the side of her lover, with all—

'Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.'

But it is a question if he would have been equally pleased with the idea of a sturdy lass bending over a plough, and whistling to the horse. But, indeed, before the effect can well be ascertained, it should be known with more accuracy what is intended; for it does not appear, whether the Bath agriculturalists intended the female to guide the plough, or to be yoked to it. The latter, though somewhat novel, would not be altogether unprejudiced, since we are informed by a late writer, Mr. Barrow, that in China, a country which does not yield in politeness even to Bath, it is not uncommon to see a husbandman plough with a woman and an ass yoked together. This is an age of improvements; and if the Chinese custom were adopted, it would, no doubt, be a great saving in the labour of that noble quadruped the horse; and would correspond to the scale of excellence of some philosophers, who hold that man is of a

more perfect and beautiful form than his female companion, and a horse more perfect and beautiful than either of them.

Original Communications.

HUDIBRISTIC QUOTATION.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—In the last, and, I believe, in a preceding number of the Literary Gazette, appeared some observations on a well-known couplet, often supposed to form a part of Hudibras, but which, it is almost needless to add, is not to be found throughout the whole of that celebrated poem. I allude to the lines,

'For be that fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day.'

Butler has, indeed, two or three passages somewhat similar, and of which, the one that comes nearest, is the following:—

'For those that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.'

Now, the fact is, that the couplet, thus erroneously ascribed to the author of Hudibras, occurs in a small volume of Miscellaneous Poems, by Sir John Mennes, written in the reign of Charles II. and which is now become extremely scarce. I have not the book at hand, but have no doubt of having found the lines there, as I took a note of the circumstance at the time. And to this I may add, that the original of this couplet may be traced even to Demosthenes, who has the following expression:—

ἡ ἀνὰ οὐρανὸν καὶ πάλιν μαχεσθῆναι,
of which the English lines are almost a literal translation.

If you think these remarks worthy of insertion, I shall be happy to see them in your next Chronicle; and I may hereafter trouble you again with respect to some other popular and disputed quotations. OROVER.

ON THE

PUNISHMENT OF SCOLDS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—In turning over one of the early numbers of your interesting journal*, I met with an ingenious article in defence of scolding, on account of its great antiquity; but, as neither time nor precedent can make that right which is morally wrong, I shall not attempt to combat the arguments of your correspondent, but shall, as an appendix to this paper, or as an antidote to its effects, make a few observations on this subject, and on the means formerly resorted to for the punishment of scolds;

namely, the ducking or cucking-stool, which was formerly as common in every parish in England, as the stocks or the whipping-post. Your correspondent has traced scolding to the gods; I cannot, I confess, carry its punishment to such high authority, and yet it has some claims on the score of antiquity.

The cucking-stool, called also a tumbrel, tribuck, tribucket, and a thewe, was an engine invented for the punishment of scolds and anquet women, by ducking them in the water, after having placed them in a stool or chair fixed at the end of a long pole, by which they were immersed in some muddy or dirty pond. The ducking-stool is of great antiquity; Bourne says it was in use in this country in the time of the Saxons, by whom it was described to be, 'cathedra in qua rixosæ mulieres sedentes aquis demerguntur.' It was a punishment also inflicted anciently, upon brewers and bakers transgressing the laws.

In the 'Promptorium Parvulorum' MS. Harl. 221. Brit. Mus. 'ESYN or CUCKYN' is interpreted by *Stercoris*, and in the Domesday Survey, in the account of the city of Chester, vol. 1. fo. 262. b. we read, 'Vir sive mulier falsam mensuram in civitate faciens deprehensus, iiii. solid. emendab. Similiter malam cervisiam faciens aut in CATHEDRA ponebatur STERCORIS, aut iiii. solid. dab. prepositis.' And in the Regiam Majestatem, by Sir John Skene, this punishment occurs as having been used anciently in Scotland: under Barrow Laves, chap. lxi. speaking of browsters, i. e. 'women quha breues aill to be sauld,' it is said, 'gif she makes gude aill, that is sufficient; but gif she makes evill aill, contrair to the use and consuetude of the burgh, and is convict thereof, she shall pay one unlaw of aucht shillings, or sal suffer the justice of the burgh, that is, she shall be put upon the cuck stule, and the aill sal be distributed to the pure folk.'

Borlase, in his Natural History of Cornwall, p. 303, tells us, 'Among the punishments inflicted in Cornwall, of old time, was that of the cucking-stool, a seat of infamy, where strumpets and scolds were condemned to abide the derision of those that passed by, for such time as the bailiffs of manors, which had the privilege of such jurisdiction, did appoint.'

Mr. Lysons, in his Environs of London, vol. ii. p. 244, mentions, that at a court of the manor of Edgeware, held in the year 1552, the inhabitants were

presented for not having a tumbrel and a ducking-stool, by which it would appear that there was a difference between them; and the following extract from Cowell's Interpreter is in confirmation of the difference:—'Georgius Grey, comes Cantuariensis in maner de Bushton and Aytoun punire delinquentes contra assisam paniset cervisie, per tres vices per amerciamta, et quarta vice piores per pillorium, braciatores per tumbrellam et rixatrices per thewe, hoc est ponere eas super scabellum vocat, a cucking-stool. Pl. in litiu, apud. Cestr. 14 Hen. VII.'

Misson, who suffered no popular custom to escape his notice, in his Travels in England, thus describes the ducking-stool:—

'Chaise la maniere de punir les femmes querelleuses et debauchées est assez plaisante en Angleterre.

'On attache une chaise à bras à l'extrémité de deux especes de solives longues de douze ou quinze pieds et dans un éloignement parallele, en sorte que ces deux pieces de bois embrassent par leur deux bouts voisins, la chaise qui est entre deux, et qui y est attachée par le côté comme avec un essieu, de telle maniere, qu'elle a du Jeu, et qu'elle demeure toujours dans l'état naturel et horizontal auquel une chaise doit être afin qu'on puisse s'asseoir dessus, soit qu'on l'éleve soit qu'on l'abaisse. On dresse un poteau sur le bord d'un étang ou d'une rivière, et sur ce poteau on pose presque en equilibrium, la double piece de bois à une des extremités de laquelle la chaise se trouve au dessus de l'eau. On met la femme dans cette chaise et on la plonge ainsi autant de fois qu'il a été ordonné, pour rafraichir un peu sa chaleur immodérée.'

Mr. Lysons gives us a curious extract from the churchwarden's and chamberlain's accounts, at Kingston-upon-Thames, in the year 1572, which contains a bill of expenses for making one of these cucking-stools, which, he says, must have been much in use formerly, as there are frequent entries of money paid for its repairs. He adds, that this arbitrary attempt at laying an embargo on the female tongue, has long since been laid aside. The following is the extract:—

'1572. The making of the	l	s	d.
cucking-stool	-	0	8 0
Iron work for the same	-	0	3 0
Timber for the same	-	0	7 6
3 Brasses for the same, and three wheels	-	0	4 10

* Environs of London, vol. 1. p. 232.

* See Literary Chronicle, No. 31.

These stools seem to have been in common use when Gay wrote his *Pastorals*; and they are thus described in the *Dumps*, 1, 165. —

'I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool the dread of every scolding queen,' &c.

The stool is represented in a cut annexed to the *Dumps*, designed and engraved by Lud. de Guernier.

There is also a wooden cut of one in the frontispiece of the popular penny history of 'The Old Woman of Ratcliff Highway.'

In 'Miscellaneous Poems,' &c. by Benjamin West, of Weedon Beck, Northamptonshire. 8vo. 1780, p. 84, is preserved a copy of verses, said to have been written near sixty years ago, entitled the 'Ducking-Stool.' The description runs thus:—

'There stands, my friend, in yonder pool,
An engine call'd a ducking-stool:
By legal pow'r commanded down,
The joy and terror of the town,
If jarring females kindle strife,
Give language foul, or lug the coif;
If noisy dames should once begin
To drive the house with horrid din,
Away you cry, you'll grace the stool;—
We'll teach you how your tongue to rule.
The fair offender fills the seat,
In sullen pomp,—profoundly great,
Down in the deep the stool descends,—
But here, at last, we miss our ends;
She mounts again, and rages more
Than ever vex'd did before.
So, throwing water on the fire,
Will not make it burn the higher.
If so, my friend, pray let her take
A second turn into the lake;
And, rather than your patience lose,
Thrice and again repeat the dose.
No brawling wives, no furious wenches,—
No fire so hot but water quenches.
In Prior's skillful lines, we see:
For these another recipe:
A certain lady, we are told,
(A lady, too, and yet a scold,)
Was very much relieved, you'll say,
By water, yet a different way;
Amuseful of the same she'd take,
Sure not to scold, if not to speak.'

A note informs us, 'To the honour of the fair sex in the neighbourhood of R****, this machine has been taken down (as useless) several years.'

In the 'New Help to Discourse,' 3d edit. 1684, pt. 2dG, we have the following report on the subject of the ducking-stool:—'Some gentlemen travelling, and coming near to a town, saw an old woman spinning, near the ducking-stool; one, to make the company merry, asked the good woman what that chair was for? Said she, 'you know what it is.' Indeed, said he, 'not I, unless it be the chair you use to spin in.' No, no,' said she, 'you know it to be otherwise;'

have you not heard that it is the cradle your good mother hath often lay in?'

How long this wholesome corrective, the ducking-stool, has been in disuse in this country, I know not; but that it was not always effectual, appears from the records of the King's Bench, where we find, that in the year 1681, Mrs. Finch, a most notorious scold, who had been thrice ducked previously, for scolding, was a fourth time convicted for the offence, when the court sentenced her to pay a fine of three marks, and to be imprisoned until it was paid.

From an American newspaper of 1818, I find that a public ducking is still the punishment inflicted on a common scold, according to the law of Baltimore; and that one Mary Davis, who had been indicted for the offence, was found guilty by the jury, after a consultation of an hour and a half.

While on the subject, it may not be irrelevant to notice another punishment for scolding women, culled the branks. They have an artifice at Newcastle-under-Line and Walsall, says Dr. Plott*, for correcting of scolds, which it does too, so effectually and so very safely, that I look upon it as much to be preferred to the cucking-stool, which not only endangers the health of the party, but also gives the tongue liberty 'twixt every dip, to neither of which this is at all liable; it being such a bridle for the tongue, as not only quite deprives them of speech, but brings shame for the transgression, and humility thereupon before it is taken off; which being put upon the offender by order of the magistrate, and fastened with a padlock behind, she is led round the town by an officer, to her shame, nor is it taken off till after the party begins to shew all external signs imaginable, of humiliation and amendment.

Dr. Plott, in a copper-plate annexed, gives a representation of a pair of branks. They still preserve a pair in the town court at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the same custom once prevailed.

It appears from 'Gardiner's England's Grievance, in relation to the coal trade,' that in the time of the commonwealth, the magistrates of Newcastle-upon-Tyne punished scolds with the branks, and drunkards by making them carry a tub, with holes in the sides for the arms to pass through, called the drunkard's cloak, through the street of the town.

*Should this hasty notice of an ancient history of Staffordshire, p. 360,

custom be deemed admissible, its insertion will much oblige

Yours, &c. †††

REMARKABLE DEATHS.

PLURIMA MORITUS TRAGO.

THE recent death of the most extraordinary, if not the greatest man, of the present age, of a disease, considered by the learned in these matters as an unique in nosology, has induced us to recal to mind some of the most uncommon deaths which are to be found on the pages of history. We have accordingly thrown together the few following, which relate, for the most part, to some of the most celebrated names of antiquity. To do full justice to the subject, would far exceed the bounds of our publication:—

—'adeo sunt multa loquacem
Delosare valent Fabium.'

We shall begin with Valerian, a Roman of distinction, who, being taken prisoner by Sapor, King of Persia, was by him stuffed, and afterwards preserved as a curiosity. A similar end is also ascribed to one Mance, at the hands of the same factious monarch, who seems to have had a singular taste in matters of *exira*. Gibbon is our authority for the first instance, but we forget by whom the latter is related. The exit of Chrysippus, the stoic of Tarsus, who, among sundry eccentric opinions, was wont to maintain the propriety of eating dead bodies rather than burying them, was not less strange than the tenets he espoused. For he is recorded to have died in his 80th year, in a violent fit of laughter, in consequence of seeing an ass eat figs off a silver platter. The same sort of fate is appropriated, by Valerius Maximus, to Philemon, the Greek poet. By the way, with reference to the singular doctrine entertained by Chrysippus, it may not be *mal apropos* to notice what is related by Juvenal, of an unfortunate Egyptian, who, being killed in the heat of a verbal controversy, was actually devoured by his antagonist on the spot. This, a punster would say, was getting the worst of the argument with a vengeance. Of a kin with the story above told of Sapor, is that ascribed to Cambyzes, who, upon the malversation of one of his judges, caused him to be staid alive, and his skin stuffed as a seat for his son, who was condemned to fill the post of his unfortunate father. Cambyzes defended this piece of cruelty by observing, that he had resorted to it in order that

the very place, from which the new judge administered the laws, should keep him constantly in mind of his duty. And certainly, under the reign of such an individual, the reward must have proved most effectual. The death of father Le Vacher, a Frenchman, who was, in the year 1682, fired from a mortar by the Algerines, is, perhaps, a match for either of the foregoing. To these we may add the extraordinary exits of several of the most eminent Greek poets, as they are related by Valerius Maximus, who, in his chapter 'De Mortibus non Vulgaribus,' has also collected several other remarkable instances. To begin with the prince of poets,—he tells us, that Homer died of grief because he could not solve a question proposed to him by a fisherman. *Æschylus*, he says, was killed by the fall of a tortoise upon his head, being bald and exposed to the rays of the sun, an eagle had mistaken for a stone, and accordingly dropped the tortoise upon it, in order that, by thus breaking the shell, he might the more readily devour his prey. *Euripides* was torn to pieces by dogs; and *Sophocles* died of joy after being declared victor in a poetical contest, after a long and doubtful dispute. The death of *Philemon* has already been mentioned; and *Pindar* died in a school-room, reclining his head on the breast of a boy, who had been affectionately attached to him; and so tranquil was his departure, that it was not discovered until the school was about to be dismissed. And, to close the list, *Anacreon*, as every one knows, was choked by a grape-stone. We will merely remark, in conclusion, that, according to history, scarcely one of the Roman Emperors died a natural death.

O.

PICTURES, PERSONS, AND THINGS.

While some we ridicule, we some commend,
And use the mean connected with the end.

THE coxcomb stands in effeminate gestures, admiring the caricature of a peasant; and, in return, the peasant delights himself to think how cleverly the coxcomb's folly is represented. The footman boasts that his master imitates him in the cut of his clothes, and imagines an epaulet honourable since it is worn by officers of the army and navy. Miss Pique is quite horrified that Fanny, the cottager's daughter, should presume to go to church in a white frock with tucks, even admitting it to have been given her by the squire's lady for diligent behaviour

and meritorious services; while Fanny is not a little gratified to receive a dip from some innocent child, who mistakes her for a young lady. I remember a gentleman, who, desiring to be taken for a clergyman, attired himself in black, wore a bush wig and hat, similar to that which we have seen in the old prints of *Frederic of Prussia*; he once rode in a chaise upwards of ten miles, into a part of the country to which the bishop was hourly expected, and exulted in the idea, from the notice he attracted, of being identified for the worthy prelate. If young ladies smile with our venerable grandfathers and speak kindly to them, they throw the golden-tipped cane aside, and, like cold weather, return again into mild.

Characters re-live, though few are found who figured in the days of *Steele*, *Bickerstaff*, and *Addison*; and many who are notoriously eccentric in the present day, will, like bulbous roots, be transplanted into the soil of a century hence, with new varieties of folly and vanity. The garden of literature is full of weeds; the most industrious critics cannot extirpate them;—exotics are cultivated in scientific ground, but too many, like tulips, are gay without perfume. Men are blind to their own failings, and apply them to others which should improve themselves. Laughter and mirth are born and fostered by those who want reflection, and a vain love of personal advantages prevents them from becoming sterling in value and useful in society. I would not be understood to discourage sprightliness, by which health is promoted, and, perhaps, secured. The medium of joy, by the assistance of wisdom, will counterbalance the weight of sorrow. The yoke of care might be easily borne, if it were the one which our Creator has designed us; but we, by our instability and mutable actions, make it heavy; and, alas! how many sink into an untimely grave by its distressing pressure! So fields of flowers are destroyed by the irresistible blast. The lament which affection inspires, softens our feeling and endears us while we follow the departed from earth to heaven; but then this carries its consolations and sympathies, its instructions and improvements, its subductions, preparations, and, finally, consummations. Would we were more disposed to fix the throne of happiness within our reach, whereon we might set the spirit of harmony to sway her sceptre continually over us. Would that we

strove to be at peace with each other; and while we respect the laws of our country, we should maintain dignity, which is not exposed to servile department, and keep content, which is not innovated by anarchy. Rational beings are deserving of the free and liberal privileges of nature, and we should be protected but when we expose ourselves to error and shame. Like the light we see and the air we breathe, when our thoughts are pure, we should have the generous use of our faculties. We are told, 'to be good is to be happy;' hypocrisy is an obstacle to the attainment of it. Slandering our neighbours, on one view of the question, and without just evidence deciding on the other, is another obstacle. It is the foible of the mind, impregnated with pride, which deserves satire, and not the imperfections of nature. A deformed person may be good and happy, though unfit to represent the fair proportions and fine specimens of the noblest workmanship of the human race.

In Soxo.

Biography.

HENRY EDRIDGE, Esq. R. A. F. S. A.

THIS amiable man and excellent artist was born at Paddington, in the year 1768; his father, who was in trade in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, died at the age of 44, leaving his widow, with five children, rather inadequately provided for. His mother was a woman of superior mind, and, in the early education of children, maternal influence most frequently forms the character, to her may be attributed the sense of propriety and correctness of conduct, which so conspicuously marked her son's progress through life.

Mr. Edridge was the youngest child; but one; and having very early shown an attachment to the Fine Arts, his mother was induced, by the advice of her friends, to place him, at the age of 14, with Mr. Pether, an artist, well known as a mezzotint engraver and painter of landscape. Two years after his apprenticeship, he was admitted a student in the Royal Academy, where he soon distinguished himself, and in 1786 obtained a medal for the best drawing of an academy figure. While studying at the academy, his talents attracted the attention, and procured him the regard of the then president, Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose pictures he was in the habit of copying in miniature for his own improvement. Upon one occasion, Sir Joshua was so much

pleased with his performance, that he desired to have the copy, which of course was readily offered for his acceptance; that, however, was declined, and the young artist having been prevailed on to name a price, Sir Joshua not only paid him nearly double the amount, but meeting him a few days afterwards, insisted upon making him a still further payment, observing that he had since sold the drawing to a nobleman for a considerable profit, and was therefore debtor for the difference.

Mezzotint engraving being in no way suited to Mr. Edridge's taste, an arrangement was made with his master to permit him to study and practise miniature painting, to which branch of art he afterwards exclusively applied himself. During his apprenticeship he suffered a severe affliction in the loss of his mother, who had ever been to him a most tender and affectionate parent, and whose memory he constantly, to his latest breath, fondly and gratefully cherished.

In the year 1789, Mr. Edridge married a lady from Taunton of the name of Smith, and established himself as a portrait painter, in Dufour's Place, Golden Square, in which almost secluded situation he raised himself to the greatest celebrity, proving that merit, such as his, did not require the adventitious aid of outward circumstances to ensure its success.

Mr. Edridge's earliest works were miniatures on ivory; afterwards he made his portraits on paper, with black lead and Indian ink; to these he added back-grounds, which were beautifully diversified, and drawn with great taste; after continuing this practice several years, he discontinued Indian ink, and adopted water colours, still finishing his drawings slightly, except the heads, which were always remarkable for their force, brilliancy, and truth. It was of late years only that he made those elaborately high-finished pictures on paper, uniting the depth and richness of oil paintings with the freedom and freshness of water colours, and of which there is perhaps scarcely a nobleman's family in England without some specimen. His acquisition of this latter style is to be attributed to the study of Sir Joshua Reynolds's best works, which he omitted no opportunity of copying, and thereby not only obtained a collection of the most beautiful and faithful copies of that great master that have ever perhaps been made, but rendered the improvements of his own original works remarkably conspicuous.

In 1801, Mr. Edridge removed from Dufour's Place to Margaret Street, where he continued to practise his profession till his death. He had two children: the eldest, a daughter, who died May 1, 1807, in the 17th year of her age; the other, a son, who died July 20, 1820, at almost the precise age of his sister. He was a youth of great promise, and his premature death was an affliction from which Mr. Edridge never wholly recovered. He had watched over his son with an unwearied solicitude, which none can appreciate but those who feel the strength of parental anxiety, and have mourned the loss of an only child. It would be difficult to describe the feelings and sufferings he experienced at his loss, and though he bowed with submission to the will of heaven, his constitution sunk under the blow. For many years previous to his last illness, Mr. Edridge had occasionally laboured under considerable difficulty of respiration, which in January last greatly increased, and while suffering under a most distressing oppression of breath, he was attacked by spasms in the chest, from which he endured extreme torture. For above three months he had few intervals of ease, but during all that time his mind retained its accustomed vigour, and his fortitude in sustaining his affliction, together with his christian resignation to the will of God, was the admiration of those who witnessed it.

Mr. Edridge had always an exquisite taste for the picturesque beauties of landscape, but the extent of his practice in drawing portraits, prevented the devotion of much time to this his favourite pursuit, until after the death of his son, when having no longer a motive for adhering to the lucrative part of his profession, he indulged his inclination, and the drawings which he afterwards made from various scenes of nature, are most admirable. In 1817, and again in 1819, he visited France, where he found ample materials for the exercise of his taste, in the picturesque buildings of Paris, and still more interesting scenery of Normandy; the drawings made from these sketches, which were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1820, as well as those of the present year, leave us to regret that this branch of art had not, at least, shared a greater portion of his earlier time.

The late Mr. Hearnse was the master from whom Mr. Edridge first acquired his taste and skill for sketching landscape scenery; a master, whose best works will ever be esteemed so long as

there is any admiration for fidelity, united to the best qualities of the art. There was a timidity, however, in Mr. Hearnse's manner, which seemed to restrain him from venturing on those bold effects and strong transitions of chiaro scuro, that have since his time been the admiration of the public. In this respect, Mr. Edridge stepped far beyond his master. Though he did not practise it, Mr. Edridge, about two years ago, painted three pictures in oil colours; two of them were small landscapes, and the third was a copy from Teniers.

He was elected an associate of the Royal Academy of Arts, in November, 1820, and no better or more grateful tribute could be paid, either to his talents as an artist or his worth as a man, than the feeling and appropriate eulogy pronounced to his memory by the president, at the annual academy dinner, which took place immediately after his death.

As a man, Mr. Edridge possessed those amiable and endearing qualities which gained him the affection of all who knew him. His moral character was pure and unblemished; to the strictest integrity and benevolence of heart, he united the most polished and gentlemanly manners. He had an eloquence and suavity of speech, joined to a sportiveness of wit, that rendered his society extremely delightful; his thoughts were conceived with vigour, and expressed with the happiest propriety; and there never, perhaps, was a man more entitled, from his accomplishments, high judgment, and justness of sentiment, to move in the polished circles of life. In this society he was courted and caressed, and was distinguished by the friendship and affection of many in the highest rank, which continued with unabated kindness to the hour of his death.

Mr. Edridge died at his house, in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, on Monday, the 23d of April, 1821, in the 63d year of his age.

Original Poetry.

TO THE THISTLE.

Badge of a people high in arms—
(In love, in song, renowned ay;
Whose very NAME thy bosom warms)
Dear theme of many a raptur'd lay!
Heaven bade thy rugged form advance
And bloom beneath a southern sky
Proud as the fleur-de-lis of France, thy
Or England's rose of thimble-eyed
When on thy hills the Roman power
In Roman or Saxon days.

Thy image lent the hero's sword
A sterner glance—a keener edge.
And onward where the Wallace fought,
Or Brus in kingly terror rode,
Thy presence 'mong the South 'ron brought
The presence of the incensed god.
And still thy sons, unchanging, feel
Th' unconquerable thirst of flame—
The inborn love of Scotia's weal
Entwin'd for ever with thy name.
Badge of a people high in arms!
(In love, in song, renowned as;
Whose very name thy bosom warms)
Dear theme of many a raptur'd lay!

Mac.

STANZAS,

Addressed to the Portrait of ———.

POOR representative of her who taught
My heart to know its first wild throb of
love,—

O'er thee I bend, although thou art not fraught
With her fine charms all equal far above!
A loveliness to which her lover's heart
Does higher justice than the painter's art.
O'er thee I bend in sorrow's dark'ning hour,
And woo the aid her memory should give,
To nerve my soul with firm and gentle power,
When hope and confidence have cou'd to
live;
Would I could bear like her each bitter pang,
Pardoning, like her, the source from which it
sprang.

On thee I look at the lone hour of night
When all around is gloomy, dark, and still,
On thee I look, and visions of delight
Fleeting and frail, my charmed bosom fill,
Thinking of other times, when 'sle whose
shade
Thou art, my bower of blisses blest and made.

These happier hours are gone for ever now,
And all that of their mystery remains,
Is the remembrance of a plighted vow,
And lost affection's thrilling joys and pains;
Yet these are thoughts that ne'er may know de-
ceit,
That may not change, and cannot pass away.

J. W. DALRY.

IMPROMPTU,

On meeting Miss B*****, 1814 March, 1820.
O HAPPY day! wherein my eyes were blest
With thy sweet image, which, howe'er im-
pres'd
Deep on the tablet of my faithful heart,
Yet gain'd I for the living counterpart;
To see again that mild expressive eye,
Which spoke a heart of tenderest sympathy —
Again on that lov'd sybil-like form to gaze,
Whose beauty struck my young heart with
ecstasy,
And still the sweet remembrance round me
hung.

Prompting to say unworthy to be sung,—
Thou' long the dear original, from my sight
Absent,—but not forgotten—held its light!

Since last we met, how many months, alas,
Hath old Time borrow'd—many more must
pass,
Ere I can hope my passion to declare,
And seek from thee a solace to my care.
Yet still preserve my memory in thy soul,
(Till fate shall bid a few seasons roll,
Thy fate hath wrought a happier destiny,
And made me always worthy of thee.)

Metought the sickly hand of pale disease
Had robb'd thee of (what still combin'd to
please
In thy all lovely face) the roscate hue,
Which wou'd deck thy blooming cheek—be-
shrew
The pilfering knave?—but, ah! he could not
steal
Thy beauteous eye-glance, powerful appeal
To finest feelings of the human breast,—
A whole vocabulary there express!

Adieu! sweet maid, when next thou walk'st
abroad,
Towards thee may favouring Cupid guide my
road;
For oh! believe me, when by heav'n I swear,
Phæbus shines brighter—purer breathes the
air.

More cheerily the feather'd warbler's sing—
Thy smile creation's charms enlivening! * * M.

TO THE GRECIAN TROOPS,

After a Victory obtained over the Turks.

O WHERE is the heart that lies still at the tid-
ings
Of victory crowning the brows of the brave,
And changing the scorn of oppression's revil-
ings,
To the cry of lament o'er her hireling's grave!
O tell to that heart how the hot squadrons
dashing,
With eyes looking death, swept the foe from
the plain!
O tell to that heart how their sabres' wild flash-
ing
Lit the path of her lovers to liberty's fane!
Then, then, if it swell not, 'tis dead to each
feeling,
That honour and freedom have cherish'd and
blest!

And may that life fount, while its coldness
reveling,
Be frozen by death in its cowardly breast!
Fear not!—though the fortunes of gladness and
sorrow
May follow each other like sunshine and
shade—
The clouds will soon pass, and the sun of the
morning
Rise splendid in glory that never shall fade.

Your comrades have won—your hearts bound
at the hearing—
Then on to your tyrants with slaughter and
flame,

And show, while the standard of liberty rearing,
'Tis bleach'd in their blood from each vestige
of shame.

Let ev'ry god sword win its hero's exemption,
And sever the chains of his son and his sire,
Till each patriot voice joins the shout of redem-
ption,
Round the burning of slavery's funeral pyre.

C. L.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

ANOTHER year has roll'd along,
Since last I rais'd my annual song,
On Esther's natal day;
Since then I've heav'd full many a sigh,
And grief has often fill'd mine eyes,
As past the year away.
Oh, Esther! wou'd'st thou truly know
What feelings in this bosom glow,
In faithful love to thee

Oh take this broken heart of mine,
And give me, love, that heart of thine,
And give it but to me.

Thou' once thou gav'st me cause to grieve,
Thy faithfulness I now believe,
And still thy form adore;
But should I find thee faithless grown,
I'd cast thee from me with a frown,
And never see thee more.

That other arms should round thee twine—
That other lips should press on thine,
And tales of love declare;
That thou should'st listen to the lay,
And me forget when far away—
The thought I cannot bear.

For I do love thee more than life,
Do love thee more than ever wife
By man was ever lov'd:
The pensive night—the restless day—
The sighs which chase my joys away,
My love have often prov'd.

Full well I know that blessed day
When first I saw thee, lady gay,
And blushing at eighteen!
And tho' three years thy form I've known,
To me it still is lovelier grown,
Than when it first was seen!

And may'st thou never ever be
As blest, as happy, and as free
From grief, as thou art fair;
May years of joy succeed to this—
May stores of every earthly bliss
Be Esther's lot to share.
And, Oh! be mine the fate to know
That thy affections warmer glow
To me, and me alone!
May future years my Esther find
As faithful, friendly, and as kind,
As now at twenty-one.

Cambridge, OBEID. BARRISTLER,
April, 12, 1821.

MODES OF EXPRESSION.

AUTHORS are sometimes extremely
careless in expressing themselves;
others pique themselves on a quaint-
ness or an oddity, which is more ho-
noured in the breach than the obser-
vance; for example,

Roger Ascham, describing Lady
Jane Grey, expresses himself thus:—
'At the time,' says he, 'that the rest
of the company were gone out a hunt-
ing, and to their other amusements, I
found, O Jupiter and all the gods! this
divine young lady reading the Phædra
of the divine Plato,' &c. Surely there
was no occasion to disturb Jupiter and
the conclave of Olympus, by calling on
them thus abruptly.

Tom Brown has a curious figure of
speech: satirising some person, he
says, 'he is as dull as a lawfully begot-
ten citizen's eldest son.'

The reformer Calvin's mode of ex-
pression was rather coarse. Luther had
in one of his writings called him a dis-
claimer; and Calvin, to justify him-
self from such a title, breaks out thus:—
'Your whole school is nothing but a

stinking sty of pigs. Dog! do you understand me? Do you understand me, madman? Do you understand me you great beast?

Sir Thomas More's life of Edward V., published in the year 1641, is entitled by a 'Pityful Life of Edward V.'

Lord Gardenstone has an odd way of expressing himself. 'I have remarked,' says he, 'that the men and the women, and also the horses, are larger and handsomer in Champagne and Burgundy than any where else.'

Home, the celebrated author of Douglas, seemed to have been very partial to *alliteration*; for example:—
'My father feeds his flocks, a frugal swain—
But when the matter matched his mighty mind—

But with the froward he was fierce as fire.'

'Sailors say, we carried away ourizen mast; a thing they are no way inclined to do, particularly in a storm.

Statesmen and lawyers are sometimes peculiar in their modes of expression. The Rev. Commissary Blair, who projected the college in the province of Virginia, and was in England to solicit benefactions and a charter, relates, that the queen (Mary), in the king's absence, having ordered the Attorney-General (Seymour) to draw up the charter, which was to be given with 2000*l.* in money, he opposed the grant, saying, that the nation was engaged in an expensive war, that the money was wanted for better purposes, and he did not see the least occasion for a college in Virginia. Blair represented to him, that its intention was to educate and qualify young men for the ministry of the Gospel much wanted there, and begged Mr. Attorney-General would consider, that the Virginians had souls to be saved as well as the people of England. 'Souls!' said he, 'd—n your souls! plant tobacco.'

The gentle Doctor South could, in argumentative allusion, use such terms as 'hell and d—nation proof!' which is certainly going as far as a point can well be carried.

Kneeling on your knees, may be found in one part of the Prayer-book.

Our old translators of the Bible often imiter, 'he answered and said.'

How came the strange expression of 'enjoying a bad state of health?' of all enjoyments this is one we are most anxious to get rid of; yet Giles Jobbins said his wife enjoyed a bad state of health for many years.

By the bye, one of the most common queries of late, made in the way of satisfaction, is very unbecomingly, however idio-

matic it may be; we mean that of 'how do you do?'

'I have heard of a general officer,' says Walpole, 'who may be classed with the Archbishop of Grenada.' When he was about ninety years of age, he was disturbed with the noise of some young officers, diverting themselves with some girls. 'Is this, gentlemen, the example that I gave you.'

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The principal novelty in the drama of this week, is the return of Mr. Kean to this theatre, the scene of his first and greatest triumph. In our last number, we prepared our readers to expect his return, by inserting his farewell to America; and we shall not now enter into any observations on the propriety or impropriety of Mr. Kean's quitting his transatlantic friends so abruptly. We may, however, say, without any fear of contradiction, that whatever Mr. Kean's talents may be, they are such as should not be permitted to 'waste their sweetness on the desert air' of the New World, while the old one is still ready so justly to appreciate and so liberally to reward them.

As soon as Mr. Ellistown heard that Mr. Kean might be expected in town on Monday, he announced him to play that and every other evening in the week. There was something very injudicious in thus hurrying an actor before the public, without suffering him to have a single day's repose after a long sea-voyage, and travelling by land, with all rapidity, a couple of hundred miles. The folly, too, of playing tragedy every evening, without a single performer capable of sustaining its higher walks, Mr. Kean excepted, is obvious; but this manager always runs from one extreme to another. At one time, we had no comedy but *Wild Oats* (though we think that Mr. Ellistown should have sown his long ago); then succeeded Miss Wilson, and the operamania raged for a few months; and now that Mr. Kean has returned, we are to have tragedy, not doled out to us according to the public taste or avidity, but guided by no other measure than that of the physical powers of the actor.

Mr. Kean's appearance, though not honored by an overflowing audience, had a very good one; and his welcome was as enthusiastic as we recollect to have witnessed at any period. The audience in the pit rose unanimously, cheering and waving their hats for so-

veral minutes, and the applause of the boxes, though less boisterous, did not seem less sincere. Mr. Kean appeared almost overpowered with this flattering testimony of public approbation, but he soon proved by his talents, that it was not unmerited. The transatlantic excursion, though it has not improved this eminent actor's style, (but who would seek for improvement in America!) has not injured it; his voice, we think, is somewhat less hoarse; at least it appeared so to us in some of the early scenes, though, towards the conclusion, he became as hoarse as ever. It would be a work of supererogation to criticise a performance on which criticism has long yielded to universal admiration; and, therefore, we shall only say, that we never saw Mr. Kean sustain the character of Gloucester with more spirit or greater effect. There was nothing in the other characters deserving particular notice.

After the tragedy was concluded, Mr. Kean being called for, came forward, and, thanking the audience for their kind reception, said he hoped that, during his absence, he had done nothing unworthy of the character of an Englishman.—On Wednesday, this eminent actor (so Mr. Ellistown calls him, and we do not hesitate to acknowledge the propriety of the epithet) played Shylock to a crowded house.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—We omitted last week to notice a new farce produced at this theatre, called *Twopence*. It is from the pen of Mr. Peake, the author of *Amateurs and Actors*, &c. and, like all the pieces of that gentleman, is full of spirit and humour. If Dr. Johnson had that antipathy to a pun which is attributed to him, he would have sat very uneasy under this farce, which abounds with puns, and though, as in all cases where they become numerous, there are many bad ones, yet their character generally was above those in modern farces. Wrench, as a Twopenny-Postman, has a good character; and Harley, as a Musical Cheesemonger, fonder of his bassoon than his business, elicited much applause. On the evening of the coronation, a new piece was produced, entitled *A Squeeze at the Coronation*. It is a loyal dramatic sketch, which possesses more merit than pieces written on a temporary occasion generally can boast of. The manager, to do honour to the event which occasioned it, with great liberality opened his house at half the usual prices, for three successive evenings.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The favourite opera of *Guy Mannering* was performed admirably on Thursday; throughout the whole range of characters, there was not one which could merit censure; the house was elegantly filled, many of the songs were encored, and the audience testified their delight by loud and reiterated cheers. Miss Carew played Lucy Bertram; Miss R. Corri, Julia Mannering; Mrs. Johnson, Meg Merrilies; and Mrs. Jones led the group of gipsies. Mr. Leoni Lee, a gentleman who increases in favour every time he appears, played Henry Bertram, and sung most effectively; the major part of his songs were encored and marked with peculiar approbation. The Dominic Sampson of Mr. Tayleure also appeared to give great delight, and was certainly an excellent performance. Mr. J. Russell's Dandie Dimont was also a good piece of acting, in which he displayed rustic manners and native heroism with great truth and energy. We cannot conclude our present brief notice without observing that, as the season proceeds, the performances improve, and that many of the unfavourable remarks to which this company was subject at the opening of the theatre, cannot now, with justice, be repeated.

Literature and Science.

The Apograph.—A Mr. Andrew Smith, of Mauchline, in Scotland, has invented an instrument for copying drawings, &c. called by the learned, who have seen it, an apograph. It is 'so constructed,' that drawings of any kind may be copied by it upon paper, copper, or any other substance capable of receiving an impression, upon a scale either extended, reduced, or the same as the original. The arts, we understand, furnish no instance of an instrument resembling this, either in its appearance or operation, save what is called the pantograph, and even from this machine it differs materially. The beam, in the former, is suspended vertically from an universal joint, whereas the beam of the latter is supported on an horizontal plane. There is also, a counterpoise added to the apograph above the centre of motion, which relieves the hand almost entirely of the weight it would otherwise have to sustain when the beam is but of the vertical position.

Colour of the Skin.—In the *Literary Chronicle*, No. 99, we stated the observations of Sir Edward Home, that

the black substance in the skin of the Negro has great influence in preventing the scorching operations of the sun's rays. In the fourth number of the *Newcastle Magazine* [a new work, which does honour to provincial literature], the arguments of Sir Everard are ingeniously combated, and his deductions positively denied. Sir Everard had said, that the *rete mucosum* of Negroes is a provision of nature against the scorching effect of the sun's rays. In answer to this assertion, the writer in the magazine contends, that, first, as a provision against the rays of the sun, black is the very worst colour that could possibly be chosen.—What should we think of the man, who, to defend his bare pole against the scorching rays of the sun, put on a black hat instead of a white one?—Unless nature were an idiot, she certainly would have preferred white.—Sir Everard proves his point in the most absurd possible manner. He interposes a piece of black crape between the skin and the concentrated rays of the sun, and then because the ardour of the rays are blunted, he maintains that the *rete mucosum* of Negroes is for this purpose! The texture of the crape is the true defence, and I will never believe but that white crape would answer much better.

Secondly, why should nature be so partial to black men? The ancient Egyptians, the ancient Hindoos, and Caribs, all lived within the tropics; the former were white, unless in those parts exposed to the sun; the latter were red. At this day the Cochino Chinese are yellow, and yet they reside in a very hot climate. It is true, the banks of the Senegal and Gambia are hotter still; but there are black men in New Holland, and very dark coloured skins near the north pole.

Thirdly, there is no such thing as a pigment in the *rete mucosum* at all. In the eye, indeed, there is a pigment. There was once a Frenchman pretended to demonstrate one in Edinburgh, but neither professor Monro nor any person could discover it, but only the Frenchman himself. It is quite impossible to separate the *rete mucosum* from the *cutis vera* or under skin, otherwise than by an arbitrary separation. The colour of the skin depends not upon any pigment, but upon its texture; the texture of that of the Negro is thicker, but coarser wove. This would be a better preventive against the sun's rays than any pigment; but the truth is, the whole idea is ridiculous.

lous, and it was decided as long ago as the days of Buffon, that it is the obtundity of the nervous system of the Negro which renders him callous to the most scorching heat.

The Bee.

*'Floribus ut apes in cultibus omnia linant,
Omnia nos itidem decipimus auro dicta.'*

LUCRETII.

An American Caleb Quotem.—As illustrative of the republican simplicity and character of our citizens, the following anecdote, which occurred in New York some time ago, will bear ample testimony:—An English dandy, just landed, ordered a suit of clothes to be made by one of our fashionable tailors, which, by agreement, was to be finished on a certain day. The gentleman being disappointed, went to the tailor's and rated him soundly for his neglect. 'Sir, damme, in my country, when a tailor disappoints his customer, we send him to the devil.' 'Ah! yes, sir.—' Don't say ah! I am not to be disappointed with impunity.' At that moment a person entered, who addressed the tailor as follows:—'Alderman, I have a petition before the Hon. the Corporation relative to one of the avenues, and I should be happy if you would be present and attend to it.' 'Very well, sir,' says the tailor, 'I know something of the subject, and shall do so.' Scarcely had he departed, before another one entered. 'I have,' said he to the tailor, 'placed a note in your bank for discount; I have not spoken to any other director but yourself—will you use your efforts to get it done for me?' 'I will do my best,' said the tailor. When the last person departed, a young officer in full dress entered, who addressed the tailor as follows:—'General, I have come to receive your orders.' The Alderman, General, Bank-director, and Tailor, said in reply, 'very well, sir, you shall have them, and you will take care that the adjutant has the division on the ground at the precise hour.' The Englishman, who attended these interviews, very leisurely lifted up his eye-glass, and having viewed the tailor from top to toe, took his leave, saying, 'Sir, you may send my clothes home whenever you please.'—*American Paper.*

Fair Rosamond.—Henry II. is said to have concealed his fair mistress, Rosamond, in a labyrinth at Woodstock, from the jealous researches of his queen, who, nevertheless, according to the common report, found means to disco-

ver he retreat, and take her off by poison. This account, however, is founded upon no better authority than that of the old ballad, composed upon the subject. But if we may believe *Edinburgh*, Rosamond did not die in 1173; nor was she poisoned by Queen Eleanor. This author expressly says, that after Henry had imprisoned Queen Eleanor, he continued to keep Rosamond publicly for a considerable time. This famous lady was buried in a church belonging to Godstow Nunnery, near Oxford.

THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

We have just been favoured with the following interesting extract of a letter from one of the gentlemen employed on the Northern Expedition:—

'His Majesty's Ship Fury, Hudson's Bay, the Coast of America, June 26, 1821.'

'I take the opportunity of writing you, by the return of the *Nautilus* transport, which accompanied us to carry our heavy stores. We have had an excellent passage from the Orkneys to this part of the world; the weather, however, since we have been here, has not been so favourable.

'We have made two attempts to unload the transport, having made fast to icebergs for that purpose, but have been blown off successively by heavy gales, with the loss of some of our boats from the deck, and no small share of tribulation for the transport, which has not been properly fortified for the ice. She has come off, however, very well, considering every thing, having only lost the copper from her bows. We are now taking advantage of a fine day, and hope to get rid of her in a day or two, and to proceed upon our destination.

'We made an island about a week ago, called Resolution Island, where we expected to see some Indians, but there was so much ice between the ships and the land, that we could not get in.

'It can hardly give you an idea of our intended route, or, more properly, of our ideal route; first, because our course must, in agreement, depend upon the state of the ice; secondly, for want of a chart; for those in common use are so incorrect in the general outline of the coast, as to be perfectly useless. If, however, you should fall in with a good map of the country, I will tell you the track we shall endeavour to take.

'After making Cape Farewell, the southern extremity of Greenland, in lat. 59. N. and long. 44. W. we proceeded nearly due west between Cape Chidley, on the Labrador Coast, and Resolution Island, in lat. 61. 40. N. and long. 63. W. where we now are; from hence we intend to steer, if wind and ice will permit, about a north-west course, and endeavour to explore an inlet to the east of Repulse Bay, which has never yet been entered by any one but Fox, about 160 years ago; thence we shall proceed to Hearne's Sea, where we shall winter (if we get there); then to Mackenzie's Sea, Behring's Straits, &c.

'All the officers are exceedingly agreeable, and I have but little doubt we shall spend the winter very comfortably together. We are all preparing our rifles for shooting deer, with which these islands abound. We are, however, exceedingly well off in the eating way—plenty of fresh beef, mutton, pork, eggs, fish, and poultry on board, besides sheep, pigs, and 22 fine bullocks, on board the transport, and pot and meats and soups of all kinds for more than three years, so that our salt provisions we

scarcely need taste the whole voyage, unless we choose.

'The mean temperature where we now are is about 35° Fahrenheit, the sun just skimming below the horizon at this time at midnight, so that we have constant day, which you may conceive is a great comfort in navigation amongst ice. An apparatus was yesterday let down to the depth of 500 fathoms, for bringing up water: its temperature by a registering thermometer was 40½ degrees Fahrenheit; that at the surface being 36 degrees. The specific gravity, at the same depth, was 1.0278, and at the surface, 1.0260. Our position, as determined astronomically, is always to the north-west of our dead reckoning; from which it appears, that there is a constant current setting from the north-west to south-east.'

Advertisements.

New Edinburgh Review.

On the 1st of August will be published (to be continued Quarterly), price 6s. No. 1. of THE NEW EDINBURGH REVIEW; containing:—

- ART. 1. Waldegrave's Memoirs.
2. Passage of Hannibal over the Alps.
3. Legend of Argyle.
4. Animal Magnetism.
5. Anne Boleyn.
6. Lives of Eminent Scotsmen.
7. Cook's Life of Hill.
8. Hazlitt's Table Talk.
9. Notes on the Cape of Good Hope.
10. Luecock on Brazil.
11. Lord John Russell's Speech on Gram-pouond Disfranchisement.
12. Climate for the Consumptive.
13. Parry's Voyage.
14. Croly's Paris in 1815.
15. McQueen on the Niger.
16. Lord Byron's Tragedy.
17. Annals of the Parish.
18. Constitutional Association.

List of Works published—Notice of Works in the Press.

Printed for G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, AVE-MARIA-LANE; and J. WARREN, Old Bond Street, London; and WAUGH and INNES, Edinburgh.

New Novel. Just published, price 21s. boards, A LEGEND OF ARGYLE; or, 'Tis A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

'Argyle, the State's whole thunder born to wield, And shake alike the Senate and the field?' Pope.

In three volumes, 12mo. Printed for G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, AVE-MARIA-LANE.

'A Romance has just made its appearance under the title of "A Legend of Argyle; or, 'Tis a Hundred Years Since," which we have perused with great delight. The combination of historical narrative with fictitious detail is admirably well managed, and throughout the entire work the utmost delicacy of a polished and sensible mind is maintained. We feel a pleasure, therefore, in recommending the "Legend of Argyle" to our numerous readers.'

Also, just published, 2. LOCKHEE; or, The Field of Culloden. A Novel, in three volumes, price 21s.

3. SUCH IS THE WORLD. A Novel, in three vols. price 21s. boards.

4. THE FAVOURITE OF NATURE, dedicated (by permission) to Mrs. Joanna Bailie. A Novel, in three vols. price 21s. boards.

Advertisements.

Lady Morgan's New Work.

This day is published, in 2 vols. 4to., containing nearly 900 closely printed pages, price £3. 13s. 6d. boards,

ITALY.—BY LADY MORGAN.

OPINIONS ON THIS WORK.—

'LADY MORGAN'S View of Italy combines the high tone of philosophy with the most gay and familiar descriptions of the life and manners of the very mixed societies to which she has access: and her opportunities were highly favourable to the task she had in view. Her narrative abounds with striking anecdotes, traits of character, incidents, sites, and hues, which will highly interest the public.'—*Morning Chronicle.*

'This is a work that will largely occupy public attention. It is by far the most important work which its author has yet undertaken. It is not a classical tour, nor a picturesque tour; but it contains a rich harvest of "middle age" anecdote, abounding with such traits of the domestic, social, and political life of the great Republics of Italy, as cannot fail of exciting an intense interest. The gravity and massiveness of the subject have not, however, prevented the author from indulging largely in those humorous and striking details of real life, which form the charm of her more recent novels. Her views of society have been more intimate than those of any other recent traveller. Her literary reputation has opened wide the door of continental hospitality to her; and this circumstance has given the same view of interest and originality to her narrative which made the reputation of her work in France, and distinguishes it from all other books on that country.'—*Weekly Register.*

'It is only doing the author justice to say, that she has given us more information on the actual state of society in Italy at the present moment, than can be found in any of the numerous publications which have made their appearance since the peace.'—*New Month Mag.*

'We have travelled the garden of Europe before, but seldom with so entertaining a companion as Lady Morgan. Sheields the yoke of the Cicero with almost an enchantment's power. Description, remark, character, anecdote, incident, mingle in so rapid and vigorously succession, that our attention is kept constantly on the alert, from the beginning to the ending of her peregrinations, extending from the Alps to Italy's remotest bounds. All her feelings and opinions are on what may be called the right side, generous, benevolent, and liberal. She possesses a strong vein of ridicule, but, with a few exceptions, her shafts are tempered with delicacy and goodnature.'—*Star.*

'This is a highly instructive and entertaining work, full of variety, and displaying the riches of an acute and well-stored mind. A love of truth directs her researches, and manifests itself in her descriptions, the colours of which are clear, vivid, and glowing.'—*British Press.*

Printed for HENRY COLBOURN and Co. Colindale Street, London; BELL and BASKIN, Edinburgh; and JOHN CUMMINGS, Dublin.

London.—Published by J. Mansel, 28, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; where several more are received, and communications to the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed to the Editor, 28, Strand, at the Church Yard, opposite and Marshall, Stationer's Court, Chancery Lane; or, Gravel, Liverpool; and by all the principal Booksellers in the Kingdom. The price, 6s. 6d. per copy.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History; the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning, and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 116.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century; or, Letters on the Civil, Political, and Moral State of that Country, written in 1818 and 1819. With an Appendix, containing Extracts from Modern Italian Literature. By a Foreign Officer in the British Service. 8vo. pp. 271. London, 1821.

LES Italiens sont plus remarquables par ce qu'ils ont été, et par ce qu'ils pourroient être, que par ce qu'ils sont maintenant. This observation of a distinguished writer, Madame de Staël, will not be disputed by any one at all acquainted with the history of Italy; but the Italians are even now remarkable and interesting in many respects, and are not deserving of that neglect which they have experienced from travellers in general; for, while the antiquities, ruins, and buildings of Italy have been so often and so ably described, the moral state of its inhabitants has been passed over almost unnoticed. The work before us is confined principally to the latter subject, on which information is certainly most wanted.

The author states himself to be a foreigner, who not only passed his childhood in Italy, and became perfectly master of its language, but has resided and travelled in it recently, in order to add fresh information to old recollections. His letters contain an account of two different journeys made through Italy, embracing the greater part of Italy, Naples, Tuscany, Lombardy, Piedmont, and Genoa. He says the Italians are but imperfectly known, and are often abused by foreigners, who include in one common description of character the whole of the various states, while 'a Tuscan and a Neapolitan, a Lombard and a Genoese, a Venetian and a Roman, are as different from one another as the Germans are from the English; or the Dutch from the French.' The author professes himself well acquainted with the religion of Italy, and, although he speaks of it with respect, he appears

sensible of its superstitions; in his political principles he is temperate.

The work commences with an account of Naples, where the author arrived in the middle of the Carnival of 1818, of which and of the amusements of that city, he gives a very interesting description. The Neapolitans are said to have lost much of that harmless gaiety, and that openness of disposition, which formerly distinguished them; they are, however, as fond of pleasure as ever, from the king down to the Lazzaroni; and some of their amusements are sufficiently whimsical: take, for example, the following:—

'I saw, one day,' says the author, 'in the street of Toledo, Prince L—, the king's youngest son, in a car, with a numerous suite in the garb of ancient warriors, with shields and a kind of shovels, which they filled out of buckets full of confetti, discharging the contents against the company in the balconies. This is a favourite pastime of the season, although sometimes attended with unfortunate consequences; for as sugar confections are expensive, many substitute imitations for them, made of clay, which are very hard, and some as large as common nuts, so that a shower of them becomes a very unpleasant compliment, and serious diseases originate in this absurd custom.'

At the inferior theatres of La Fenice and San Carlino, farces and pantomimes are performed for the amusement of the lower classes:—

'There you see the Pollicciella in his genuine colours. This Neapolitan clown is something similar to the Arlecchino of Bergamo, pantalone of Venice, &c. but is not an honourable specimen of the national character of his country, of which it is intended as a caricature. Pollicciella is a servant from Acerra, a village in the neighbourhood of Naples, and he is so highly educated by nature and accomplished by education, that he is at once a thief, a liar, a coward, a braggart, and a debauchee; still the facetious way in which he relates his various feats enraptures his grovelling countrymen. He delights in licentious double entendre, gross jokes, and dirty tricks; there is not a single good quality in him; his cunning is very low, and he is always outwitted when he meets with any person of sense, so that in the end he is generally discovered, imprisoned,

whipped, and hanged. Such is the celebrated Pollicciella.'

The author gives a good estimate of the general character of the Neapolitans, which is not a very amiable one. They seem sensible of their degraded moral state, and are quite indifferent to the opinion which strangers may entertain of them. 'Shame, that loitering attendant of virtue, seems to be lost in the general corruption, and patriotism has fled from the polluted soil.' Of the truth of these remarks, the Neapolitans have given unfortunate evidence very recently:—

Decency and delicacy are not conspicuous in the manners of the inhabitants of this country. Every thing is done in public, the conversation runs upon the most extraordinary topics and with as little disguise as possible. Boys are seen running about the streets, especially near the sea, in a state of nakedness or nearly so. The entrances and stairs of the houses and palaces are filled with every kind of nuisance. The windows and balconies are generally thrown open, so that every thing is to be seen which is going on in a neighbour's house. Neapolitans of every class; when they come home, during the summer, that is to say six months in the year, take off their coats and neckcloths, and sit down at dinner with a night gown on, or with their shirt sleeves tucked up to their elbows. Ladies perform their toilette with the doors of their dressing-rooms ajar, in sight of servants and strangers. All this, however, admits of some excuse, as the heat of the weather is in a great measure one of the principal causes of such indelicate customs.

'The greatest familiarity often prevails between masters and servants. The former often joke and laugh with the latter, they talk confidentially of their affairs and intrigues before them, some even play at cards with them; it is natural, therefore, to expect no reverence nor subordination from domestics who are the confidants of all their master's foibles and vices. This renders Neapolitan servants perhaps the very worst in the world. They are dirty, lazy, and careless, insolent and unfaithful. They are great thieves; some of them will steal the paltriest things that fall in their way. Most of them, especially when out of livery, would think it beneath them to carry a bundle, or any thing in their hands through the street, and will actually refuse to do so, or con-

play a porter for the purpose. Gambling, sleeping, and defaming their masters, are the pastimes in which they spend the greatest part of the day while loitering in idleness in the ante-rooms. By their means, all the secrets of their masters and mistresses are made known to the world. Still the difficulty of getting better, and the danger of falling into worse hands, make their employers put up with them.

We will not dwell any longer on the dark side of the picture, but turn to the more favourable view of the Neapolitan character. When not under the immediate pressure of want, the Neapolitans are good natured and social, and, notwithstanding the misery of the lower classes, heinous crimes are rare in Naples:—

The Neapolitans are possessed of natural good sense, penetration, and humour: their shrewd and expressive eyes are often the only vehicles of conveying their sentiments, and a mute conversation is often carried on between two persons, of which a by-stander, who is not initiated in the mysteries of this telegraphic communication, has not the least suspicion. Their pantomime is excellent; they always accompany their words with gestures expressive of their ideas. Their repartees are generally ready and appropriate—even their lazzaroni shine in them. Under Murat's reign, a French general just arrived at Naples, had his trunk carried to the hotel by a porter; on the fellow's asking for a remuneration, which the Frenchman considered too much, the latter said he was well aware that Naples was a den of thieves; the lazzaroni shrugged up his shoulders, and with a half shy half simple look, turned to one of his comrades who was standing by, "*Non te l'aggiu' ditto*," said he, "*che non ce ne stanno chiu' a Parigi de mariuoli, d'ò tutti benuti cò*." Did I not tell you that there are no longer any thieves at Paris, for they are all come here.

In science, literature, and the mechanical arts, the Neapolitans are behind the rest of the Italians, though in literature Naples can boast several men of considerable talents.

At the Opera Buffa, at Sorrento, our author saw Hamlet converted into a ballet! "To what base purposes may we come at last." The subject, we are told, was sadly disfigured:—

"The ghost appears to Hamlet in his palace, and to explain the circumstance of the murder, points to a sort of mirror on which the horrible transaction is reflected; this contrivance has certainly a very striking effect. Hamlet becomes raving, and attempts at once to kill his uncle; the king is prevented by his wife from putting him to death, but has him confined in a dungeon, where he and all his court pay Hamlet a visit, and where a reputation of the same violence takes

place. But the last scene is full of noise and confusion; peals of thunder are heard, clouds of smoke arise, the king is frightened, and Hamlet avails himself of this opportunity to stab him. The queen swoons, and, to crown the whole, the ghost appears again surrounded with phosphoric light to testify his satisfaction, and to give, as it were, his blessing to the audience. This is the substance of the plot; the piece is intermixed with dances and grotesque exhibitions, which have little to do with the story. The dresses are gaudy, according to the taste of the country. The music, however, is very good, and atones in part for the silliness of the performance."

At the same theatre, Tognino, a famous clown, who accompanied the manager, Barbaja, to London, has got up a sort of pantomime, in which he pretends to mimic French and English manner:—

"He appears on the stage with his wife, as just arrived from London, both dressed *à l'Anglaise*, at least according to the ridiculous notions here entertained of the English fashions. He affects to imitate English customs, but rather unsuccessfully, except that of shaking hands, which he repeats every moment, whether to the purpose or not. He changes his dress on the stage, and makes a *dandy* toilette, pulls on his buckskins by means of a pulley, and goes through a great deal of disgusting farce. Then he gets into a quarrel, and being challenged to fight, he refuses at first, and offers to box, and when presented with pistols, he appears not to know how to handle them. At last all is settled amicably, and he goes down an English country dance in a ridiculous and affected manner."

At Naples, there is an institution, the only one of its kind in Europe—the Chinese College, where young natives of China, smuggled out of the country when only thirteen or fourteen years old, by the missionaries, are brought up for the ecclesiastical profession, to return afterwards to their country to propagate Christianity: there were six Chinese in the college in 1818. From Naples, our author went to Leghorn, and afterwards to Pisa, Florence, and Bologna. The Tuscans were never much attached to the French, and the Austrians were not greater favourites:—

"Elisa Baciocchi, Napoleon's eldest sister, ruled Tuscany for several years, with the title of *Grand Duchesse*, although she was in reality no more than a subordinate agent of her brother. As such she cannot perhaps, with justice, be made accountable for the arbitrary acts which she enforced, in obedience to her imperial relative; but she displayed a haughtiness and a harshness which disgusted the gentle Florentines. She took frequent opportunities

of humbling the nobility, who, in this country, are more unassuming than in other parts of Italy; and many anecdotes are related of her haughty overbearing disposition, by which, as well as by her features, she appears to resemble her brother Napoleon more than any of her sisters. Abundance of scandalous reports also circulate about the manners of her court. She certainly did not conciliate the minds of the inhabitants, who, at her departure in 1814, gave her unequivocal marks of dislike. Her husband, Baciocchi, originally an Italian, and formerly a commissary in the French armies, was a mere cypher, and had no share in the business of government, for which he did not seem calculated, and of which, happily for him, he was not ambitious. He, however, on his being appointed Prince of Lucca, was persuaded to change his Christian name of Pascal, which, in Italy, is vulgar, and subject to ridicule, being often used as synonymous to dunce, into the more dignified one of Felix the First; upon which occasion, some Tuscan wit produced the following epigram:—

"Quando tu eri Pasquali, noi eravam tutti felici;
Or che tu sei Felix, noi siamo tutti Pasquali."

"He was a harmless insignificant bon vivant, and seems to have fully understood his own mediocrity, for, when the gentlemen of Lucca apologized to him for their possible deficiencies in their new capacity of courtiers, saying, that they were not accustomed to the situation (Lucca having been until then a republic), he good-humouredly replied: "We will excuse one another mutually, gentlemen, as I was also a novice in my present profession."

Speaking of the difference between Italian and English beauty, the author says,—

"Italy and England are undoubtedly possessed of a greater share of female beauty than any other countries in Europe. But the English and the Italian beauties, although equally interesting, are very different from one another. The former are unrivalled for their complexions, their bloom, the smoothness and mild expression of their features, their modest carriage, and the cleanliness of their person and dress; these are qualities which strike every foreigner at his landing. On my first arrival in England, I was asked by a friend how I liked the English women, to which I replied, that I thought them all handsome. This is the first impression they produce. There is something so calm, so chaste about them, that to a native of the south they appear almost more than terrestrial. They look—

"With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark vice would turn abashed away;

Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the rous'd and sweet desires
Of other worlds, with all the bliss
The fond weak tenderness of this."

"The Italian beauties are of a different

In their misery, as it arose from their boldness; they hugged themselves in their sufferings, as associating them with the misfortunes of their intrepid country. They were sometimes seen going into a coffee-house, solely to read the newspaper, in order to penetrate the fate of their friends through the lies of their enemies; their countenances were then immovable, but not without expression, exhibiting strength under the command of their will. Farther on, at Auxonne, was the residence of the English prisoners, who had, the day before, saved from fire one of the houses of the town where they were kept confined. At Besançon, there were more Spaniards. Among the French exiles to be met with in every part of France, an angelic creature inhabited the citadel of Besançon, in order not to quit her father. For a long period, and amidst every sort of danger, Mademoiselle de Saint Simon shared the fortunes of him who had given her birth.

At the entrance of Switzerland, on the top of the mountains which separate it from France, you see the castle of Joux, in which prisoners of state are detained, whose names frequently never reach the ear of their relations. In this prison *Toussaint Louverture* actually perished of cold; he deserved his fate on account of his cruelty, but the emperor had the least right to inflict it upon him, as he had engaged to guarantee to him his life and liberty. I passed a day at the foot of this castle during very dreadful weather, and I could not help thinking of this negro, transported all at once into the Alps, and to whom this residence was the hell of ice; I thought of the more noble beings who had been shut up there, of those who were still groaning in it, and I said to myself also, that if I was there, I should never quit it with life.

While in Switzerland, Madame de Staël was under the surveillance of the police, and she felt alarmed, lest from a banishment so rigorous, the change might shortly be to a prison; knowing that, if once arrested, and 'if these *clat* were once got over,' the emperor would not allow himself again to be spoken to about her. There is a tolerable piece of vanity in this, and, indeed, in the whole volume. New persecutions compelled her to seek another asylum, and she fled to Sweden, but how to get there was the difficulty; and she first travelled in Switzerland with M. Montmorency. In the Canton of Fribourg, she visited a monastery of Trappists, of whom she gives an interesting account:—

‘One can have no idea of the minute degrees of suffering imposed upon the monks; they go so far as even to forbid them, when they have been standing for some hours in succession, from leaning against the wall, or wiping the perspira-

tion from their forehead; in short, every moment of their life is filled with suffering, as the people of the world fill theirs with enjoyment. They rarely live to be old, and those to whom this lot falls, regard it as a punishment from heaven. Such an establishment would be barbarous if any one was compelled to enter it, or if there was the least concealment of what they suffer there. But, on the contrary, they distribute to whoever wishes to read it, a printed statement, in which the rigours of the order are rather exaggerated than softened; and yet there are novices who are willing to take the vows, and those who are received never run away, although they might do it without the least difficulty. The whole rests, as it appears to me, upon the powerful idea of death; the institutions and amusements of society are destined in the world to turn our thoughts entirely upon life; but when the contemplation of death gets a certain hold of the human heart, joined to a firm belief in the immortality of the soul, there are no bounds to the disgust which it may take to every thing which forms a subject of interest in the world; and a state of suffering appearing the road to a future life, such minds follow it with avidity, like the traveller, who willingly fatigues himself in order to get sooner over the road which leads him to the object of his wishes. But what equally astonished and grieved me, was to see children brought up with this severity; their poor locks shaved off, their young countenances already furrowed, that deathly dress with which they were covered before they knew any thing of life, before they had voluntarily renounced it, all this made my soul revolt against the parents who had placed them there. When such a state is not the adoption of a free and determined choice on the part of the person who professes it, it inspires as much horror as it at first created respect. The monk with whom I conversed, spoke of nothing but death; all his ideas came from that subject, or connected themselves with it; death is the sovereign monarch of this residence. As we talked of the temptations of the world, I expressed to the father Trappist, my admiration of his conduct in thus sacrificing all, to withdraw himself from their influence. “We are cowards,” said he to me, “who have retired into a fortress, because we feel we want the courage to meet our enemy in the open field.” This reply was equally modest and ingenious.

After eight months passed in great anxiety, during which new vexations and persecutions were heaped on each other, Madame de Staël quitted Copet on the 23d of May, 1812, in great secrecy, and travelled through Germany. At Inspruck she went to see the famous tomb of Maximilian, which is in one of the churches there:—

‘The figure of Maximilian in bronze, is

kneeling upon a sarcophagus, in the body of the church, and thirty statues of the same metal, ranged on each side of the sanctuary, represent the relations and ancestors of the emperor. So much past grandeur, so much of the ambition formidable in its day, collected in a family meeting round a tomb, formed a spectacle which led one to profound reflection: there you saw Philip the Good, Charles the Rash, and Mary of Burgundy; and in the midst of these historical personages, Dietrich of Berne, a fabulous hero: the closed visor concealed the countenances of the knights, but when this visor was lifted up, a brazen countenance appeared under a helmet of brass, and the features of the knight were of bronze, like his armour. The visor of Dietrich of Berne, is the only one which cannot be lifted up, the artist meaning in that manner to signify the mysterious veil which covers the history of this warrior.’

When Madame de Staël arrived at Vienna, Count Stachelberg, the Russian ambassador, wrote to his imperial master for passports for her. Bonaparte was at this time at Dresden, whither all the German princes had resorted, to do him homage:—

‘Napoleon had stopped at Dresden, under the pretext of still negotiating there to avoid the war with Russia, in other words, to obtain by his policy the same result as he could by his arms. He would not at first admit the King of Prussia to his banquet at Dresden; he knew too well what repugnance the heart of that unfortunate monarch must have to what he conceives himself obliged to do. It is said that M. de Metternich obtained this humiliating favour for him. M. de Hardenberg, who accompanied him, made the remark to the Emperor Napoleon, that Prussia had paid one third more than the promised contributions. The emperor, turning his back to him, replied, “An apothecary’s bill,”—for he has a secret pleasure in making use of vulgar expressions, the more to humble those who are the objects of it. He assumed a sufficient degree of coquetry in his way of living with the Emperor and Empress of Austria, as it was of importance to him that the Austrian government should take an active part in his war with Russia. In a conversation with M. de Metternich, I have been assured that he said, “You see very well that I can never have the least interest in diminishing the power of Austria as it now exists; for, first of all, it suits me that my father-in-law should be a prince of great consideration; besides, I have more confidence in the old than in the new dynasties. Has not General Bernadotte already taken the side of making peace with England?”

From Vienna, Madame de Staël passed into Galicia, and receiving her passport, she travelled through Poland, to Russia:—

'The Poles,' she says, 'love their country as an unfortunate friend; the country is dull and monotonous, the people ignorant and lazy; they have always wished for liberty; they have never known how to acquire it. But the Poles think that they can and may govern Poland, and the feeling is very natural. The education, however, of the people is so much neglected, and all kind of industry is so foreign to them, that the Jews have possessed themselves of the entire trade, and make the peasants sell them, for a quantity of brandy, the whole harvest of the approaching year. The distance between the nobility and the peasantry is so immense, the contrast between the luxury of the one, and the frightful misery of the other is so shocking, that it is probable the Austrians have given them better laws than those which previously existed. But a proud people, and the Poles are so even in their misery, does not wish to be humbled, even when they are benefited, and in that point the Austrians have never failed. They have divided Galicia into circles, each of which is commanded by a German functionary; sometimes a person of distinction accepts this employment, but it is much more frequently a kind of brute, taken from the subaltern ranks, and who in virtue of his office commands in the most despotical manner the greatest noblemen of Poland. The police, which in the present times has replaced the secret tribunal, authorizes the most oppressive measures. Now let us only imagine what the police can be, namely, the most subtle and arbitrary power in the government, entrusted to the rude hands of the captain of a circle. At every post-house in Galicia, there are to be seen three descriptions of persons who gather round travellers' carriages: the Jew traders, the Polish beggars, and the German spies. The country appears exclusively inhabited by these three classes of men. The beggars, with their long beards and ancient Sarmatian costume, excite deep commiseration; it is very true, that if they would work they need not be in that state; but I know not whether it is pride or laziness which makes them disdain the culture of the enslaved earth.

'You meet upon the high roads processions of men and women carrying the standard of the cross, and singing psalms; a profound expression of melancholy reigns upon their countenance; I have seen them, when not money, but food of a better sort than they had been accustomed to was given them, turn up their eyes to heaven with astonishment, as if they considered themselves unfit to enjoy its bounty. The custom of the common people in Poland, is to embrace the knees of the nobility when they meet them; you cannot stir a step in a village without having the women, children, and old men saluting you in this manner. In the midst of this spectacle of wretchedness, you might see some men in shabby attire, who were spies upon misery; for that was the only

object which could offer itself to their eyes.'

In speaking of Moscow, we have the following anecdote:—

'Napoleon asked one of his generals, in the presence of M. de Balashoff, if he had ever been at Moscow, and what sort of city it was. The general replied that it had appeared to him to be rather a large village than a capital. "And how many churches are there in it?" continued the emperor. About sixteen hundred, was the reply. "That is quite inconceivable," rejoined Napoleon, "at a time when the world has ceased to be religious."—"Pardon me, sire," said M. de Balashoff, "the Russians and Spaniards are so still." Admirable reply! and which presaged, one would hope, that the Russians would be the Castilians of the north.'

In the road to Moscow, Madame de Staël stopped at Kiow, of which she gives some interesting particulars:—

'The houses at Kiow generally resemble tents, and at a distance the city appears like a camp; I could not help fancying that the moveable residences of the Tartars had furnished models for the construction of those wooden houses, which have not a much greater appearance of solidity. A few days are sufficient for building them; they are very often consumed by fire, and an order is sent to the forest for a house, as you would send to market to lay in your winter stock of provisions. In the middle of these huts, however, palaces have been erected, and a number of churches, whose green and gilt cupolas singularly draw the attention. When, towards the evening, the sun darts his rays on these brilliant domes, you would fancy that it was rather an illumination for a festival, than a durable edifice.

'The Russians never pass a church without making the sign of the cross, and their long beards add greatly to the religious expression of their physiognomy. They generally wear a large blue robe, fastened round the waist by a scarlet band; the dresses of the women have also something Asiatic in them; and one remarks that taste for lively colours which we derive from the east, where the sun is so beautiful, that one likes to make his éclat more conspicuous by the objects which he shines upon.'

The Greek religion is less intolerant than the Roman Catholic; and—

'The ceremonies of the Greek worship are at least as beautiful as those of the Catholics; the church music is heavenly; every thing in this worship leads to meditation; it has something of poetry and feeling about it, but it appears better adapted to captivate the imagination than to regulate the conduct. When the priest comes out of the sanctuary, in which he remains shut up while he communicates, you would say that you saw the gates of light opening; the cloud of incense which surrounds him, the gold

and silver, and precious stones, which glitter on his robes and in the church, seem to come from countries where the sun is an object of adoration. The devout sentiments which are inspired by Gothic architecture in Germany, France, and England, cannot be at all compared with the effect of the Greek churches; they rather remind us of the miseries of the Turks and Arabs, than of our churches. As little must we expect to find, as in Italy, the splendour of the fine arts; their most remarkable ornaments are virgins and saints, crowned with rubies and diamonds. Magnificence is the character of every thing one sees in Russia; neither the genius of man nor the gifts of nature constitute its beauties.

'The ceremonies of marriage, of baptism, and of burial, are noble and affecting; we find in them some ancient customs of Grecian idolatry, but only those which, having no connection with doctrine, can add to the impression of the three great scenes of life—birth, marriage, and death. The Russian peasants still continue the custom of addressing the dead previous to a final separation from his remains. Why is it, say they, that thou hast abandoned us? Wert thou then unhappy on this earth? Was not thy wife fair and good? Why, therefore, hast thou left her? The dead replies not, but the value of existence is thus proclaimed in the presence of those who still preserve it.'

Madame de Staël was quite in love with the Russians. The peasants, she says, 'have an elegance and softness about them, which you find no where else'; and she agrees with what was said by a person of fine intellect, that 'Russia resembled the plays of Shakspeare, in which all that is no trifle is sublime, and all that is not sublime is faulty.'

Our fair author reached Moscow at the time that the utmost preparations were making to prevent the invasion of Bonaparte, and she made the tour of this beautiful city only a month before it was reduced to ashes. Her description of it is one of the most interesting passages in her book. In the churches, she says, 'you see only ornaments of gold and silver and rubies'; and she was told, that a Russian had proposed to form an alphabet with precious stones, and to write a Bible in that manner:—

'Several of the palaces of Moscow are of wood, in order that they may be built quicker, and that the natural inconstancy of the nation, in every thing unconnected with country or religion, may be satisfied by an easy change of residence. Several of these edifices have been constructed for an entertainment; they were destined to add to the éclat of a day, and the rich manner in which they were decorated

has made them last up to this period of universal destruction. A great number of houses are painted green, yellow, or rose-colour, and are sculptured in detail, like dædemon ornaments.

“The citadel of the Kremlin, in which the emperors of Russia defended themselves against the Tartars, is surrounded by a high wall, embattled and flanked with turrets, which, by their odd shapes, remind one of a Turkish minaret, rather than a fortress like those of the west of Europe. But although the external character of the buildings of the city be oriental, the impression of christianity was found in that multitude of churches so much venerated, and which attracted your notice at every step. One was reminded of Rome in seeing Moscow; certainly not from the monuments being of the same style, but because the mixture of solitary country and magnificent palaces, the grandeur of the city, and the infinite number of its churches, give the Asiatic Rome some points of resemblance to the European Rome.

“It was about the beginning of August, that I was allowed to see the interior of the Kremlin; I got there by the same staircase which the Emperor Alexander had ascended a few days preceding, surrounded by an immense people, who loaded him with their blessings, and promised him to defend his empire at all hazards. This people has kept its word. The halls were first thrown open to me, in which the arms of the ancient warriors of Russia are contained; the arsenals of this kind, in other parts of Europe, are much more interesting. The Russians have taken no part in the times of chivalry; they never mingled in the crusades. Constantly at war with the Tartars, Poles, and Turks, the military spirit has been formed among them in the midst of the atrocities of all kinds brought in the train of Asiatic nations, and of the tyrants who governed Russia. It is not, therefore, the generous bravery of the Bayards or the Percys, but the intrepidity of a fanatical courage which has been exhibited in this country for several centuries.”

“From the ancient arsenal, I was conducted into the apartments formerly occupied by the czars, and in which the robes are preserved which they wore on the day of their coronation. These apartments have no sort of beauty, but they agreed very well with the hard life which the czars led and still lead. The greatest magnificence reigns in the palace of Alexander; but he himself sleeps upon the floor, and travels like a Cossack officer.

“They exhibited in the Kremlin, a divided throne, which was filled at first by Peter I. and Ivan his brother. The Princess Sophia, their sister, placed herself behind the seat of Ivan, and dictated to him what to say; but this borrowed strength was not able to cope long with the native strength of Peter I. and he soon reigned alone. It is from the period of

his reign that the czars have ceased to wear the Asiatic costume. The great wig of the age of Louis XIV. came in with Peter I. and without touching upon the admiration inspired by this great man, one cannot help feeling the disagreeable contrast between the ferocity of his genius and the ceremonious regularity of his dress. Was he in the right in doing away, as much as he could, oriental manners from the bosom of his people? Was it right to fix his capital in the north, and at the extremity of his empire? These are great questions which are not yet answered; centuries only can afford the proper commentaries upon such lofty ideas.

“I ascended to the top of the cathedral steeple, called Ivan Velki, which commands a view of the whole city; from thence I saw the palace of the czars, who conquered by their arms the crowns of Casan, Astracan, and Siberia. I heard the church music, in which the catholicon, Prince of Georgia, officiated in the midst of the inhabitants of Moscow, and formed a Christian meeting between Asia and Europe. Fifteen hundred churches attested the devotion of the Muscovite people.”

“Of the Russians we are told, that— ‘No civilized nation has so much in common with savages as the Russian people, and when their nobility possess energy, they participate also in the defects and good qualities of that unshackled nature. The expression of Diderot has been greatly vaunted: “The Russians are rotten before they are ripe.” I know nothing more false; their very vices, with some exceptions, are not those of corruption, but of violence. The desires of a Russian, said a very superior man, would blow up a city; fury and artifice take possession of them by turns, when they wish to accomplish any resolution, good or bad. Their nature is not all changed by the rapid civilization which was given them by Peter I.; it has as yet only formed their manners; happily for them, they are always what we call barbarians, in other words, led by an instinct frequently generous, but always involuntary, which only admits of reflection in the choice of the means, and not in the examination of the end; I say happily for them, not that I wish to extol barbarism, but I designate by this name, a certain primitive energy which can alone replace in nations the concentrated strength of liberty.’

From Moscow, our exiled author went to St. Petersburg, where she was when peace with England was proclaimed. She had an audience of the Emperor, who conversed freely with her on politics:—

“The Emperor Alexander, whom Napoleon has endeavoured to misrepresent, is a man of remarkable understanding and information, and I do not believe that in the whole extent of his empire, he could find a minister better versed than himself in all that belongs to the judgment and

direction of public affairs. He did not disguise from me his regret for the admiration to which he had surrendered himself in his intercourse with Napoleon. His grandfather had, in the same way, entertained a great enthusiasm for Frederick II. In these sort of illusions, produced by an extraordinary character, there is always a generous motive, whatever may be the errors that result from it. The Emperor Alexander, however, described with great sagacity the effect produced upon him by these conversations with Bonaparte, in which he said the most opposite things, as if one must be astonished at each, without thinking of their being contradictory. He related to me also the lessons *à la machiavel*, which Napoleon had thought proper to give him: “You see,” said he, “I am careful to keep my ministers and generals at variance among themselves, in order that each may reveal to me the faults of the other; I keep up around me a continual jealousy by the manner I treat those who are about me; one day one thinks himself the favourite, the next day another, so that no one is ever certain of my favour.”

“The emperor talked to me with enthusiasm of his nation, and of all that it was capable of becoming. He expressed to me the desire, which all the world knows him to entertain, of ameliorating the state of the peasants still subject to slavery. “Sire,” said I to him, “your character is a constitution for your empire, and your conscience is the guarantee of it.”— “Were that even the case,” replied he, “I should only be a fortunate accident.” Noble words! the first of the kind, I believe, which an absolute monarch ever pronounced! How many virtues it requires, in a despot, properly to estimate despotism! and how many virtues also, never to abuse it, when the nation which he governs is almost astonished at such signal moderation.”

Madame de Staël did not long remain in Russia; but quitted it for Sweden; but her narrative breaks off before she arrived there; and her editor subjects a note, to state that she passed eight months at Stockholm, and then departed for London, where it will be recollected she remained a short time.

We have already stated that this work should not, from the circumstances under which it was written and published, be subjected to rigid criticism. In point of literary merit, it is certainly inferior to the former productions of the fair author; and her egotism is so prominent a feature in the whole narrative, that it is really disgusting even in a woman of her talents. It is, however, an entertaining volume, and will be read with interest by all who admire one of the most able female writers of the age.

The Privateer; a Tale. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 431. London, 1821.

THERE is not any class of books that comes under our notice, that we venture upon with so much reluctance as novels; to venture on a hot-pressed and wire-wove volume of poems or a more ostentatious 8vo. of travels, is a trivial task to encountering a novel in two or three volumes: the very cutting up the leaves is a laborious duty, to say nothing of the cutting up, which the work too often deserves afterwards. We should not, to ever, complain, if our labours did not so often go unrewarded; but too frequently, after passing over a barren desert without one cheering prospect, (the end of the work excepted,) and examining, page after page, for a favourable passage or toiling through a tedious story, in the hopes that the catastrophe at least may be interesting, we throw the work down in disgust, and lament the loss of time which might have been so much better employed. Such we are compelled to acknowledge is the character of three fourths of the novels that we meet with. There are, however, some grand exceptions. The Scotch novelist has redeemed the character of the host of novel writers; and there are other writers, who, though following at a humble distance, are not unworthy satellites of the splendid luminary.

We have been induced to make these remarks as rather apologetic for our introducing to the notice of our readers so few of the novels, which are so perpetually teeming from the press; but charity to the authors as well as to the public, induces us to pass them over in silence. We have said there are exceptions to this rather sweeping denunciation of novels; and we must name the work before us as one. *The Privateer* is a story of much interest; the language is pleasing and sometimes elegant; and the author evinces a knowledge of the world, and considerable talents in the portraying of individual character as well as in the grouping of the personages in the work, which we feel no hesitation in recommending to all our male and female friends who are novel readers.

Fidelia; or, the Prevalence of Fashion. 12mo. pp. 173. London, 1821.

'*FIDELIA*' is a novel of the old school; a sort of domestic tragedy, in which the miserable consequences resulting from a passion for gaming and duelling, are painted with great force. The

author, who appears to have mixed with the fashionable world, and is sensible of the errors too often attendant on persons of rank, gives them, in the story before us, a very useful warning. We cannot too much praise the benevolence of disposition, the delicacy of sentiment, and the excellent morality which the author discovers in every page of this little volume.

SPECIMEN OF
AN UNPUBLISHED WORK

Without a Name, written on a Nameless Occasion.

BOOK FIRST.

THE book's † half ended and I am well pleas'd,
Not with the book exclusively—but that
It is half ended—An unwieldy volume,
Like other ponderous things, is wearisome;
And this seems heavy in more ways than one.

Now I do mightily affect a book
Of such convenient and minute dimensions
As may be held between the thumb and finger,
And read reclining in an elbow chair.

A great book some one said is a great evil;
But when the book is half made up of margin
The evil is in that proportion lessened:
Thanks to the London printers, who provide
A comfortable breadth of vacant paper
On which the mind may rest itself, fatigued
With the bewildering simpleness that creepeth,
Turbid and deep sometimes and sometimes shallow

With even pace thm' the capacious page,
Like a dark gutter thro' a field of snow.

And who knows, said I to myself, but I
Might also make a book! † a goodly quarto.
The world is full of readers' patient souls,
Who may endure my tediousness perhaps
As well as that of others.—I'll afflict them
With a few lines by way of specimen;
And thus they may begin. I gat me up,
And wash'd my hands and face, and ate my breakfast,

And comb'd my head.—I use the common parlance

Because 'tis common tho' it is improper,
For I did comb my hair and not my head;
And this I did before I ate my breakfast,
And should have so recorded it; for events
Of any moment should be chronicled
Precisely in the order of their occurrence.
But let that pass.—Well, I did eat my breakfast,

And then I sat me in my elbow chair
And gazed most intently at the window:—
But tho' my eyes were on the window fix'd
I noted not the outward forms of things
Or aught enacting in the external world:—
No—in profound abstraction I did gaze
Into the 'dun obscure' of my own mind,
If haply I might spy and seize for use
Some tiny stragglers of the ideal world;
But gaz'd on vacancy, for naught was there.
Even so abideth in a barn, an owl.
The bird of wisdom, and with look sedate

• A literary friend has called our attention to the above excellent imitation of the chief of the lake poets. It appeared in the *National Gazette*, a new paper lately established at Philadelphia; and we are happy in transferring it to our pages.—Ed.

† Wordsworth's Excursion—the large London quarto edition.

Watcheth, and he too watcheth oft in vain
For the small cattle that inhabit there.

Faring thus meagerly I walk'd me forth
To inhale the freshness of the morning air
And read the features of surrounding things:—
So other wise men, when their homes are render'd,
By whatsoever cause, uncomfortable,
Direct their meditative steps abroad.

I love not early morning walks, I love not
To get my feet wet; and the bard who wrote
The silly trash of brushing dew away
To see the sun rise, hardly knew I fancy
What dew was made of, or the vile effect
That frequent soaking bath upon shoe-in-

ther,—
And yet he was a man who might have known
Once in his life perhaps, unlike the run
Of bards, the comfort of a pair of shoes.
Well, I did walk me down a quiet lane
In which was little to distract the thoughts
Of the wayfaring man, or lead him forth
From deep and dark communion with himself:—

It was not a green lane—a grassy lane—
And I have noted, that at certain seasons,
Particularly in the dead of winter,
But little green is met with any where,
Except indeed upon Venetian blinds
And the dried skins of murder'd katydids—
On either side and in the midst appear'd,
In proud defiance of marauding swine,
A goodly growth of Jemson weeds and Puke.

Now one who had pick'd up a farthing's worth

Of learned jargon, would embrace the occasion,
To shew his knowledge of outlandish terms
For common things, and say that in this lane,
Stramonium and the Phytolacca grew;
But I, who write for dwellers in the fields,
Write in the language of the land they live in,
And, therefore, write I—Jemson weed and Puke.

Oh! it hath smil'd me—that is, made me smile,

When I have seen an honest man endeavour
To pass himself for more than he was worth
Of mental treasure—in and out of season
Larding his lean and favourite discourse
With certain words of unthought learned length,
Which, like the parrot, he had got by rote.

As I did journey in this lane, beneath
A wither'd poke bush, I beheld a beecher—
A little beast he was, and had so tall—
A toad they call'd him, and he seem'd † in years,
And that toad, who had seen better days;
I lean'd my back against the fence, and stood
Under the shade of an old apple-tree,
That had been dead for years, my host un-

garter'd,
Hung ruefully in wrinkles at my ankles,
And my slouch'd hat, my forehead's old com-

panion,
Would have flapped mournfully about my ears
If there had been a breath of air to flap it.—
With both hands in my pockets thus I stood,
Resembling much a statue, (not of Greece),
And mus'd upon the toad, and the toad seem'd
As he were musing, and that reflection

Of by gone days and doings had mo'd him?
For ever and anon he raised his foot,
And wip'd his eye withal,—'tis wonderful
What curious thoughts unlook'd for will arise
Of in the minds of contemplative men—
Men who associate with the sticks and stones
And living tenants of the fields and woods.
Now, thought I, if this toad would get him up

kind. Their features are more regular, more animated; their complexions bear the marks of a warmer sun, and their eyes seem to participate of its fires; their carriage is graceful and noble; they have generally fine figures; they are not indeed angelic forms, but they are earthly Venuses. It has been supposed that the habitual view of those models of ideal beauty, the Greek statues, with which Italy abounds, may be an indirect cause conducing to the general beauty of the sex; be that as it may, I think the fine features and beautiful forms of the Italian fair have a great influence upon the minds of young artists, and this is, perhaps, one of the principal reasons why Italy has so long excelled in figure painters. A handsome female countenance, animated by the expression of the soul, is among the finest works of nature; the sight of it elevates the mind, and kindles the sparks of genius. Raphael took the models of his charming Madonnas from nature. Titian, Guido, Caracci, and others derived their ideas of female beauty from the exquisite countenances so frequent in their native country.

Intending to return to this very interesting volume in our next, we shall, for the present, conclude with an account of the defiles and echelles of Savoy:—

'While the custom house officers were visiting the goods with which the diligence is generally loaded, we got our dinner, and at two o'clock we started again. We soon arrived at the *pas du Chail*, which is the first defile one meets entering Savoy. The road is narrow and cut out of the perpendicular rock on the brink of a fearful precipice, at the bottom of which, runs the river Guisiers. It is over this frightful chasm that smugglers venture often in the depths of night, climb the rocks at the risk of being precipitated into the abyss below, and wading through the river, they pass from one territory into the other, where the gens d'armes are in watch for them, and where they run the chance of losing their property, and with it their liberty, and sometimes their lives. Still the temptation is so great, on account of the heavy duties by which the governments of Europe have now thought proper to fetter commerce, that numbers of people are known to five by smuggling all along the frontiers. Gully as they are of breaking the laws of the country, I cannot help compassionating in some degree many of these people, whom real necessity and want of resources in these inland districts lead to follow this dangerous and illegal course of life. What nights of watching, fatigue, and anxiety they must pass when engaged in their expeditions; the profits of which very often serve to enrich their employers who rest secure at home, and who give them such a poor share as is barely sufficient to support existence. With what throbbing hearts must their fa-

milies be waiting for their return! The subject is certainly very sad, and one of the evils of the present system. The gens d'armes trace out the smugglers, like hunters after their prey. I perceived the manoeuvres of some of them who had got scent of a depot of contraband goods concealed in a solitary house situated on the Savoy bank of the river, near the road; those who were on foot surrounded the place at a distance, concealing themselves behind the bushes, and then one who was mounted galloped to the house, when all the rest rushed in. Our carriage driving on, I could not learn any thing of the success, but I felt that the scene was a most unpleasant one to reflect upon.

'We arrived at sun-set at the great pass of *les Echelles*, one of the most romantic I have seen. A range of table mountains, which I take to be a secondary chain of Alps, runs across Savoy, between the Rhone and the Isere, and seems to forbid the approach to Italy on that side, appearing like an outwork of the great Alpine barrier. Formerly, the only way to proceed was by steps cut in the rock, accessible only to pedestrians, and resembling ladders, from which the pass took the name of *les Echelles*. Charles Emmanuel II. Duke of Savoy, had a road opened by mines through this mass of rocks for a length of about two miles; a most useful and noble undertaking. An inscription remains in commemoration of the sovereign who had it constructed. The road is winding, the cliffs are in some places nearly a thousand feet high, and almost perpendicular. A solemn stillness reigns in this region. At a tremendous height above your head, a few sheep and goats, scarcely distinguishable by the sight, are straying on the crags which hang over the precipice, and higher up, the azure sky contrasts with the grey colour of the rocks by which you are inclosed on every side, so as not to perceive any issue. The whole forms a most wild and dreary scene. In the midst of these horrors, the singular appearance of a beggar stationed on one side of the road, strikes the traveller. This man has lived twenty years in this place, in a kind of wooden hut built against the rock, ten feet in length and six in breadth; there he sleeps, works, cooks his scanty repast, and collects the alms of the passengers. A strange existence, which still must have its attractions.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Lord of the Desert; Sketches of Scenery, Foreign and Domestic; Odes; and other Poems. By David Carey, Esq. 12mo. pp. 225. London, 1821.

MR. CAREY is a very prolific writer, and extends his talents over a very considerable portion of the field of literature; we find him avowedly a poet, a novelist, and a critic on the fine arts,

and we think we could trace him in several other characters, in which he is not less successful.

The incidents in the principal poem in this volume, '*Ismael*,' are entirely fictitious, though some of the allusions may be traced to Arabian narrative; and to the well-known fact, that the inhabitants of the Arabian deserts are descendants of Ismael, whose hands, it was foretold, should be against every man and every man's hands against them. The prophecy has been verified, as from age to age these Ismaelites have been in perpetual hostility with the surrounding nations, and yet they occupy the same wilderness still.

The subject is a good one for a poet, and Mr. Carey has treated it well; there is much bold imagery painted in harmonious verse in his poem, which has all the characteristics of true poetry. We shall only make one extract; it is a description of a caravan perishing in a desert, and the fate of Ismael and his companions, for which the author acknowledges himself indebted to a painting by Mr. Horace Vernet, exhibited in the Louvre, at Paris:—

'O'er trackless deserts, rocking in his ire
Each blood-stained altar and each fan of fire,
Sirocco pours, with pestilential breath,
His scorching whirlwinds and his gales of death.'

Alas! what dire misfortunes press around
The travellers now who tread Arabian ground!
Long journeying haps from Assyrian land
To Mecca's holy fane, through wastes of sand;
With fainting frame and melancholy eye,
That droop beneath the fierce un pitying sky,
Perish'd by increasing thirst and hopeless toil,
They slowly track and scan the barren soil.
Upward from billowy bed and moving plain,
As if the ocean had enlarg'd her reign:
First the long column, with prognostic fire,
Of sand, rolls on, illum'd with sparkling fire.
Near and more near the dreadful grim draws,
And bids Death open wide his fearful jaws.
Earth heaves—the caravan is buried deep;
The camel-driven cease their songs, and weep.
Mourn in your beauty, maids of Mecca,
Mourn!

The faithful youths that never shall return—
Priests of Medina! chant the sorrowing verse,
And hang with blackening pomp the sacred
hearse;

For you, with ceaseless step and anxious toil,
No sainted pilgrims bring th' accustom'd
spoil—

No balsams from spicy glades your shrines to
heap—

Priests of Medina, mourn—and maids of Mecca,
weep!

'Oh, why thus leave, with heart unkind,
The vales of fragrance far behind?
The sheltering grove, the mead, the hill,
The freshness of the gellid rill;
For desert scenes, where limpid stream
Ne'er glustened to the solar beam
And never herb or blossom drew
From Heaven the sweet empearling dew?'

What danger threatens? what foes assail?
What thoughts have steel'd thy breast, Israel!
That thou no more the truth wilt prove
Of Osman's vow, and Osman's love?
Alas! my heart forbidden woe,
When first I mark'd thy darkened brow,
And shuddering, trembling, heard thee own
That thou wert Hassan Sabah's son."

"The reddening cloud's portentous sign,
Precursor dread of wrath divine,
Is gathering in yon lurid sky;
Fly, traveller! dauntless horseman fly!
Ah! whither may the victim speed
From swift-wing'd death on fleetest steed?
The terror of the waste, Simoom,
Has spread around his sulken gloom—
Simoom, whose very breath is fate—

Fly, fly, Neidina! ere too late.
Alas! the cheek that once was warm
With love's and beauty's matchless charm,
Is languid now, and gustily pale;—
Behold thy victim now, Israel!
That drooping form, that dear one see,
The victim sad of love and thee.
In vain, with grief and breast of flame,
Thou call'st upon Khadij's name,—
Yain now is all thy tenderest care;
For fate with cruel dart is there.

"Short is the strife—the struggle vain
Where such triumphant conquerors reign.
Like Lily on the desert heath,
The lov'd Neidina sinks to death,
Where not a blossom springs to shed
Its velle incense o'er the dead;
But these dim clouds and lowering skies
Were but the gates of Paradise,
That opened to thy gaze, loved fair,
Thou' unfulfilling joys that centre there—
To thee, the angel of the good,
With smiles of pure beatitude,
The welcome gave from worlds like this
To scenes of never-dying bliss.

"The train have fled—the victor train
That late in triumph scour'd the plain,
Or sleeps at length the gory band
Beneath the mountain heaps of sand.
The lov'd, the lone, the brave Israel,
With maddening pulse and visage pale,
Alone defies the dread Simoom,
And claims Neidina from the tomb—
"Dread tyrant of the burning zone,
Who n'd'st supreme on Azrael's throne,
Though thus life's blossom thou may'st blight,
Thou shalt not hide her from my sight."

"Where once the palm-tree strove to spread
A shelter for the traveller's head,
His hands with frantic toil inhumed
The relics of Neidina's bloom;
There fondly strives the youth to trace
Each feature of her lovely face!
There dwells on every look and smile
That charm'd his captive heart erewhile;
Each pitying glance reviews with joy,
She gave the helpless Arab boy,
And every bliss and every pain
That memory loves to entertain;
Till with fresh vigour to destroy,
The ravager of life and joy
Comes awful forth, and lays Israel
Beside Neidina's ashes pale,
Mute as those lips, whose odorous breath
Gave fragrance to the caves of death.
There slumber in one lonely grave
The young, the beautiful, and brave;
No sculptur'd stone—no palm-tree's shade
Point where the hapless pair are laid;

The traveller's bones that whiten there
Alone the dreary spot declare!"

The author exhibits a considerable talent of description in his *Sketches of Scenery; and the Odes and Minor Poems* possess much merit. There is a great deal of beauty and delicate pathos in the following sketch of

'THE CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE,
IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF PARIS.

When, like the fleeting forms that fled
In youth's fair morning from the view,
We sink on death's ungenial bed,
And bid to life and love adieu;

If aught that once with influence kind
Could chase the mists of sorrow's gloom,
Can please the disembodied mind,
And shed a pleasure o'er the tomb,

'Tis when with sympathizing care
Affection rears the votive bower,
And weeping Pity's daughters fair
Trim the lone monumental flower.

As in the precincts of La Chaise,
The hands of beauty nurse the wreath
That spreads the bloom of vernal days
O'er the cold sanctuary of death,

If aught of consolation sweet
Can mingle with the cup of woe,
When, far from each belov'd retreat,
Fate lays the hapless stranger low;

'Tis that his ashes may repose
In peace, where those we love are laid,
Where death has never paled the rose,
And tears of piety are shed.

How sweet to him, when passion's past,
Whose vows were paid at beauty's shrine,
To sleep where Abelard at last,
And his lov'd Heloise entwined.

How sweet to those whose generous breast
Was form'd in nature's school to feel,
In the elysium of the blest,
To sleep with virtue and Delille!

And such thy scene of lasting sleep,
So tranquil and so hallow'd now,
La Chaise! where once in vengeance deep
Dark Persecution breathed his vow.

Where Superstition banish'd far
Sweet Love and Mercy from the ground,
Benignant Pity's milder star
A holier feeling spreads around.

Here oft o'er lost affection's bier,
The mother and the lover bend,
To dress with many a flower and tear
The cherish'd child, the parted friend.

Here, side by side, in flowery graves,
The Russian and the Spaniard lie,
And peace immortal olive waves
O'er warring nations' enmity.

Then mourn not, stranger, though thy doom
Be sorrow's lot, and brief thy days—
If joy can penetrate the tomb,
Thou'lt find it here—in Pere la Chaise."

Among the other poems, we have been much pleased with the *Birth of Hygieia*, *Anna's Grave*, and a ballad, called *Robin of Rubenslaw*, which possesses much of the beauty and simplicity of the old English ballad; it is, however, too long for us to quote, and we must content ourselves with a short-

er poem of a different character, but equally pretty:—

'THE LUTE.

I found it thistly fields among,
And rudely strove to wake its charm—
I dearly lov'd the voice of song,
My heart was young, my breast was warm.

I thought but of my lute and love—
I sung of joy with youthful fire,
I fondly thought that life would prove
The music of Apollo's lyre.

A day of sad experience came—
The rapture that my bosom fired
Was but a self-consuming flame—
The dream the lute and love inspired.

Th' enthusiast youth, who, lute, to thee
In pleasure's thoughtless triumph sings,
Though sweet thy jocund melody,
Too soon will weep o'er all thy strings.

Faust on the ear of boy's life
Falls the full, fond, and flowing strain;
Amid its mercenary strife,
Apollo's lute would sound in vain
The world has not a heart to feel;
And love but lives in vision's mood,
Or joins to woe a keener steel,
To pierce the gentle and the good."

Although we had previously formed a favourable opinion of Mr. Carey's poetic talents, yet we confess that opinion has been considerably enhanced by the perusal of the present volume, which contains some beautiful gems of poetry.

Ten Years' Exile; or, Memoirs of this interesting Period of the Life of the Baroness de Staël Holstein, written by herself.

(Concluded from p. 467.)

WHEN Madame de Staël's work on Germany was printed in Paris, though with the permission of the censorship, the minister of Police sent his officers to destroy the whole of the copies, (ten thousand,) and the author was ordered to quit France within three days. She, however, obtained permission to remain a few days longer, to arrange for her departure to America, which she at first determined on, but changed her destination for that of Coppet, her residence in Switzerland:—

"At fifty leagues from the Swiss frontier, France is bristled with citadels, houses of detention, and towns serving as prisons; and every where you see nothing but individuals deprived of their liberty, by the will of one man, conscripts of misfortune, all chained at a distance from the places where they would have wished to live. At Dijon, some Spanish prisoners, who had refused to take the oath, regularly came every day to the market-place to feel the sun at noon, as they then regarded him rather as their countryman; they wrapt themselves up in a mantle, frequently in rags, but which they knew how to wear with grace, and they gazed

know not; but such is the love of the marvellous, that we doubt not the 'mysterious circumstance' will be remembered when his explanation is forgotten. The following extract from the Colonel's letter will explain the whole affair. It is addressed to the editor of one of the morning papers:—

"Sir,—The alarm expressed by a lady on seeing me in Westminster Hall on the day of his Majesty's coronation, and the publicity which her ladyship judged it becoming to give to that expression of her alarm by means of your paper, I should have treated with the indifference due to such mock heroics in one of the fair sex, but that it has been copied into other papers with comments and additions, which seemed to me to reflect both upon my conduct and the Highland character. I trust, therefore, to your sense of justice for giving to the public the real history of the 'mysterious circumstance,' as it is termed. I had the honour of a Royal Duke's tickets for my daughter and myself to see his Majesty crowned, and I dressed upon that magnificent and solemn occasion in the full costume of a Highland chief, including, of course, a brace of pistols. I had travelled about six hundred miles for that purpose; and in that very dress, with both pistols mounted, I had the honour to kiss my Sovereign's hand at the Levee of Wednesday last, the 25th instant. Finding one of our seats in the Hall occupied by a lady on our return to the lower gallery (whence I had led my daughter down for refreshments), I, upon replacing her in her former situation, stepped two or three rows further back, and was thus deprived of a view of the mounted noblemen, by the anxiety of the ladies, which induced them to stand up as the horsemen entered, whereupon I moved nearer the upper end of the gallery, and had thereby a full view of his Majesty and the Royal Dukes upon his right hand. I had been standing in this position for some time, with one of the pilasters in the fold of my right arm, and my breast pistol in that hand pointing towards the seat floor on which I stood, when the Champion entered, by which means I hung my body forward in any thing but 'seemingly as if going to present it;'" in fact, I had taken it into my hand in order to relieve my chest from the pressure of its weight, after having worn it slung till then, from four o'clock. It was at this instant that a lady, within a short distance, exclaimed, "O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol!" to which I answered, "the pistol will do you no harm, Madam;" but a second time she cried out, "O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol!" This last I answered by assuring her that the pistol was not loaded, but that I would "instantly retire to my place, since it seemed to give her uneasiness;" and I was accordingly preparing to do so, when, accosted by a young knight errant, and closely followed by two

others likewise in plain clothes, one of whom, the first that began to mob me, for it merits no other term, laid his hand on my pistol, still grasped, under a loose glove, in my right hand; and, observing the numbers increase on his side, he asked me to deliver him the pistol. Need I say that, as a Highland chieftain, I refused his demand with contempt? The second gentleman then urged his friend's suit, but was equally unsuccessful; a Knight of the Grand Cross was then introduced with all due honours, by the name of Sir Charles, into this petty contention, and he also desired me to give up my pistol to that gentleman; which I flatly refused, but added, that understanding him by dress, &c. to be a Knight of the Grand Cross, he might have it if he chose, with all its responsibility; for, as I had already said, "it was not loaded, and pistols were a part of my national garb in full dress."

After stating the manner in which the Colonel satisfied the parties that his pistols were not loaded, he thus concludes his letter:—

"This, sir, is the whole history of the absurd and ridiculous alarm. Pistols are as essential to the Highlander's courtier's dress, as a sword to the English courtier's, the Frenchman, or the German, and those used by me on such occasions are unstained with powder, as any courtier's sword with blood; it is only the grossest ignorance of the Highland character and costume which could imagine that the assassin lurked under their bold and manly form."

"With respect to the wild fantasy that haunted Lady A.'s brain, of danger to his Majesty, I may be permitted to say, that George the Fourth has not in his dominions more faithful subjects than the Highlanders; and that not an individual witnessed his Majesty's coronation who would more cheerfully and ardently shed his heart's blood for him than —

"Your humble servant,
"not "Macnaughton," but

"ARD-FLATH SIOL-CAUINN MAC-MHIC ALASTAIR, which may be Anglified "Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell, of Glengarry and Clanronald."

"Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle Street,
"July 29."

Colonel Macdonald is, however, we believe, the head of his clan, which is one of the most distinguished in the Highland, and is the same gentleman who erected a monument to perpetuate an act of feudal justice, or rather vengeance, of which we find the following account in a contemporary collection of anecdotes:—

"By the side of a small fountain near the House of Glengarry, in the Highlands of Scotland, a pyramidal monument is to be seen, on the top of which are represented seven heads, with hideous distortion of feature, clutched by the hair in

an enormous hand, a sword in which appears as if it had been the instrument of their decollation. On the four sides of the pyramid there is written, in Gaelic, English, French, and Latin, the following inscription:—

'IN MEMORY
of the prompt and signal
VENGEANCE
which the orders of Lord Macdonell and Aross
directed
according to the rapid course
of
FEUDAL JUSTICE,
inflicted on
the Authors of the horrible Assassination
of
THE KEPPOCH FAMILY,
a branch
of the Powerful and Illustrious Clan,
of which
his Lordship was the Chieftain.
THIS MONUMENT IS ERRECTED
by
Colonel M'Donnell Glengarry,
his Successor
and
Representative,
the Year of our Lord, 1812.
The Heads of the Seven Murderers
were brought
TO THE FEET
of
the Noble Chieftain,
in
the House of Glengarry,
after having been washed
in the Fountain:
And since that event, which took place in the
first year of the Sixteenth Century, it has
always been known by the name of
THE FOUNTAIN OF HEADS.'

'The seven individuals were, it appears, beheaded without any form of trial; circumstances pointed them out as the authors of the crime; and without more ado, the chieftain gave order to his satellites to bring him their heads.' "May my feeble voice," says a French traveller, M. Dupin, "make known this infamous monument from one end of Europe to the other; and may people feel what difference there is between the arbitrary sentences, the prompt, the glorious exterminations of feudal times, and the constitutional judgments of our free juries."

Original Poetry.

IMPROMPTU

On exchanging Portraits with S—.

You gave me your portrait you know, my dear maid,

And I give you mine—so we're even you see;
But somehow I wish something more than the shade,

Its the substance I want, yes, the substance
for me.

If you wish the same, I've a way that ensures
Both wishes' fulfilment—this mighty design
Is—if you'll give the substance of this shade of
your's,

I'll give you the substance of that shade of
mine.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

SWEET Moon! who growest gently thro' the
"sky,"

And givest us the growth of thy white form;
Sweet little tearless infant, born on high,
Secure from sin and cradled o'er the storm:
The last fair child of the old sun's delight,
Permitted of the stars to look on thine
And venture round the purple zone of night,
With that young, soft, endearing face of
thine:

Thou teachest us to love thee for thy youth,
Thy beauty, cheerfulness, and chastity;
And may we catch a mirror of the truth
That to thy fount and silver age we see,—
Then, though thou wane into the sky, and space
Enshroud thee, still we bleat thy happy race.
Hiltington Green. P.

TO ALLAN EDWARDS.

(NOW OF THE WEST INDIES.)

BELOVED, though distant and unseen—
Remembered, though away;
We prize the pleasure which have been,
Nor scorn the mystic sway
Of memory, when she bids us turn
O'er valued friendship's loss to mourn.

The thought of thee is ever dear,
In moments gay or grave:
For when thou wert among us here,
Thy generous spirit gave,
Or tears or smiles, in sympathy,
As either might demanded be.

'Twas gallant at the festive board
Where thou wert wont to sit,
Dispensing from thy mental hoard,
The treasures of thy wit;

O, when shall we again renew
An intercourse so fine and true?

'Twas soothing when the fever's fire
Ran through thy writhing frame,
To see that sickness could not tire,
The soul on wings could tame.
O, then I thought how light were all
The trials that could us befall!

Noble and kind! Long years may fleet,
And we may still be parted;—
But it is not for me to meet
A friend so cordial-hearted:

And Allan Edwards still shall be
A dear and lovely name to me!
2d Jan. 1821. J. W. DALRY.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Kean has played some of his favourite characters to well-filled houses. His *Othello*, which is his masterpiece, and is the most complete and finished performance on the stage, attracted a crowded audience, who frequently testified their admiration by the most enthusiastic plaudits. Mr. Cooper sustained the character of Iago, for the first time, and developed talents for which we had scarcely given him credit. His conception of the character was extremely good: Iago is a villain, a deep designing villain, and most performers betray that character so much in their countenances, that *Othello* must be the re-

stiest 'ass that ever browsed a thistle,' to be imposed on by him. Mr. Cooper did better: for while he did not lessen his villainy, he concealed it under the mask of a polished gentleman, whose polite and friendly assurances might naturally work even on a man 'not easily jealous.' We never saw Mr. Cooper to so much advantage, nor Mr. Kean so well supported in the tragedy as on this occasion, and we hope the very excellent manner in which the two most important characters are sustained, will ensure frequent repetitions of the performance.

On Monday, the Queen again visited this theatre, and was received with the accustomed honours. The performance was *Richard the Third*, and as no play (*Othello* excepted) abounds with so many passages that may be applied to the unfortunate events of her Majesty's history, a portion of the audience frequently seized on them, to the great annoyance of those who only went to see the play. Some of the daily papers have, with bad taste, enumerated these allusions, which can have no other effect than keeping alive party feeling, and perpetuating the recollection of events which it would be well to bury in eternal oblivion. Her Majesty appeared to be much pleased with the performance, and to be fully sensible of the noisy honours heaped upon her.

On Wednesday night, a *fac-simile* (as far as the limits of a stage would permit it) of his Majesty's coronation was produced at this theatre, with unexampled splendour and effect. We have long been led to look to Covent Garden Theatre for spectacle, but in the present instance the palm must be given to Old Drury, whose lessee, Mr. Elliston, has far outstripped his rivals in this grand pageant, which has been got up with great cost and with minute exactness. The costume of the different classes in the procession, from the King down to the choristers, has been attended to and copied with singular fidelity. The spectacle opens with an admirable view of the Centre Pavilion; the platform is in front, and behind it are seen the soldiers, the groups in the pavilion, the spire of St. Margaret's church, and a part of Westminster Abbey. The procession along the platform was very fine, but rather too long, though the enlivening airs that were played, and the variety of dresses and personages, prevented any thing like tedium. The next scene represented the interior of Westminster Ab-

bey, where Mr. Elliston, who personated the monarch with great dignity, went through the ceremony of crowning and investing with all the insignia of sovereignty. To allow time for arranging the last scene, a sort of interlude was introduced, in which Knight personated a countryman, and sung a loyal song, which was encored. The last scene was the banquet, and it was splendid beyond description in every point of view. Whether we consider the manner in which it is painted, the brilliancy with which it is illuminated, or the elegance with which the tables are decorated, it strikes us as being one of the most superb scenes ever exhibited in a theatre. The Champion, attended by the Lord High Constable and the Lord High Steward, each mounted on a very fine horse, and preceded by heralds, pass along a platform raised in the centre of the pit to the stage, where the ceremony of the challenge is gone through. The Champion managed his horse extremely well, and this was the most pleasing part of the ceremony. The splendid scene concludes with the national air of God Save the King. The house was crowded, and the spectacle loudly cheered during the whole of its progress. Great praise is due to Mr. Elliston for the liberal manner in which he has got up this splendid pageant, and we doubt not but he will be munificently rewarded in the public patronage.

GOVERNMENT GARDEN.—The success of the coronation additions to the play of *Henry VIII.* has induced the managers to keep the theatre open a few days longer than was intended; it will, however, close on Tuesday next. The winter theatres keeping open in the dog-days, is a sad encroachment upon their more humble but equally respectable neighbours, the Haymarket Theatre and English Opera House, which is certainly in subversion of that good old proverbial maxim—'Live and let live.'

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—On Monday evening, a new musical drama was produced at this theatre, entitled *The Witch of Darnley*. It is a new version of the celebrated romance of *Guy Mannering*, and differs very materially from the play of that name, which has been so long popular. Some of the daily papers express great astonishment that any one should venture on dramatizing a subject which was already so familiar and so popular; but they must have a singular knowledge of the novel of *Guy Mannering*, if

And stand erect upon his feet as I do,—
And if it lik'd him, less against the fence,
This simple exercise of mere volition
To action moving his somnolent powers,
Might in the reptile work a glorious change;
But how, by what intricate combination
Obscure or obvious of involved modes,
Reader, I leave for thy own cogitation;—
I do but start a slumbering thought or two,
And those who like may hunt 'em down for me.

By this the sun rode high; it might be noon,
But I did not consult my watch—my watch
Is not wound up so often as it might be,
And might, indeed, as well remain unwound,
For it keeps time about as carefully
As doth a sieve keep water—but no matter;
The man who stireth him upon the mountains,
Or in the valleys under open sky,
Needs not the aid of curious instrument
To warn him how time passes—no; he beareth
In his own breast a faithful monitor

Which duly indicates the hour of noon—
Yea, more especially if he should labour,
And labour by the day, he is most certain
To hit the hour of noon before the time;
For the delightful intertwined ideas
Of noon and dinner in the labourer's mind,
Like man and wife, are never to be parted.
And why is this? To say the man is hungry,
Is to say nothing, or at best, no more.
Than that he longs for something unpossess'd—
A common case—and therefore longeth he?
A question this, important and abstruse;
But peradventure it may be resolved
In some such way as this: we may behold
In the outward world no vacuum—all is full
Of life and matter, multiform and mix'd,
Sentient and senseless, and may hence con-
clude,

That in the little world of man, the region,
Call'd in the pugilist's vocabulary,
Bread basket, (term significant and neat),
Eachweeth mightily all emptiness.

And further, we may readily perceive
Within us and without us all is motion;
One spirit of activity pervades,
With purposeless energy, all forms of being,
And analogically may infer,
That the prime agent in the aforesaid basket,
The gastric fluid, hateth idleness—
And finding nothing wherewithal to work,
Like famish'd tiger, falls upon its keeper,
And suffereth not the honest man to rest
Till he hath got his dinner—I'll get mine.

EXIT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CORONATION.

[So much has already appeared on the splendid ceremonial of the coronation, that we had determined to devote our columns to subjects which had not been so amply discussed. We are, however, induced to deviate from the course we had fixed, and we trust the occasion will justify us; since, whether the account we now present to our readers be by Sir Walter Scott or not, it is certainly from a much abler pen than any that has written on the subject, and it is well deserving a more important place than the ephemeral columns of a newspaper can give it. The letter which we subjoin, first appeared in the *Edinburgh Journal*, from which it was quoted in some other Scotch papers, as the

undoubted production of Sir Walter Scott; and, indeed, it has rather strong internal evidence of having proceeded from his pen.]

London, July 20.

SIR,—I refer you to the daily papers for the details of the great national solemnity which we witnessed yesterday, and will hold my promise absolved by sending a few general remarks upon what I saw with surprise, amounting to astonishment, and which I shall never forget. It is, indeed, impossible to conceive a ceremony more august and imposing in all its parts, and more calculated to make the deepest impression both on the eye and on the feelings. The most minute attention must have been bestowed to arrange all the subordinate parts in harmony with the rest; so that, amongst so much antiquated ceremonial, imposing singular dresses, duties; and characters, upon persons accustomed to move in the ordinary routine of society, nothing occurred either awkward or ludicrous, which could mar the general effect of the solemnity. Considering that it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, I own I consider it as surprising that the whole ceremonial of the day should have passed away without the slightest circumstance which could derange the general tone of solemn feeling which was suited to the occasion. You must have heard a full account of the only disagreeable event of the day. I mean the attempt of the misguided Lady who has lately furnished so many topics of discussion, to intrude herself upon a ceremonial, where, not being in her proper place, to be present in any other must have been voluntary degradation. The matter is a fire of straw, which has now burned to the very embers; and those who try to blow it into life again, will only blacken their hands and noses, like mischievous children dabbling among the ashes of a bonfire. It seems singular, that being determined to be present at all hazards, this unfortunate personage should not have procured a peer's ticket, which, I presume, would have insured her admittance. I willingly pass to pleasanter matters.

The effect of the scene in the Abbey was beyond measure magnificent. Imagine long galleries stretched among the aisles of that venerable and august pile—those which rise above the altar peeling back their echoes to a full and magnificent choir of music—those which occupied the sides filled even to crowding, with all that Britain has of beautiful and distinguished, and the cross-galleries most appropriately oc-

cupied by the Westminster school boys, in their white surplices, many of whom might on that day receive impressions never to be lost during the rest of their lives. Imagine this, I say, and then add the spectacle upon the floor—the altar surrounded by the fathers of the church—the King encircled by the nobility of the land and the counsellors of his throne, and by warriors wearing the honoured marks of distinction bought by many a glorious danger; add to this the rich spectacle of the aisles, crowded with waving plumage, and coronets, and caps of honour; and the sun, which brightened and saddened as if on purpose, now beaming in full lustre on the rich and varied assemblage, and now darting a solitary ray, which caught, as it passed, the glittering folds of a banner or the edge of a group of battle-axes or partizans, and then rested full on some fair form, 'the cynosure of neighboring eyes,' whose circlet of diamonds glistened under its influence; imagine all this, and then tell me if I have made my journey of four hundred miles to little purpose. I do not love your *cui bono* men, and, therefore, I will not be pleased if you ask me, in the damping tone of sullen philosophy, what good all this has done the spectators? If we restrict life to its real animal wants and necessities, we shall, indeed, be satisfied with 'food, clothes, and fire'; but Divine Providence, who widened our sources of enjoyment beyond those of the animal creation, never meant that we should bound our wishes within such narrow limits; and I shrewdly suspect that those *non est tanti* gentlefolks only depreciate the natural and unaffected pleasure which men like me receive from sights of splendour and sounds of harmony, either because they would seem wiser than their simple neighbours, at the expense of being less happy, or because the mere pleasure of the sight and sound is connected with associations of a deeper kind, to which they are unwilling to yield themselves.

Leaving these gentlemen to enjoy their own wisdom, I still more pity those, if there be any, who (being unable to detect a peg on which to hang a laugh) sneer coldly at this solemn festival, and are rather disposed to dwell on the expense which attends it, than on the generous feelings which it ought to awaken. The expense, so far as it is national, has gone directly and instantly to the encouragement of the British manufacturer and mechanic; and so far as it is personal, to the per-

soas of rank, attendant upon the coronation, it operates as a tax upon wealth and consideration, for the benefit of poverty and industry; a tax willingly paid by the one class, and not the less acceptable to the other, because it adds a happy holiday to the monotony of a life of labour.

But there were better things to reward my pilgrimage than the mere pleasures of the eye and ear; for it was impossible, without the deepest veneration, to behold the voluntary and solemn interchange of vows between the King and his assembled people, whilst he on the one hand called God Almighty to witness his resolution to maintain their laws and privileges, while they called, at the same moment, on the Divine Being, to bear witness that they accepted him for their liege sovereign, and pledged to him their love and their duty. I cannot describe to you the effect produced by the solemn, yet strange mixture of the words of Scripture, with the shouts and acclamations of the assembled multitude, as they answered to the voice of the prelate, who demanded of them whether they acknowledged as their monarch the prince who claimed the sovereignty in their presence? It was peculiarly delightful to see the King receive from the royal brethren, but in particular from the Duke of York, the fraternal kiss, in which they acknowledged their sovereign. There was an honest tenderness, an affectionate and sincere reverence, in the embrace interchanged between the Duke of York and his Majesty, that approached almost to a caress, and impressed all present with the electrical conviction, that the nearest to the throne in blood, was the nearest also in affection. I never heard plaudits given more from the heart than those that were thundered upon the royal brethren when they were thus pressed to each other's bosoms—it was an emotion of natural kindness, which, bursting out amidst ceremonial grandeur, found an answer in every British bosom. The King seemed much affected at this and one or two other parts of the ceremonial; even so much so, as to excite some alarm among those who saw him as nearly as I did. He completely recovered himself, however, and bore, (generally speaking,) the fatigue of the day very well. I learn, from one near his person, that he roused himself with great energy, even when most oppressed with heat and fatigue, when any of the more interesting parts of the ceremony were to be per-

formed, or when any thing occurred which excited his personal and immediate attention. When presiding at the banquet, amid the long line of his nobles, he looked 'every inch a king,' and nothing could exceed the grace with which he accepted and returned the various acts of homage rendered to him in the course of that long day.

It was also a very gratifying spectacle to those who think like me, to behold the Duke of Devonshire and most of the distinguished Whig nobility, assembled round the throne on this occasion; giving an open testimony that the differences of political opinions are only skin-deep wounds, which assume at times an ugly appearance, but have no real effect on the wholesome constitution of the country.

If you ask me to distinguish who bore him best, and appeared most to sustain the character we annex to the assistants in such a solemnity, I have no hesitation to name Lord Londonderry, who, in the magnificent robes of the garter, with the cap and high plume of the order, walked alone; and, by his fine face and majestic person, formed an adequate representative of the order of Edward III. the costume of which was worn by his lordship only. The Duke of Wellington, with all his laurels, moved and looked deserving the baton, which was never grasped by so worthy a hand. The Marquis of Anglessea shewed the most exquisite grace in managing his horse, notwithstanding the want of his limb, which he left at Waterloo. I never saw so fine a bridle-hand in my life, and I am rather a judge of 'noble horsemanship.' Lord Howard's horse was worse bitten than those of the two former noblemen, but not so much so as to derange the ceremony of retiring back out of the hall.

The champion was performed (as of right) by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a mailen knight, to be the challenger of the world in a king's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and shewed as much horsemanship as the crowd of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. His armour was in good taste, but his shield was out of all propriety, being a round *rondache*, or Highland target—a defensive weapon, which it would have been impossible to use on horseback, instead of being a three-corned, or *heater-shield*, which, in time of the tilt, was suspended round the neck. Pardon this antiqua-

rian scruple, which, you may believe, occurred to few but myself. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me, for I would have had the champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas*. And yet the young Lord of Scrivenby looked and behaved extremely well.

Returning to the subject of costume, I could not but admire what I had previously been disposed much to criticize—I mean the fancy-dress of the privy-councillors, which was of white and blue satin, with trunk-hose and mantlet, after the fashion of Queen Elizabeth's time. Separately, so gay a garb had an odd effect on the persons of elderly or ill-made men; but when the whole was thrown into one general body, all these discrepancies disappeared, and you no more observed the particular manner or appearance of an individual, than you do that of a soldier in the battalion which marches past you. The whole was so completely harmonized in actual colouring, as well as in association with the general mass of gay and gorgeous and antique dress which floated before the eye, that it was next to impossible to attend to the effect of individual figures. Yet a Scotsman will detect a Scotsman amongst the most crowded assemblage, and I must say, that the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland shewed to as great advantage in his robes of privy councillor, as any by whom that splendid dress was worn on this great occasion. The common court-dress used by the privy councillors at the last coronation, must have had a poor effect in comparison of the present, which formed a gradation in the scale of gorgeous ornament, from the unwieldy splendour of the heralds, who glowed like huge masses of cloth of gold and silver, to the more chastened robes and ermine of the peers. I must not forget the effect produced by the peers placing their coronets on their heads, which was really august.

The box assigned to the foreign ambassadors presented a most brilliant effect, and was perfectly in a blaze with diamonds. When the sunshine lighted on Prince Esterhazy, in particular, he glimmered like a galaxy. I cannot learn positively if he had on that renowned coat which has visited all the courts of Europe, save ours, and is said to be worth 100,000*l.* or some such trifle, and which costs the prince 100*l.* or two every time he puts it on, as he is sure to lose pearls to that amount.

This was a hussar dress, but splendid in the last degree; perhaps too fine for good taste,—at least it would have appeared so any where else. Beside the prince sat a good-humoured lass, who seemed all eyes and ears, (his daughter-in-law, I believe,) who wore as many diamonds as if they had been Bristol stones. An honest Persian was also a remarkable figure, from the dogged and imperturbable gravity with which he looked on the whole scene, without ever moving a limb or a muscle during the space of four hours. Like *Sir Witful Witwood*, I cannot find that your Persian is orthodox; for if he scorned everything else, there was a Mahometan paradise extended on his right hand, along the seats which were occupied by the peeresses and their daughters, which the prophet himself might have looked on with emotion. I have seldom seen so many elegant and beautiful girls as sat mingled among the noble matrons of the land; and the waving plumage of feathers, which made the universal head-dress, have the most appropriate effect in setting off their charms.

I must not omit that the foreigners, who are apt to consider us a nation *en froc*, and without the usual ceremonials of dress and distinction, were utterly astonished and delighted to see the revival of feudal dresses and feudal grandeur when the occasion demanded it; and that in a degree of splendour which they avowed they had never seen paralleled in Europe.

The duties of service at the banquet, and of attendance in general, were performed by pages, dressed very elegantly in *Henri Quatre* coats of scarlet, with gold lace; blue sashes, white silk hose, and white rosettes. There were also marshal's men for keeping order, who wore a similar dress, but of blue, and having white sashes. Both departments were filled up almost entirely by young gentlemen, many of them of the very first condition, who took these menial characters to gain admission to the show. When I saw many of my young acquaintance thus attending upon their fathers and kinsmen, the peers, knights, and so forth, I could not help thinking of *Crabbe's* lines, with a little alteration,—

‘Twas schooling pride to see the menial wait,
Smile on his father, and receive his plate.’

It must be owned, however, that they proved but indifferent valets, and were very apt, like the clown in the pantomime, to eat the beer they should have handed to their masters, and to play

other *tour de page*, which reminded me of the caution of our proverb, ‘not to man yourself with your kin.’ The peers, for example, had only a cold collation, while the aldermen of London feasted on venison and turtle; and such similar errors necessarily befel others in the confusion of the evening. But these slight mistakes, which indeed were not known till afterwards, had not the slightest effect on the general grandeur of the scene.

I did not see the procession between the Abbey and the Hall. In the morning a few voices called, ‘Queen! Queen!’ as Lord Londonderry passed, and even when the sovereign appeared. But these were only signals for the loud and reiterated acclamations, in which these tones of discontent were completely drowned. In the return, no one dissonant voice intimated the least dissent from the shouts of gratulation which poured from every quarter; and certainly never monarch received a more general welcome.

You will have from others full accounts of the variety of entertainments provided for John Bull in the parks, the river, in the theatres, and elsewhere. Nothing was to be seen or heard but sounds of pleasure and festivity; and whoever saw the scene at any one spot, was convinced that the whole population of London was assembled there, while others found a similar concourse of revelers in every different point. It is computed, that about five hundred thousand people shared in the festival, in one way or another; and you may imagine the excellent disposition by which the people were animated, when I tell you, that, excepting a few windows broken by a small body-guard of ragamuffins, who were in immediate attendance on the Great Lady in the morning, not the slightest political violence occurred to disturb the general harmony, and that the assembled populace seemed to be universally actuated by the spirit of the day; namely, loyalty and good-humour. Nothing occurred to damp those happy dispositions; the weather was most propitious, and the arrangements so perfect, that no accident of any kind is reported as having taken place. And so concluded the coronation of George IV. whom God long preserve. Those who witnessed it have seen a scene calculated to raise the country in their opinion, and to throw into the shade all scenes of similar magnificence, from the field of the cloth of gold down to the present day.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

AERONAUTIC EXCURSIONS OF MR. GREEN.

‘Thus did of old the adventurous Cretan dare,
With wings not given to man, attempt the air.’

In the darkness of the middle ages, every man distinguished by superior knowledge was supposed to possess the power of flying in the air; the idea soon descended to a lower class of projectors, many of whom perished in their unskilful attempts. So early as the reign of Harold, in the eleventh century, Elmer, a monk of Malmesbury, made one of these dangerous experiments, and in the true spirit of an inventor, though he failed, still he believed it possible to succeed. Milton, in his History of Britain, speaking of this monk, says,—‘He in his youth strangely aspiring, had made and fitted wings to his hands and feet; with these on the top of a tower, spread out to gather air, he flew more than a furlong; but the wind being too high, he came fluttering down to the maiming of all his limbs: yet so conceited was he of his art, that he attributed the cause of his fall to the want of a tail, as birds have, which he forgot to make to his hinder parts.’

We need not however go so far back as the middle ages, since, so late as the year 1755, a fanciful scheme on the grandest scale for navigating the atmosphere was made by one Joseph Galien, a Dominican Friar at Avignon. This visionary proposed to collect the fine diffuse air of the higher regions, where hail is formed, above the summit of the loftiest mountains, and to enclose it in a bag of a cubical shape and of the most enormous dimensions, extending a mile every way and composed of the thickest sail cloth. With such a vast machine for outrivaling in the boldness and magnitude the ark of Noah, he thought it would be possible to transport a whole army through the air with all their munitions of war.

Men of science had long been acquainted with the principles on which a balloon could be conducted, but it was reserved for Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, sons of the proprietor of an extensive paper manufactory at Annouay in France, to reduce these principles to complete effect. The first public ascent of a balloon was exhibited at their native town on the 5th of June, 1783. They afterwards con-

• We believe an English Baronet has been some years engaged in constructing an aeronautic machine in the form of a bird, which he proposes to be able to navigate.

structed one on a larger scale at Paris, which reached the height of 1500 feet. A sheep, a cock, and a duck which had been put into the basket, the first animals ever carried up in the air, were found perfectly safe, and unhurt by the journey, and the sheep was even feeding at perfect ease.

The first aërial voyage ever made by man was on the 21st of November, 1783, when Pilatre de Rozier a young, naturalist of great promise, accompanied by the Marquess d'Arlandes, ascended from the Chateau de Murette. When the balloon was launched, wonder mixed with anxiety was depicted in every countenance, but when, from their lofty station in the sky, the navigators calmly waved their hats, and saluted the spectators below, a general shout of acclamation burst forth on all sides. As they rose much higher, however, they were no longer visible to the naked eye: they

"in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurn the ground; thence many a
legue,
As in a cloudy chair ascending, rise,
Audacious."

This balloon soared to an elevation of more than 3000 feet, and traversed by a circuitous route the whole of Paris. The daring aeronauts, after a journey of twenty-four or twenty-five minutes, in which they described a track of six miles, safely alighted beyond the Boulevards.

Such was the prosperous issue of the first aerial navigation ever performed by mortals; it was a conquest of science, which all the world could understand. Other experiments were now made in rapid succession, and some of the adventurers soared to the immense height of *thirteen thousand feet*.

Of the history of balloons since that period little remains to be said; for neither in their construction nor in the manner of steering them, has there been much improvement, though aerial ascents have been frequent in every country of Europe. One of the most successful of English aeronauts was Mr. Sadler, who has made many very successful ascents from the metropolis and other large towns. It is, however, we believe, five or six years since any balloon ascended from London, until the day of his Majesty's coronation, when Mr. Charles Green, of Goswell Street, made an ascent from the Green Park under rather novel circumstances.

From a variety of experiments, Mr. Green became persuaded that common gas would answer the purpose of aerostation, and though several men of

science endeavoured to dissuade him from the trial, he determined to make it. The balloon in which he ascended was thirty-one feet in diameter, as nearly the size as possible of the one with which Garnerin first made an ascension in England. It was inflated with about 1900 cubic feet of carbonated hydrogen gas, supplied from the pipes of the original gas company. The day was remarkably fine, and the ascent, which was a very fine one, gave much delight to the countless thousands who were assembled in various parts of the metropolis. The balloon remained a considerable time in sight, when Mr. Green having thrown out some ballast, he

"With fresh alacrity, and force renewed,
Sprung upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse!"

and, after traversing the air for forty-five minutes, he descended in a field about four miles from Barnet, in the parish of South Mimms, having, as he calculates, travelled altogether, in various directions, upwards of fifty miles. The following extract from Mr. Green's own narrative of his aerial voyage, is interesting:—

"About five minutes before one o'clock the ropes were divided; and having taken my seat in the car, the balloon rose in a majestic manner, nearly perpendicularly. The almost deafening shouts of the populace, and the roar of canon that took place when I had ascended a considerable distance from the earth, agitated the balloon. I felt the effect of it most sensibly. The moment the discharge of cannon took place, I knew it was the signal to be given when the crown was set upon the head of my most gracious Sovereign, and I drew the cork of a bottle of brandy, and, having poured out a full glass, I drank 'health, long life, and a glorious reign to his Majesty.' The effect of the air upon the brandy is worthy of notice: when I drew the cork, a report took place, which I attribute to the rarification of the air, similar to that produced by drawing a cork out of a bottle of soda-water. When the balloon travelled at its greatest rapidity, I felt not the least motion; it appeared as if the car in which I sat was stationary, and that the earth was receding from me. The balloon took a north-east direction at first; and on my looking down upon the vast assemblage of persons in Westminster, the delight I felt is out of my power to describe. The view presented one entire living mass of more than a million of human beings. Having ascended as high as I could without throwing out ballast, I determined, as the weather was so fine, to keep in sight as long as possible. I threw out two bags of sand of 10lbs. weight each, and immediately the balloon rose with astonishing rapidity almost perpendicularly, according

to my wish. When the balloon arrived at its utmost altitude, which, in my opinion (I could not be certain, in consequence of the oscillation of the quicksilver in the barometer), was about eleven thousand feet from the earth, I found that I had entered a current of air, conveying me directly eastward, towards the North. The cold was extreme. I put on a cloak which I took up with me, and on looking at my glass I found that it was below 30—two degrees below the freezing point. I was fearful of being carried to sea, and immediately opened the valve; the gas issued in considerable quantities; and I found, by the increase of the size of objects below me to my optics, that I was descending very rapidly. The largest fields, which a few minutes before appeared to be not more than six inches square, increased in size greatly; and I very soon saw the sea and a number of vessels most distinctly. The balloon had a rotatory motion, and turned about four times in a minute."

On Wednesday, Mr. Green made a second ascent in the same balloon, from the Belvidere Tavern, Pentonville. It was again filled with common gas. At half past three o'clock, Mr. Green having taken his seat in the car, the cords were cut, and the balloon rose in a majestic manner amidst the shouts of an immense number of persons who had assembled. After remaining nearly stationary for a short time at the height of about 700 feet, Mr. Green threw out some ballast, and the balloon was soon lost to human view. The daring aeronaut traversed the air for half an hour, and then descended at Barking, without the slightest injury to himself or his aerial machine.

MACDONNELL OF GLENGARRY.

A day or two after the coronation, the newspapers, with great gravity, related a 'mysterious circumstance' which occurred, and which may, at some future period, figure in a romance or a melo-drama. At the coronation of George III. when a lady accidentally dropped a white glove in the hall, it was considered as a defiance to the Champion's challenge; and as nobody but the Pretender could be supposed to dispute the king's title to the crown, it was taken for granted that he must have been there; as stories gain in telling, the supposition was converted into an assertion, and it was stated that a nobleman actually recognized the Pretender in petticoats. What turn may hereafter be given to Colonel Macdonnell's appearance in the gallery, in the costume of a Highland chieftain, we

they are ignorant that it affords an ample field for half-a-dozen dramas essentially different, but all deeply interesting. *The Witch of Derneleugh*, which is from the pen of a young author of considerable promise, Mr. Planché, adheres much more closely to the original work, both in the incidents and language, than the drama of *Guy Raverling*: the Scotch manners are more faithfully imitated, and some of the characters even speak the Scottish dialect, though not in a manner that would give it any additional recommendation to a North Briton. The hero and heroine, Dirk Hatternick and Meg Merrieries, resume the important station they hold in the novel, and, from the powerful manner in which they are represented, they are prominent characters indeed. In the former, Mr. T. P. Cooke not only spoke like a Dutchman, who had learned the English language, but displayed all that daring ferocity which might be supposed to belong to the head of a desperate gang of smugglers, who possessed physical powers to give effect to his courage. His scene with Glossin, when he reproaches him with his villainy and his cowardice, and makes him promise to give him a thousand guineas, as an indemnity for the loss of his cargo, was admirable; nor was he less in character in his interview with Meg Merrieries, when his vengeance was restrained by the threat, that if he killed her, 'he would have but an hour to rue it.' It was not the dread of a common death, but the awe which the supernatural influence of which he supposed the witch of Derneleugh possessed, that worked upon him. Miss Kelly sustained the part of Meg Merrieries, and although we cannot congratulate her on her Scottish dialect, yet we must say this was the only drawback on a performance that was otherwise perfect. The Meg Merrieries of Miss Kelly was a drawing of her own conception, or rather a faithful portrait of the character as drawn in the novel. It differed from all those that have been presented to us by other actresses; it was a prominent, bold, and just colouring given to every part of this original portrait. She gave an awe-inspiring power to her supernatural agency; she commanded, she threatened, like a superior being, and was obeyed. The manner, the tone, and energy with which she brought to light the just claims of Ellengowan's heir, electrified and delighted the audience. It reminded us of some of those exquisite bursts of impassioned

feeling with which Mrs. Siddons was wont to display her unrivalled powers in the sublime parts of tragedy. It is hardly necessary to observe, that every part of her performance drew forth loud and continued applause. From the manner in which we have spoken of the two principal characters, their tendency to throw the rest in the shade will be easily conceived; they were, however, performed very respectably. Wilkinson was amusing in Domine Sampson. Pearman and Broadhurst sung some pretty airs, which were much applauded. Glossin was well represented by Mr. Bennet, and Mr. Salter played the part of Dandie Dimmont with great spirit. The scenery is pretty, and the piece was received with unmixed applause.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—This house has been extremely well attended through the week, and a succession of popular pieces have been played with good taste and spirit. In the comedy of *Exchange no Robbery*, Mr. Oxberry joined the company, and convulsed the audience with laughter by his facetious representation of Sam Swipes.—Captain Littleworth was played by Mr. Horrebow, from a provincial theatre; his figure is well fitted for the character of a youthful naval hero; he represents the gentleman with natural ease, and his expression is distinct and appropriate; but we must see him in characters of a more difficult description, before we can decide upon his general merits.

SADLER'S WELLS.—This compact little theatre continues to enjoy a strong share of the public favour. *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* has proved very attractive, and a new melo-drama has been produced, which displays, among other novelties, the vast sheet of water peculiar to this house, upon which the storming of a castle is exhibited with good effect.

Literature and Science.

The Northern Expedition.—As every thing relating to our adventurous countrymen, now endeavouring to solve the great geographical question of a North-West Passage, cannot but excite interest, we readily add the following extracts of letters from officers attached to the expedition, in addition to the early information contained in our last:—

'His Majesty's ship Fury, Davis's Straits, June 30, 1821.

'MY DEAR SIR,—The transport Nautilus, which has accompanied us thus far

on our voyage, is about to return to the Thames, where she is expected to arrive about the end of July. I gladly avail myself of the opportunity she affords of acknowledging the receipt of your kind letter of the 29th of April, and also of the account of the Tonga Islands. For these, and your good wishes for our welfare, I beg you to accept my most sincere thanks.

The perusal of that work has already afforded me pleasure and much information, and should we be so happy as to effect the so-long doubted passage into the Pacific, it may render us invaluable assistance. In that event, we should doubtless visit many of the islands that are washed by that immense ocean. At the Sandwich Islands we should certainly refresh and rest for the homeward voyage; but the Tonga Islands (which Mr. Mariner's Narrative has made doubly inviting) I fear, will be out of our track, whether we return home by circumnavigating the new world, or by passing through the Indian Ocean and round the Cape of Good Hope, and so making a circuit of the globe.

Hitherto, our voyage has been unmarked by any incident. We arrived at the edge of the ice, about forty miles from Hudson's Straits, on the 18th instant; since that period we have been employed in emptying the transport, an operation much impeded by a prevalence of cold dense fogs and boisterous weather. We enter the ice in prosecution of our voyage immediately; its comparative thinness in this latitude does not promise to offer us much resistance, and we may calculate upon arriving at the north-east end of Southampton Island by the 1st August. About these parts, of which our geographical knowledge is very confused, there is the greatest probability of finding the true coast of Continental America, which, if found, we expect will lead us eventually into the Pacific. The obstacles which oppose a successful navigation of such a coast are, however, too many and obvious to warrant an unbounded confidence of success. The general feeling is sanguine; and if, by the blessing of Providence, our timbers should hold together, I do not despair of dating the next letter I shall have the pleasure of writing to you from Kamschatka.

In the mean while, wishing the enjoyment of health, and all the good things we leave behind, I remain,

'My dear sir, yours, &c.

*'JOHN EDWARD, Surgeon of the Fury.
'To Dr. Martin, Registrar of the Royal Humane Society.'*

The following is an extract of a letter from another officer attached to the expedition, and is of the same date:—

'To-morrow we commence with the ice, and enter Hudson's Straits as soon as possible, keeping the north shore on board, until we reach (Middleton's) Repulse Bay. After examining that, we proceed to the Frozen Straits, where our

greatest hopes of success lie, and where we expect to find an opening that communicates with Prince Regent's Inlet of last voyage. Should this prove to be the case, Captain Parry is almost sure of making the passage, because we cannot be led farther to the northward than 70 or 71; consequently, we shall have a long summer and a less thickness of ice to contend with. Should, however, all these our hopes and conjectures prove otherwise, we must go to the old road (Lancaster Sound), and endeavour, by keeping the south shore on board, to get on the Continent. If we find that so much of this year is expended in examining Hudson's Straits, as to leave but little hopes of doing any thing beyond getting into Lancaster Sound, we are ordered to return to England to refit and victual the ship; but a great deal is left to the discretion of Captain Parry, whom we place every confidence in. The transport leaves us completed with three years' full allowance of every thing, with 118 chaldrons of coals in the *Fury*, and about 120 in the *Hecla*; they are both so deep, that if a gale comes on before we get sheltered among the ice, I am afraid some damage will be done. Hitherto we have been very fortunate, the *Hecla's* having lost a boat, being the only damage sustained since our leaving Deptford. Both crews are very healthy, and, I am happy to say, seem very well-behaved men.

The Antarctic Islands.—Vessels from the lands situated to the south of Cape Horn, have arrived in different ports, with cargoes of seal skins. The regions visited by the New York navigators, lie in about the latitude of 62 deg. where vegetable life is so rare, that a little grass, in a few favoured places, and some moss on the rocks, are all the forms of it that exist. The dreary climate exhibits, during the entire summer, perpetual snow and ice; nor tree, nor even shrub appears.

The minerals brought home by Mr. B. Astor, are partly primitive and partly volcanic. The samples produced by Dr. Mitchell are—1. Quartz, in compact and crystallized forms. 2. Amethyst, in crystals. 3. Porphyry, in small masses. 4. Rough onyx, in pebbles. 5. Lumps of coarse flint. 6. Elegant Zeolite, like that of the Ferro group, in the North Atlantic Ocean. 7. Pumice stone. 8. Pyrites, surcharged with sulphur.

The manuscript chart made by Mr. Hampton Stewart, is an instructive addition to geography, and ought to be incorporated in the charts of the globe. Geologists will learn with surprise, that the high grounds and summits of the rocks in several of the spots that have been visited, are strewn with skeletons of whales, and relics of other

marine animals, leading to a belief that the whole of the materials have been hove up by the operation of volcanic fire, from the depths of the ocean.

Further disclosures of the natural constitution of this curious region, are expected with impatience from future adventurers. There appears to be a wide field for new and original observation.

It is also hoped we shall soon receive a more full and satisfactory account of the Terra Australis, or continent of the southern hemisphere, occupying the vast space between the tracts already surveyed and the pole.—*New York Gazette of May 8.*

Welsh Epitaphs.

This spot is the sweetest I have seen all my life,
For it raises my flowers and covers my wife.

On a Drunken Husband.

I care not what flowers rise over the elf,
Provided the drunkard will not rise himself.

Disposable Epitaph.

Here lies my dear wife, a sad slattern and shrew,
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Prior and E. G. B. are requested to send to our office on Monday, for letters.

The favours of several correspondents are received, and shall have early attention.

The Author of 'All our Glories' quite misunderstands the principles on which the *Literary Chronicle* is conducted.

Advertisements.

Mr. Malone's *Shakespeare*,
(Superintended by Mr. Boswell.)

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No. 117.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

LORD BYRON'S NEW POEM.

Don Juan, Cantos III., IV., and V., 8vo. pp. 318. London, 1821.

THERE is no living poet half so popular as Lord Byron, nor is there any effort of his muse that has been so much read or so severely censured as the first two cantos of *Don Juan*. The mysterious announcement of '*Don Juan* in a few days;' the brief title page of only sixteen words; the want of a publisher's name to the work, and the stanzas of asterisks, which were supposed to have marked the curtailments, all tended to give an additional interest, and to excite an unusual degree of curiosity respecting the poem. It was universally read, much admired, often abused, expelled from reading rooms and book-societies, proscribed at boarding-schools, abjured by married men, and read in secret by their wives throughout the whole kingdom. The price at which it was first published was some restraint on public curiosity, but as the copy-right was not secured, pirated editions gratified most abundantly the avidity of the reading world, and made his lordship's poetry and his morals most extensively known.

The volume now before us is a continuation of the adventures of that vicious libertine, *Don Juan*; but, before we enter upon the story, we shall say a word or two on some recent attacks upon his lordship. A gentleman, who can do better things, has devoted, or rather sacrificed about a dozen pages in a contemporary journal, to expose what he calls the plagiarisms of Lord Byron; the exposure has, however, recoiled on himself, and shown his weakness and ill-nature. He tells us that his lordship has transferred whole lines into his productions from the poem of Dr. Young,—that the plagiarisms from this author are 'numerous and palpable beyond all precedent;' and yet there is but one whole line from Young in the passages he has quoted. The use of a couple of words in succession is urged as an instance of Vol. III.

plagiarism: and so little does this hypocritical appear to know the meaning of words, that he says Lord Byron's expression in Manfred, that 'sorrow is knowledge,' is a plagiarism from a passage in the *Night Thoughts*, that 'knowing is suffering.'

But we turn from this petty nibbling to a more formidable accuser, in the last number of the *Monthly Magazine*, who, in a much better spirit than the gentleman we have noticed, points out plagiarisms really palpable. They occur in the first part of *Don Juan*, where the description of the storm and shipwreck is a sort of verification of the technical phrases used in describing similar scenes in prose, in a work intitled '*Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*.' It is, however, merely in description, that his lordship has copied this work, and that so palpably, that he could not expect to conceal it: take, for example, the following:—

'The pumps, to the excellence of which I owe my life, were made by Mr. Mann, of London.'

'Loss of the ship *Hercules*.'

'But for the pumps; I'm glad to make them known
To all the brother tars that may have need
hence;
For fifty tons of water were upthrown
By them per hour, and they had all been undone
But, for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.'

His lordship, in a note to the fifth canto of *Don Juan*, has observed, 'that a poet had better borrow any thing (except money) than the thoughts of another—they are always sure to be reclaimed.' We agree with his lordship, and notwithstanding all that has been said of his plagiarisms, it is not proved that he has borrowed one of the brilliant thoughts with which all his poems abound; and until this shall be proved against him, he will still remain the Mount Atlas of English poetry,—

'Though storms and tempests thunder on its brow,
And oceans break their billows at its feet;
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.'

In our notice of *Don Juan*, see *Literary Chronicle*, No. 10, we said his lordship's description of the storm was 'tedious, and not in the author's happiest manner.'—Rev.

Though there was a great deal of genius displayed, and much fine poetry in the first two cantos of *Don Juan*, yet we thought it inferior to his lordship's other productions, and we are of the same opinion with respect to the three additional cantos now given to the public; to say nothing of the morality of the poem—indeed, the less said on this point the better. The second canto left *Don Juan* and *Haidee* happy:—

'— On the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts; the stars their nuptial torches,
shed

Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted;
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallowed and united,
Their priest was solitude, and they were wed;
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth a paradise.'

The third canto commences with some rather severe reflections on marriage: the poet says,—

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can combine;

And he then tells us that *Haidee* and *Juan* were not married, and cautions the reader, that if he would have them wedded, he should shut—

'The book which treats of this erroneous pair,
Before the consequences grow too awful;
'Tis dangerous to read of loves unlawful.'

While they are

'— happy in the illicit
Indulgence of their innocent desires,'

Haidee's father returns home. It may be recollected that he was a Greek, who, by fishing and smuggling, had acquired 'an ill-gotten million of piastres:' the poet now vindicates his profession, and says,—

'Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,
Although he fleeced the flags of every nation;

For into a prime minister but change
His title, and 'tis nothing but taxation;
But he, more modest, took an humble range
Of life, and in an honest vocation
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey;
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.'

But he vindicates worse things than this, and seems very anxious to shew the superiority of illicit amours over marriage. In speaking of the absence of a lover, he says,—

'If single, probably his plighted fair
Has in his absence wedded some rich man;
But all the better, for the happy pair
May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,
He may resume his amatory care
As cavalier servente, or despise her;
And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,
Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.
'And oh! ye gentlemen who have already
Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I mean
An honest friendship with a married lady—
The only thing of this sort ever seen
To last—of all connexions the most steady,
And the true Hymen, (the first's but a
screen)—
Yet for all that keep not too long away,
I've known the absent wrong'd four times a-
day.'

Lambro, for such was the name of
Haïdée's father, was much surprised at
his return to find a banquet, and that
his daughter having heard he was dead,
had taken full possession of his house.
His feelings, on being deprived of his
house, and his affection for his daughter
are finely portrayed: though the
finest sentiment is rapidly succeeded by
the broadest humour:—

'He enter'd in the house no more his home,
A thing to human feelings the most trying,
And harder for the heart to overcome,
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dy-
ing;
To find our hearstone turn'd into a tomb,
And round its once warm precincts palely
lying
The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,
Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

'He enter'd in the house—his home no more,
'For without hearts there is no home'—and
felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome; there he long had
dwelt,
There his few peaceful days Time had swept
o'er,
There his worn bosom and keen eye would
melt
Over the innocence of that sweet child,
His only shrine of feelings undefiled.'

'But whatso'er he had of love reposed
On that beloved daughter; she had been
The only thing which kept his heart unclose
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and
seen;

A lonely pure affection unopposed:
There wanted but the loss of this to wean
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
And turn him like the Cyclops mad with
blindness.

'The cubless tigers in her jungle raging
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock;
The ocean, when its yeasty war is waging,
Is awful to the vessel near the rock;
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,
Their fury being spent by its own shock,
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

'It is a hard, although a common case,
To find our children running restive—they
In whom our brightest days we would retrace,
Our little selves re-form'd in finer clay;
Just as old age is creeping on space,
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
But in good company—the gout and stone.

'Yet a fine family is a fine thing
(Provided they don't come in after dinner);
'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring
Her children up (if naming them don't thin
her);
Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling
To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).
A lady with her daughters or her nieces
Shine like a guinea and seven shilling pieces.'

After an account of the rooms and
the banquet of a hundred dishes, we
have the following description of Haï-
dée:—

'Her hair's long auburn waves down to her
heel
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light,—and would con-
ceal

Her person *, if allow'd at large to run,
And still they seem resolutely to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bosoms where'er some Zephyr caught be-
gan
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

'Round her she made an atmosphere of life;
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes;
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

'Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were
tinged
(It is the country's custom), but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so thickly
fringed,

The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,
And in their native beauty stood against:
Her nails were touch'd with henna; but
again

The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

'The henna should be deeply *died* to make
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;
She had no need of this, day ne'er will break
On mountain tops more heavenly white than
her;

The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
She was so like a vision; I might err,
But Shakspeare also says 'tis very silly
"To gild refined gold or paint the lily."

The establishment of Don Juan was
complete: he had in his suite, dwarfs,
dancing-girls, and a poet; the last was
a trimmer, who—

—Lied with such a fervour of intention—
There was no doubt he earn'd his late-rate pen-
sion.'

Being called upon, he sang the fol-
lowing hymn, which contains some spi-
rited reflections on the past and present
state of Greece:—

'The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer glides them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

'The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,

* The poet, in a note, says, he has seen four
women who had their hair in such profusion.

Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sire's! "Islands of the Blest."
'The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

'A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

'And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic busts no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffice my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

'Must we but weep o'er days more glorious blest?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bleed.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

'What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no!—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "let one living hand,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

'In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hoards,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each loud bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters there
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and truest friend;
That tyrant was Militiades!
Oh, that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Sull's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mortars bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Hæcæan blood might own.

'Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king-like badge and sell;
In native swords, and native pauls,
The only force of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin hand
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drops leave,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Samian's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down you cup of Samian wine!

After some observations on the chance which often gives immortality to men, and the trifling of biographers who record silly incidents,—

As most essential to their hero's story,
They do not much contribute to their glory;

Our author has the following severe remarks on two poets of some celebrity:—

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "Pantismony;"
Or Wordsworth, unexcited, unshined, who then
Season'd his *pedlar* poems with democracy;
Or Coleridge, long before his slighty pen
Let to the Morning Post his aristocracy;
When he and Southey, following the same path,
Espous'd two partners (milliners of Bath.)

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography;
Their local legends, renegade rigours,
Are good manure for their more bare biography.

Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger
Than any since the birth-day of typography;
A clumsy frowzy poem, called the "Excursion,"
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
Between his own and others' intellect;
But Wordsworth's poems and his followers,
like

Joanna Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect,
Are things which in this century don't strike
The public mind, so few are the elect;
And the new births of both their stale virginities
Have proved but dropsties, taken for divinities.

We learn from Horace, Homer sometimes
sleeps?

We feel without him: Wordsworth sometimes
wakes,

To show with what complacency he creeps,
With his dear "Waggoners," around his
lakes;

He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps—
Of ocean?—No, of air; and then he makes
Another outcry for "a little boat,"
And drives seas to set it well aloft.

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain,
And Pegasus runs restive in his "waggon,"
Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?
Or pray Medea for a single dragon?
Or if too chaste for his vulgar brain,
He fear'd his neck to venture such a wag on,
And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

"Pedlars," and "boats," and "waggoners!"
I ye shies

Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
Thou shalt shoot such sort not alone erudite
Contempts, but from the bathos' vast abyss
Floats scum-like, uppermost, and these Jack
Cuddies

Of sense and song above your graves may
biss—

The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell"
Can sneer at him who drew "Achtophel!"

The poet, amidst numberless digressions,
devotes one stanza to the vindication
of himself from the charge of
wanting religion:—

'Some kinder caustics are pleased to say,
In nameless print—that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest no-
tion

Of getting into heaven the shortest way;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars,—all that spring from the great
Whole
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.'

He also alludes to the same sub-
ject in the fourth canto, when he says,—

'Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem every line:
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be very fine;
But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd,
Unless it was to be a moment merry,—
A novel word in my vocabulary.'

The third canto, it will be seen, con-
tains little of the narrative of Don
Juan; but in the fourth the author en-
ters more largely on the subject. The
happiness of the youthful pair appears
complete:—

'They were alone once more; for them to be
This was another Eden; they were never
Weary, unless when separate: the tree
Cut from its forest root of years—the river
Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the
knee

And breast maternal, wean'd at once for ever,
Would wither less than these two torn apart;
Alas! there is no instinct like the heart.'

Their happiness was, however, of
short duration, for Lambro returned,
and while the disturbed sleep and
frightful dream of Haidee foreboded
ill, he entered their apartment, and
being seconded by a number of his
men, after a stout resistance from Don
Juan, they bore away his Haidee, and
made him captive; he was placed in a
boat, and carried to some gallies,—

'On board one of these, and under hatches,
They stowed him, with strict orders to the
watchers.'

The fate of Haidee was still more
melancholy; she, on being torn from
Don Juan, and seeing him cut down,
with a convulsive groan broke a blood
vessel, and refusing all medical aid,—

'Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; at
last,

Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her past:
And they who watch'd her nearest could not
know

The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glaz'd o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black;
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack

'She died, but not alone; she held within
A second principle of life, which might
Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin;
But clos'd its little being without light,
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
Blossom and bough lie wither'd in one
blight;

In vain the dews of heaven descend above
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

'Thus liv'd—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not
made

Through years or moons the inner weight to
bear,

Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth; her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea shore, whereon she lov'd to dwell.'

The conclusion of the loves of Don
Juan and Haidee affording us a good
opportunity for breaking off, we shall
defer all further extract and remark
for the present.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

1. *An Olio of Bibliographical and Literary Anecdotes and Memoranda, Original and Select.* By William Davis. 12mo. pp. 150. London, 1817.

2. *A Journey round the Library of a Bibliomaniac; or, Cento of Notes and Reminiscences concerning Rare, Curious, and Valuable Books.* By William Davis. 8vo. pp. 96. London, 1821.

We have coupled the two productions of Mr. Davis together, though published at somewhat distant periods, as they relate to the same subject, and are intimately connected with each other. We confess ourselves rather partial to the study of bibliography, and should have been much more so had we not been disgusted with the ridiculous excess to which it has been carried, by those who have written most on the subject. We should wish not only to be acquainted with every curious and interesting book, but also with every curious incident or circumstance connected with early English literature; but we would never seek to extend our researches to the minutiae of bibliomania; we want not to perpetuate the wood-engravings of a halfpenny ballad of the seventeenth century, nor should we prefer an old book on account of its literal errors; and yet these are the trifles on which bibliomaniacs dwell.

We have been informed by a literary friend, that a gentleman of good fortune is now purchasing copies of all the obscure and still-born productions of the present day, in order that, a century or two hence, his descendants may

possess a library of rarities which the world never thought worth preserving. We would suggest to this gentleman, in order to render his prospective library *unique*, that he should secure the proof-sheets of each work, and, according to the principle on which bibliomanics go, his library would be rendered much more valuable; but this is supposing that our descendants will be as foolish as ourselves in this respect, which it is scarcely fair to presume will be the case. What, we would ask, would the proof-sheets of the first edition of Shakespeare's plays produce at the present day? What a theme would such a work afford for the eloquence of Mr. Evans? Why! Mr. Dibdin would write a ten-guinea work on the subject, or, perhaps, have a *fac-simile* made of the whole, while the members of the Roxburgh club would mortgage their acres or sell their family plate to possess the treasure.

But to leave bibliomania, and turn to Mr. Davis, who is not a bibliomaniac, but a very intelligent gentleman, who has a pretty extensive acquaintance with rare books, and good taste enough to point out what is really curious and interesting:—we have read his little unassuming volumes with much pleasure, and we feel happy in making them more extensively known, through the means of our journal. From the extracts which we shall make, our readers will perceive that the author has blended literary information with bibliographical amusement, in a very pleasing and instructive manner; but to our extracts, and first from the 'Olio':—

'Errata.—Beneath the word *finis*, at the end of some very stupid book, a wit added the following pointed couplet:—

'Finis' an error, or a lie, my friend!
In writing foolish books there is no end."

'Scarron composed some verses, to which he prefixed the following dedication: *A Guillemette, chienne de ma sœur*; but having a quarrel with his sister, he inserted this among the errata, and added, for *chienne de ma sœur*, read *ma chienne de sœur*.'

From a very interesting notice of Sterne and his valet, La Fleur, we select the following:—

'Poor Maria was, alas! no fiction—"when we came up to her, she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely! Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud. I saw her gen-

tly disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service to the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived,—there he talked earnestly to the old woman."

'"Every day," said La Fleur, "while we stayed there, I carried them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulins, my master left his blessings and some money with the mother."—"How much," added he, "I know not—he always gave more than he could afford."

'Stevens' (George Alexander) *Lecture on Heads*.—A country mechanic furnished Stevens with the first idea of his lecture; being at a village where he was manager of a company of players, the force and humour with which he heard this countryman describe the members of the corporation, impressed so strongly on his mind the practicability of rendering something of the sort subservient to theatrical purposes, that he immediately set about it. When finished, the lecture met with unexampled success, and in the course of a few years produced the author near 10,000l. Stevens is said to have been the first instance that can be produced of the same person, who, by his writing and reciting, could entertain an audience for a continued space of four hours; he died in 1734, at Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, it is believed, in not very affluent circumstances.

'Philidor on Chess.—It is not, I believe, generally known that this author's real name was *André Danican*; he was a native of Drieux, near Paris: Philidor was a *sobriquet* or nickname, given him by the King of France, after an Italian musician of that name. He was near seventy years of age at his death, and so remarkable for his skill in the difficult game of chess, that about two months before he died, he played two games blindfold, at the same time, against two excellent chess-players, and was declared the victor.'

'Milton's *Paradise Lost*.—Milton experienced some difficulty in getting his poem of *Paradise Lost* licensed, the licenser imagining that, in the noble simile of the sun in an eclipse, he had discovered treason. It was, however, licensed, and Milton sold his MS. to Samuel Simmons, April 27th, 1667, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a proviso, that on thirteen hundred copies being sold, he was to receive five pounds more; and the same for the second and third editions.

The first edition appeared in 1667, in ten books, small quarto, advertised at 3s. plainly bound; but as it met with no very quick sale, the titles were varied, in order to promote its circulation—thus the edition of 1667, is frequently found with the titles of 1668 and 1669.

In two years, the sale of the poem gave the poet a right to his second payment, the receipt for which was signed April 26th, 1669.

'The second edition was printed in 8vo. 1674, but the author did not live to receive the stipulated payment. The third edition was published in 1678. The copy-right then devolving to Milton's widow, she agreed with Simmons to receive eight pounds for it; this agreement was concluded, and the receipt signed December 21st, 1680. Simmons transferred the right for twenty-five pounds, to a bookseller named Brabazon Aylmer, and Aylmer sold half to Jacob Tonson, August 17th, 1683, and the other half at a price considerably advanced, March 24th, 1690.

'Dr. Bentley, for his edition of Milton, in 1732, received one hundred and five pounds, and Dr. Newton, for editing the *Paradise Lost*, received six hundred and thirty pounds, and for *Paradise Regained*, one hundred and five pounds.'

'Littleton's (*Adam*) *Latine Dictionary*. Quarto. London, 1678 and 1684.

When the doctor was compiling his dictionary, and announced the word *concurro* to his amanuensis, the scribe imagining from an affinity of sound, that the six first letters would give the translation of the verb, said, "Concur I suppose, Sir," to which the doctor peevishly replied, "*Concur!—Condo*."—The secretary, whose business it was to write down what his master dictated, according, did his duty, and the word *condog* was inserted, and actually printed as one interpretation of "*concurro*," in the edition of 1678, but omitted in the subsequent one of 1684.

'Robinson Crusoe.—The fascination of this extraordinary work is not limited to the juvenile reader. Mr. Tawney, a respectable alderman of Oxford, used to read Robinson Crusoe through every year with great delight, and thought every part of it as much material of fact as his Bible. A friend at last asked him, how he could be such a child as to credit a story so marvellous. "The original Crusoe," added he, "was Alexander Selkirk; and Daniel Defoe, an ingenious author, embellished the plain story of his shipwreck upon the island of Juan Fernandez, with almost all the adventures and remarks you so much admire."—"Your information," said the alderman with a sigh, "may be correct, but I had rather you had withheld it, for by thus deceiving me, you have deprived me of one of the greatest pleasures of my old age."

Thus far the 'Olio'; we now turn to the 'Journey,' which is the more valuable work of the two; the notices are more rare, and although there are one or two trifling errors respecting the Hudibrastic quotation, and the date of Joe Miller's Jests, yet the author is generally correct:—

'A *Righte Delectable Traytie upon a Goodly Garlande, or Chaplet of Laurell, by Maister Skelton, Poet Laureate*,

• See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 116.

4to. bl. lett. Imprinted by Richard
Faukes, 1523.

Bought at the Pearson sale, 1788, for
7l. 17s. 6d. it is now in the King's collection,
and presumed to be unique.

This rare volume, one of the scarcest
in the English language, has the author's
portrait at full-length on the back of the
title, with a branch of laurel in his hand.

Skelton, who was Poet Laureate to Oxford University, and tutor to Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII. was a determined enemy to Cardinal Wolsey; his remarkable boldness, in singly daring, in his poetical character, to attack the cardinal's imperious manner at the council board, is shewn as a remarkable coincidence by Neve, in his *Cursory Remarks on English Poets*. The fifteenth article of the charges against the cardinal, by the parliament of 1520, being precisely the same, only divested of rhyme:—

"Then in the Chamber of Stars,
All matters there he murs;
Clapping his rod on the board,
No man dare speak a word;
For he hath all the saying,
Without any reasoning.
He rollets in his records,
He sayeth, how say ye, my lords,
Is not my reason good?
Good even, good Robin Hood.
Some say yes, and some
Sit still, as they were dumb."

Shakspeare's (W.) Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, &c. Imprinted by Is. Jagard and E. Blount. 1623. First Edition. Folio.

Daly, 1792.....	£30 14 3
Heathcote (title wanting)...	37 16 0
S. Ireland, 1801.....	14 14 0
Duke of Roxburgh.....	100 0 0
Schright, 1807, (title want- ing).....	30 10 0
Stanley, 1813, (title reprint)	37 17 0
Sir P. Thomson, 1815.....	41 0 0
Saunders's sale-room, Feb. 1818, a fine original copy of the first edition, in a genuine state.....	121 16 0

The condition of so rare a book as the first edition of Shakspeare, is a matter of no little importance to the lover of fine-conditioned and really important books; the apparent difference in the prices for which the various copies before enumerated have sold, may, therefore, readily be accounted for.

The second edition. Folio. 1632.

Third edition. Folio. 1664.

Fourth edition. Folio. 1685.

The third edition is the most valuable of these editions, and a good copy nearly as valuable as the first edition.

Of the second edition, in folio, 1632, I find it recorded in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, that it is adulterated in every page.

Some curious particulars respecting the various sums paid to the different editors of Shakspeare, may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The most considerable appear to be—

Alexander Pope.....	£212 12 0
Theobald.....	237 10 0

Warburton.....	500 0 0
Capell.....	300 0 0
Dr. Johnson, for the 1st edit.	375 0 0
—2nd edit.	100 0 0

Of Johnson and Steeven's fourth edit. 15 vols. 8vo. 1793, large paper, on which paper only twenty-five were printed, one sold at Reed's for 20l.; and a copy at Mr. Stretell's, in 1820, for 10l. 5s. Ritson, 1803, 14l. 10s. Bindley, 21l.

The portrait of Shakspeare, by M. Droeshout, frontispiece to the title of the first folio edition of Shakspeare, served for all the four folio editions; good or first impressions of this portrait are valued, by judges, at about 5l. 5s. whilst inferior ones are scarcely worth one guinea, as the lines have been crossed over the face, in order to give strength to the impression; and Mr. Caulfield, a competent authority in these matters, says, the only way to discover the genuine state is, by observing the shading in the face to be expressed by single lines, without any crossing whatever.

Of Shakspeare it has been well and truly said,—

"Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted words, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign;
And panting time told'd after him in vain."

I may, perhaps, be excused for alluding to a projected guide or classed index, to refresh the recollection of the admirers of Shakspeare, since the intended publication is entirely abandoned. I had taken the index to the Dublin edition, printed by Grierson, which had been collated with the original folio and quarto editions as my ground-work, and had re-arranged and revised it under the following heads: Section 1. Characters of Historical Persons. Section 2. Index of Manners, Passions, and their external Effects. Section 3. Of Fictitious Persons, with the characters ascribed to them. Section 4. Index of Thoughts and Sentiments. 5. Table of the most considerable Speeches. Section 6.—part 1. Description of Places. Part 2. Description of Persons. Part 3. Description of things, and Description of Times and Seasons; and, lastly, an Index of Similes and Allusions.

I had afterwards to consider how I was to manage that this Index might be rendered generally available, and what edition to select for the purpose of reference, when I stumbled upon the following passage in Dr. Samuel Johnson's preface to his edition of Shakspeare, page 29, vol. 1, 8vo. London, 1765, which completely set aside all my air-drawn schemes on the subject, and I do not regret to say, caused me not only to alter my plan, but finally to abandon it altogether.

"It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of the fable, and the tenour of his dialogue; and he

that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the Pedant in *Hierocles*, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen."

It might seem great presumption to differ from so high an authority as Dr. Johnson, yet we think no one who has read Dr. Dodd's *Beauties of Shakspeare*, or any similar collection from his works, will deny that his power 'is shown in the splendour of particular passages,' or that he may be recommended by 'select quotations;' and we regret that Mr. Davis has been dissuaded from a project of such great utility and importance, as the guided or classed index to the works of our immortal dramatist:—

Hudibras Poème, trad. de l'Anglois, en Vers François. 3 vols. 12mo. Lond. 1750.

The author of this translation of the poem of Hudibras, was a man of superior abilities, and appears to have been endowed with an uncommon share of modesty. He presents his work to the public with the utmost diffidence; and, in a short preface, humbly deprecates its censure for the presumption that may be imputed to him, in attempting that which the celebrated Voltaire had declared to be the most difficult of tasks.

Yet, this task he has executed in a very masterly manner; and, almost literally transfused his original into the French version, clearly evincing, (according to the opinion of A. F. Tytler, in his *Essay on Translation*), that he possessed that essential requisite for his undertaking—a kindred genius with that of his great original.

This translation was made by Calouet Francis Townley, an English gentleman, who had been educated in France, and long in the French service, and who had acquired a most intimate knowledge of both languages. And is the same person who suffered death at Carlisle, for his concern in the rebellion, 1745-46, and who pleaded in vain his commission from the French king, as entitling him to the benefits of the cartel settled with France for the exchange of prisoners of war.

At Duten's sale, 1813, a copy of this book sold for 6l. 12s.; and at Mr. Bindley's for 5l. 5s.

King Charles the First's Works.—In the year 1677, the Parliament voted two months' tax, for the more decent interment of the body of the unfortunate Charles; and to raise a monument to his memory. Mr. Chiswell, son-in-law to Royston, then printer to the King, proposed a plan to supersede the necessity of a monument, which was, that part of the sum voted should be applied to the purpose of printing a new edition of Charles's works, a copy of which was to be fixed with a chain to every parish church in the kingdom; this plan was approved of.

by many, and Charles II. himself encouraged it; but the distrusts between the King and people, the heats in Parliament, and the Popish Plot, prevented the execution of it. On the Duke of York mounting the throne, Mr. Chiswell applied to Sir Roger L'Estrange to procure King James's commendatory letter; this request the King refused, stating as a reason for his refusal, that he did not believe "Icon Basilike" to be his father's production; Chiswell, on being informed of this, said, that omitting "Icon Basilike" would render the works imperfect, and, therefore, proposed printing it at the end of the works, as a sort of addenda after the finis; this the King consented to, on condition that some expressions which lie thought injurious to the monarchy might be expunged; but Chiswell objecting to this, it was at last agreed, that the objectionable parts should be inclosed within crotchets; and thus "Icon Basilike" stands at the end of the second part of the King's works, folio, 168d.

"In the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth Palace, is a copy with dasties of the pen through the monarch's prayers, as well as through every passage respecting the advancement of the Protestant religion.

A manuscript note at the beginning, by Zach. Cradock, and dated November 1st, 1678, accounts for the numerous expurgations as follows:—

"This book, being seized on board an English ship, was delivered, by order of the Inquisition of Lisbon, to some of the English priests, to be perused and corrected according to the rules of the *Index Expurgatorius*. Thus corrected, it was given to Barnaby Craford, English merchant there, and by him it was given to me, the English preacher resident there; in 1670; and by me, as I then received it, to the library at Lambeth, to be there preserved."

Mr. Davis, we understand, has limited his publication to two hundred and fifty copies; and this number would, no doubt, be enough for the ordinarily expensive works on bibliography, but certainly by no means sufficient for productions so cheap, interesting, and popular, as his *Olio* and *Journey*, and we not only look forward to new editions being rapidly called for, but we hope the author will continue a pursuit which he proves he is so well calculated to prosecute.

Travels in Georgia, Persia, &c. &c.
By Sir Robert Ker Porter.

(Concluded from p. 442.)

In returning to this bulky volume, which is one of the most interesting publications of the day, we shall not extend our extracts much further, but conclude with a description of the Palace of Ispahan, and an anecdote of a

prime minister, which, however, is but a trivial addition to a very old story related of Cardinal Richelieu, and half-a-dozen other prime ministers of as many different countries:—

"The *Chelch Setoon*, or Palace of Forty Pillars, was the favourite residence of the latter Sefi kings; and certainly, when we turned into the grand avenue, and the palace broke upon us, I thought description was put to silence. Indeed, words can seldom give any thing like a just idea of the very intricate objects of sight; but, for the satisfaction of my readers, curious in comparing the taste of times and countries, I shall attempt some detail of this Persian Versailles. The exhausted profusion of its splendid material, reflected, not merely their own golden or crystal lights on each other, but all the variegated colours of the garden; so that the whole surface seemed formed of polished silver and mother-of-pearl, set with precious stones. In short, as I said before, the scene might well have appeared in an eastern poet's dream, or some magic vision, in the wonderful tales of an Arabian night.

"When we drew near, I found the entire front of the building open to the garden; the roof being sustained by a double range of columns, the height of which measured eleven Persian yards, (a Persian yard being forty-four inches), hence they rose upwards of forty feet. Each column shoots up from the united backs of four lions, of white marble; and the shafts of the columns rising from these extraordinary bases, were covered with the arabesque patterns and foliage, in looking-glass, gilding, and painting; some twisting spirally; others winding in golden wreaths, or running into lozenges, stars, connecting circles, and I know not what intricacies of fancy and ingenious workmanship. The ceiling was equally enriched, with flowers, fruits, birds, butterflies, and even couching tigers, in gold, silver, and painting, amidst hundreds of intermingling compartments of glittering mirror. At some distance, within this open chamber, are two more pillars of similar taste to the range; and from their capital springs a spacious arch, forming the entrance to a vast interior saloon; in which all the caprices and labours and cost of eastern magnificence, have been lavished to an incredible prodigality. The pillars, the walls, the ceiling, might be a study for ages, for designers in these gorgeous labyrinthine ornaments. The floors of both apartments were covered with the richest carpets of the era in which the building was constructed, the age of Shah Abbas, and were as fresh as if just laid down; there needs no other proof of the purity of the climate. From one angle of the interior chamber, two low folding-doors opened into a very spacious and lofty hall, the sides of which were hung with pictures of various dimensions, most of them descriptive of convivial scenes; and the doors and panells of the room near the

floor, being also emblazoned with the same merry-making subjects, fully declared the purpose of the place. But a very odd addition was made to the ornaments of the wall. Little recesses spotted its lower range, taking the shapes of bottles, flaggons, goblets, and other useful vessels, all equally indispensable, in those days, at a Persian feast. Very different from the temperance which now presides there; and how directly the reverse of the abstemiousness and its effects, that marked the board of the great Cyrus!

"Six pictures of a very large size, occupy the walls of this banquetting-chamber, from the ceiling to within eight or ten feet of the floor. Four of these represent royal entertainments, given to different ambassadors during the reigns of Shah Abbas the First, *alias* the Great; of his grandson, Abbas the Second; and of Shah Thamas, or Tamasp, as it is sometimes written. The two other pictures are battle pieces. Every one of these different subjects are portrayed with the most scrupulous exactness, as far as the still life could be copied. The golden vases, and other vessels in the banquetting scenes, with the musical instruments, and every detail in the dresses of the persons present, are painted with an almost Flemish precision. Wine (the peculiar bane of the Sefi race) appears the great vehicle of enjoyment at these feasts; an air of carelessness being in all the figures, and the goblets disposed with the most anticlerical profusion. The guests are also entertained with a variety of dancing-girls, whose attitude and costumes sufficiently show the second vice of the times, and explain the countries whence they come.

"The warlike pictures are defined with equal nicety; the trappings of the horses, the arms of the heroes, and even to the blood-red wounds of the combatants. One of the battles represents the troops of the valiant Shah Tamasp the First, (the son of Shah Ismail, the beginner of the Sefi dynasty) engaging the troops of the Sultan Soliman. The Persian king is depicted in the act of cleaving a grim Janissary "from head to saddle-bow;" and the weapon having nearly reached the last point of its aim, the artist has marked its dreadful journey down the body of the man, with a long red streak, following the royal blade. But, nevertheless, the indivisible Turk continued to sit bolt upright, firm in his stirrups, and as life-like in visage, as the most conquering hero in the piece.

"Ridiculous as the execution of these pictures may be in some respects, they are invaluable as registers of the manners of the times, of the general aspect of the persons they are designed to commemorate, and of the costumes of the several nations, assembled at the feasts, or engaged in the battles. Large turbans, full mustachios, and smooth-shaven chins, were then the fashion in Persia; which has now given place to the high, narrow, black cap of sheep-skin, and the long bushy beard;

the latter appendage having been a costume of the empire many centuries before.

The anecdote relates to Mirza Sheffy, the prime minister of Persia:—

His station near the sovereign gives him a kind of reflecting consequence, that makes a nod or a smile from him so full of a similar quality, that it may shed honour *ad infinitum* downwards; graduating dignity, according to its distance from the original fountain of favour. First one happy courtier, and then another, had received these marks of peculiar grace; and, in consequence, became the little centre of a temporary adulation from hundreds; many of whom envied the favour they sought to conciliate, even at second or third hand. Amongst the latter order of suitors was a rich, but otherwise inconsiderable individual, who had long attended Mirza Sheffy's levees, without having received the slightest notice; but chancing one day to find the minister alone for a few moments, he seized the opportunity, and thus addressed him:—

"I have had the honour of placing myself, for these many months back, in your excellency's sight, in the midst of your crowded halls, and yet have never had the happiness of receiving a single glance. But if your excellency would condescend, in the next assembly of your visitors, to rise a little on my entrance, such a distinction would be the height of my ambition; I should henceforth be held of consequence in the eyes of the khans. And for this honour I would give your excellency a consideration of one hundred tomans."

"It was an argument his excellency liked so well, he closed with the proposal, and the time for the solemn investing-dignity was arranged for the next day. The happy man took care not to make his appearance till the divan of the minister was pretty well filled. He then presented himself on the most conspicuous part of the carpet, big with ideas of the ever-growing honours of which that moment was to make him master. He looked proudly round on the rest of the khans, while Mirza Sheffy, half raising himself from his seat by his knuckles, and fixing his eyes gravely on him, to the no small astonishment of the rest of the company, exclaimed, "Is that enough?" The man was so overcome with confusion, he hurried from the room; leaving his distinction and his money alike with the minister; but taking with him the useful lesson, that bought honours are generally paid with disgrace. The laugh for once went without doubt of sincerity, with the great man; and his smiles became of still higher value, since it had been proved that he set them above price."

The numerous engravings from the pencil of the author, with which this volume is enriched, considerably enhance its value, as they are illustrative of the costume, antiquities, &c. of the

interesting countries through which he travelled.

Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century.

(Continued from p. 481.)

We left our traveller, last week, climbing the mountains of Savoy, and we now find him comfortably situated at Turin, the least noticed of all the Italian capitals by travellers generally, though the best-built city in the country. The streets are broad and straight, and the two principal squares magnificent. The situation of Turin is extremely pleasant, and the landscape round it bold and varied:—

"The city is built on the left or western bank of the Po, in a beautiful plain, bounded on the north and west by the Alps, at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles; to the south it opens into the fertile province of Saluzzo, and to the east, the view is agreeably terminated by a range of hills rising immediately from the right bank of the Po, and which afford, during the summer, a pleasant retreat in their verdant groves and well-cultivated gardens. As soon as you pass the bridge, you ascend to the church and convent of La Madonna del Monte, and from the terrace in front of it, you see to the greatest advantage the whole amphitheatre I have mentioned. The city of Turin is laid before you as on a map; it is small, but elegant and neat, and the country around is well cultivated; you trace the course of that noble river the Po, which takes its source from the glaciers of Mont Viso, the highest and boldest peak of the chain which divides Piedmont from Dauphiné; then turning to the north, the sight is bewildered in that formidable mass of Alps that divides Switzerland from Italy. You easily distinguish the hoary summits of Monte Rosa, the highest mountain in Europe next to Mont Blanc, rising proudly above the rest. It is a scene indeed worthy of admiration; such a variety of yellow plains, green hills, dark woody mountains, and white icy peaks: you follow nature through all her gradations from the banks of the Po to inaccessible regions beyond the clouds, from the heart of genial summer to the depth of eternal death-like winter; here are seen united the wild boldness of the Swiss, with the softer feature of the Italian landscape, the whole enhanced by a warm sun and brilliant sky. The sight of this magnificent panorama puts me in mind of a circumstance which happened here a few years ago, when the French ruled this country. A general of that nation, accompanied by his valet de chambre, the latter a true Parisian, arrived at Turin in the dead of night, and went to lodge with a friend who resided on the hill beyond the Po. Next morning La Fleur gets up, throws open the windows of the apartment, rubs his eyes, and sees before him the plain of Turin, the city,

the Po, and the alps, *C'est beau! cela ressemble au Parc de l'Empereur*, cries out the astonished Frenchman, intending a compliment to the lovely and sublime country spread before his eyes."

Living at Turin is remarkably cheap, and provisions of all kinds are good. Their beef is the best in Italy; milk, butter, and cheese, are excellent, which is to be attributed to the rich pastures that cover the lower regions of the Alps. The rivers and lakes furnish plenty of good fish, especially exquisite trouts and carps. Poultry and eggs are plentiful, as is also game of every sort. Vegetables grow in great abundance, in the well-watered gardens in the neighbourhood of Turin. The common wine is rather poor, but the vineyards of Monferrato and Asti furnish most generous wines, red and white, which are sold at Turin as cheap as common wine is at Paris. There are many good restaurants at Turin, where dinner is to be had *à la carte*; besides which there are *tables d'hôte* at the several inns. A custom prevalent here, is that of itinerant musicians coming into the room while the company is at dinner, who play and sing *balads and canzoni* for a trifling remuneration: some of them sing in a good style, with much pathos, very superior to the *crialleries* of the French strolling musicians, whose songs, I have heard remarked by the Italians, always end in the tone of *ora pro nobis in liano*.

Lodgings at the inns are to be had at two francs per night; private apartments for about a louis d'or per month. One of the comforts in which Turin is superior to other Italian towns, is that every decent apartment has a fire-place. The floors are as in the rest of Italy, paved with square bricks, varnished red. There are a number of good coffee-houses, some very large, and where coffee, chocolate, and other refreshments may be had at very moderate prices."

The festival of the Nativity of the Virgin is observed with great pomp at Turin; it is a real Italian holiday:—

"A little below the church, on a small flat, there is an inn, where the joyous peasantry repaired after their devotions to refresh themselves, and enjoy the rest of the day. Temporary sheds were placed round, under which all parties sat indiscriminately at table, eating and drinking, talking and laughing. Others were spread in groups about the neighbouring meadows, and were busied in cooking the victuals they had brought with them by a fire of branches and leaves hastily collected. Parties of strolling musicians went about, receiving as their fee a share of the collation. After their frugal repast, the junior part of the assembly collected themselves in various clusters, and began dancing their national *monferrata*, or rather *monferratina* (from *monferrato*), a lively kind of country dance. All this scene was so animated, so pastoral, and so full of innocent and genuine gaiety, that I felt its influence operating powerfully upon me."

The conquests of the French in Italy were productive of some good consequences, as they revived in the Italians that taste for magnificent undertakings which the latter had shown in past ages, but which seemed, for many years, to have been slumbering in them. The present governments of Italy are encouraging this renewed disposition; the plans of the French are in course of being completed, and new ones of importance are formed. The King of Sardinia is constructing fine roads through different parts of his dominions; the King of Naples continues the excavations of Pompeii, and is improving the roads in the neighbourhood of his capital; and the Pope has restored, to almost their original magnificence, many of the remains of Roman architecture which adorn the city of the seven hills. Of the Italian peasantry, our author gives an interesting picture. He says,—

‘The Italian peasantry have in general shown every where a great dislike towards the French intruders; their ideas were unsophisticated by theories, and they reasoned upon facts; they had been for generations contented and quiet in their humble condition, acts of oppression were rare in the country, and they lived comfortably, particularly those of the north of Italy. They were attached to the religion of their fathers, the corruption of cities had made little progress among them, they were fond of their wives, and jealous of the honour of their daughters. But as soon as the French came, a most dreadful alteration took place. The generals and commissaries extorted money and provisions from the inhabitants, the soldiers seduced and ravished their wives and daughters, and they all joined in insulting their saints, their belief, and the ministers of their religion, and if any one dared to remonstrate, he was brought before a military commission, and shot on charge of disaffection and high treason against liberty. This is a short compendium of the behaviour of the republican armies in Italy; no wonder then, that the inhabitants revolted in many places and revenged themselves on their oppressors. Had they succeeded in driving them out of the country, their conduct, like that of the Spaniards, in later times, would have been called heroism; unfortunately they failed, and were looked upon as banditti. Carmagnola, a nice little town to the south of Turin, on the right bank of the Po, was taken and burnt by the French. Mondovì, a large place, situated farther south at the foot of the Ligurian Apennines, made a long resistance. The peasantry of the country around, a stout spirited race, rose, to the number of many thousands, and kept the French at bay for some time, but the Jacobin party in the town who

were in correspondence with the enemy, contrived to distribute to the peasants cartridges made of adulterated powder, so, that when they came in contact with the enemy, their fire had no effect, and they were easily defeated and massacred as usual. The invaders then entered Mondovì, which they partly set on fire, plundering, ravaging, and murdering in every direction. There is still living one of the Jacobin leaders, whose wife was the first victim of the fury of the French soldiery; she was shot while looking out of a window for her husband, who was coming along with them. After the massacre, these lawless ruffians, joined by all the abandoned characters, male and female, that collected to share the plunder, went to dance *pèle môle*, and committed all kinds of abominations in the sumptuous halls of the fugitive nobility, and this for honour of the goddess of reason.’

The description of Genoa presents us with an interesting extract:—

‘*Genoa la superba*, for this is the appropriate epithet which was given it in the time of its splendour, and which it still deserves on account of its stately buildings and commanding situation, stands partly on the declivity of several hills rising in a semicircle round the harbour, and partly on a narrow slip of ground between them and the sea. The harbour is in the form of a half moon, about a mile and a half in length; its entrance faces the south, and is protected in part by two moles running across from the opposite extremities, but leaving between them an open space of about half a mile, through which the sea rushes tremendously when the wind blows from that quarter. Vessels, however, can lie in security in that part of the harbour which is behind the old mole. They talk now of stretching the latter farther, over several sunken rocks, so as to approach nearer to the Molo Novo, behind which is the station for vessels performing quarantine. The city, seen from the light-house on entering the gates, presents a most magnificent *coup d’œil*. A succession of fine buildings, more than two miles in length, lines the shore. The loftiness and elegance of the houses in general; their painted walls and white roofs; the numerous palaces and gardens, churches and convents, rising one above the other, on the steep sides of the hills that rear, from behind, their dark and barren heads crowned with formidable ramparts, forts, and batteries; a noble harbour, where thousands of vessels might lie at anchor: the whole gives a grand idea of the former riches and power of this city, once the rival of Venice and the mistress of the Mediterranean.

‘As you proceed, you arrive at the inner line of fortifications, which divides the old city from the new. You pass the gate of San Tommaso, and arrive at the Piazza dell’Acqua Verde, whence that fine line of streets begins, which is the principal boast of Genoa. These three streets, Balbi, Novissima, and Nova, are

lined with two rows of splendid palaces, belonging to the nobility, among which, those of Durazzo, Balbi, Brignole, Lomellino, and Serra, are the most remarkable. The first of these has a valuable collection of fine paintings, to which strangers are always allowed free access, according to the truly liberal spirit of the Italian nobility. Servants are always stationed in the anti-rooms, ready to accompany the amateurs through the splendid treasures of apartments which contains the treasures of the fine arts. The most remarkable painting in the Durazzo collection, is that of the Magdalen washing the feet of our Saviour, by Veronese, one of the best works of that great master. There are, in another room, three pieces by Luca Giordano, one of which represents the death of Seneca. The Palazzo Durazzo is really a residence fit for a sovereign—its front is very fine. There is another palace belonging to the same family, also in Strada Balbi, which is remarkable for its magnificent marble staircase, boldly suspended, as it were, in the air. This part of the architecture of Genoese palaces, is perhaps the most remarkable, and well deserves the attention of strangers. The Palazzo Serra, in Strada Nova, has a splendid saloon, rich with lapis-lazuli and gold: it is lined with mirrors, which reach from the ceiling to the floor, and which reflecting one another, multiply the objects *ad infinitum*, so that the spectator is at first apt to think himself in the middle of a long vista of rooms. The ceiling is finely painted to represent the triumph of a Genoese captain of this family over the Turks. It was told that the expense of this superb saloon amounted to a million of Genoese livres, about thirty-five thousand pounds sterling. When illuminated on great occasions, it must be almost too dazzling for the eye to bear.’

The Genoese sailors are the best in the Mediterranean, and are said to resemble the British tars more than any other; they are hardy, brave, and open-hearted, and our author relates a pleasing anecdote of one of them:—

‘During the heavy gales of last January, 1820, a Genoese *piasco*, (a vessel with lateen sails) *Schiaffino*, master, was wrecked on the Roman coast near Nettuno, a young sailor, native of Camogli, near Portofino, Riviera di Levante, in his repeated endeavours to save some English females who were passengers on board, lost his life, after having succeeded in bringing several of them to shore. The Sardinian government has given a pension to his relations.’

Finding that we must extend our notice of this highly interesting volume to another number, we shall conclude, for the present, with a portrait of the Genoese females:—

‘The Genoese women are among the handsomest of Italy; indeed, this city has

boast of a decided superiority with regard to female beauty. In no other place have I seen such a number of interesting countenances collected together as in the streets, churches, and places of public resort at Genoa. They have, in general, elegant figures, delicate complexions, dark hair and eyes, and pretty features, and their carriage is remarkably graceful. Their dress is also well calculated to set off their charms, it is simple and neat: a white muslin gown well fitted to the shape, and a white veil, called *pezzotto*, thrown tastefully over the head and shoulders, so as not to conceal, but to shade their contour, give them the appearance of so many Madonnas. This is the national dress common to all classes, only varying by the fineness and costliness of the materials. These women are remarkably clean in their persons, and superior in that to the other Italian females. Very few of them wear straw hats or bonnets; indeed, it is to be wished for the sake of beauty and taste, that they may never adopt foreign fashions which cannot suit them better than their own costume. Often have I admired in the streets of Genoa, countenances not inferior to the fine models of art left to us by the Greek sculptors, or to the enchanting productions of Raphael and Correggio. Often have they recalled to my memory—

"One of those forms which fit by, when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
And oh! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary glidings, the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree
To make a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we knew not, nor
shall know."

Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below."

"But, alas! there is no perfection in this world. If we approach nearer these terrestrial Venuses, if we enter into conversation with them, the charm fails; we find their minds uncultivated, their ideas narrow and common, and their hearts—but no! their hearts are naturally good, and it is the deficiency of their education and the influence of bad example that dry up or corrupt the finest feelings of these lovely creatures. Their mental faculties are neglected; while under the watchful eye of their parents or guardians, they are debarred from any rational intercourse, as if ignorance were the best guardian of virtue. Marriage is, at Genoa, a matter of calculation, perhaps more than any where else; it is generally settled between the relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another, and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her figure or manners, he may break up the match, on condition of defraying the expenses incurred, &c. But this is seldom the case; the principal object, that of interest, being once settled, the bride follows the portion as a matter of

course, and is often scarcely minded. There are in this city marriage brokers, who have pocket-books filled with the names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes descriptive of their figures and of their fortunes; these people go about endeavouring to arrange connections; if they succeed they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. The contents of their memorandums are often very curious."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Original Communications.

ON METRICAL PROSE.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

In my preceding paper, I compared the four species of literary language, viz. prose, metrical prose, blank verse, and rhyme, as to the possible excellence attainable in each of them, and gave the pre-eminence to the last; indeed, demonstrated its superiority to the three other species, as indubitably (unless my judgment be unusually perverted) as if my proof were in geometric diagram or analytic symbol. Let my reader, however, recollect, that in doing this, we have, as I said, considered language metaphysically and abstractedly, i. e. not as it is in our hands, but as it might be exercised by more powerful intellects.

But considering it practically, as it is really, and possible to be in the hands of infinite agents, I am inclined to assign measured prose as that species of language in which the greatest excellence is attainable. Some might think this sufficiently proved by the instance of the Bible, which, indeed, contains the most excellent language in our world of literature, and is also in measured prose. But it must be obvious that this argument would prove the converse only of the assertion, and not the assertion itself: it will not follow, that, because the best written book extant is in measured prose, therefore measured prose must be the language of the best written book; who can say but that there may be yet another revelation of God's will, and that in mere prose, which may as far transcend the present sacred volume in eloquence, as this does the homilies of the Archbishop of Grenada or the excerpts of a British plush-breech, a worthy lieutenant of St. Paul telling out a scriptural which has drunk largely of the poppy, to his somnolent congregation. This must be determined from other considerations, unless the argument be made use of in this way, viz. that the Bible being the work of God, must needs

have been clothed in supremest language—but this would prove too much; for, by what we have demonstrated in our last paper, it would then be necessarily written in rhyme; unless the prophets be supposed capable of overleaping their intellectual barriers by the inspiration of God, to foretell future events, but not overcome the difficulties of language. No, the true reason of the sacred scriptures being in this species of metrical is, that the language is not derived from heaven at all, the Bible being merely the spirit of God informing the words of men, and they chose metrical prose as the best species of composition extant among the Hebrews, and most consonant to the sublime promulgations they were about to publish, which explanation sufficiently accounts for the excellence of the language without going to Heaven for it; where our ideas are sublime our language will be so too. I would only observe, that so far as it goes, we have the opinion of the prophets, that metrical prose is superior to mere prose, or they would not have preferred it in their writings.

Indeed, I think, so far, the question of superiority is decided without any trouble; for, considered either metaphysically or practically, in the hands of a spirit or a human being, there can be but little doubt of the inferiority of mere prose to measured, though there might be some as to its inferiority to blank verse or rhyme: in fact, measured prose is mere prose, with the addition of musical cadences, which is a sensile pleasure added, and yet occasioning no difficulty in preserving the attributes of mere prose by its addition, as we see in those most argumentative and most euphonous speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero. The mathematics also of the orientals are in beautiful measured phrase, without detracting a particle from their profundity; and, if it yet be doubted of the power of uniting poetry and reasoning, look at the immortal Verulam!

Secondly, let us compare measured prose and rhyme in this practical view: I presume it will be granted me, that that species of language, in which the proportion of pleasurable qualities to difficulties in composition is greatest, should be most capable of excellence among us mortals, who are unable to overcome the latter in any considerable degree. But here, the difficulty of combining reasoning and the requisite symphony of final words in rhyme, renders this species of language, as I

may say, musical nonsense, generally speaking; for the writer has no choice of preponderant quality: he must make it musical or it is not rhyme, and it is scarcely musical unless it be nonsense; this follows as consequentially as villainy to the pre-probate, and damnation for his villainy.

But here, I am aware that your mathematician will require to be told the precise meanings of the two phrases, measured prose and mere prose, before he stirs a step in the argument, or will allow me to conclude any thing about them; and when I acknowledge my inability to do this, will cry out against the uncertainty and inconclusiveness of every thing but mathematics. He will ask me, what I mean by *measured*? where does metre begin and plain prose end? and if he should put a muster-roll to Handel's minuet, would it then be a metrical? then concludes by sending me a-peak to the mathematics for definitional accuracy.

Now I would beg leave to ask him, does he fatten in peace as to the infallibility of his own vocabulary and definitions? is his head so high in the clouds that he cannot see his feet are in a quagmire? and what would he think of being told that he knows as little of the meaning (i. e. such a meaning as he requires of me for the above phrases) of the rudiments of his own science, as Noah's pigeon did of divinity?

He defines a right line to be 'a line which lies evenly between its extremities,' and when I object to the vagueness of the word *evenly* (as he to *measured*) as a mere begging the question, there being no other meaning for *evenly*, that I know of, but straight or right, he concedes himself with the answer, that the word 'right' stands for a *simple* idea, and raises up his hands and eyes, blessing himself on the accuracy of his mathematical conceptions.

If then it be a simple idea, I beg leave to know how we come by it,—not by reflection, for right or straight is an attribute of extension, and can no more be separated from it, than large or small, not by sight; for though the eye be a judge of the distance between two points, it is angular distance, not linear,—nor by the touch, for it is a judge of physical lines, and magnitudes only, not of mathematical.

So that the plain truth is, he has no idea at all of a mathematical right line, for it is not a simple idea, and no one has ever yet attempted to analyse it, if

it be complex; neither can he give the specific difference between it and a crossed line, nor tell where rectitude ceases and deviation begins,—so that the same number and description of objections lie against his notion of a right line as my notion of metre.

Much has been said of the wonderful exactness of the mathematical sciences, and the simplicity of their foundations, which has led the cultivators of these sciences to exalt them as impregnable to objections. Now this is by no means the case, and although the matter may be somewhat irrelevant to the subject of this paper, yet, as utility and not rhetoric is my object, I will devote the remainder of this essay to the giving my readers some insight into the defects which mathematics partake of, in common with all other sciences, and which all end in deficiency of first principles. Archimedes of Syracuse, said he would counterpoise the earth if you gave him where to stand; so I little doubt but that Sidrophel could bring down a star with a pop-gun, if he could make away with gravity any how: grant me my premises or first principles, and I will prove the new moon is a clippit shilling; such as your foundation is, such must your superstructure be, and it is in vain for mathematicians to claim utter perfection for their science, when its first principles are defective.

Another definition, then, in geometry is, 'a point is that which has no parts nor magnitude;'—hence we are indebted to the mathematicians for this piece of information, viz. that God is a mathematical point, for he has neither parts nor bodily magnitude. To get rid of this difficulty, we are told 'that' means a quantity, and that a point is a species of quantity,—so the definition will stand thus, 'a point is a quantity which has neither parts nor magnitude,' i. e. a body made up of parts which has yet no parts, and a magnitude which has no magnitude; which I apprehend is rather an oblique method of defining; but if it suit a mathematician, I am sure we have no reason to be squeamish about it.

The algebraist will tell you of a quantity less than nothing, upon which I am sure he will take it kindly if I advise him of his present deification and approach to omnipotence; and that not such a scurvy kind of omnipotence as is satisfied with doing things possible to be done, but impossibilities also, for he can not only annihilate, but reduce a quantity to a size below nothing.

Again; what will my readers say of

a quantity which is neither something nor nothing, nor even less than nothing? Common sense will suppose I am playing upon it by proposing such a paradox, and yet mathematicians, from Newton to a freshman, hold its existence as undeniable as their own, naming it very pertinently, an imaginary or impossible quantity, and subjecting it to the operations of real quantities; and all this without ever laughing, that I have heard of.

These are a few of the premises of infallible mathematics, and upon these with others equally irrefragable, are built these stupendous fabrics, which tower among the clouds, and so often take the reason prisoner by their magnitude, are gaped at by the ignorant and lauded by the learned, as if every step from the base to the pinnacle, were as firm and inconcussible as the throne of God.

What, then, shall it be said I wish to derogate from the excellence of mathematics, or call their sublime conclusions into question? by no means—no one can be more fully aware of their utility, their extent, and their clearness in demonstration, than I am; I merely assert that their first principles are inaccurate, more inaccurate than those of many other species of reasoning.

It remains that we compare metrical prose with blank verse, which shall form the subject of my next paper.

July 25th, 1821.

RESOL.

GOLDSMITH AND THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—While reading over the *Friar* of Orders Grey, a celebrated ballad supposed to be the production of Beaumont and Fletcher, I could not divest myself of the idea that Goldsmith must have had this poem in his mind when he wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and which is particularly apparent in these verses of Edwin and Angelina.

The friar says,—

'Within those holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.'

Angelina says,—

'Till quite dejected with my secret
He left me to my pangs,
And sought a solitude fiction;
In secret, where he died.'

The Friar,—

'But first, upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass,
That wraps his treach'rous clay.'

And art thou dead? thou much-lov'd youth!
And didst thou die for me?
Then, farewell home! for ever more
A pilgrim I will be.

Angelina:—

'But mine the folly, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the *selvins* he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.
And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwyn did,
And so for him will I.'

Friar:—

'Yet stay, fair lady! turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of grey,
Thy own true love appears!'

Edwin:—

'Turn Angelina! ever dear,—
My chamber I turn to see;
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.'
JOINA.
July 28, 1821.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—In the last number but one of Blackwood's Magazine,—that dynasty of periodicals,—is commenced a series of letters, under the title of the 'Fisherman's Budget,' to which I wish to call the attention of your readers, on account merely of one particular circumstance. The 'Budget' is introduced, according to the approved method in all such cases, with a fictitious narrative, wherein the discovery of this epistolary treasure is said to have taken place on the Welsh coast, by 'the Rev. Owen Owen Balderdash, M. A. and Vicar of Caengylliwalligul.' Now, what I would observe is, that the old-landish name of this parish has nothing whatever in common with the general structure of Welsh words; but, on the contrary, such a combination of letters is quite foreign to the language; and, to crown the whole, the letter *z* does not exist in Welsh either in form or in sound. It has, indeed, been employed by Mr. Owen in his dictionary to denote the double *p*, but has not been adopted by any subsequent writer, and consequently never occurs in the ordinary orthography. The name of *Caengylliwalligul* is, therefore, as much out of character on this occasion, as if a writer on the manners of Italy were to designate a place in that country by the name of *Wycombe-in-the-Wolds*, or by any other name equally at variance with the softness and mellifluousness of the Italian tongue. Indeed, such a name would have the advantage over that, so preposterously adopted in Blackwood's work, inasmuch as it has some meaning, whereas the one under

consideration is as deficient in this respect as in every other. And here I would remark, that all names of places in Wales are as significant as any other words in the language.

The writer of the 'Budget' is also equally unfortunate in the choice of his hero's appellation; for I can venture to aver, that, from the days of Adam to the present, neither the name of *Balderdash*, nor any thing like it, was ever heard amongst the Welsh mountaineers.

Nor has our learned Budgeteer been more happy in his knowledge of Welsh history. For he talks of an ancient mansion, the residence of the famous Owain Glyndwr, being near the banks of the Conwy, whereas it is well known that he never resided within fifty miles of the spot.

Surely, Mr. Editor, you will allow, that, when we pretend to pourtray the characteristics of any country, we ought to have some previous knowledge upon the subject—some trivial acquaintance with its history and other peculiarities. But here is a writer, hazarding an appearance before the world, in utter ignorance of what he is writing about, merely because he has the presumption to suppose every one else to be as ill-informed as himself. Would such literary quackery be, for a moment, tolerated, with reference to Italy, Germany, France, or even Scotland itself? Why then is it to be endured with respect to Wales?

I cannot conclude without offering a parting word of advice to the conductors of this dandy Magazine, which is, that when they venture again out of the 'land o' cakes,' they will have the good sense to make some decent provision for their journey, and not make their appearance amongst strangers with such a beggarly want of necessary equipments. ORDOVEK.

London, Aug. 7th, 1821.

P. S. In my last communication, (No. 115, p. 437, col. 1.) in the Greek quotation, the word *φωτος* was misprinted *φωτος*.—From CAMBRIDGE's silence, I take it for granted, that his sketch of 'Marian' is, as I suspected.

CORONATION ANECDOTE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—In your last Literary Chronicle, under the article of 'Macdonnell of Glengarry,' you allude to the circumstance of a lady having accidentally dropped her glove at the coronation of his late Majesty George the Third,—that this accident was per-

verted into a defiance to the champion's challenge, and the lady metamorphosed into the Pretender in petticoats, &c.

In turning over the pages of a very entertaining and excellent work, to which I was a subscriber some years since, intitled 'Clavis Calendaris, or a Compendious Analysis of the Calendar, by John Brady,' I find the following similar, but more curious, anecdote related:—

'A ludicrous circumstance occurred at the coronation of King William and Queen Mary. Charles Dymock, Esq. who then exercised the right of being Champion, cast his gauntlet on the pavement in the usual form, and the challenge was proclaimed, when an old woman, who had entered the Hall on crutches, immediately took it up, and quitted the spot with extraordinary agility, leaving her crutches behind her, and a female glove, with a challenge in it to meet the Champion the next day in Hyde Park! Accordingly, the old woman, or, as is generally supposed, a good swordsman in that disguise, attended at the hour and place named in the challenge; but the Champion did not make his appearance, nor does it appear whether any measures were taken to discover who had passed so unseemly a joke.'

At a time when every anecdote connected with the coronation is extremely interesting, you will probably find this extract sufficiently so to merit insertion in your columns. I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,
6th Aug. 1821. J. H. A.

Biography.

HER LATE MAJESTY

QUEEN CAROLINE.

If the most illustrious birth or the highest destiny could in themselves confer happiness, then had her late Majesty been the happiest of mortals; but, alas! the experience of many years had taught her how little the world's treasures or the world's honours could alleviate the sorrows of a wounded heart, and she might justly exclaim,—

Greatness, most envied when least understood,
Thou art no real but a seeming good;
Sick at the heart, thou in the face look'st well!

By thy exalted state we only grieve
To be more wretched than the vulgar can.'

The family of Brunswick, of the reunited branches of which her late Ma-

jeaty was the immediate descendant and representative, possesses such well founded claims to antiquity and importance, that it has engaged a more than ordinary share of the attention of genealogists and historians. An English subject, as Gibbon observes, might be justly proud, in investigating the origin and history of a family which, after an alliance with the daughter of our King, has been called by the voice of a free people to the legal inheritance of a crown; but we shall only observe that the family of Brunswick is one of the most distinguished houses in Germany, and that, at a period when families which now rank high, were but feudal chiefs, the house of Brunswick were sovereigns and independent princes. Without, however, seeking to give additional honours to her late Majesty from an illustrious ancestry, it may be enough to state that she was the niece of our late venerable sovereign; that her father was that brave Duke of Brunswick, who was slain but not conquered, in resisting the power of Bonaparte, when cotemporary princes were tamely submitting to his way and profiting by their subserviency; and that she was the sister of that gallant Duke, who, bearing on his sword his parent's and his country's wrongs, rushed first in the onset against Napoleon when he returned from Elba, and fell gloriously at the battle of Ligny. This prince, atong with the indignities that his father had suffered, clothed his little army in mourning and swore that they should never wear any other uniform until those wrongs were avenged.

Her late Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, was the daughter of Charles Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, by Augusta, daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and sister to his late Majesty. She was born at Brunswick on the 17th of May, 1768, and was remarkable, from her earliest youth, for a vivacity of disposition and for that heroic spirit which has never been confined to the male branches of the House of Brunswick. Her father's court was one of the gayest, and, at the same time, the most polished in Germany; and although the young princess paid due attention to her education, yet she participated freely in the pleasures of the court, and displayed a cheerfulness of disposition which sometimes, in after life, subjected her to a suspicion of levity, although those who were best acquainted with her, knew it was nothing more than that

innocent gaiety which, at a continental court, might be indulged without the slightest imputation.

When it was deemed advisable at the British court, as well to restrain the youthful follies of the heir apparent, as to perpetuate the succession to the crown in the direct line, that the Prince of Wales should enter into a matrimonial union, the young princess of Brunswick was looked to as the most eligible match: she was descended from the same stock, was nearly allied to the crown, and was of the same religion as the establishment of England. The Prince of Wales, it was generally believed, was not very anxious to marry; but policy as well as the wishes of his parent dictated an acquiescence. The King was anxious to know whether his son had any predilections, and, to ascertain this point, got a nobleman who had not long before been at Brunswick, to introduce the subject to his Royal Highness. The Prince inquired respecting the person of the young princess, and was told she very much resembled his sister the Princess Mary. This was the strongest recommendation possible, as she was not only remarkably beautiful, but, of all his sisters, was the one to whom he was most attached. His Royal Highness thus readily agreeing to the match, immediate arrangements were made for carrying it into effect. The Earl of Malmesbury, accompanied by Mrs. Harcourt and other personages, was despatched to Brunswick, in the Jupiter, and returned on the 5th of April, 1795, with the royal bride. The Princess landed at Greenwich Hospital, where she was received by Sir Hugh Palliser, the Governor and other officers, and conducted to the governor's house. Lady Jersey arrived about an hour after the Princess landed.

It is impossible to conceive the bustle occasioned at Greenwich by the arrival of the Princess. The congregation at the Hospital Chapel left it, before the service was half over; and even the pulpit was forsaken for a sight of her Highness. After partaking of some refreshment and changing her dress, the Princess left the governor's house and got into one of the King's coaches drawn by six horses, and set off to town. In this coach were also Lady Jersey and Mrs. Harcourt. Other coaches, with Lord Malmesbury, Colonel Greville, &c. and two women servants, the only German attendants she had brought, fol-

lowed. The Princess's carriage was escorted on each side by a party of the Prince of Wales's own regiment of light dragoons; and, besides this escort, the road was lined at short distances by troops of the heavy dragoons, who were stationed from Greenwich all the way to the Horse Guards. There were, besides, hundreds of horsemen who followed her to town. All along the road, which was crowded, the people cheered the Princess with loud expressions of love and loyalty, and she, in return, very graciously bowed and smiled at them as she passed along. At three o'clock, her Highness alighted at St. James, and was conducted to the apartments prepared for her reception, which look into Cleveland Row. After a short time, the Princess appeared at the windows, which were thrown up; the people huzzed and she curtied; and this continued some minutes, until the Prince of Wales arrived from Carlton House: the first interview between two persons destined for an immediate union may be better conceived than expressed; it is said to have been very affectionate, and to have given hopes that the union would have been a happy one—hopes which unfortunately were so early blasted for ever. At a little before five o'clock the Prince and Princess sat down to dinner.

The people continuing to huzza before the palace, his Royal Highness, after dinner, appeared at the window, and thanked them for this mark of their loyalty and attention to the Princess, but hoped they would excuse her appearance then, as it might give her cold. This satisfied the crowd, who gave his Royal Highness three cheers. In the evening, when the populace had become rather noisy in their expressions of loyalty and attachment, before the Prince's apartments, in Cleveland Row, her Royal Highness appeared at the window, and in a voice of tenderness and grateful affection, thus addressed them: 'Believe me, I feel very happy and delighted to see the good and brave English people—the best nation upon earth.' The Prince afterwards addressed the people in a very condescending manner, and received the tribute of no vocal applause.

On the evening of the 8th of April, the solemnity of the marriage of the Prince and the Princess was performed in the Chapel Royal, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The procession was of the most splendid description. The bride, in her nuptial habit, with a

coronet, was led by the Duke of Clarence, and her train was borne by four unmarried daughters of Dukes and Earls. On entering the chapel, her Highness was conducted to the seat prepared for her, near her Majesty's chair of state. The bridegroom wore his collar of the order of the Garter, and he was supported by two unmarried Dukes, Bedford and Roxburgh. The procession of their Majesties followed; it included the whole of the princes and princesses of the blood royal.

Upon entering the chapel, the several persons in the procession were conducted to the places appointed for them; and, at the conclusion of the marriage service, their Majesties retired to their chairs of state under the canopy, while the anthem was performing. On the return of the procession, the king, the queen, the bridegroom, and bride, with the rest of the royal family and the great officers of state, proceeded to the Levee Chamber, where the registry of the marriage was attested with the usual formalities. After this, the procession continued into the lesser drawing-room, thence to the great Council Chamber, where the officers of state, the nobility, foreign ministers, and other persons of distinction, paid their compliments on the occasion.

The evening concluded with very splendid illuminations and other public demonstrations of joy throughout London and Westminster.

No sooner was the marriage consummated, than Parliament, with its accustomed liberality, made ample provision for the illustrious pair, by settling on the Prince of Wales an annual revenue of 125,000*l.* together with the rents of the Duchy of Cornwall. Out of this income, 73,000*l.* were appropriated to the discharge of the debts of the Prince previously contracted. The jointure of the Princess was fixed at 50,000*l.* a year.

There is, perhaps, no situation in life less envious than that of princes, who, from motives of policy, are doomed to enter into the most solemn of all obligations, and to consent to a union in which the heart does not participate. It is not, then to be wondered at, that a few royal marriages are really happy; yet although the affections may be strangled, it is not surely too much to expect that those who have consented to the union should so far respect the delicacies of society as not entirely to disregard it: and although the Prince

and Princess of Wales might never have loved each other, yet, as their appearance in public was only essential on days of state ceremony, they might have lived on such terms as need scarcely have betrayed it. This, however, unfortunately, was not the case, and, within a few short months of the marriage, serious misunderstandings were said to have occurred between the royal pair; nor did that greatest of all bonds of union, the birth of a child, tend to reconcile them, although the public looked forward to the event with eagerness.

It was on the 7th of January, 1796, that the late much lamented Princess Charlotte was born, to the great joy of their majesties and of the nation. A few days afterwards, an address of congratulation to the Prince of Wales on the event, was voted by the city of London, but his Royal Highness declined to receive it, on the ground that, having been under the necessity of dismissing his establishment, he could not entertain the deputation in a manner suitable to his rank and with that respect which was due to the city of London.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Original Poetry.

EXTEMPORE LINES.

Written on hearing of the Melancholy Death of Her Majesty.

Ou! mourn in the sadness of woe,
Lay your harps on the willows to weep,
Each bosom with anguish o'erflow,
And sorrow be lasting and deep!
Bid Pity in mourning appear,
All nature look and at the sight;
Let Morning be dimm'd with a tear,
And darker the sables of night!
Let Slander its envious breath
Be mute, and its malice give o'er;
Its object is quiet in death,
And food for its rancour no more!

Ye reptiles who wronged her now cease,
Tho' she felt not the force of your sting;
In heaven she resteth in peace,
Where your shafts have no power of wing!
Her soul, in the fulness of joy,
Rejoiceth the babe of her breast,—
Sweet solace that knows no alloy,
Finds peace on her bosom of rest!
Where God, in his mercy, all fears
That weigh'd the lone wanderer down,
Shall dry from her eye-lids the tears
Repay'd by an heavenly crown!

HATT.

Author of the Epitaph on the Death of the Princess Charlotte.

8th August, 1821.

SONNET.

Written in Darley Grove, near Derby.

Hark! let me pause beside the tranquil stream,
While many Derwent's silver waters flow;
Thou, Contemplation, thy mild gifts bestow,

While from the muses darts a radiant beam:
How sweet, how grateful the poetic dream,
When Nature, led by Cultivation's hand,
Improves, enriches a surrounding land,
And Industry and Plenty grace the theme—
Oft hast thou heard, ye Dryads, of this grove,
The lovers' vows, the tender maidens' sighs;
O may they never whisper here of love,
Whose heart is recent and whose word be-
lies!

May no such traitor in this grove appear,
But love and innocence be ever sacred here!

O. F.

STANZAS

On hearing an Itinerant Musician, whose Voice and Style reminded the Author of Miss Copeland, of the Surrey Theatre.

'THAT strain again—it had a dying fall,
And ever thus no Copeland touch'd the chord,
Would fancy warm the memory recall
Of pure delight her thrilling tones afford.

That voice! ah, surely it can never be!

Yes,—soul, the sweet delusion still enjoy—
Tis Copeland's voice awakes my sympathy,
As erst enchanting Richard's minstrel boy;

Or pouring forth Madge's heart-broken strains,
She bids our tears in plentiful streams
Flow!

Ah! who would miss the pleasure of such pain,
Whose hearts the tender balm of pity know!

Thus let me dream the silent hours away—
Thus let me snatch a visionary bliss—
For, oh! if aught can a world of woe repay,
It surely must be this.

* M.

APOSTROPHE TO GRANDMAA'S NOSE.

DELIGHTFUL organ of the human frame!

Aonian hail! through whose fine arches stray
The breathings of sweet dreams: to bear thee
play,

Methinks thou art an instrument of fame,
Excelling creaking hinges,—chimneys' sounds,
The oboe's upper notes,—the bagpipe's
groans.

The clarion's voice,—or raven's deeper tones:
Or trees, when Boreas goes his northern rounds!
O! when the midnight scene is dark and chill,
And curtains close us in our charmed bed,

What intonations thy large nostrils fill!
I own their charm,—'e'en now I feel a thrill
That keeps me watchful as a nurse, instead
Of sleep—I count the passing moments—my
will,

Cecilia! yields to thee, till night has fled.

June, 1821.

MARIA.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The *Coronation* has proved as attractive as we anticipated, and crowded audiences have nightly attested their approbation, and filled the coffers of the treasury. The liberal and splendid manner in which Mr. Elliston has done honour to an important event, and at the same time contributed extensively to the gratification of the public, is, we trust, an earnest of better days and better doings than we have hitherto witnessed at this house.

COVENT GARDEN.—This theatre

closed an unusually long and, we believe, a successful season on Tuesday, with Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, which, it appears, has been played not less than twenty-seven times. The house re-opens on the 21st of September; leaving a season of little more than six weeks for the summer theatres. The following farewell address was spoken by Mr. Fawcett:—

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I present myself to perform an unpleasant part of my duty,—that of taking leave of you; but I derive consolation from the hope that the separation will be of short duration. A retrospective glance at our campaign affords matter for gratitude and exultation, for you have generously patronized us by your approval, and our most gracious monarch has twice honoured us by the sanction of his name and presence. Most of our new productions have been successful. For the lovers of music, opera, in the earlier part of the season, took the lead, and held a conspicuous place. To please our juvenile friends at Christmas and Easter, our harlequin pantomime and melo-drama were happy in the extreme. Amongst plays of a classical and refined cast, three new and successful tragedies, in one season, is a proof that modern authors are not neglected by us, nor unrewarded by you. But, to conclude our labours on the 7th of August, with one of the great works of our immortal bard, got up in such a manner as to occasion its repetition twenty-seven times (to the most crowded and splendid audiences ever congregated within the walls of a theatre), furnishes materials for dramatic history, and affords me the pleasing opportunity of now offering you the most sincere and grateful thanks of our proprietors. Until the 27th of September next we close; and I can with truth declare, no day in the interim will be passed without an effort to re-open with (if possible) increased effect. The performers, ladies and gentlemen, and the humble individual who has the honour to address you, beg to add their thanks; and we all, for the present, most respectfully bid you farewell.'

HAYMARKET.—A new comedy, from the most prolific and ingenious living dramatist, Mr. Thomas Dibdin, was produced at this theatre on Saturday night with the most complete success. It was intitled *Rise and Fall*, and the following is a sketch of the plot:—

Sir Omium Traffic (Mr. Williams), a rich and adventurous speculator, arrives with his niece, Miss Traffic (Mrs. Tayleure), at his splendid villa, in the highest style of mercantile magnificence, and is requested to patronize the intended marriage of Rose (Mrs. Chatterley), their head gardener's daughter, with Sensitive (Mr. Jones), a worthy and well-educated young man, in reduced circumstances, through the misfortunes of a deceased pa-

rent. The wealthy baronet and his niece treat their dependants with a considerable degree of hauteur, and object to a marriage not originally arranged under their auspices, when they receive an electrical shock in the news of a continental failure involving them in sudden poverty, and the necessity of selling their estates. On the other hand, the unassuming village schoolmaster, Sensitive, becomes as unexpectedly the possessor of an immense income, which enables him to purchase the baronet's domain; and a number of whimsical incidents are elicited from the rise of one family and fall of the other. Sensitive, in spite of every temptation laid out for him, remains true to the humble Rose, and promises to assist his friend Trampley (Mr. Terry), an eccentric literary wanderer, in the service of the periodical press, with a large sum of money, when a codicil is discovered to the will of his benefactor, Sir Robert (Mr. Younger), which restricts him from marrying for three years, or from 'tending any sum above five pounds. While perplexed with these unlooked-for drawbacks, it is discovered that the testator is yet living, having been shipwrecked and supposed lost, but preserved, providentially, on his passage from the Indies; and the failure of Sir Omium's agent turns out to be a fabrication, made with an intention to cure him of a dangerous partiality for hazardous speculation. Sensitive, however, is equally well provided for during his patron's life, married his dear Rose, and all parties are rendered contented with each other.

This is one of those light three act pieces peculiar to this house, which, hovering between farce and comedy, partakes of the best features of both without any invasion of the strict rules of either; the story is developed with considerable art; the incidents arise easily and naturally, and the equivogue is carried on without any sacrifice of probability either in the conduct or expressions of the characters that are involved in it. The dialogue is maintained throughout in the happiest manner, it is the elevated conversation of true comedy, enlivened by flashes of genuine wit and humour. The acting did justice to the conception of the author. Jones, on whom the principal weight of the piece rested, and we know no one better able to bear a load of this description, played with that spirit, vivacity, and natural ease which have ranked him among the first comedians of the day. Terry, in the character of a literary adventurer who writes for the newspapers, exercised much and deserved applause. Oxberry, in a very grotesque dress, made a good deal of the lawyer; and De Camp made the best French valet

we ever saw on the stage. This character conveyed an excellent moral and showed how little a man can depend upon professions of friendship when they are forsaken by fortune. Mrs. Chatterley played with the prettiest rustic simplicity, and Mr. Tayleure infused a good deal of humour into the character of the gardener. The scenery was very beautiful; and the piece met with the most triumphant success, with the best audience of the season. It was announced for repetition every evening, amid the loudest cheers.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—An interlude, intitled *Two Wives, or a Husband*, was produced on Tuesday. The plot consists merely of the endeavours of the parents of a young lady, to work a reformation in her cruel and morose husband; this task is undertaken by their servant (Harley), and he accomplishes it by feigning that the former wife of the tyrant, who was supposed to have been drowned, was still living, and about to prosecute him for bigamy. The piece is lively, and Harley sings a laughable song, and bustles through four different characters; but these mono-dramas have had their day, and we do not think this will be long on the stage, although it is well played, and was received with every mark of complete success.

Literature and Science.

Pyroligneous Acid.—The value of the vinegar of wood, lately successfully used for the purpose of preserving meat for a great length of time, even in warm climates, has been proved by M. J. Stanley, M. D. as follows:

'Having previously made several experiments with the acid, which were favourable, on the 6th of October, 1819, I prepared two pieces of fresh meat (beef) with the pyroligneous acid, applying it lightly over their surfaces by means of a small brush. After hanging up in my kitchen till the 12th of November following, I gave one of the specimens to the captain of a vessel bound for the West Indies, with directions to observe and note any change that might take place during his voyage. In the month of Oct. 1820, he restored me this specimen. On comparing it with that left at home, I could perceive no sensible difference. On the 21st of December following, I caused both to be thoroughly boiled, and when served up

they were declared by several gentlemen who tasted them with me, to be perfectly fresh and sweet, and, with the addition of salt and vegetables, a palatable and wholesome dish.

Ice.—M. Hemphane, of Brussels, has shown, that ice for summer use should be taken from the river on a very cold day, and be exposed on the following night to the open air, till its temperature is in equilibrio with the cold of the atmosphere. It should be then placed in the ice-house, about six o'clock in the morning when the air becomes warmer. In order to prove the advantages of this method, he supposes that two ice-houses have been filled with ice, one with ice at 32°, and the other with ice at 14°. When a sixth part of the ice at 32° is melted the ice at 14° will be untouched, but its temperature will have risen to 32°. One sixth part of the whole, therefore, has been saved by laying it up at a low temperature.

Egyptian Antiquities.—M. Caillaud, who accompanied the expedition of Ismael Bey to Dongolah, remained some time at Thebes, where he discovered a mummy coeval with the time of the Greeks. On the head of the embalmed personage, is a gilt crown, in the form of a lotus. The body is wrapped up in bandelets, after the Egyptian manner. On the case or sarcophagus, which envelopes the mummy, inscriptions are visible, some in Greek, and others in hieroglyphics. On the right side, there appears tied with fillets, a manuscript on papyrus, in the Greek language. The linen that covers the mummy is overspread with Egyptian subjects and hieroglyphic signs. In the interior of the case, the signs of the zodiac are represented. This valuable monument is in excellent preservation, though the design, the ornaments, and the colours are not so perfect as in some more ancient works. It appears from hence that the Egyptians attained, under the Greeks, an acquaintance with hieroglyphics. The famous stone of Rosetta had already proved this, as it regards the epoch of Ptolemy Epiphanes; and certain inscriptions recently found at the feet of the Sphinx, in the excavations of Capt. Cavaglia warrant the opinion that the art of their writing had been preserved to a certain time under the Romans.

In some recent excavations, by the Arabs, at Thebes, a tomb was opened, wherein were ten or twelve cases of mummies, three of which had Greek inscriptions by the side of hieroglyphics!

The annexed is a translation of one of them:—'Tomb of Typhon, son of Heracles Soter and of Seraposis. He was born on the second day of Athur, in the 5th year of our Lord Adrian. He died on the 20th of the month Meebir, in the 11th year of the same Lord, at the age of six years, two months, and twenty days. He was buried on the 12th of Athur, in the 12th of Adrian.'

This inscription must have lasted 1631 years, Adrian having commenced his reign in the year 117 of the Christian Era.

M. Caillaud has, moreover, found in the catacombs of Thebes, a number of different objects that shed a new light on the manners and customs of the Egyptians, such as furniture, apparel for the legs and feet, ornaments for the toilet, and even ancient bread in good preservation.

The Bee.

*'Floris et apes in salubris omnia limant,
Omnia nos titidem depascitur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

It is a curious fact, that the temperature of the longest day in this year, was below that of the shortest of the last.

Epigram.—From the Greek.

It was not Dr. Julep's skill
That kill'd me: no, but being ill,
I thought I saw him by my side—
That was enough for me—I died.

A lawyer, noted for a closer attention to his own interest than that of his clients, had adopted for his motto, '*Successus aut spem*,' which a wag thus rendered into English: 'I have cheated five hundred, and hope to cheat five hundred more.'

A boy, about ten years of age, was lately asked by Mr. H. who made him. 'Moses,' replied the boy. 'Are you not mistaken?' said Mr. H. 'No, sir. Will you tell me who made you?' 'Aaron.' 'What,' said the boy, 'are you that cursed calf that Aaron made?'

Impromptu.

Say! fair Ophelia, with surprise,
How dark have lately grown my eyes;
True, sighs a lover, they're array'd
In mourning for the deaths they've made.

On a Baker. *By his Wife.*

With balm I have scattered the spot where he lies,
But I hope to the Lord it won't make his crust rise;

I'll flower his grave, but I'll not do as he did,
For L'leg to assure him his dough is not needed.

At the marriage of Monsieur, the Count d'Artois, the city of Paris agreed to distribute marriage portions. A smart little girl, of sixteen, named Lise Noirin, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked

who was her lover?—'O!' said she, with great simplicity, 'I have no lover; I thought the city furnished every thing.'—This answer created much mirth; and in the event a husband was found for her.

Epigram on a Baker with a Tray of Loaves on his Head, knocking a Passenger down.

'Baker, you heedless fellow!—
Thus early art thou slow,
And in such driving haste,
To feed some glutton's taste,
To knock me down as dead?'
'I'm under great necessity,
Therefore I heed not such as thee.'
'Well! never mind for once,—
Thou'rt more a clown than dunce,
I see thou'rt underbred.' . . . P.

Madame de Staël.—This celebrated author and strong-minded woman was not free from singular superstitions. In her last illness, finding she could not recover, she became impatient, and took many singular whims into her head, one of which was, that she could not die comfortably, save in the bed of her intimate friend, Madame Gay, (the author of two of the best French novels of the present day, and several successful dramatic pieces.) Madame G. instantly consented to it, and Madame de Staël was conveyed on a mattress to her house, and the instant she was put into Madame G.'s own bed, she said, 'now, my dear Sophie, I shall die in peace—God bless you.'

Nature appears in Switzerland in some of its most awful and majestic forms.—The stupendous summits of the Alps, clothed in eternal snow, the glaciers or seas of ice, intersected with numerous fissures, the tremendous precipices, the descending torrents, and dashing cataracts, are objects singularly terrific and sublime. Sometimes masses of snow and ice, loosened from these mountains, are suddenly precipitated into the valleys below, sweeping away flocks and villages in their course, and even the mountains themselves sometimes burst asunder, and overwhelm thousands of people by their fall:—

From steep to steep loud thundering down they come.

A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
And herds and flocks, and travellers and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,

Or hamlets, sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep-beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Alady once complained that a gentleman, during the whole of divine service, kept his eyes constantly fixed on her face. 'Pray, madam,' said the person to whom the complaint was made, 'where were your own eyes all this time?'

The 19th of July is memorable in more respects than the coronation of our present sovereign. 1. On that day, 1338, Edward defeated the Scots, with great slaughter, at Halidown Hill, near Berwick-upon-Tweed. On that day, 1554, Philip II. King of Spain, landed at Southampton, and was married to the sanguinary Mary, at Winchester, on the 25th of the same month—a union to which a great part of the nation had, with good cause, the utmost aversion. 3. On that day, 1575, began a most magnificent entertainment, given to Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester, in Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire, which was extraordinary for expense and magnificence. The daily expense is said to have been, even at that time, 1000l. to the earl. 'Surely,' observes Hume, 'one may say of such a guest, what Cicero said to Atticus, on occasion of a visit paid him by Cæsar— "If she relieved the people from oppressions, her visits were a great oppression to the nobility." 4. On that day, 1598, the Spanish Armada arrived in the English channel; but was soon after compelled to retreat.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'Life, as displayed in the Sojournings of Loftus Grey,' and 'Ralph Doggrel's Parody,' in our next.

The favours of Auld Dominie, Mr. Hatt, D. M., and Grenville, shall have immediate attention.

We do not agree with Mediocrity, that the review he mentions is a desideratum that cannot be dispensed with, and we have no recollection of having heard from him before on the subject.

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For the first extract, vide *British Critic* for June, 1821—For the second, see *Literary Gazette*, July 7, 1821.

Advertisements.

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Review of New Books.

Journal of a Residence in the Burmah Empire, and more particularly at the Court of Amarapoorah. By Captain Hiram Cox, of the Honourable East India Company's Bengal Native Infantry. 8vo. pp. 431. London, 1821.

THE Burmah empire, which comprises the countries of Ava, Arracan, Siam, and Pegu, is situated on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal. It is nearly one thousand miles in length and six hundred in breadth, and it contains a population of upwards of seven millions. The journal of Captain Cox, which contains a full description of this country, hitherto so imperfectly known to Europeans, was written during a residence there, in 1796. His premature death, at the age of thirty-nine years, in the midst of an employment afterwards, in the province of Arracan, that required all his time and attention, prevented him from making any addition to his journal, and even from arranging what he had already written. That task has since devolved on his son, who has added nothing, and only omitted such minor details as were made for the gratification of the writer, and were not of public interest.

The journal comprises a period of thirteen months from the 8th of October, 1796, when Captain Cox sailed up the Rangoon River, to the 1st of November, 1797. In the expedition to Amarapoorah, he was absent eleven months. As the author appears to have paid close attention to the manners and customs of this peculiar people, and as he is rather felicitous in his talent at description, he has, without the slightest effort, or appearance of book-making, furnished us with a very interesting volume, which is, at the same time, a valuable contribution towards a complete history of Oriental customs. On the 14th of November, he saw a procession of the natives to the principal Pagoda:—

‘There,’ says he, ‘I had carpets spread, and chairs placed for myself and Mr. V.C. III.

Burnet, and commanded a perfect view of the men and women going and returning. The crowd of both sexes was very great from sun-rise till ten o'clock, every one carrying, or rather offering, according to their abilities or zeal. Some of them bore pageants in the form of trees, the branches loaded with clothes, betel, and other necessities for the priests; others, elegantly constructed pyramids of various forms on the backs of paper-elephants, crocodiles, or giants. These pyramids were very neatly made of coloured paper and wax, formed into fret-work containing fire-works—others fire-works, cloth, or fruit. The officers of government, and those who could afford the expense, were preceded by the country musicians; all were dressed in their gala-suits, and in the silks manufactured in the country, which, for texture and vivid colours, would be esteemed even in polished circles. The manners of the whole reflected credit upon them as a nation: no jostling or ill-humour was seen, all were gay and decorous. The dress of the women impresses strangers with an idea of their being immodest; but, in my opinion, they are quite the reverse: frank, but innocent; affectionate wives and tender mothers.’

A singular mode of trial, called rather improperly a trial by ordeal, took place a few days after, to ascertain the truth of an accusation of adultery against a native:—

‘The defendant denying the charge, the principals, witnesses, and court, adjourned to a small pagoda without the walls of the town, when all the parties were solemnly sworn according to the rites of the Burmah faith, the depositions of the witnesses taken down, and the deity invoked by the priest to judge between the parties. A certain quantity of wax was weighed in two equal portions, and formed into two candles, which were lighted at the same instant. One was held by the plaintiff, the other by the defendant; and the holder of the candle which first burnt out, was adjudged to have sworn falsely, and of course lost the cause, and would be sentenced to pay the costs of the suit, amounting to four hundred ticals, and damages three hundred ticals. In this case the defendant's candle burnt out first, when the people gave a shout, and the plaintiff's friends, having previously prepared a band of music and dancers, they exhibited before the people. This much only I have been able to au-

thenticate; whether the woman is liable to be repudiated, or whether there are any variations in the fines, I have not as yet ascertained.’

When Captain Cox, in proceeding up the river, came to Raynaungong, or as it is pronounced by the natives Yanaunghong, he stopped to visit the wells of Naptha, or earth oil, which are about three miles from the river. They are scattered irregularly, at no great distance from each other, some not more than thirty or forty yards. At the particular place he visited, he was informed, that there were one hundred and eighty wells, and four or five miles to the north-east, there were three hundred and forty more:—

‘In making a well, the hill is cut down, so as to form a square table of fourteen or twenty feet for the crown of the well, and from this table a road is formed by scraping away an inclined plane for the drawers to descend, in raising the excavated earth from the well, and subsequently the oil. The shaft is sunk of a square form, and lined, as the miner proceeds, with squares of cassia wood staves; these staves are about six feet long, six inches broad, and two thick, and are rudely jointed and pinned at right angles to each other, forming a square frame about four and a half feet in the clear for the uppermost ones, but more contracted below. When a miner has pierced six or more feet of the shaft, a series of these square frames are piled on each other, and regularly added to at top; the whole gradually sinking as he deepens the shaft, and securing him against the falling in of the sides. The soil or strata to be pierced is, first, a light sandy loam, intermixed with fragments of quartz, silice, &c. Secondly, a friable sand-stone easily wrought, with thin horizontal strata of a concrete of marial ore, talc*, and indurated argil, at from ten or fifteen feet from the surface, and also from each other, as there are several of these veins in the great body of free-stone. Thirdly, at twenty cubits, more or less, from the surface, and immediately below the free-stone, a pale blue argillaceous earth (schista) appears, impregnated with the petroleum, and smelling strongly of it. This, they say, is very difficult to work, and grows harder as they get deeper.

* The talc has this singularity; it is de-lucated, its lamina being perpendicular to the horizontal lamina of the argil on which it is seated.’

er, ending in schist and slate, such as is found covering veins of coal in Eufoupe. Below this schist, at the depth of one hundred and thirty cubits, is coal. I procured some (intermixed with sulphur and pyrites), which had been taken from a well, deepened a few days before my arrival; but deemed amongst them a rarity, as they are seldom obliged to proceed to such a depth. They were piercing a new well when I was there; had got to the depth of eighty cubits, and expected oil at ten or twenty cubits more.

'The machinery used in drawing up the rubbish, and afterwards the oil from the well, is an axle crossing the centre of the well, resting on two rude forked stanchions, with a revolving barrel on its centre, like the nave of a wheel, in which is a score for receiving the draw-rope; the bucket is of wicker work, covered with dammer; and the labour of the drawers, consisting in general of three men, is facilitated by the descent of the inclined plane, as water is drawn from deep wells in Hindostan. To receive the oil, one man is stationed at the brink of the well, who empties the bucket into a channel made on the surface of the earth, leading to a sunken jar, from whence it is laded into smaller ones, and immediately carried down to the river, either by coolies or on hackeries*. When a well grows dry, they deepen it. They say, none are abandoned for barrenness. Even the death of a miner from mephitetic air does not deter others from persisting in deepening them when dry. Two days before my arrival, a man was suffocated in one of the wells; yet they afterwards renewed their attempts without further accident. I recommended trying the air with a candle, &c. with seemingly little effect.

'The oil is drawn pure from the wells in the liquid state, as used without variation; but in the cold season it congeals in the open air, and always loses something of its fluidity; the temperature of the wells preserving it in a liquid state fit to be drawn. A man, who was lowered into a well one hundred and ten cubits, in my presence, and immediately drawn up, perspired copiously at every pore: unfortunately, I had no other means of trying the temperature. The oil is of a dingy green, and odoriferous: it is used for lamps, and, boiled with a little dammer (a resin of the country) for paying the timbers of houses, and the bottoms of boats, &c. which it preserves from decay and vermin. Its medicinal properties known to the natives, cause it to be employed as a lotion in cutaneous eruptions, and as an embrocation in bruises and rheumatic affections.'

The property of these wells is in the owners of the soil natives of the country, and descends to the heir general, as a kind of entailed estate. The cost

of sinking a new well is 2500 sicca rupees, and the annual average, net profit, is 1250 sicca rupees. The average produce of each well is about 1824 lbs. avoirdupois per day. Each well is worked by four men, who have one-sixth of the produce for their labour:—

'From the wells the oil is carried in small jars, by coolies or on carts, to the river; where it is delivered to the merchant exporter, at two ticals per hundred vis; the value being enhanced three-eighths by the expense and risk of portage; therefore, the gross value or profit to the country of the whole, deducting five per cent. for wastage, may be stated at 1,081,800 ticals, or 1,362,525 sicca rupees per annum, yielding a direct revenue to the king of 136,232 sicca rupees per annum, and perhaps thrice as much more before it reaches the consumer; besides the benefit the whole country must derive from the productive industry called into action, by the constant employment of so large a capital on so gross an article. There were between seventy and eighty boats, average burthen sixty tons each, loading oil at the several wharfs, and others constantly coming and going while I was there. A number of boats and men also find constant employment in providing the pots, &c. for the oil; and the extent of this single branch of internal commerce, (for almost the whole is consumed in the country,) will serve to give some insight into the internal commerce and resources of the country. At the wells, the price of the oil is seven annas seven pice, per 112lbs. avoirdupois; at the port of Ranghoo it is sold at the rate of three sicca rupees, three annas, and six pice, per 112lbs., or per hoghead of sixty-three gallons, (weighing 504lbs.) fourteen rupees, seven annas, nine pice, exclusive of the cask; or per Bengal bazar maund, two rupees, five annas, eight pice; whereas the mustard-seed and other vegetable oils sell, at Ranghoo, at eleven rupees per bazar maund.

'To conclude, this oil is a genuine petroleum, possessing all the properties of coal-tar, being, in fact, the self-same thing; the only difference is, that Nature elaborates in the bowels of the earth, that for the Burmahans, for which European nations are obliged to the ingenuity of Lord Dundonald.'

On the 24th of January, Captain Cox reached the city of Amarapoora, which, including the suburbs, extends four miles along the south-eastern bank of the river, and teems with religious buildings of various shapes. On the 1st of February, he got to Mheghoon, the residence of the sovereign. It is an assemblage of bamboo huts, with a few wooden houses, straggling along the western bank of the river for about

two miles, under a range of high barren hills:—

'About the centre of what is called the city, is a wooden palace of his majesty's, externally of a mean appearance; and along the bank near it were ranged about ten large accommodation boats for the royal family. They have houses erected on them, with gilt mouldings and ornaments, also two large ones, with high pagodas on them for his majesty's and the queen's particular use; but I defer giving a more minute description of them until some future opportunity offers of closer inspection. A little beyond his majesty's palace is the site of the intended pagoda; at present, they are advanced but little above the foundation; and, as the dimensions are very great, it will require some years to finish it. His majesty holds his court at present in a large one-poled tent, on a sand-bank, in the river opposite, but nearly three-fourths of a mile east of the pagoda, where he remains while dispensing charity to the priesthood. Besides his tent, he has a temporary bamboo-palace, and the bank is covered with the huts of his particular attendants.'

After some difficulty in arranging the forms in which Captain Cox was to be admitted, he had an audience of the king, on the 8th of February, in his tent, of which he gives the following account:—

'The grand audience-tent is circular, about three hundred feet in diameter, supported in the centre by a stout mast, about sixty feet high, the pinnacle rising above the top of the tent, perhaps twelve feet more, and gilt. The sides supported by an arcade of one hundred arches; the piers of wood about fifteen feet high; the arches formed of bamboo work; the wall-plate which supports the back of the tent was of bamboo; stout ropes are extended in the inside from the centre pole to each pier, and then carried out to posts fifteen or twenty feet beyond, and made fast. These support the fly of the tent, which was made of single dungaree, (a coarse thick cotton fabric, common in India,) in the sea phrase, neither wind nor weather tight. Round the base of the centre pole, was built a pedestal about ten feet square, and fifteen high, whether of wood or masonry I had no opportunity of observing. Round it was a circular open railing about six feet high; and within the inclosure several large square glass lanterns were hung, and looking-glasses arranged, with other trifles of the same kind. The throne, which came close to the outer edge of the tent, was an octagon of wood, like a large pulpit; each face was about ten feet; the floor elevated about six feet above the level of the tent; the sides open to the south and east, the west and north sides screened by a curtain; the floor was carpeted, and a raised bench covered with velvet cushions laced with gold, was placed near the centre, a little advanced to the front. Be-

* Hackeries, the term for the common carts in India.

low, within the circle of the tent, was a raised seat, like a clerk's reading desk, covered with green velvet, edged and trimmed with broad gold lace, with large red velvet cushions on it, trimmed in the same manner. To the right and left of the throne on the ground, just within the arcade of the tent, were ranged twenty of the King's body-guard, in satin gowns trimmed with gold lace, with treble scalloped capes and cuffs, and gilt hats like Malbrino's helmet. Nearer the throne, to the right or west side, were seated in a line with the body-guards, six eunuchs of the palace, native Mahomedans, in white jammams and coloured silk lunges, with white handkerchiefs round their heads. The princes of the blood, the chobwas,* and all the courtiers of superior rank, were dressed in red velvet gowns, like that worn by the mahoon; the caps of the pfinces and chobwas, varying according to their rank; which is further denoted by the gold chains they wear. The inferior courtiers' dress and caps were made of satin trimmed with narrow gold lace, but in form the same as the viceroys'.

After I had been seated about twenty minutes, a man, dressed in white, came into the enclosed place within the throne from the rear, as if to arrange the cushions on it, and, immediately after he had retired; his Majesty entered, and seated himself on the throne. He was dressed in white muslin with a gold border, and had on a crown shaped something like a mitre, about fifteen inches in height, but how ornamented I was too distant to observe. In his hand he had a small cowie, made of peacocks' quills, with which he fanned away the flies; no one remained in the pulpit with him. He appeared rather lusty, his countenance open, and complexion rather fairer than the Burmahans in general, with a thin grey beard, and altogether like a Chinese of the southern part of the empire. When seated, he asked in a clear and audible voice, which was the resident? Then, who was the gentleman next me? He then asked, whether my epaulets and cockade were insignia of my rank? Who were the persons attending in my suit? What was in the chests? What the use of the large blocks of timber, &c.? He was then pleased to say, that he understood I was a sensible and polite gentleman; upon which I placed my hand on my breast, and bowed my head. He immediately said, "Ah! that is the manner in which the Europeans salute their sovereigns. The hand placed on the breast, means that their respect flows from the heart." To which the viceroys replied in the affirmative. The sardogan, first prostrating himself three times, then read from a tassar leaf, in a singing tone, an account of the presents. After sitting about twenty minutes, the King, addressing himself to the viceroys, said, "the weather is very warm; I must retire, take care of him." He then rose

* Petty tributary princes.

from the throne, and retired to his palace in the rear.

Of one of his palaces we have the following description. The author is first speaking of the steps ascending to the pagoda from the river front:—

"These steps consist of three flights, about thirty feet broad at the lowest step, and twenty at the highest; of ordinary brickwork masonry, with a low parapet wall on each side, and led to the first terrace, about fifteen feet above the ordinary level of the river in the rains. The revetement of the river-face of this terrace was of stones, wrought to an equal surface on their exterior superficies; but rough and irregular on their interior, laid in common mortar, made of stone pounded, or lime and sand. At the lowest step we were requested to take off our shoes, which we immediately did; all our servants were allowed to attend us, and I was allowed to take my Hingcoostanee punkah. We were not at any time desired to take off our hats. Immediately within the verge of the first terrace, on either side of the steps, are erecting two colossal figures of lions, or rather sphinxes, in positions rather couchant than rampant. They are of brick masonry, and seated on pedestals of the same materials; the surface of the pedestals are about two cubits above the level of the terrace, and the height of the figures, from the surface of the table to the crown of their heads, is fifty-eight cubits; making altogether, sixty Burmian cubits, of nineteen inches each, or ninety-five English feet. The body and limbs are of proportionate magnitude, according to the Burmian ideas of sculpture; the eyes and teeth are of alabaster, the eye-ball, which we had an opportunity of measuring, was thirteen feet in circumference. The northernmost figure is finished to the plastering and ornamental parts, the sockets for the eye-balls are left vacant, and to place the eye balls in them will require some exertions of mechanical ingenuity, which I should like to see. There are six terraces rising above each other, their parapet walls equidistant, and revetements of the faces of each of good brick masonry, with stone spouts ornamented with sculptured alligators' heads, to carry off the water. Above there is a seventh terrace, on which is the plinth of the pagoda, and the eighth terrace is formed by the upper surface of the plinth. The seven lower terraces have not been wholly formed by art, but advantage taken of a little mound, the sides of which have been cut down, and then retaced with masonry; the levels of the terraces so far, being left of the common soil, a sandy loam mixed with shingly stones. Upon the seventh terrace rises the exposed part of the base or plinth of the intended structure; the foundation of which is sunk of solid masonry still lower; how much I have not been able to ascertain. Within the plinth a hollow chamber is left, forming a quadrangle, whose

extent is sixty-one feet six inches,* its depth eleven feet, and the walls being twelve feet eleven inches thick, make the exterior surface a square of eighty-seven feet four inches. The interior of this chamber is plastered with white chunnam, and decorated with painted borders and pannelled compartments, with trees and flower-pots in them. There are also rows of columns twenty-nine inches square, and pilasters, to support the leaden beams and terrace, with which the whole is to be covered when the dedicated treasures are deposited there; with a number of quadrangular compartments, large and small, from ten feet to four feet five inches square, to contain them; the smaller ones being lined with plates of lead, three-fourths of an inch thick. The innumerable quadrangles are intended for the preservation of the treasures dedicated by his Majesty, while the span around them is devoted to the oblations of his courtiers. Opposite each of the smaller compartments, whose depth is equal to that of the larger ones, and which appeared like so many wells, was placed on small Bengal carpets, little hollow temples, three feet square, with pyramidal roofs ornamented in the Burmian style; the interior frame being of painted wood, covered with thin plates of silver, alloyed to about fifty per cent. standard; in height, from the base to the pinnacle, seven feet, the eaves ornamented with strings of red coral, about six beads in each, terminated with heart-shaped pieces of common window-glass. Round the solid part of the building and upon the terrace, were arranged piles of leaden beams, about five inches square, and of sufficient length to cover the respective chambers, with plates of lead of the same length, fourteen inches broad, and three-fourths of an inch thick, for the coverings; and besides these, a number of slates, of a schistous granite, were arranged in readiness to cover the whole. We were told that there was another set of chambers of the same dimensions and structure, charged with treasure, below these: how true this I cannot pretend to determine. The invention of lining the chambers with lead for the preservation of the treasures, is an honour claimed by his present Majesty, who has great skill in these matters. That the design has a divine sanction we had ocular demonstration, three piles of leaden plates, gilt with gold-leaf being shown us, which had been brought and arranged, where we saw them, at night, by angels. Our conductors assured us that the building was surrounded at night by watchful guards, so that no human agents could have transported such weighty materials unobserved; it is, therefore, justly considered and believed as a miracle of divine favour. All this I was particularly desired to note down in my pocket-book, which I did on the spot, and added to it an observation of my own, that a good deal of melted wax, such as is used by the Burmahs for candles, had been dropped on the slabs; I,

therefore, suppose the night must have been dark, and that the angels worked by candle-light. From the level of this terrace, a conical spire of solid masonry is intended to be erected, the weight of which I am afraid will prove too great for the leaden beams; but it would be a dangerous piece of impertinence for a stranger to offer any advice on these sacred matters, otherwise I could easily secure the safety of the superstructure, by shewing them how to turn arches over the hollow chambers.

During Captain Cox's stay, he was entertained with country-daunces, music, and fire-works:—

'The Burmhan fire-works consist chiefly of large crackers, made in joints of bamboo, and a kind of Catherine-wheels, that are fired off horizontally, and, when well made, are projected by the impulsive force of the powder, perpendicularly in the air, to a considerable height, whirling round with great impetuosity and noise, both in their ascent and descent; but for one that succeeds a dozen fail, so bad is the powder, and so little are they acquainted with the rules of composition. Some of these wheels are said to contain two thousand viss, or seven thousand pounds of powder,—perhaps this account is exaggerated. In size, as near as I could judge from the distance, the largest seemed to me about thirty feet in the transverse diameter, and six feet in height, and, when fired, formed an immense column of smoke. Each courtier had his fire-works separately arranged, and surrounded by his followers, with small distinguishing flags, so as to enable his Majesty to know whose fire-works succeeded best. They began with those of the lowest rank; and, when one set was finished, the party to whom they belonged brought the remains of the cases, with their flags and music, and danced before his Majesty, who, I understand, on these occasions gives them some trifling presents, as marks of his royal favour. These fire-works are exhibited by day, for fear of accidents, yet, notwithstanding, many are scorched and wounded by sudden explosions, and the falling of fiery fragments; on the whole, it is a rude, barbarous, and insipid exhibition; a waste of labour and materials, unaided by any efforts of ingenuity, and unrelieved by variety, so necessary to satisfy the fastidiousness of European criticism.'

On the 18th of March the King left his capital:—

'His Majesty set off about eight a. m. in the smallest of his boats of state, accompanied by eleven boats of his queens and concubines, eighteen covered boats belonging to his ministers and courtiers, and about seventy war-boats; several of them gilt, including those that towed his own, the queens', and ministers' boats. Each, on an average, might contain about fifty men. On shore, he proceeded with twenty-nine elephants, with different kinds

of howdahs on them, followed by his body-guard, fling off promiscuously, dressed in the common habit of the country, with two bundles; and their muskets lashed to them, carried by each on a bamboo. About one o'clock the new carriage followed his Majesty, in a boat, towed by two war-boats; after it a boat of horses, and behind these his former state-carriage.'

(To be continued.)

Don Juan, Cantos III., IV., and V.,
(Concluded from p. 497.)

AFTER the death of Haidée, with an account of which we concluded last week, Don Juan, who had been 'wounded and fettered,' was destined for the slave market, at Constantinople.—Among other captives, he met with a company of singers, who, going to Sicily, were taken by a pirate. One of the principal of these describes his own merits to Don Juan rather facetiously:—

'I would not become myself to dwell upon
My own merits, and though young—I see,
sir—You
Have got a travel'd air, which shows you one
To whom the opera is by no means new
You've heard of Raucocanti!—I'm the man;
The time may come when you may hear me
too;
You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,
But next, when I'm engaged to sing there—
do you."

Raucocanti's recital is interrupted by the pirate crew, announcing their destination:—

'They heard next day—that in the Dardanelles,
Waiting for his sublimity's firman,
The most imperative of sovereign spells,
Which every body does without who can,
More to secure them in their naval cells,
Lady to lady, well as man to man,
Were to be chain'd and lotted out per couple,
For the slave market of Constantinople.

'It seems when this allotment was made out,
There chanced to be an odd male, and odd female,

Who (after some discussion and some doubt,
If the soprano might be doom'd to be male,
They placed him o'er the women as a scout)
Were hink'd together, and it happen'd the male

Was Juan, who,—an awkward thing at his age,
Pair'd off with a Bacchante blooming visage.

'With Raucocanti luckily was chain'd
The tenor; these two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage, and each more pain'd
With this his tuneless neighbour than his fate;

Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grain'd,
Instead of bearing up without debate,
That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,

"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.'

The poet is proceeding to describe how Don Juan withstood temptation, but restrains himself with an episode,

rather in defence of himself than his hero:—

'Here I might enter on a chaste description,
Having withstood temptation in my youth,
But hear that several people take exception

At the first two books having too much truth;
Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,

Because the publisher declares, in sooth,
Through needies' eyes it easier for the camel is
To pass, than those two cantos into families.

'Tis all the same to me; I'm fond of yielding.
And therefore leave them to the purer page
Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,
Who say strange things for so correct an age;

I once had great alacrity in wielding
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,
And recollect the time when all this cant
Would have provoked remarks which now it shan't.

'As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble;
But at this hour I wish to part in peace,
Leaving such to the literary rabble,
Whether my verse's fame be doom'd to

cease,
While the right hand which wrote it still is able,

Or of some centuries to take a lease;
The grass upon my grave will grow as long,
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

'Of poets who come down to us through dis-

course,
Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,

Life seems the smallest portion of existence;
Where twenty ages gather o'er a name;
'Tis as a snowball which derives assistance
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow,
But after all 'tis nothing but cold snow.

'And so great names are nothing more than nominal,

And love of glory's but an airy lust,
Too often in its fury overcoming all—
Who would as 'twere identify their dust
From out the wide destruction, which, embom-

ing all,
Leaves nothing till the coming of the just—
Save change; I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of Rome.

'The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an age is fled,
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom:

Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?
Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral gloom
Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,

And lose their own in universal death.'

But to return to the story.—The captives are landed at the market, and all readily sold; and, in giving an account of the prices they fetched, the author has an ungenerous fling at Mr. Wilberforce, who, we are told, has made the prices of Negroes—

twice
'What 'twas ere abolition.'

There is something very whimsical in the description of the market:—

' Like a back-gammon board the place was dotted
With whites and blacks, in groups on show
For sale,
Though rather more irregularly spotted:
Some bought the jet, while others chose the
pale.'

Don Juan and a fellow captive, with
whom he had formed an acquaintance,
were purchased by an old man, who
took them home to a splendid palace,
which is described very minutely. The
captives are intreated to undergo 'an
ancient rite' to make them true be-
lievers, but they spurn the idea. Don
Juan, after much remonstrance, is
dressed in the suit of a princess. He
is then led from room to room,—

'Through glittering galleries, and o'er marble
floors,

Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,
Haughty and huge, along the distance towers;
'And waited far arose a rich perfume:
It seemed as though they came upon a shrine,
For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

'The giant door was broad, and bright, and
high,
Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious
guise;

Warriors thereon were battling furiously;
Here stalks the victor, there the vanquished
lies;

Their captives led in triumph droop the eye,
And in perspective many a squadron flies:
It seems the work of times before the line
Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

'This massy portal stood at the wide close
Of a huge hall, and on its either side
Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,
Were sat, like ugly imps, as if allied
In mockery to the enormous gate which rose
O'er them in almost pyramidal pride:
The gate so splendid was in all its features,
You never thought about those little creatures,

'Until you nearly trod on them, and then
You started back in horror to survey
The wood'ron hideousness of those small men,
Whose colour was not black, nor white, nor
gray,

But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
'Can trace, altho' perhaps the pencil may;
They were mis-shapen pigmies, deaf and
dumb—

Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

'Their duty was—for they were strong, and
though
They looked so little, did strong things at
times—

To open this door, which they could really do,
The hinges being as smooth as Roger's
rhymes;

And now and then with tough strings of the
bow,

As is the custom of those eastern climes,
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat;
For mantes are generally used for that.'

Don Juan is then conducted into a
room, more splendid than any through
which he had passed:—

'In this imperial hall, at distance lay,
Under a canopy, and there reclined
Quiet in a confidential queenly way,
A lady; Baba stopped, and kneeling signed

To Juan, who, though not much used to pray,
Kneel down by instinct, wondering in his
mind

What all this meant; while Baba bowed and
bended

His head, until the ceremony ended.

'The lady rising up with such an air
As Venus rose with from the wave, on them
Bent like an antelope, a Paphian pair
Of eyes, which put out each surrounding
green;

And, as if up an arm as moonlight fair,
She signed to Baba, who first kissed her hem
Of her deep-purple robe, and speaking low,
Pointed to Juan, who remained below.

'Her presence was as lofty as her state;
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
Whose force description only would abuse,
I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,
Than lessen it by what I could relate

Of forms and features; it would strike you
blind

Could I do justice to the full detail;
So, luckily for both, my phrases fail.'

Don Juan is called upon to kneel
and kiss the lady's foot, but he refused,
and declared—

'He could not stoop
To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope.'

He is then commanded to kiss her
hand, which he readily obeyed. She
was a Sultan's bride, who having seen
Don Juan in his way to sale, had order-
ed his purchase. When all the attend-
ants had been dismissed, the sultana
inquired of her hero, 'Christian, can't
thou love?' He at first answered only
with tears, for the memory of Haidée
came over his mind, but when pressed
more closely, if not by words at least by
indications, which could not be misun-
derstood, he replied,—

'"Thou ask'st if I can love? be this the proof
How much I love lov'd—that I love not
thee!"

In this vile garb, the distaff's web and wool
Were fitter for me: love is for the free!
I am not dazzled by this splendid roof.

Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to be,
Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a
throne,

And hands obey—our hearts are still our own.'

'This was a truth to us extremely true,
Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such
things;
She deemed her least command must yield de-
light,

Earth being only made for queens and kings.
If hearts lay on the left side or the right
She hardly knew, to such perfection brings
Legitimacy its born votaries, when
Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

'Besides, as has been said, she was so fair
As even in a much humbler lot had made
A kingdom or confusion any where;
And also, as may be presumed, she laid
Some stress upon those charms, which seldom

By the possessors thrown into the shade;
She thought her's gave a double "right di-
vine."

And half of that opinion's also mine.'

This put the princess into a terrible

rage, for until then she had never known
a checked desire:—

'Her rage was but a minute's, and 'twas well—
A moment's more had slain her; but the
while

It lasted 'twas like a short glimpse of hell:
Naught's more sublime than energetic bile,
Though horrible to see yet grand to tell:
Like ocean war'ring 'gainst a rocky isle:
And the deep passions flashing through her
form,

Made her a beautiful embodied storm.
'A vulgar tempest 'twere to a Typhoon,
To match a common fury with her rage,
And yet she did not want to reach the main,
Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal
page;

Her anger pitched into a lower tune,
Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age—
Her wish was but to "kill, kill, kill," like
Lear's,
And then her thirst of blood was quenched in
tears.

'A storm it raged, and like the storm it pass'd,
Pass'd without words—in fact she could not
speak;
And then her sex's shame broke in at last,
A sentiment till then in her but weak,
But now it flow'd in natural and fast,

As water through an unexpected leak,
For she felt humbled—and humiliation
Is sometimes good for people in her station.
'It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,
It also gently hints to them that others,
Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud;
That urns and pipkins are but fragile bro-
thers,

And works of the same pottery, bad or good,
Though not all born of the same sires and
mothers;
It teaches—heaven knows only what it teaches,
But sometimes it may mend, and often reaches.

'Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head;
Her second, to extort only—his acquaintance;
Her third, to ask him where he had been bred;
Her fourth, to rally him into repentance;
Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed;
Her sixth, to stab herself; her seventh, to
sentence

The lash to Baba:—but her grand resource
Was to sit down again, and cry of course
'She thought to stab herself, but then she had
The dagger close at hand, which made it
awkward;

For eastern stays are little made to pad,
So that a poniard pierces if 'tis stuck hard:
She thought of killing Juan—but, poor lad!
Though he deserved it well for being so
backward,

The cutting off his head was not the art
Most likely to stain her aim—his heart.
'Juan was moved; he had made up his mind
To be impaled, or quartered as a dish
For dogs, or to be slain with pangs refined,
Or thrown to lions, or made bait for fish,
And thus heroically stout resigned,

Rather than sin—except to his own wish;
But all his great preparatives for dying
Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.
'As through his palms Bob Acres' valour
owed,

So Juan's virtue ebbed, I know not how;
And first he wondered why he had refused;
And then, if matters could be made up now;
And next his savage virtue he accused,
Just as a friar may accuse his vow,

Of as a dame repents her of her oath,
Which mostly ends, in some small breach of both.

'So he began to stammer some excuses;

But words are not enough in such a matter,
Although you borrow all that e'er the muses
Have sung, or even a dandy's dandiest clatter,

Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses;

Just as a languid smile began to flatter
His peace was making, but before he ventured
Further, old Baba rather briskly entered;—

A fortunate interruption for Don Juan's
virtue and our poet's character.

Baba came to announce that the sul-tan was coming: and, with a description of his person and his entry into the ha-rem, when he particularly noticed Don Juan as a pretty Christian girl, the fifth canto concludes, and we are promised that if it meets with due ap-plause, the 'sixth shall have a touch of the sublime.' A touch of something better than the present three cantos will certainly be necessary to preserve his lordship's character from sinking.

On the whole, we think the last three cantos a great falling off from the first two, but they certainly are not so ob-jectionable in a moral point of view. But although Lord Byron's poetry may with some be an extenuation for its immorality, yet we are sure he must alter much before his morals return the compliment, and be an apology for his rhymes. The poem, though hav-ing the imprint of a man of genius, is written carelessly, and the story is al-most devoid of interest.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

1. *Facts and Observations respecting Canada and the United States of America; affording a Comparative View of the Inducements to Emigration presented in those Countries. To which is added, an Appendix of Practical Instructions to Emigrant Settlers in the British Colonies.* By Charles F. Grece, Member of the Montreal and Quebec Agricultural Societies, &c. 8vo, pp. 172. London, 1819.
2. *Sketch of a Plan, for Settling in Upper Canada, a Portion of the Un-employed Labourers in England. By a Settler.* 8vo, pp. 25. Loudon, 1821.

THE mania for emigration, which, about two years ago, was so prevalent, appears now to have, in some degree, subsided; but had this not been the case, the subject has been so amply dis-cussed in our pages, that we should not deem it necessary to preface our no-tice of the two books now before us

with any observations on emigration generally. We have, when writing on this subject, more than once expressed our partiality to emigration to Canada, not only from a wish to enrich our own colonies with our native genius and in-dustry, but from a conviction that, all the circumstances considered, Canada is preferable to the United States for an English settler. In this opinion we are considerably strengthened by the plain unvarnished 'facts and ob-servations' of Mr. Grece, who treats the subject fairly and impartially. An ac-quaintance with Canada for sixteen years, and an intimate knowledge of agriculture and of that practical hus-bandry best suited to the colony, are strong recommendations of his work to emigrants, to whom it will prove a most valuable guide.

Mr. Grece is a Canadian, and we do not wonder at his recommending his own country in preference to the United States for emigration, but the facts he adduces are sufficient to bear him out in his partiality without a national feeling: the influx of settlers from the United States to America might almost settle the point, for it is a fact that the population in the townships of Lower Canada is composed of two-thirds Americans.

Mr. Grece commences his work with an exposure of the fallacious statements of Mr. Birkbeck respecting his settle-ment in the Illinois. He says,—

'With respect to the Illinois territory, it may be observed, that the climate cannot possibly be either so healthful to an European constitution, or so generally favour-able to cultivation. Mr. Birkbeck ap-pears to have laboured as much to with-hold, as to convey information; and that not only with respect to the difficulties he had to encounter in travelling to the place he fixed upon, but also with respect to the place itself. He has not told us, that the climate of the Wabash country is such as to prevent the most laborious parts of agricultural employments from being per-formed by Europeans, on account of its heat; he has not told us that the system of slavery must be adopted there, if cul-tivation be to be carried on to any great extent. There is something very dis-ingenious in all this. Mr. Birkbeck must have known very well, that the labour of ploughing, harrowing, hoeing, sowing, reaping, housing, &c. could not be well performed by those who have been ac-customed to the air and climate of Great Britain.

'How great has been the astonishment of many to find, that this same English prairie is indebted to the sweat, the toil, the groans, the heart-breaking pangs of slavery! Indeed, there is good reason to

believe, that the western territory will for ever be subject to that species of labour; the heat of the climate being too great for white men's constitutions. In the months of July and August, the heat is absolutely intolerable.'

He then gives a topographical ac-count of the Canadas, and points out their advantages to the settler at some length. He says,—

'Farms of one hundred acres, with a small log-house, and a barn, thirty acres of the land being previously prepared for cultivation, may be bought for from 150l. to 200l. In the townships, which are very extensive, and in many parts not more than fifty or eighty miles from the city of Montreal, the great emporium of the Canadas, farms may be bought on the above terms.

'Land in a state of nature may be bought for from ten shillings to two pounds per acre, at a credit of from five to ten years, paying six per cent. interest to the owner. This land, to be cleared and made fit for sowing, will cost about three or four pounds per acre more, in the Lower Province; in the Upper Province, about six pounds per acre; labour not being so plentiful there.

'There are, at present, many opportu-nities of getting farms, at no great dis-tance from Montreal, where is received the produce of the most remote settle-ments of Upper Canada, as well as that of the rich and fertile district of which it bears the name. Nor is there, at this time, any difficulty in obtaining farms in the district of the Three Rivers, or of that of Quebec; but as the district of Mon-treal possesses a more congenial climate, lying in a more southerly direction, I would, by all means, recommend emigra-tion to those parts.

'In upper Canada, plenty of land may be had at from two to four dollars per acre, in a state of nature, and, with some clearing, for a moderate consideration.'

'From what I have here briefly stated, I trust an adequate idea of the value of land in Canada may be collected. The next thing is to consider the average ex-pense attending its cultivation. This will include a view of many articles of expen-diture, not solely agricultural, but which necessarily, in a partial manner, enter into all calculations of this nature. The usual price of labour on farms, is from one shil-ling and eight-pence to two shillings and six-pence per day, with board; if without board, four shillings and two-pence. An annual farming servant, besides board and lodging, has from 15l. to 24l. wages per annum; and a woman servant of all-work, from 6l. to 12l. per annum.'

The minor details, as to the expenses of managing farms, as well as the prices of produce, we pass over, only observ-ing that they are all highly favourable to the emigrant. Although American settlers are very numerous in Canada,

yet they are not very favourably received, and emigrants from Great Britain are the most desirable:—

* These, whether in the several capacities of farmers, tradesmen, shopkeepers, labourers, or mechanics, need not despair of meeting with encouragement in these provinces. Blacksmiths, besides board, receive 5s. wages per day; masons, bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, wheelwrights, and shoemakers, generally board themselves, and receive 10s. wages per day.

* Those who go out with a view to get work as labourers, will do well to leave England in April, as they will thereby arrive at a time when work is plentiful. If they leave Europe in July or August, they will arrive too late to obtain a permanent situation for the winter. In that case they will act prudently to take money sufficient to supply them for some months. Those whose object is to enter into agricultural pursuits, arrive, of course, too late to enable them to obtain a crop the first year. They must, therefore, come provided for such a delay.

* Many persons who go out from England, find themselves disappointed from a want of previous adequate investigation of the difficulties they must naturally encounter in such an undertaking; and they increase those difficulties greatly by not making an early decision, but hesitating and halting, till delay has consumed a great part of that property which was requisite to their comfortable establishment on their arrival. Others are disheartened at the commencement of their new undertaking, because they have not made themselves previously acquainted with the business which they are to subvert by, on their arrival on these shores. Persons should not emigrate to America for the purpose of learning how to become farmers, unless they can, in the very first instance, command a sufficient capital to maintain them, and those whom they may find it necessary to call to their aid, till they have acquired that knowledge, and realized the substantial fruits of it. This must necessarily be a work of considerable time.

The Appendix contains much valuable information for the emigrant, on the subject of husbandry, which he will do well to consult, as well as the whole volume, in which the subject is treated briefly but ably.

We have hitherto been speaking of the Canadas generally; but the pamphlet which we have placed second at the head of this article, recommends Upper Canada in preference, although its value, the author thinks, is 'inexcessably under-rated in England.' The plan of the author is somewhat romantic. He recommends to parishes to subscribe a sufficient sum to transfer the poor who are chargeable on them

to Canada, where they will not only soon be able to support themselves, but also to repay the capital expended with interest. He calculates, that to settle a hundred families (five hundred persons), will require 20,000l. which would be repaid in ten years. As the scheme has nothing feasible in it, and there is no danger of its ever being attempted to be carried into execution; it is unnecessary to shew its fallacy; but of all the plans for alleviating distress and relieving the unemployed labourers of England, it is the most preposterous.

Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century.

(Concluded from p. 503.)

Our traveller, after quitting Genoa, of which we gave an account in our last, re-visited Naples, and gleaned some new information worthy of communicating to his readers; and from which we shall first quote his account of the manner of spending Christmas at Naples:—

* On Christmas eve, the city of Naples resembles a town taken by storm. A quantity of rockets of various descriptions, some weighing above a pound, are thrown out of the windows as a sign of rejoicing, to the great annoyance of the passengers. A continual noise is kept up in this manner till day break. Such irregularity in a civilized country is a matter of surprise to foreigners: but the natives seem remarkably fond of boisterous diversions, and at every festival of any particular saint, a considerable sum is laid out in fire-works. Government having the monopoly of gunpowder, derives a considerable revenue from it.

* During the nine days preceding Christmas, an evening service is performed in the churches in commemoration of the nativity of Christ, and which is known by the name of *la Norena di Natale*; that of the royal chapel in the palace, is distinguished by excellent singing. On this occasion I saw the king and many of the nobility attend with much devotion. His majesty is known to be a regular observer of the practices of religious worship.

* A number of shepherds, from the mountains of Abruzzi, and from the neighbouring Apennine regions, come to the capital regularly every year, two or three weeks before Christmas, and go about the streets playing on their bagpipes, announcing the approaching festivity. Most of the Neapolitan families engage some of these itinerant musicians to play at their houses for a quarter of an hour on each day of the *Norena*, for a trifling remuneration; the wild appearance of these mountaineers, their uncouth dress, the simplicity of their manners, and

the shrill notes of their pipes, attract the attention of the traveller. At the same epoch, groups of Calabrese peasants from the opposite part of the kingdom repair to Naples with their harps, which are their national instruments.

* It is customary here, as well as in other parts of Italy, at Christmas time, to construct in the churches and in several private houses, representations of the birth-place of our Saviour, with appropriate figures, and which are known by the name of *presepio*. Some of them are arranged with great skill, and exhibit a variety of scenery, in which the rule of perspective are very well preserved. The natural taste of the Italians for the fine arts is particularly remarkable on these occasions. The stable in which Christ was born, and from which the name of *presepio* is taken, forms, of course, the prominent feature of the scene, and the landscape around it is a fanciful assemblage of groves and meadows, streams and cascades, cottages and grottoes, long avenues and distant mountains. These models are made of a variety of materials, such as cork, wood, turf, &c. the figures are made of clay, very naturally painted, and in various costumes; shepherds with their flocks and cattle, travellers, soldiers, &c. The details are generally elegant and picturesque, but the whole often exhibits an odd mixture of inconsistencies. I have seen a *presepio* in the house of a lawyer, in the street of Forcelle, constructed on a large scale and in a magnificent style, containing several hundred figures, which has cost the owner some thousands of ducats, and in which the Virgin Mary appeared standing, dressed as a queen, under a beautiful Grecian portico, receiving the homage of kings accompanied by a brilliant retinue, while the guards, with their spears, kept the intruding multitude at a respectful distance. The Ottoman crescent and the imperial eagle of Austria appeared on the banners of their majesties. Some of the *presepi* are constructed on terraces in the open air, and others in apartments, and shewn by candle-light. Free admission is given gratis, according to the liberal custom of the Italian gentry.

The Neapolitans are very superstitious, and are much addicted to the belief of witchcraft and of other supernatural powers:—

* A science, says the author, 'upon which I have heard frequent dissertations, is *la magia bianca*, a kind of lawful intercourse with invisible spirits, by which adepts obtain a knowledge of the most secret things: they have cabalistical calculations through which they pretend to find out the prize numbers that will be drawn at the next lottery. These people are chiefly monks and priests, who live very retired, are difficult of access, and speak by enigmas. I have frequently heard wonderful accounts of people winning great prizes through their means, the circum-

stances of which, and the authority I had them from, would almost shake my incredulity. Some of the most celebrated among these seers, have been at different times exiled by the police as obnoxious persons. A belief in the secret science of these people is very generally spread among all classes of Neapolitans and of Sicilians, however incredulous in other respects. A German professor of music travelling lately through Sicily, arrived at Catania, where he had some respectable introductions and was received very kindly. Nature, however, had bestowed upon him an odd forbidding aspect; there was something mysterious in his deportment, and he appeared fond of study and retirement; all these circumstances persuaded some of his new Sicilian acquaintances that he was a fit person to apply to for numbers of the lottery; they therefore lured him one day into some sequestered mansion, and when they had him seated, they brought pen, ink, and paper before him, telling him resolutely, at the same time, that they would not allow him to go before he gave them a good *terno*, i. e. three prize numbers for the next lottery. The astonished German stared, smiled, argued, and remonstrated, but to no purpose; fearing the worst, he was obliged to act unwillingly the part of an impostor; with much gravity he wrote down three numbers at random, and hastened immediately after to leave the place secretly before the result of the lottery could be known.

The present government of Naples, though arbitrary, is said to be mild; the greatest subject of complaint being in this as in all countries in Europe—oppressive taxation—an evil first introduced in Italy by the French, but not diminished after the restoration. The public opinion is generally favourable with regard to the reigning family, and the hereditary princes are much respected and beloved. Of Murat's character, the author forms a correct estimate:—

‘Joseph Murat, a man of whom the eventful career and the tragical end form a distinguished feature in the history of the last war; Murat has left behind him a name, which serves still in this country as a rallying point for many. He had the qualities of a soldier of fortune: he was brave, frank, and naturally disposed to generosity; uneducated, but possessed of good sense and penetration; he was vain of his person, fond of show, magnificence, and pleasure, but yet he preserved the manliness of a warrior. Such a man could not fail to recommend himself to the Neapolitans, a people easily dazzled by external appearance and brilliant endowments. Appointed to the throne of Naples just after the short but tyrannical reign of Joseph Buonaparte and of his detested minister Salicetti, Murat appeared as a deliverer. He flattered the preju-

dices of the people, listened to their grievances even in the middle of the streets, he showed mercy to many of the discontented who had openly committed themselves, he pursued a moderate and conciliatory system in the refractory provinces; he had a fine army, a brilliant retinue, and an expensive household; in short, had he been independent of his brother-in-law Napoleon, he might have been the regenerator of this country. As it was, he certainly corrected many abuses, he encouraged civilization and industry, and effected considerable ameliorations in the different branches of internal administration; but his measures were partial, he was fettered and cramped, and his general system of government being subservient to that of Napoleon, was arbitrary and violent. A French military resident was stationed at Naples, as a representative of the French Emperor, to watch all the steps of Murat, and to thwart any measure that might be obnoxious to the sovereign empire. French officers and greedy employes swarmed in Naples; Murat was obliged to submit, although unwillingly; he had several serious disputes with his imperial relative, and his consort Caroline went even to Paris to deprecate the wrath of her brother.

‘On his return to Naples after the battle of Leipzig, Murat thought of availing himself of the golden opportunity to be at last a real and not a nominal king. He opened his ports, made friendly proposals to the belligerent powers, and seemed to be sincere in his determination to abandon the *Continental system*, which, he publicly said to the assembled merchants, was not suited to the position and to the interests of the Neapolitan kingdom. But he soon after began to show his incapacity as a statesman:—

“*Tel brille au second rang qui s'écaille au premier.*”

‘His policy was crooked and false, both towards his brother-in-law who had been his benefactor, and to the allies who were to be his protectors. In his campaign on the southern bank of the Po, in 1814, he appeared undecided, and after the treaty of Paris, instead of being satisfied with the kingdom of Naples, he continued to occupy by force the province of Ancona, over which he had no claim whatever, and he began to aspire to the sovereignty of all Italy. He roused thereby the suspicions of Austria and the other allied powers, whose good will it would have been his interest to conciliate; and when, in the year following, he made his rash and unjustifiable incursion in the north of Italy he found himself sadly deceived in all his ambitious calculations.’

From Naples, our author sailed for Corsica, and there is something very poetical in his description of the voyage; we select a passage:—

‘Next day we were becalmed; we could see at a distance the high land above Leghorn, and the mountains of La Spezia,

the eastern extremity of the Ligurian Apennines. To the westward we saw the craggy coast of Capo Corso, the sides of its mountains covered with dark woods and a few lonely habitations on the seashore. A fine moon-light night succeeded as beautiful a day; one of those nights only to be met with in southern latitudes. The wind was hushed and the sea quite calm; a solemn stillness prevailed, scarcely interrupted by the faint report of the distant surge beating against the dark cliffs of Corsica. Now and then a porpoise would dash in playful sport through the waters, and ruffle for a moment their even surface. The full moon threw its silvery light on the distant scenery, while its beams were reflected in a brilliant stripe over the liquid plain. The sailors lay stretched on deck unemployed; the steersman still clung to the helm, to avail himself of the expected midnight breeze. Lovely climate, where the elements are seldom at war with man, where winter is scarce deserving the name, where ten months in the year are blessed with such nights and days! On the following morning we weathered Capo Corso with a light easterly breeze; but the wind shifting all at once to the north-west, the very point we were steering for, we kept tacking all day in sight of the western coast of Corsica, off the gulph of San Fiorenzo and the mountains of Calvi, names well known in modern British history as the early stage of the exploits of the immortal Nelson. That bleak Corsica, those craggy summits, have witnessed the valour of the English arms: there it, indeed, scarce a spot laved by the waters of the Mediterranean, which has not been consecrated by the blood and made illustrious by the heroism of the sons of Britain!’

Of the Corsicans he gives a very unfavourable character. He says, every year numerous murders are committed, and instead of uniting their efforts for the common good, for the general interests of the country, the Corsicans seem only intent upon injuring and destroying one another:—

‘The relatives think themselves bound to revenge the death of their murdered kinsman, by a similar act of violence; it is to them a sacred duty, dictated by affection and honour, which, if they neglect, they see the ghost of the deceased frowning upon them, like that whom Dante describes in his *Inferno*. The widow treasures up the bloody shirt of her lost consort, to shew to her young offspring when arrived at an age to appreciate the dictates of *filial duty*, whose fatal stains are intended to convey.

A hasty word, a spiteful or contemptuous look, are often sufficient to ensue destruction, and a well-aimed shot pierces the breast of the imprudent victim before he has time to be aware of his danger. The people in the country go about armed with daggers, a musket on the shoulder, equally ready for attack or defence.

Such is the moral state of Corsica. Those of the inhabitants whose character or education makes them turn in disgust from such a savage system, emigrate to the continent, and seldom return to their native land. They carry their talents to the best or most convenient market, and they generally succeed by perseverance. There are at the present time, many conspicuous characters, both civil and military, in the service of the principal powers of Europe, who are natives of this land, and who do high credit to their country, shewing thereby what the whole nation might be capable of. The Corsicans, although proud of their countryman Napoleon, were never much affectionate to him, and during the period of his power, he had, perhaps, less partisans among his countrymen, in proportion to their numbers, than among any other people subordinate to his way. They complain bitterly of his having totally neglected his native country, and that he did not direct to have even a good road constructed to communicate through the different parts of the island.*

We shall conclude with an anecdote which occurred at Marseilles, on the restoration:—

* The Marseillais, and, generally speaking, the inhabitants of Provence, continue to be attached to the king; the Bonapartists are few, and despised in the province. In the last changes, some acts of popular revenge took place against several obnoxious persons, who had been in employment under Bonaparte; but they were few, compared to those which happened in Languedoc, and other provinces of France. The Mamelukes, a body of Egyptians who had followed the French on their return from that country, and who were stationed at Marseilles, were particularly marked out as the victims of the popular fury, which they had drawn upon themselves by their overbearing and insolent behaviour in the time of their power. Many of them were killed; and the fate of one of their women, a black, was peculiarly distressing; and the obstinate and stupid fanaticism of an African, she continued to cry *vive l'empereur*, while all around her were in revolt against that name, and she would never submit to be silent. Surrounded and ill-treated by the enraged populace, she threw herself into the sea, probably with the intention of swimming across the harbour, but while in the water she was aimed at and shot by one of the mob, and her body drawn ashore amidst imprecations.*

The Appendix to this very interesting and unassuming volume, contains some elegant specimens of modern Italian literature, including extracts from Lord Byron's *Giaour*, which has been successfully translated by Pelligrino Rossi; some pastoral songs and sonnets, in the Sicilian language, by L'Abate Meli; the Address to the Sun

and Moon, and other passages from Ossian's poems, which have been freely translated by Cesarotti; some odes and sonnets from Parini, &c. &c. These extracts are judiciously selected, and well calculated to give a very favourable opinion of modern Italian literature, with which the author is evidently very well acquainted. In closing this volume, which we have drawn upon very largely, without impoverishing it in interest, (for an ample quantity remains behind, we cannot but recommend the modesty and good sense of its intelligent author; and we are sure we shall receive the thanks of all our readers for introducing to them a volume in which a fertile but hack-nied subject is treated with novelty and elegance.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTAS, A RACE OF CANNIBALS IN THE INTERIOR OF SUMATRA.

[In a former number of the *Literary Chronicle*, we gave an account of the first production of the press in Van Diemen's Land; and we can now give an interesting extract from the first book ever printed in the island of Sumatra, entitled 'Maylayan Miscellanies.' We are indebted for the article to the fifth number of the 'Investigator,' a quarterly publication, which, from the well known talents of the gentlemen who conduct it*, as well as from the excellence of its plan, promises to hold a high rank among the periodicals of the day. —Ed.]

The Battas of the interior have an invincible prejudice to the sight of the sea, which they suppose to be the residence of evil spirits; and this circumstance, added to the little communication they have with Malays, or people of any intelligence, renders all account of this singular race of people extremely vague and limited. The sources of my information, are the chiefs of Tapanuli and Sorkom, the latter of whom have twice visited the Tohboh country, which is the parent state: consequently, these memorandums relate only to the countries interior, and the northward of Tapanuli; excepting for produce, however, this description will answer for the countries to the southward of Tapanuli. The Battacountry commences on the borders of the Acheen districts, in the province of Karoh, as pointed out by Mr. Marsden in his map of Sumatra, and extends to the back of Ayer Boujii, south. The districts which are difficult of communication,

* The avowed editors are Dr. Collyer, the Rev. Thomas Raffles, and Dr. Brown, the biographer of Howard the philanthropist.

and excite a desire of being known, are at a distance of from three to six days' journey inland. Their population is numerous, as may be well conjectured from the vast consumption of salt, which it is erroneous to suppose is eaten by the Battas in larger quantities than by any other class of people. Their stature is much above the middle size, and their voice uncommonly strong and sonorous. The country is open and cultivated, and the air keen and healthy. The space separating it from the sea-shore, supports a race of people inferior in stature, power, and wealth, but having a common origin with those of the interior. Whether the face of this part of the country, which is covered with impenetrable forests, produces a climate obnoxious to the constitution, I cannot pretend to say; but it is evident that the inhabitants of these districts resemble those of the former in little more than their language. The population is also inferior; and their villages are at a greater distance from each other, on account of the necessity of choosing a spot favourable to cultivation, and contiguous to a rivulet; for which reason, they commonly reside in the valleys. I understand these parts to have been originally peopled by speculators, wanderers, and outcasts from Tohboh, who, in the course of time, and from various causes, have established themselves into chiefships; hence the almost constant state of war in which they are engaged with each other. Among them, reside the Pangalongs, or traders, who keep open the communication with the interior countries, by conveying thither salt, iron, silk chindies, gongs, and other commodities from the settlements on the shore, receiving in payment, dollars, horses, and grain. The only mode of conveyance is on the backs of men; but in the interior, horses are made use of.

The only mountains of consequence throughout the whole extent of the Tohboh country, appear to be Palakir and Mahimbong. The former is both an object of veneration, from a conception the natives have that it is the chief residence of the evil spirits; and a source of utility, because they are supplied from it throughout Tohboh, with chunam, to eat with the ari leaf; its surface being covered with cockle-shells. The only viable inhabitants, are tame pigeons, which the natives religiously feed. These two mountains are the highest in the knowledge of the Battas. Nor does the Battacoun-

try seem to contain the source of more rivers than any other division of the island, though it has certainly the singularity of possessing a fresh water lake in the district of Baligah, in the centre of which is a large island, well peopled. Sampans, large and small, are made use of for fishing, and conveyance from and to the island; to reach which, without a sail, occupies half a day; the whole breadth of the lake may, consequently, be paddled over in a day. The only winds that blow over its surface, are east, west, and north, on account of the direction given to them by the surrounding mountains. They are, however, sometimes so violent, as to occasion a considerable surf on the shores, in which the sampans are sometimes upset. The lake is bordered with a sandy beach all round, and is called Laut Towah. From this lake descends a river, which empties itself into the sea on the eastern side of Sumatra, the name of which I could not ascertain. It is also connected with the river of Batang Tano on this side.

I have already noticed the difference in stature between the inhabitants of the interior and those residing nearer the sea coast; their features are, however, similar, both being remarkable for an extraordinary straight mouth, not of the smallest size. The clothing described by Mr. Marsden is very just; though the better sort, and Rajahs who can afford it, wear very fine blue deths or turbans on their heads, and silk chindies round their waists; the commonalty are contented with a wisp of straw, or the bark of a tree, and coarse cloth of their own manufacture. These cloths are, however, greatly superior in the country of Anrohlo, to the southward of Tapanuli, where great ingenuity and taste are displayed in the workmanship and introduction of such colours as they can procure, the lower part being ornamented with a vandyke fringe of variegated bands. The kampluin, or sari bag, is very neat, made of straw, and curiously ornamented with bands; one side of the mouth laps over like a pocket-book, to the extremity of which is suspended a string of beads, three or four feet long, of various sizes and colours, ending with a little bell. The pipe consists of a brass tube, about three feet long, curiously engraved, with an ornamented bowl, and a stopper of the same metal, connected by a small chain. The warts of the chiefs are generally encreased above the elbow with a bracelet of kimu, or Asuasoo: ear-rings, or drops of a trian-

gular form, made of an inferior sort of gold, are also the ornaments of a rajah. The women, as in most uncivilized countries, are paid little attention to; and their dresses nothing more than the coarse cloth tied under the arms, and not extending below the knee; the better sorts wear vests of similar workmanship to the cloths of Anrohlo.

A kampong will contain from one to two hundred people, one third of whom, probably, may be children. The houses in the interior are well built of plank, curiously carved, covered with ajn in its raw state, and are sometimes a hundred feet long, without a division in them. The parents and all relations live together, if they can agree, or the building can contain them; the entrance, which they close at night, is by a ladder in the centre, from underneath; on every side of the house are large windows. The buildings of the inhabitants near the sea are miserable erections; under each house, are the hogs, cattle, or buffaloes of the owner; and as these compartments are never cleaned, the appearance of a Batta kampong resembles that of a buffalo laudong in rainy weather. The kampongs, in times of hostility, are enclosed by a parapet of sod, about four feet high; outside of which are one, two, and even three, strong paggars of split camphor trees, reaching to the height of the windows of the houses, furnished with platforms in the inside, for the besieged to fire from; and the whole is surrounded with an abbatis of briars, and well planted with ranjans. The entrance is narrow, and over it is a platform, protected by briars, from which they fire on those approaching; the gate or door is strong, and closed by timber wedged against it.

The principal occupation of every member of a family, is husbandry. The low grounds are ploughed; the hills are simply cleared of their wood. The tobacco planted in the northern and interior country, is of an inferior quality, and is smoked nearly in a green state; what I have seen is shredded like the Java tobacco. The cloth is made by the women. The country abounding with sulphur and saltpetre, every chief manufactures his own powder; but it is coarse, and will not long preserve its strength.

Their knowledge of the efficacy of particular shrubs, herbs, and roots, for the removal of many disorders, and healing of sores and wounds, is extensive; and they are not less expert in the selection and administration of dif-

ferent poisons, from those of the most deadly and sudden nature, to others of a less violent, though equally fatal effect. I have seen many suffering under the effects of the latter. The victim of revenge is not insensible of his situation, and sees the mournful prospect of many years to be passed in pain and torment, for the gratification of his implacable enemy. Soom, a China medicine, (for a small stick of which, three or four inches long, a hundred dollars is paid) is the only antidote to these poisons; but it is so seldom to be procured, and the circumstances of the person are in general so inadequate to the purchase, that it is very rare those once poisoned ever recover.

The Battas, with whom the company's settlements to the northward have communication, are a faithless, litigious, vindictive, and an independent race of people. I am sorry to say, I cannot allow them a single virtue. It is only the dread of punishment from a superior power, that will keep them in any degree of subordination, or excite them to the performance of their engagements. It is by no means uncommon for a chief to conceal his real inclinations with so much art, as to receive a compensation as a bribe from both parties, either for his assistance in the wars, or his opinion on a trial. A dispute, of which the value will not exceed ten dollars, is sufficient to set two kampongs, or districts, at war; though in this case, it is not so much the consideration of the sum, (for ten times the amount is probably expended before it is concluded, besides the loss of lives) as the mutual dislike to surrender the point which has caused the difference; and unless mediators appear from other districts, a war of this nature will continue for months and years. They carry their revenge to such an extent, as to eat their prisoners. Should the adverse party have attempted to burn the kampong, or should the war happen to be on a point of consequence, if they cannot vent their hatred in a public manner, they resort to their favourite resource, poison. Some idea of their obstinacy or independence (I believe it should be termed the former) may be obtained, from the conduct of Batta Koolies, hired to work in the company's settlements: they will continue their services as long only as they please; so that unloading a cargo of salt with dispatch, depends on their good humour: the instant an example is made of those who are unwilling to

proceed in their work, the rest run away to the main, and leave you to finish the business as you can. The Rajahs have no authority over them; and your only satisfaction is the curtailing of their wages, which they willingly admit, from a consciousness that they have gained their point, and can in future have an opportunity of retaliating, by refusing their services. This circumstance (although the inconvenience attending it is now removed) is sufficient to give you an idea of the impossibility of urging the execution of any scheme or plan, contrary to their real wishes, even when supported by the opinion and concurrence of their chief.

The authority of a chief is hereditary to the son or brother, and founded solely on his abilities in regard to the sway he has among his people: his right to that part of the cognate as one will dispute; but if he be not prompt to resent insult, ready to take advantage of the weak and credulous, endowed with facility of speech and argument, hold in war and rapine, he has but few adherents; who, in return for their services, require from him those qualities, which will protect them in their agricultural pursuits during peace, and lead them to victory in war. Every kampong of consequence is well furnished with matchlocks; and being easily supplied with powder and ball of their own manufacture, they frequently practise firing at a mark, and are, in general, excellent shots.

The Rajah and his adherents being unanimous in the necessity of having recourse to arms, all discussions of a public nature requiring the presence of the community presents and messengers are dispatched to other Rajahs, to join, or preserve their neutrality. This being ascertained, the people are collected by each chief, feasted on buffalo meat, and the cause of the war is loudly proclaimed, accompanied by the music of gongs, drums, and fifes. During this, they supplicate the anger of evil spirits, that their undertaking may succeed; and every man binds himself by oath, to be true to the cause, in taking of which, he participates of the buffalo. The next thing is, to announce the declaration of war, to their enemies, which is done by erecting in the road leading to their kampong, a number of reeds, and the wooden figure of a human face on a post, from which a bamboo, containing the cause of enmity, is suspended. A matchlock is then fired, to draw atten-

tion to the spot, and the party returns: after this, every opportunity is taken for annoying each other, and the war is the cause of much privation and confinement; as the husbandman is afraid to work in his ladings, lest he should be shot or carried off by a party of the enemy, of whom there are always small detachments on the look out for the defenceless. Day-break is generally the time of attack, superstition prohibiting any other part of the twenty-four hours to be so appropriated.

Original Communications.

LIFE.

AS DISPLAYED IN THE SOJOURNINGS OF

LOFTUS GREY.

Collected, Methodized, and Conglomerated,
By W. B. L.

Proem.

ON the western side of a delightful valley, the precise site and designation of which is in nowise material or necessary, stands a neat and pleasant cottage. It had been originally raised by the rude hand of some speculative rustic, who, without having studied that sublime work of 'Hartelman on Architecture' (necessary even in the construction of a hog-sty), had contrived to rear one of the prettiest places in the world. Nature, however, blushing for the rude neglect of her sister, had hidden its white walls with clusters of the honey-suckle, jasmine, and grape-vine, which threw their saucy branches wherever and however they list, sometimes spreading over the very eaves through which the light of heaven was to enter. In this sweet dwelling abides one whom it has been my happiness to call 'friend,' and a better never breathed upon the earth. In early life, we were school-boys together—we mutually participated in the pleasures and the sorrows which our young days brought; we read from the same book; we ate upon the same form; shared the same bed; and, more than all besides, were fogged by the same cane. We were taken from school at no distant interval, he to a life of busy diversity, I to—no matter. After a lapse of forty years, an accidental fancy led us to select for the residence of our elder age, the same spot. We met, again!—and we will never part more.

We have both had our troubles, and they have been many; but while my share has thickened upon me in the monotonous scenes of domestic life, he

has foughten hard battles with a varying fortune in climates far from his native land. If he has had to wrestle with necessities abroad, it has been mine to encounter with fate at home—and God knows it has often been a bitter one.

But I am not going to talk about myself; that is, only inasmuch as it is necessary to the absolute education of my poem: perhaps I may do more; I cannot help it—I am an old man, and must have my way.

There has been much discoursed upon the reciprocity of feeling necessary to the constitution of true friendship, and it is, no doubt, all very true; we, however, are an existing negative to its necessity; for, never, I think, were two more heterogeneous or dissimilar. He was always a bold, generous, and warm-hearted fellow, brave as a lion, but hasty, impetuous, and ardent. I—not but I was bold, and generous, and warm-hearted too,—was something diffident. He lacked prudence and circumspection—I, none. I was always a cautious lad, and never overfond of displaying those dashing qualities which characterized him—for this reason; they frequently led to broken scabbards and bodily contusions—things for which, such was the perversity of my disposition, I never had any mighty partiality. No one could be more ready to award his meed of praise to the exhibition of prowess and of courage than I; but, somehow, my own fiery feeling would (particularly in the case of a clenched fist, or a bent brow) instantaneously mellow down into compassionate pity, or the most sovereign contempt. On the score of corporeal illumination it is more difficult to speak, as much lieth in the way of phantasy—a slight contrast will be pardonable.

He was a tall well-formed boy, and of a presence easy, graceful, and commanding; his face was open as a summer-day, and an eye quite as bright; his complexion was of that kind which the world usually calls dark; but it possessed that beautiful taint of gold which the setting sun spreads over all things in an autumn evening.

Now, to be more prelix on a point, which here neglected might be lost for ever—the distinguishing lines of beauty in myself were altogether different, and my manner of make directly reversed. I, too, was above the common standing, but exquisitely slender; the neck, in the article of length was, if any thing, more liberal than stunted,

but as it was the means of somewhat propelling beyond the *sternum* a head of delightful rotundity, the exuberance was nothing discoverable. Touching the visage, it consisted of a series of bold outlines; setting at utter derision all symmetrical proportion; it is true the formation of the jaw was upon an enlarged principle, and the lip pulpy and full; but then the mouth, by the external separation of its component parts—the nether of which something recedent—gave relief to a fine nose of exceeding capacity; the eyes were dusky, finely orb'd, and protruding withal. In the matter of complexion, it was sombre and expressive, well fitted to the features adorned and adorning. (A peit young jack-a-napes, with whom I was everlastingly on terms of a dog-and-cat intimacy, was wont to observe that, in point of bloom, I might have put any calf-skin to the blush; but that was mere spite, and I never much regarded it.) My deportment was easy, extra-ordinary, and peculiarly elegant, that is in its own peculiar way. My arms, slightly exceeding the usual allowance of length, were swung into the air and round about my person with a negligent and alternate sway, corresponding most harmoniously with the elasticity of the respective supporters of the fabric; of each of which latter, the mediating patella had such an eternal propensity to salutation, you might have sworn that from their first construction, they had never fallen out. And with such constituents, it may be well imagined I was more than ordinarily vain of the outward man: I have been triflingly diffuse as concerneth myself, not so much from vanity as from a desire to rectify those conflicting statements of mine adonishian qualifications, which, much to my personal detriment, have gone abroad into the world. But I have done.

One morning, unexpectedly, discovered him enveloped in huge heaps of memoranda, and in deep and busy conversation with their contents. Opining they were but matter of a pound-and-peace moment, and after seemly and decorous greeting, I proceeded to supply the vacuum of my appropriated seat, quietly to await his disengagement. 'I have been familiarizing with some old acquaintance,' said he, 'and we have held most heartily discussion.'—'And with all courteousness, I pray you, which be they,' asked I, cleaning my brows from the dust which had gathered thereabout. 'I have often said to thee,' he rejoined,

after a pause of some length, 'I have often said to thee, my good old friend, that in my more active days, it was my occupation to note down every circumstance worth an after recollection, running it into detail whenever it listed my inclinations. I have this morning gone through them again, and they have reminded me of scenes almost forgotten, peopled my remembrance with the bright vision of things fading from it, and told me—a long tale of former misdoings.'

His assumed voice and manner in the commencement, and the strong emotion in the conclusion of his speaking, gave me much disquiet, and the tear which stood beneath his eyelid, told forcibly of internal agitation.

He resumed: 'These papers contain every incident of my life I deemed it useful to record; relate every occurrence which yielded pleasure or afforded sorrow; pleasures which in many, many instances have left nothing but the tale behind; and sorrow which must be carried to the grave. They have excited feelings which seek no sympathy, and must require none of this world. I have often spoken of my intention to disclose to you the wild adventures of my former life, and this intention I now realize.' In many instances you will find the narration broken and abrupt; these deficiencies you will easily supply. And now, my kind friend,' continued he, squeezing my hand, 'now thou wilt see me as I am and as I have been; my heart will stand confessed before thee; and may I hereafter meet with that forgiveness which I know thy own will yield me. If you deem the relation would afford amusement or instruction, make of them what use you will, so you cloak them in a fictitious guise, for to-day we will part—to-morrow all things will be as usual; till then, farewell.'

Availing myself of this license, many weeks were spent in rendering into an eligible form, the mass of writings with which he thus furnished me; and I am now pleased to take no small praise in viewing their present arrangement. My friend knows not in what absolute publicity they go; but so they prove what I incline to hope will be their effects, eminently welcome, happy, and beneficial. I willingly hold responsible my own proper self for the results*.

* We had intended to give some portion of the 'eventful life' of Mr. Loftus Grey in our present number, but the length of our Correspondent's poem prevents our proceeding further until our next.—Ed.

Biography.

HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN CAROLINE.

(Concluded from p. 507.)

THE birth of the Princess Charlotte did not, in the slightest degree, tend to reconcile her illustrious parents, and a few months after this event, Lord Cholmondeley, the confidential adviser of the Prince of Wales, was deputed to signify to the Princess his wish for an immediate separation, and that the mother and the child should quit Carlton House. The Princess, not satisfied with a verbal communication of so important a nature, wished to have the will of her husband expressed in more specific terms, when the Prince wrote the following letter to his wife:—

' Windsor Castle, April 30, 1796:
' Madam,—As Lord Cholmondeley informs me that you wish I would define in writing the specific terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavour to explain myself upon that head with as much clearness and with as much propriety as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should either of us be held answerable to the other, because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquil and comfortable society is, however, in our power: let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that, and I will distinctly subscribe to the condition which you required through Lady Cholmondeley, that even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter, which, I trust, Providence in his mercy will avert, I should not infringe the terms of this restriction by proposing, at any period, a connection of a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this disagreeable correspondence, trusting, that as we have completely explained ourselves to each other, the rest of our lives will be past in uninterrupted tranquillity. I am, Madam, with great truth, very sincerely, yours,
(Signed) George, P.

To this letter the Princess returned an answer, in which she said that it neither surprised nor offended her, as it merely confirmed what the Prince tacitly insinuated for a twelve month; but she wished it to be distinctly understood that the arrangement did not proceed from herself, but that the 'credit of it' belonged to her husband alone.

On the subject of this correspond-

ence, so open to animadversion, we shall not remark, further than that the Princess was discarded, without the slightest imputation of crime, and for no other ostensible pretext than mere 'want of inclination.' The separation, however, took place, and the mother, exiled from the house of her husband, retired to Montague House, Blackheath, where maternal solicitude for a much-loved child became her chief occupation. When she had remained about eight years at Blackheath, some circumstances occurred which seemed to imply a doubt entertained in a high quarter of the propriety of the Princess's conduct. It is quite unnecessary to enter into any detail of the events which took place in 1806 and 1807; the nature of the solemn investigation and the acquittal of the Princess from all criminality are circumstances too well known to be detailed at length.

One remarkable circumstance followed this acquittal, the elevation of the legal advocate and confidential adviser of the Princess to one of the highest offices of the state. This was the late Spencer Perceval, who, being entrusted with the defence of the Princess, afterwards prepared a statement of the whole evidence, &c., and actually had 5000 copies of it printed, and a day announced for its publication. Before that day arrived, Mr. Perceval became Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the power of nominating several of his colleagues. That the Princess of Wales was the ladder by which Mr. Perceval ascended to promotion (and he has not been the only one) there cannot be a doubt; for no sooner was he seated in power, than he became anxious to destroy every copy of the Report of the Investigation, emphatically called the *Book*. A few copies and odd sheets had, however, escaped him, and these he purchased afterwards at immense prices. A Mr. Dobson got £700 for a copy. Mr. Peter Stewart, the brother to the principal proprietor of the Courier newspaper, we believe, got double the sum for a copy, and Mr. Blagden received £1000 for another. At length other copies were heard of, for which from five to twenty thousand pounds were demanded. After the conclusion of this investigation, the Princess was restored to her situation at court; and when fresh imputations took place against her character in 1812, Mr. Perceval bore testimony in parliament to her innocence.

In 1813 it was found that fresh inquiries and investigations were going on against the Princess, but these were less public and equally abortive as the former ones, and the innocence of the Princess was, through the instrumentality of the late Mr. Whitbread, again proclaimed in parliament.

An event now occurred, which, more than any other circumstance, affected the mind of the Princess; this was the depriving her of the guardianship, and, soon after, of the society of her daughter. Every tie thus weakened or broken, and exposed daily to new vexations, the Princess determined to make a tour on the continent. Parliament made a new provision for her Royal Highness, fixing her income at £50,000 a-year, but she generously relinquished £15,000 on account of the heavy pressure under which the people laboured.

The Princess of Wales left England in August, 1814; she embarked at Worthing on board the English frigate the *Jason*, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lady Elizabeth Forbes, her maids of honour, and other persons of her household. Her Royal Highness first proceeded to Genoa, thence to Naples, where she was treated with great honour at the court of Murat; afterwards, she visited Milan, and then established herself for some time, in a mansion on the lake of Como, which she purchased of the Countess Pino. The Princess afterwards went to Mantua, Bologna, Ferrara and Venice, the Island of Elba, thence to Sicily, where she visited the principal towns.

From Sicily Her Royal Highness proceeded to Barbary, then to Palestine and Jerusalem; Carthage and Attica had also the honour of her presence. After she had seen and admired the Holy Sepulchre and the Temple of Solomon, she visited Bethlehem, the Mount of Olives, the river Jordan, and Jaffa. She returned by Rhodes and Syracuse to Naples, thence to Pizzo, Terracina, and Rome.

During the whole of these extensive travels the Princess of Wales did acts of generosity which left every where the most exalted opinions of the goodness of her heart, and charitable disposition. Her Royal Highness, during the time she resided at Agosta, in Sicily, distributed every day with her own hands, or through the medium of her almoners, sums of money among the poor. At Tunis she obtained the liberty of several slaves, some by her influence, but more by the money

which she gave for their ransom. She gave to the new Academy at Athens five hundred of the pieces called colonnates, and she allowed two hundred annually to the same academy. Every person in prison, for debt, at Athens, was liberated by her, for which she paid seven hundred pieces into the hands of the governor; and she gave two hundred pieces to a poor and numerous Roman family, resident in that city.

At Constantinople she gave a poor Frenchman two hundred colonnates, and distributed her charity in almost every corner of the city. To the conventual fathers of Jerusalem, she gave five hundred pieces and settled on them two hundred annually. Finally, at Rome, she distributed two hundred pieces to the poor of that city. These charities, however, extensive as they were, formed but a very small portion of the money which she devoted to acts of beneficence. Of her it may be truly said, 'she went about doing good,' and to the full extent of her means freely gave with liberal hand and willing heart, wherever distress or misfortune presented itself. Some anecdotes of the benevolence of this illustrious lady have already been related in this journal, and could the whole be collected, we feel confident that it would be found she had given more money, and done more in the cause of humanity, than any Prince or Princess in Europe.

During the six years' absence of the Princess of Wales on the Continent, she had the misfortune successively to lose her brother, who fell at Ligny two days before the memorable battle of Waterloo. Two years afterwards, death deprived her of her much loved daughter, who had been married without her knowledge or her being consulted on the occasion: and, to add still more to her afflictions, and to render her 'the most desolate woman on earth,' in 1820, her uncle, father-in-law, and father in affection, her last protector, our late venerable sovereign, was taken away from her. Her Royal Highness now determined to return to England, not only to assume her rights as Queen of England, but also to confront those accusations which, for two years, had been preparing against her by a special commission sent to Milan to inquire into her conduct during the time of exile on the Continent.

When the intention of Her Majesty to return home was known, Lord Hutchinson was sent to St. Omer's to

endeavour to prevent it by negotiation and the offer of 50,000*l.* a-year; but she disinclined it and hastened to England, crossing the channel in a packet boat, and landing at Dover on the fifth of June 1820. Her entrance into London, two days after, was like the triumph of a conqueror, and she was received in the British capital with the greatest enthusiasm. Fresh negotiations were opened between the Queen and government, which terminated without any arrangement; and that trial which for so long a time agitated the country, and the memory of which will not easily be forgotten, took place. After an odious and disgusting investigation in the House of Lords, which lasted several weeks, the bill which charged her with adultery and proposed her degradation was withdrawn.

Addresses of congratulation now poured in from all parts of the country on her Majesty's acquittal; but, notwithstanding this she still endured some of the penalties of guilt. Her name was not restored to the litany—she was neither admitted to the court of her husband—nor could she hold one herself.

This humiliation her noble spirit seems to have felt most sensibly, and still more so that she was not to be crowned with her husband. When this event took place, she unadvisedly sought admittance to the ceremonial, but was refused; and it seems that this circumstance preyed much on her mind, and is believed to have had no small share in producing her sudden dissolution.

It was in the latter end of July that her Majesty became ill, and in a few days her disorder assumed an alarming aspect. She bore it with the utmost fortitude, and made her will with a cheerfulness that was remarkable. From the commencement of her illness she seemed sensible of her approaching end, and appeared to hail the prospect of a release from the world with joy. She expressed herself in strong terms of the persecutions she had suffered, and declared that her afflictions were those of the heart and beyond the reach of human skill to cure. On Sunday the fifth of August, her Majesty's disorder took a favourable turn, which induced hopes of recovery to her friends, but on the day following she became much worse, and on Tuesday night, the 7th, at twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock, her persecuted but noble spirit escaped from this world of suffering to that place,

where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary soul is for ever at rest.

Her Majesty, by her will, has bequeathed her whole property, a few legacies excepted, to Mr. William Austin, her protégé. She directed that her body should not be opened or laid in state, and that she should be buried by the side of her father and her brother, at Brunswick. She also requested that the following inscription should be engraved on her tomb:—
'To the memory of Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England.'

Whatever may have been her late Majesty's errors, that heart must be callous indeed which does not shed a tear of sympathy for her sufferings and her melancholy fate, recollecting that
'to sin is human—to forgive divine.'

Her Majesty was a woman of a very strong intellect, and of a well-cultivated mind. A writer, speaking of her Royal Highness while residing at Blackheath, says, 'the Princess of Wales, in her retirement at Blackheath, draws round her an assemblage of poets, sages, and heroes, by the magic movement of her chisel alone. There the noble Caroline of Brunswick converses with the mighty dead; and while she holds converse with the Stuarts and Plantagenets (whose images her own Prometheus flame has re-animated with life), she feels no longer solitary, no longer a pensive recluse; but sees herself (the daughter of heroes!) in the presence of ancestors who seem to smile upon her virtues and to glory in her genius.' The disposition of the Queen was extremely amiable, and her kindness to her domestics made her be considered rather as the parent than the mistress of her household. It was proved, in evidence, before the House of Lords, that when any of her domestics were ill, she frequently visited them, and administered personally to their comfort and relief even to the hazard of her own life. Wherever she went, beneficence accompanied her, and her charities have been felt, and will be remembered, though not by her recorded, in every town and country that she visited. These will form a monument to her memory more desirable than the honours of a crown or the pageantry of royalty.

Original Poetry.

PARODY OF CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Should you deem the following parody worthy of a place in your interesting journal, I

should be happy to see it there. It was composed during the period of Bonaparte's threatened invasion; and the age of the writer, at the time, was but sixteen, which I mention as some apology for its imperfections. My particular reason for now troubling you with it is, that recent events seem, in some respects, to have accomplished the prediction comprised in the last five lines. If this communication be favourably received, you may expect to hear again from your constant reader,

RALPH DOGGRELL.

PARODY.

Scene.—Boulogne.—Bonaparte, *solus*.

It shall be so!—Fate, thou hast counselled well,

Else why this tow'ring hope, this wild desire,
This longing after proud Britannia's ruin?
But, whence this secret dread, this inward horror

Of falling in th' attempt? Why shrinks my conscience

Back upon itself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis mad Ambition that impels within me,—
'Tis Tyranny itself that goads me on.

And intimates Invasion to my soul.
Invasion! Oh, thou pleasing dreadful thought,
Through what a mass of conquering British

fleets—
Through what bold scenes and hazards must I pass!

The wide, the dangerous prospect lies before me;
But death and sure dishonour rests upon it—
Here must I pause.

— that fate was made for Britons.
I'm weary of reflection;—this must end it.
Thus am I doubly cur'd, my death and shame,
My base and infamy, have both beset me;
This is a moment brings me to an end,
And this informs me I shall die disgrac'd!

But George, secured in his existence, smiles
At Faction's rage and Treason's giddy shaft.
My power shall fade away, and I myself
To shades of darkness and of death descend;
But thou shalt flourish, thou, Britannia's prince,

Unhurt amidst the wars of raging states,
The wreck of tyrants, and the fall of France.

A TRIBUTE

To the Memory of the Queen.

'FEAR no more the Thunderer's

Nor Sorrow's sobbing blast;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

And the dream of life is past.

Monarchs, emper, peasants, must

Follow thee, and come to dust.'

Hallowed by sorrow—weep by million eyes,
The Queen of England's heart sinks in the grave;

Last link of old and lofty ancestry,
Descendant of the kindly and the brave!

'To Caroline of Brunswick gave
No common fire of soul and strength of frame—
Yet that strength sunk; no human aid could

save—
And that soul quail'd which wrongs alone
could tame;

Oh, shame on her false friends, on her stern
foemen—shame!

Shame on her false friends, who, dimly bribed,
Deserted honour, truth, and innocence!

And mingled with the sleek and servile tribes,
Who can with ill but their base gains dis-

pense!
'Gaiest when th' oppressed can have no safe

defence,

And in whose favour the dark shield of power
Is lifted over, to encompass
The fawning sycophants of the royal power,
The heartless sycophants of Fortune's shining
hour.

Shame on her foesmen!—was there sought to
soothe,

In women's gentle names, their careless rage?
A woman, tortured from her very youth,
Even till her hair was silver'd off by age;
Oppressed and slandered through life's every
stage?

Foul stain on Albion's 'scutcheon!—a disgrace
—That will stand darkly on its record's page—
Oh, had she lived for kindness to eruse
Of all her early pains the deep-indented trace.

It had been happier for all!—but she
Has left us—and the hour that was her last,
Saw none of kin—no tie of family

To soothe her wounded spirit as it past
From this cold scene of sorrows that had cast
A cloud upon her life that darkened then;
No child was there—no husband with kind
haste

To calm her in that dread hour's trying pain,
When all but *such a love* is worthless, weak,
and vain.

Yes, she has left us!—long her soul opposed,
With gallant firmness, deep indignity;
But all is over now—the scene is closed,
And this ill-fated Queen no more shall be
The victim of her foes' malignity;
Love need no longer sigh—nor life be galled;
She soars above all love or enmity,
And her ascent for most, even if faults she had,
She had been deeply wrong'd—no need as die
the bad.

The only treasure that she still had left,
She died possess'd of—all a nation's love!
Of this proud boon she could not be bereft,
Although to wreck this last hope Malice
strove—

She died possessing what alone must prove
The virtues of her character,—the true
And tried affection of those who, above
All others, knew and served her best—the few
Who clung to her unchang'd, thro' changes
and new.

She sank with gentleness into the grave
Which lengthen'd sorrows had prepared for
her;

And long will be lamented by the brave
And good, who know that all who live must
err,—

And who protected the lone wanderer,
When there were none beside her rights to
guard;

And when their fearless virtue could confer
But danger on themselves—the sure reward
Of all who seek the course of tyrants to retard.

Peace to her spirit!—and in lofty places
May her sad fate a warning lesson be!

So she, 'whose virtues, talents, gentle graces,
Were formed to charm and win society,
But whom deep griefs pursued unceasingly,
Will not have borne her weight of woe in vain;
May—mercies in her fate a lesson see,
Which bear to trace may not left this strain,
But which they ought to feel and ponder o'er in
pain!

J. W. DALRY.

July 9th, 1831.

THE CRUSADER.

SIR HUBERT'S steel was at the gate,
His gallant spear stood by,
When forth the knight and his lady came,
A tear bedew'd her eye:

'Now fare thee well, beloved one,

My dear and youthful bride,

For many a long and weary mile,

Imma, thy love, must ride.—

'Oh! promise, Sir Hubert,' the lady said,

'Thou wilt be true to me,

Nor break thy faith for eastern maids,

Thou beautiful they be;

For they tell me many a warrior bold,

Whose truth was once as thine,

Has forsworn his love, his faith and all,

In holy Palestine.—

'Yet doubt me not,' the knight replied,

'I swear by thy sweet blue eyes,

Sooner than grieve thy trusting heart,

Willingly I would die.

Then cheer thee sweet, for the time flies on,

To trust me I shall be true—

One kiss, one long and parting one,

God bless thee!—and adieu.

Soon he is journeying far away

From his love and his native land;

To the Syrian shore the knights are gone,

To join his own true band.

Bold and brave were the warriors all,

Fighting for faith and fame,

And fear would seize the Moslem troops

When they heard Sir Hubert's name:

He saw those many a beautiful maid,

With raven hair and eyes,

But their charms the knight he would not heed,

But coldly pass'd them by;

He thought but of his tender bride,

Yet e'en that thought was pain;

Perhaps, perhaps he ne'er may meet

Her lovely eyes again.

Thus day, that dawns so pure and bright,

Whom the man can tell,

Ere even, how many gallant forms

May bid this world farewell.

And now is the din of battle heard,

Furious is the strife,

The chargers neigh, the trumpets sound,

They fight for death or life.

Sir Hubert is foremost in the strife,

The ground with blood is red;

Yet he spurs his steed and rushes on,

O'er heaps of slain and dead,

He seeks the chief of the Moslem host,

Who scatters death and woe;

And now he has met, in mortal strife,

His proud and laughing foe.

Sudden they close, scarce stay for breath,

They trust to spear and shield;

The Mussulman is bold and brave,

The Christian will not yield.

Oh! long and dubious was the fight,

They bore them gallantly;

Yet, at last he fell the Moslem lord,

'Our lady and victory.'

Sir Hubert was sorely wounded, too,

Earth swam before his eye,

He sank and fainted on the ground,

Alas! and must he die?

His faithful page his master bore,

Beneath an aged tree,

And stanch'd the blood and wip'd his brow,

Then wept this sight to see:

'Roland, kind youth,' Sir Hubert said,

'Nay, weep not, boy, for me;

Do thou bear my corpse to England's shore,

There let me buried be.

And tell my love the vow I made'

I never did forget—

To die without one look from her,

Is all that I regret.

Tell her, if I thought of her sweet form

When in the arms of death,

And blest and prayed for her alone,

With my last parting breath.

He ceased—*for his cheek was wan and cold;*

His gallant spear lay still,

And the proud and bold Sir Hubert now

Is one among the dead.

They bore his corpse o'er land and sea,

And when evening waxed late,

They came before his castle high,

And stood beside the gate.

Oh! where is Imma to weep on the bier

Of her true and faithful knight?

Oh! why is she the last to mourn

At this afflicting sight?

Alas! alas! her gentle form

Had bow'd before the blast;

With her the evils of this world

Are over now and past.

She had heard the tale that her lord and love

Had fallen before the foe,

And to linger here when her hope was gone,

Was bitterness and woe;

Her wounded spirit droop'd and died

As a flower of the plain,

Its sweetness and its beauty gone,

Never to bloom again.

And now she looks so wan and pale,

Her eye no longer bright;

Those orbs of sweet celestial blue

Are quenched and closed quite.

But her spirit has soared beyond the sky,

Where sorrow is at rest,

And the dearest friends may meet at last—

In regions of the blest.

ELIZA.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Moucricff's comedy of *Wanted a Wife*, has been very judiciously converted into a farce, by cutting out the under-plot, and reducing it into two acts. The spirit and the humour of the piece being thus condensed, the whole has been considerably improved, and was performed with much applause. We do not promise it immortality, but we think it may become popular. The *Coronation* does not lose any of its attractions, but draws crowded houses every night.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The active manager of this theatre continues to produce novelties in rapid succession. On Thursday night, a new melo-drama, in two acts, was performed for the first time, entitled *The Miller's Maid*. It is founded on Bloomfield's poem of that name; and does not differ essentially from the original story, which is very simple. The author has adapted it to the stage with considerable effect; but those acquainted with the poem will know how nearly it approaches a very dangerous point, and we are sorry that the dramatist has dwelt on it much more than was either necessary or proper. The bare suggestion of the possibility of a brother and sister, ignorant of their kinship, being in love with each other, would, we believe, be sufficient to counteract the passion, however violent; but here the

brother dwells on the hope, and exacts a condition on the mere chance, of its not being so. Mr. T. P. Cooke as George, and Miss Kelly as the Miller's Maid, played with much feeling, but the principal attraction of the evening was Mr. Emery, from Covent Garden Theatre, in the part of Giles. The character would have failed in almost any other hands, but with him it had the most powerful effect. His strong attachment for the Miller's Maid, rendered almost ferocious by rivalry, and restrained only from the most violent excesses, by a strong moral feeling and an innate goodness of heart, were portrayed with the utmost truth and force. Mr. Bartley was quite at home in the kind-hearted Miller, and Harley made as much as any one could of a very unnatural and constrained character. The scenery is good, and the piece was completely successful.

The Bee.

*Floriferis at apes in solibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascitur aurea dicta.*
LUCRATIUS.

Preachers.—A young ecclesiastic, who was remarkable for his affected pronunciation and unseemly gestures, preached in a town in one of the provinces of France. The next day he called on the president, and complained that the officers of his jurisdiction had quitted his sermon to go to see a comedy. 'These gentlemen,' said the president, 'must have very bad taste to leave you for country comedians.'

A preacher had completely wearied all his auditors in preaching on the beatitudes. A lady, who had endured the penance, could not avoid observing to him, after sermon, that he had forgotten one. 'Which is that?' replied the preacher. 'That of those who were so fortunate as not to hear your sermon,' was the reply.

Oliver Cromwell kept his fanatics in order in his own way, for when one of them waited upon him, as he said, in the name of the Lord, to know the destination of one of his fleets, Cromwell said, 'My good friend, the Lord shall know, for thou shalt go with the fleet,' and immediately gave orders for having him stowed in the hold of one of the vessels then under sailing orders.

Authors.—Antiquities, says Dr. Johnson, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it,

not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire, indiscriminately, whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all, perhaps, are more willing to borrow past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To run, the Hoop.—An ancient marine custom. Four or more boys, having their left hands tied fast to an iron hoop, and each of them a rope, called a nettle, in their right, being naked to the waist, wait the signal to begin, i. e. a stroke with a cat of nine tails, given by the boatswain to one of the boys; he strikes the boy before him, and every one does the same; at first the blows are but gently administered, but each irritated by the strokes from the boy behind him, at length lays it on in earnest.

Dun.—Dun, an importunate creditor; dunny, in the provincial dialect of several countries, signifies deaf; to dun, then, perhaps, may mean to deafen with importunate demands. Some derive it from the word *donner*, which signifies give, but the true original meaning of the word owes its birth to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff, of the town of Lincoln, so extremely active and so dexterous in his business, that it became a proverb, when a man refused to pay, why do you not dun him? that is, why do you not set Dun to arrest him! Hence it became a cant word, and is now as old as since the days of Henry the Seventh. Dun was also the general name for the hangman, before that of Jack Ketch.

And presently a halter got,
Made of the best strong hempsteeper,
And e'er a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up with as much art,
As Dun himself could do for heart.

Cotton's Virgil, Tra. Book 4.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'LIFE,' Chap. I, and ORDOVEK on Popular Quotations, in our next.

'Auld Dominie,' D. M., Mr. Hatt, and O. F., as early as possible.

Eliza will perceive she is not forgotten.

T. B. had better leave off the 'rhyming trade,' or, at least, not trouble us with his lubrications.

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No. 119.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

A Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, under Generals Ross, Pakenham, and Lambert, in the Years 1814 and 1815, with some Account of the Countries visited.—By an Officer who served in the Expedition. 8vo. pp. 377. London, 1821.

THE late war in America was not only more painful in its character (and every war with that country must be painful) but more unfortunate in its results, than any in which Great Britain has been engaged since that which terminated in the independence of that country. This was principally owing to the magnitude of the contest in which we were engaged in Europe, and to our carrying our contempt of the American moral character to its resources and power as a military nation. A predatory warfare is the only one to be successfully waged against the United States,—a war of dashing enterprise and not of procrastinated operation. The author of the volume before us expresses himself well and clearly on this point in his concluding remarks, and as they have our entire approbation as to the policy, although we should regret the necessity of resorting to the plan he recommends, we shall quote them. He says,

‘We have long been habituated to despise the Americans, as an enemy unworthy of serious regard. To this alone it is to be attributed that frigates half manned were sent out to cope with ships capable of containing them within their hulls; and to this, also, the trifling handfuls of troops dispatched to conduct the war by land. Instead of five hundred, had ten thousand men sailed from the Garonne under General Ross, how differently might he have acted! There would have been then no necessity for a re-embarkation, after the capture of Washington, and consequently, no time given for the defence of Baltimore; but, marching across the country, he might have done to the one city what he did to the other. And it is thus only that a war with America can be successfully carried on. To penetrate up the country amidst pathless forests and

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boundless deserts, and to aim at permanent conquest, is out of the question. America must be assaulted only on her coasts. Her harbours destroyed, her shipping burned, and her seaport towns laid waste, are the only evils which she has reason to dread; and were a sufficient force embarked with these orders, no American war would be of long continuance.’

The author has some ingenious reasoning on this subject, in refutation of the objections to his plan, that it would distress individuals and not the government:—

‘They who offer this objection, forget the nature both of the people whose cause they plead, and of the government under which they live. In a democratical government, the voice of the people must at all times prevail. The very members of the House of Representatives are the persons who, from such proceedings, would suffer most severely, and we all know how far private suffering goes to influence a man’s public opinions. Besides, the very principle upon which the advocates for the sacredness of private property proceed, is altogether erroneous. I admit, that, in absolute monarchies, where war is more properly the pastime of kings, than the desire of subjects, non-combatants ought to be dealt with as humanely as possible. Not so, however, in states governed by popular assemblies. By compelling the constituents to experience the real hardships and miseries of warfare, you will soon compel the representatives to a vote of peace; and surely that line of conduct is, upon the whole, most humane, which puts the speediest period to the cruelties of war.’

But, not to dwell on what may be done in a future war, which we hope is far distant, it is our business to speak of the past. The author of this Narrative appears to be an intelligent and impartial observer, who details the facts with fidelity, and comments upon them with acuteness. His work is judiciously divided into letters, since it has nothing of the character of epistolary correspondence, but is an uninterrupted Narrative ‘formed from the substance of a journal kept with considerable care during the progress of the events which it records.’

The work is stated to be a ‘Narrative of the Affairs at Washington,’ &c. but

the author devotes upwards of sixty pages, at the commencement, to an account of Bourdeaux, Bayonne, and other places in France, through which the expedition marched previous to its final embarkation for America. This reminds us of the early historians, who, before they commenced an account of the particular country on which they were to write, began with the creation of the world, and continued its subsequent history to the foundation of their own country. We ought not, perhaps, to quarrel with our author on this account, since his introductory letters are interesting. Speaking of the ravages of war, he says,—

‘I am not one of those who love to evince their sensibility by mourning over unavoidable evils; neither, indeed, would it be consistent with my present views and profession so to do; but, in truth, I cannot help observing, that war, when stripped of its parade and excitement, and softened down by all the alleviating circumstances of which it is capable, is a fearful thing. One experiences no regret at seeing the most splendid mansion consumed to ashes, provided it be set on fire by our own shells, and to dislodge the enemy; one has no reluctance in treading down corn-fields, destroying orchards, and ruining in one day the labour of months, as long as the hurry and madness of a battle continue. But when this has died away, and the calmness of repose returns, he who can look with indifference upon the ravages which he has himself contributed to produce, must be either more or less than man.’

This is in a good tone of feeling, and shows that our soldier can feel as well as fight. Without stopping to notice any thing in France, or the embarkation of the troops, we shall accompany our author to St. Michael’s, where he describes a romantic scene with great eloquence and a felicitous power of description:—

‘Descending the mountain, on which we had paused for a few minutes, to glut our eyes and satisfy our curiosity, we arrived at a small hamlet, or rather a group of two or three hovels, as romantically situated as it is possible for the imagination of man to conceive. They stood at the further end of a sort of recess, formed by the hills, which are here broken into a

circular valley, cut off, to all appearance, from the rest of the habitable world; behind them rose a towering crag, as perpendicular as the drop of a plummet, from the top of which a little rivulet came tumbling down, giving to the scene an appearance of the most delightful coolness, and amusing the ear with the unceasing roar of a water-fall. From the very face of the cliff, where there seemed to be scarcely soil enough to nourish a thistle, numerous shrubs and dwarf trees protruded themselves; whilst above it, and on every side of the area, the hills were covered with wood, interrupted now and then by the bald forehead of a blackened rock. In front of the hamlet again, there was an opening sufficient to admit the most delicious glimpse of the ocean; and through this the stream, after boiling for a while in a little basin, which it has excavated for itself out of what resembles the foundation of the cliff, makes its way, brawling over a clear pebbly bottom, till it joins the sea.

'This paragon of valleys, and masterpiece of nature's handy-work, burst upon us as such scenes, to be witnessed with advantage, ought to do, without the slightest warning or expectation. The road by which we approached it, being completely shut in with wood, and winding considerably to aid the descent, brought us out nearly at the gorge of the vale, so as to throw the hamlet, the cliff, and the water-fall, into the back ground; and, as the whole was of such extent as to be taken in at one glance, the effect was striking beyond any of the kind I ever witnessed.'

When at Bermuda, where the expedition touched, our author, who seems to have been very active in seeing every thing worthy of notice, with a party visited the two celebrated caves in one of the little isles. After breakfast, he says,

'We supplied ourselves with torches from some dry branches of the calash tree, and, headed by a guide, moved towards the mouth of the nearest and largest of the two caves. We descended into this by a ladder of sixteen steps, and arrived upon a broad ledge of rock, where we halted for a few minutes to light the torches, and accustom our vision to the gloom; when both of these ends were attained, and we had advanced a few paces into the cave, a sight of the most indescribable sublimity burst upon us. The appearance was that of a huge Gothic cathedral, having its roof supported upon pillars of spar, moulded into the most regular shapes, and fluted and carved after the most exact models of architecture. The roof itself, however, was too lofty to be discerned, nor could the eye penetrate to anything like an extremity, all beyond a certain extent being wrapped in the most profound darkness. But the flashes of light at intervals streamed out, as the glare of the torches fell upon pieces of spar as clear as crystal, and the deep

echo of our own voices as we spoke, inspired us with a feeling of awe, bordering upon superstition. It is in such a situation as this, that the poorness and insignificance of human labour, most forcibly strikes the mind. The most magnificent church and abbey, with their sculptured pillars and vaulted ceilings, were thought of as mean in comparison of what was now before us; nay, one could not help imagining, that these very churches and abbeys had been built in humble imitation of this, which looked like a temple reared by some beings more powerful than men. It seemed a shrine worthy of the geni of old, while yet they were in the zenith of their glory, and ere they had been driven from their thrones and oracles of darkness, by the light of Christianity.

'As we moved onward, we found the sides of the cave gradually narrow upon us, and the roof became lower and lower. There was, however, a continuance of the same fine-like appearance to the last, though growing more and more contracted; till, finally, we were compelled to advance one by one, and to stoop in order to prevent our heads from coming in contact with the rock. We had now gone as far as it was possible to go with any degree of comfort, and were informed by the guide, that we were upwards of three hundred yards from the entrance, when we found it expedient to wheel about, and to return to the open air. But the effect of so sudden a change from darkness to light, was exceedingly disagreeable; inasmuch, that we hastened into the smaller cave, as well for the purpose of deferring the moment of suffering, as to continue our search after the sublime.

'The entrance to this cavern is extremely dangerous, and not to be ventured upon without either a trusty guide or a thorough knowledge of the ground. After descending a ladder, not quite so deep as that which leads into the larger cave, you arrive at the brink of a fearful chasm, across which, a flat stone, about two feet in width, is laid, connecting the edges by a bridge of four or five feet in length. It is very fortunate that this frightful bridge is of no greater extent, for if you should chance to slip, or lose your balance whilst upon it, nothing could save you from being precipitated into the gulf. To what depth this chasm may reach, the guide could not inform us; but that it is considerable, we discovered, by dropping a large stone, which we could hear for some time as it dashed against the projecting edges of the rock, and at length splashed, with a tremendous echo, into water. The man maintained, that the sea beat under the foundation of the island as far as the spot where we now stood, and his story was rendered at least probable, by the number of pools of salt-water, which we met with in the interior of the cave.

'After having visited the larger cavern, this certainly appeared to disadvantage; but, had I beheld it first, or without see-

ing the other at all, I should have believed that nothing upon earth could surpass it for grandeur and beauty; the only respect in which it is inferior to the other, being its size. The spar is as clear, and proportionably as abundant; the pillars are quite as regularly formed; and it has even an advantage over its rival in two or three broken columns, which give to it the semblance of a temple in ruins. There is, also, in this cave, a strange propinquity of salt and fresh water pools; the situation of two of which struck me as peculiarly curious. They were divided from each other by a piece of rock not much thicker than a man's hand; and yet the water from the one tasted as if it had been taken from the German ocean, while that from the other was as fresh and pleasant as possible.'

The army having landed in the United States, its first operations were directed against Washington, to which it met with no other obstruction than a slight affair at Bladenburgh, in which the Americans were defeated. General Ross first sent in a flag of truce with terms,

'But whatever his proposal might have been, it was not so much as heard; for scarcely had the party bearing the flag entered the street, than they were fired upon from the windows of one of the houses, and the horse of the general himself, who accompanied them, killed. You will easily believe, that conduct so unjustifiable, so direct a breach of the law of nations, roused the indignation of every individual, from the general himself down to the private soldier. All thoughts of accommodation were instantly laid aside; the troops advanced forthwith into the town, and having first put to the sword all who were found in the house from which the shots were fired, and reduced it to ashes, they proceeded, without a moment's delay, to burn and destroy every thing in the most distant degree connected with government. In this general devastation were included the Senate-house, the President's palace, an extensive dock-yard and arsenal, barracks for two or three thousand men, several large store-houses filled with naval and military stores, some hundreds of cannon of different descriptions, and nearly twenty thousand stand of small arms. There were also two or three public rope-works which shared the same fate, a fine frigate pierced for sixty guns, and just ready to be launched, several gun brigs armed schooners, with a variety of gunboats and small craft. The powder magazines were of course set on fire, and exploded with a tremendous crash, throwing down many houses in their vicinity, partly by pieces of the wall striking them, and partly by the concussion of the air; whilst quantities of shot, shell, and hand-grenades, which could not otherwise be rendered useless, were thrown into the river. In destroying the cannon, a lac-

thod was adopted, which I had never before witnessed, and which, as it was both effectual and expeditious, I cannot avoid relating. One gun of rather a small calibre, was pitched upon as the executioner of the rest; and being loaded with ball, and turned to the muzzles of the others, it was fired, and thus beat out their breechings. Many, however, not being mounted, could not be thus dealt with; these were spiked, and having their trunions knocked off, were afterwards cast into the bed of the river.

'All this was as it should be, and had the arm of vengeance been extended no farther, there would not have been room given for so much as a whisper of disapprobation. But, unfortunately, it did not stop here; a noble library, several printing offices, and all the national archives were likewise committed to the flames, which, though no doubt the property of government, might better have been spared.'

Of the American President we have an amusing anecdote, with which we shall conclude for the present:—

'That gentleman, as I was credibly informed, had gone forth in the morning with the army, and had continued among his troops till the British forces began to make their appearance. Whether the sight of his enemies cooled his courage or not, I cannot say, but, according to my informer, no sooner was the glittering of our arms discernible, than he began to discover that his presence was more wanted in the senate than with the army; and having ridden through the ranks, and exhorted every man to do his duty, he hurried back to his own house, that he might prepare a feast for the entertainment of his officers, when they should return victorious. For the truth of these details, I will not be answerable; but this much I know, that the feast was actually prepared, though, instead of being devoured by American officers, it went to satisfy the less delicate appetites of a party of English soldiers. When the detachment, sent out to destroy Mr. Maddison's house, entered his dining parlour, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine, in handsome cut-glass decanters, were cooling on the side-board; plate-holders stood by the fire-place, filled with dishes and plates; knives, forks, and spoons were arranged for immediate use; in short, every thing was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, whilst in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits, loaded with joints of various sorts, turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other culinary utensils, stood upon the grate; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast, were exactly in a state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned.

'You will readily imagine, that these preparations were beheld, by a party of hungry soldiers, with no indifferent eye. An elegant dinner, even though considerably over-dressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civic feast; and having satisfied their appetite with fewer complaints than would probably have escaped their rival *gourmands*, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Memoirs of James the Second, King of England, &c. &c. Collected from various authentic Sources. 2 Vols. 12mo. pp. 607. London, 1821.

KING James the Second was one of those individuals of whom history has drawn a very unfavourable, and, in some respects, a very erroneous character. He was neither the worst nor the weakest of the Stuarts; and, although he has been branded as a coward for abandoning the kingdom at a time that his affairs were by no means desperate, yet it is notorious, that, in early life, he was not only the bravest of the brave, but so skilful a general, that he was recommended by the great Marshall Turenne, as worthy to succeed him in commanding the armies of France.

Whatever errors James the Second might have fallen into, or whatever crimes towards the constitution and liberties of this country he might have committed, yet he proved to the latest hour of his life, that he had a sincere affection for the English people. Indeed, it is said, that his aversion to fighting against them lost him his crown; and he used, when in exile, always to speak of them as 'his brave English,' and he frequently praised them in a manner not at all pleasing to the nation that had afforded him an asylum. That indecision and weakness marked the reign of James the Second will not be denied; and that, when misfortunes came upon him, he tarnished the military glories of his youth, will be admitted, but, as one of our early dramatists (Daniel) says,—

'Tis easy to accuse

Whom fortune hath made faulty by their fall;

They who are vanquished, may not refuse
The title of reproach they're charged withall:

The conquer'g cause hath right wherein thou art;
The vanquish'd still is judg'd the worse part.'

It would, perhaps, be very difficult to account for a man's being brave at one time and pusillanimous at another, though history has furnished many instances; yet we strongly suspect that, in the case of James, at the battle of the Boyne, which is the principal ground of the charge of cowardice against him, his conduct did arise from his reluctance to fight against 'his brave English.'

The principal events in the life of James must be familiar to every one acquainted with the history of his country, and those minute details into which the historian cannot enter, have also frequently been before the public, and lately in a very ample manner, by Dr. Clarke's *Life of this King*, compiled from the Stuart papers in the Scots College, at Paris. The present biographer of James disclaims every bias of party, and modestly assures us, that all he has attempted has been 'a cursory, unadorned, but faithful relation of events immediately connected with the monarch.' This, we think, every one who peruses his work will readily admit, and will give him some credit for reducing such ample materials into so concise and complete a shape.

We shall not attempt to follow the author through the eventful life of James, but select such anecdotes as will best serve to exhibit his real character. He was born in 1633, and was only eight years old at the time that his father was obliged to quit London; and at the age of nine, he was not only present at the battle of Edgehill, but with his elder brother, the Prince of Wales, was in the most imminent danger. When the personal safety of the Princes became endangered by remaining longer in England, they joined their mother in France; and James, then Duke of York, when only seventeen years of age, obtained a commission in the army of Marshal Turenne; but it was with the utmost difficulty he could fit himself out, nor was this effected until a Gascon, of the name of Gautier, lent him three hundred pistoles and a set of Poland coach-horses. In 1653, the duke joined the French army at Châtres. In the campaign that ensued, he was always at the post of danger, and constantly attended Marshal Turenne; he afterwards served in the Spanish army, and, on the restoration of his brother, returned to Eng-

land with him. He soon afterwards married Ann Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, the chancellor, and on her death, was married to Mary, of Modena. The duke had, in the mean time, commanded the English fleet against the Dutch, and displayed great talents and courage.

On the death of Charles the Second, James ascended the throne. The state of parties at that time ran high, and although the restoration had been effected without bloodshed, yet time was wanted fully to consolidate the power of the Stuarts. The gaiety of Charles and his conciliatory manners, had kept both the religious and political parties tolerably quiet, but James was of a less flexible character, and as he neither disguised his religion or his politics, he had rendered himself unpopular during the life of his brother. On ascending the throne, he, in some degree, regained his popularity, but his open avowal of popery and his arbitrary measures soon led the English nation to look for a successor, in the person of the Prince of Orange, who was invited over.

When the council called by the Prince of Orange had assembled, they agreed that the king should not be permitted to reside in any of the royal palaces:—

“As soon as the prince received the resolutions of the council, as his warrant, distrustful any returns of compassion or respect, as well as the inconsistency of popular feeling, he sent the Count de Solmes, with his Dutch guards, to take the posts about White Hall. When James was informed of this, he would not believe it, but a visit from Lord Craven, at eleven at night, confirmed it*. The King, then sent to the count, and remonstrated, but it was unavailing, he could but obey the orders of his prince. Lord Craven declared he would be cut to pieces ere he yielded his post; but the King, to spare the effusion of blood, and to prevent a return of disorder, commanded him to withdraw his guards. The soldiers slowly and indignantly retired. The King now perceived he was entirely at the mercy of the prince, but in the present instance he evinced a greatness of mind worthy of him, and which ought to have induced his enemies to have listened to his proposals of retrieving his past errors. He was warned of the danger of sleeping, surrounded by Dutch guards, and that al-

* Lord Craven was one of the few great who never quitted London during the plague, having made himself, at that time, the constant associate of the great Duke of Albemarle, in relieving the miseries of that calamitous time. He was, at the period when he refused to yield his station, at Whitehall, seventy years of age.

ter the prince had expressed his own suspicion of ill faith in not meeting him while surrounded by his English guards. Saying, he knew not that they were more dangerous than his own; he retired to rest, and appeared to repose in perfect tranquillity. “About one in the morning, Lord Middleton, who lay by the King, was called up by the Lords Halifax, Delamere, and Shrewsbury, to tell him they had a message from the prince to his Majesty, which they must immediately impart; and when my Lord Middleton would have had them stay till the King was awake in the morning, they answered that their business would *admit of no delay*. There was no arguing with men who were masters, so my Lord Middleton went to the King’s bedside, and found him so fast asleep, that *putting* by the curtain did not wake him, till kneeling down, he spoke pretty loud in his ear, by which his Majesty, at the first, was a little surprised; but immediately composing himself, asked what was the business? Which, when my Lord Middleton *told* him, he ordered them to be called in, who delivered a paper to the King, signed by the Prince of Orange, the purport of which was, that to avoid all disorder which his Majesty’s presence might cause in London, he thought fit he should go to Ham, (a house belonging to the Duchess of Lauderdale,) that very morning, he designing to be in town himself about noon; and this in few but *positive* words, My Lord Halifax added, he might take *what servants he pleased with him, but must be gone before ten; yet the Prince of Orange would take care to appoint a suitable guard to attend him there, to secure him from any harm*.” The King replied, he would comply, but he called the noblemen back, as they were retiring, saying, “he had rather go to Rochester, as Ham was an unpleasant winter residence.” His choice was probably a sudden thought, as the place would be more favourable for foreign communication, or escape, if requisite. Lord Halifax did not approve any alteration or deviation from the prince’s orders, but the King had the firmness to persist, and Halifax, at last, gave up the point most unwillingly. Lord Shrewsbury, in this midnight interview, behaved with all the respectful urbanity of a soldier, and Delamere stood silent and pensive, yet with an expression of chastened pleasure, at seeing a man who had punished him, feeling, as he might think, the power of retributive justice. The King preserved the most perfect equanimity during the visit, conversing coolly and unconcernedly respecting his removal, as if it had been a voluntary one.

James escaped into France at a time when his partisans in England and Scotland were numerous, and sincere in their attachment; and he afterwards

* Words in italics interlined in the MS of King James.

landed in Ireland, with means little calculated to enable him to regain the throne. Here he showed none of that energy or promptitude which had distinguished him in early life; and, instead of being the first to attack, waited until a battle was no longer unavoidable. The battle of the Boyne followed, which was lost principally through the disobedience and jealousy of the Irish. From our author’s account of this battle, we shall make an extract:—

“Callimotte, the faithful friend and follower of the great Schomberg, in all his fortunes, and who commanded the French protestants, was rode down desperately wounded. Schomberg hearing of his friend’s distress, and perceiving that of the centre, hastened from his station to their relief. Callimotte and his friend passed each other in the river unknown, and at a distance, one mortally wounded, carried off by his soldiers, and calling out to all that passed him, “*A la gloir mes enfans, a la gloir!*” The other on horseback, in the deepest of the river, rallying the French Protestants, and pointing out to them their countrymen in the Irish army, exclaiming, “*Voila Messieurs vos persecuteurs!*” In the meantime, that part of Hamilton’s dragoons which had entered the river, finding their career stopped, returned, and, in doing so, again broke through the French Protestants, wounded the gallant and venerable Schomberg, who, in the confusion, was borne on with them; and his own men, ignorant that he was among them, fired at the troop, and killed their own noble leader*.

“The English army was immediately involved in tumult and disorder, while the infantry of James rallied and returned to their posts with renewed resolution. They were just about to fall upon the centre, when King William having passed with the left wing of his army, composed of the Danish, Dutch, and Inniskilling horse, advanced to attack them on the right. The troops of James were seized with a sudden panic, and retreated towards Dunmore; they there made such a vigorous stand, that the troops, though headed and animated by William, recoiled. In this action, General Hamilton, who had been the very soul of the Irish army during this memorable engagement, having nearly succeeded in recovering the battle, was wounded and taken. James seeing this, and hearing that Count Schomberg was still making his way to

* The Duke de Schomberg possessed a correct judgment, an exact probity, and an humble and obliging temper; a thorough knowledge of the world, and was as great in council as in the field. He appeared courteous and affable to all, and yet had an air of grandeur that commanded the respect of the proudest and most thoughtless. “He wrote,” says D’Hymple, “with the elegance and simplicity of Cæsar.”

Dunleek, quitted his station while the armies were yet fighting, leaving orders for the army to retire and defend the pass of Dunleek, and afterwards to fall back to the Shannon: he himself, with his principal officers, fled. On hearing this, William asked General Hamilton, then his prisoner, if he thought the Irish army would fight any more; Hamilton answered, "upon my honour I believe they will." The King, with that emphatic but under-tone which so peculiarly distinguished him, muttered, "your honour, your honour!" alluding to Hamilton's former breach of it towards himself*, and then ordered a pursuit in all quarters, in the confusion of which, the orders of the monarch who had abandoned them, were totally unobserved, and the defeat was complete. Two thousand of the Irish were killed, the English lost not more than a fourth of that number. The pusillanimous James, who thus so far departed from his youthful courage, and the example of many of his own noble followers, first went to Dublin, next to Waterford, breaking down all the bridges in his course, by the suggestions of his French officers, the companions of his flight. During the period of it, he received a letter written in Louis's own hand, giving an account of his own victories, and urging him to sail instantly for France, and leave the conduct of the Irish war to his officers, promising to land him in England with thirty thousand men. In the mean time the Irish army fled directly to the Shannon, where they were joined by the principal James's officers, who, having taken their farewell of him, returned to continue the war, and to explain the cause of his retreat. James having imprudently and ungratefully said, while he hastened through Dublin, "that he would never again trust his fate to an Irish army," his soldiers very truly and justly remarked, "Complaints of cowardice came very ill from the mouth of one who had been the first to fly from the battle, and the only person; not of foreign birth, who had fled from the kingdom, and that if the English would change kings with them, they would fight the battle over again."

James a second time escaped to France, and soon afterwards made his last effort to regain the crown of Eng-

* This anecdote reminds us of a delightful one recorded in the Life of Lord Keeper Guilford, which, although not connected with our subject, it is hoped will not be uninteresting. It was during the reign of Charles the Second, when the Lord Keeper, then Justice North, during his circuit, visited the Duke of Beaufort, at his princely seat at Badmington, "the Lord Arthur, then a child about five years old, was very angry with the judge, (he said) for hanging men. The judge replied, 'that if they were not hanged, they would kill and steal.'—No," said the little boy, "you should make them promise upon their honour they would not do so, and then they would not." How delicate must the noble principle have been in the breast of this infant noble, and how rich a soil wherein to plant and to cherish it!

land. A French fleet was fitted out, in which he embarked, but it was defeated by the united Dutch and English fleets:—

"During this memorable engagement, a generous exclamation burst from the heart of the agitated James. When he saw the seamen in swarms, scrambling up the tall sides of the ships from their boats, he cried out, 'Ah! none but my brave English could do so brave an action.' After both French and English had abandoned the vessels which were on fire, some of their guns went off at intervals, while the vessels were burning to the water's edge, and a few of the balls passed near the person of the unhappy King. He then said, mournfully, 'Heaven fights against me,' and retired in deep dejection to his tent, perhaps reflecting that his fate might serve as a warning to all future kings, that having once lost the affection and confidence of their people, little trust could be placed on wealth, alliances, fleets, or armies, to restore them to the throne they had forfeited."

James now retired to St. Germain's, where he passed the remainder of his life in the austerities of the Roman Catholic religion. Our author draws a very impartial character of this unfortunate monarch, and his work throughout displays great candour and liberality. The style of the work is easy and natural, and the reflections of the author are those of a man of good sense and discernment.

Christina's Revenge; or, the Fate of Monaldeschi; with other Poems.
By J. M. Moffatt. 12mo. pp. 208.
London, 1821.

WHATEVER degree of poetic talent Mr. Moffatt may be deemed to possess, he must at least be allowed the merit of having chosen very striking subjects for his muse. The principal poem in his volume is founded on one of the basest assassinations that ever was committed—a murder committed in France, by command of that disgrace to sovereignty and her sex, Christina of Sweden. This voluptuous female indulged her passions without restraint, and thought nothing of sending her favourites from her bed to a scaffold. Among the number of those who shared in the disgraceful partiality of Christina, was the Marquis Monaldeschi. When she quitted Sweden and retired to France, she took the Marquis in her suite, and while residing in the Palace of Fontainebleau, had him assassinated in one of the apartments there, by three men, who butchered him in the most cruel manner, while he tamely submitted to his fate.

When the murder had been committed, the abandoned Christina sent a hundred livres to the convent, to pray God for the repose of the soul of her victim. The narrative of this transaction, which Mr. Moffatt has subjoined to his poem, is very interesting. It is the memoir of Father le Bel, who was the confessor of the Marquis, and was present when he was murdered.

The poem adheres closely to the narrative, and the facts are there supposed to be related by Le Bel to a friend of Monaldeschi. Although the subject is necessarily so connected that it is not easy to detach a passage, yet we will quote one, which will afford a pretty correct idea of the general character of the poem:—

"The seaman, 'midst conflicting waves
Abandon'd, in a shatter'd boat,
While round him yawn dark wat'ry graves,
And not an hour he hopes to float,
Gains courage even from despair,
Since chance of human help is fled;
And calmly leaves each social care
To seek his place among the dead:
But when, by tantalizing fate,
Prospects of safety are displayed,
The wretch forlorn to cheer and cheat
With hopes of some protecting aid;
The slightest object then will move
The man before to death resigned;
And this suspended fate may prove
The greatest torment of the mind.
"Thus Monaldeschi, doom'd to feel
The executioner's sharp steel,
Could only with confusion view
A state to him so strange and new.
He fear'd to hope, yet could not bear
To yield to absolute despair.
Unnumber'd thoughts of various kind
In quick succession fill'd his mind;
And, flutt'ring o'er his features, cast
Some mark'd expression as they pass'd.
At length his heart sweet hope beguiles;
And, moved by her seductive smiles,
With falt'ring voice and eager eyes,
To me his supplications rises.
And while I listen'd to his words,
His dread attendants held their swords
Bared for the death-dispensing blow;
As it had been their wish to show
That soon should fate his life-thread cut,
And death his eyes in darkness shut.
Yet while thy friend his woes bewail'd,
Compassion's influence prevail'd
O'er him, whose charge it was to see
Perform'd the cruel queen's decree.
He from the gallery took his way,
T'entreat his sovereign to display
Her mercy, ere it was too late,
Toward him to whom her voice was fate.
Soon he return'd in woful guise,
And tears stood glitt'ring in his eyes;
'Marquis,' he said, 'on God bestow,
And hopes that from his grace must flow,
Thy every future thought; and pray
For mercy at his judgment day.
The queen I fruitlessly besought
To pardon thy unhappy fault:
The pris'ner, like a man unaided,
A moment on the speaker gaz'd;
Toward me his haggard glance then turn'd,

Which show'd what horrid thoughts sojourn'd
Within his breast, where fiercely burn'd
Revenge, not dread of death could quell;
Such as might prompt the hideous yell
Of fends in quenchless flames who dwell."

The second poem in this collection is founded on a tradition which prevails in New England,—a country, above all others, fertile in marvellous stories and traditions, which, thanks to Dr. Cotton Mather, have been carefully perpetuated. The poem is called 'The Spectre Bark of Newhaven,' and, as the story is curious, we quote it. It is contained in a letter addressed to Dr. C. Mather, which he states to have been written by 'the reverend person who was the pastor of Newhaven,' at the time he published his 'Magnalia Christi Americana,' about fifty years after the phenomenon occurred. The following is the letter:—

"Reverend and dear Sir,

"In compliance with your desires, I now give you the relation of that apparition of a ship in the air, which I have received from the most credible, judicious, and curious surviving observers of it.

"In the year 1647, besides much other lading, a far more rich treasure of passengers (five or six of which were persons of chief note and worth in Newhaven,) put themselves on board a new ship, built at Rhode Island, of about one hundred and fifty tons, but so *weighty*, that the master (Lamberton) often said, she would prove their grave. In the month of January, cutting their way through much ice, on which they were accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Davenport, besides many other friends, with many fears, as well as prayers and tears, they set sail. Mr. Davenport, in prayer, with an observable emphasis, used these words:—"Lord, if it be thy pleasure to bury these our friends in the bottom of the sea, they are thine; save them!" The spring following, no tidings of these friends arrived with the ships from England: Newhaven's heart began to fail her. This put the godly people on much prayer, both public and private: "That the Lord would (if it was his pleasure) let them hear what he had done with their dear friends, and prepare them with a suitable submission to his holy will." In June next ensuing, a great thunder-storm arose out of the north-west; after which, (the hemisphere being serene,) about an hour before sun-set, a ship of like dimensions with the aforesaid, with her canvass and colours abroad (though the wind was northerly), appeared in the air, coming up from our harbour's mouth, which lies southward from the town, seemingly with her sails filled under a fresh gale, holding her course north, and continuing under observation, sailing against the wind, for the space of half an hour. Many were drawn to behold this great work of God: yea, the very children cried out, "There's

a brave ship!" At length, crowding up as far as there is usually water sufficient for such a vessel, and so near some of the spectators, as that they imagined a man might hurl a stone on board her, her main-top seemed to be blown off, but left hanging in the shrouds, then her mizen-top, then all her masting seemed blown away by the board. Quickly after, the hulk brought into a career, she overset, and so vanished into a smoky cloud, which, in some time, dissipated, leaving, as every where else, a clear air. The admiring spectators could distinguish the several colours of each part, the principal rigging, and such proportions as caused not only the generality of persons to say, "this was the mould of their ship, and thus was her tragic end;" but Mr. Davenport also, in public, declared to this effect, "that God had condescended, for the quieting of their afflicted spirits, this extraordinary account of his sovereign disposal of those, for whom so many fervent prayers were made continually."

"Thus, I am, sir,

"Your humble servant,
"JAMES PIERPONT."

The only probable method of accounting this spectrum (if true), is to suppose that it was occasioned by atmospheric refraction, somewhat similar to the 'Giant of the Brocken,' seen on the German mountains, or the *Fata Morgana*, seen in the *Faro di Messina*. The ballad, written by Mr. Moffatt on the subject, possesses considerable merit, but, as it is too long to insert, we shall pass on to his shorter pieces, from which we select the two following. The first, the Sailor's Soliloquy, in some of the thoughts at least, will recall to memory the 'Poor Jack' of that truly loyal and neglected British Minstrel, the late Charles Dibdin:—

'There is a Pow'r that rules on high,
When storms and death surround us:
Should thunders roar and lightnings fly,
Yet let not that confound us.

Each bolt its destin'd office knows,
Across the welkin darting:
This, unresisted, harmless goes;
That, soul and body parting.

Above, beneath, on ev'ry side,
What dangers ever face us!
Some gust may plunge us in the tide,
And with the dead may place us.
Sometimes destruction o'er us lowers,
Yet still we are protected;
Elsewhere its rage the tempest pours,
'Gainst other heads directed.

'To rear the flag, or shift the sails,
In storms the seaman soars;
If courage or his footing fails,
May sink 'midst billows roaring.
He mounts, and to the top-mast clings,
And knows no fears of falling;
His confidence from duty springs,
He's lab'ring in his calling.

'When 'cross the crowded blood-stain'd deck
Are balls and bullets flying,

What does the sense of danger check,
And chase the dread of dying?

'Th' duty still that prompts the brave
To bold and noble daring,
With these to find an honour'd grave,
Or these the vict'ry sharing.

'That Providence, whose power extends
Throughout the wide creation,
Beholds what good or ill impends
O'er all, in ev'ry station.
To those in duty's path he will
Give strength, or else protection;
Whatever he gives, 'his mercy still,
Or blessing, or correction.'

We shall now give a specimen of our author's elegiac talents in the—

"LINES ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

'Fair as the dew-bespangled rose,
That sheds its fragrance o'er the dale
Mild as the silver ray that throws
Its lustre on the passing sail,

'She was:—but what avails it now,
To tell her virtues or her charms,
Since death's cold hand has laid her low—
Has torn her from my circling arms!

'Yet hold! fond memory still has power
At least to sooth my grief-worn breast,
And in faint traces to restore
The glowing beauties she possess'd.

'No more for me that bosom heaves,
No more I hear the issuing sigh;
Nor press the vermeil lip, that leaves
The rapt delights gold ne'er could buy.

'No more those eyes, than morn more bright,
On me shall dart the glance of love—
Those eyes whence beam'd the diamond light,
Mix'd with the softness of the dove.

'But why should I those beauties trace,
Which oft relentless time destroys?
Time will deform the loveliest face
Of her who length of years enjoys.

'Those charms which long my bosom fed,
I thought almost beyond compare;
Though warmest love those charms inquest,
Their loss excites not grief or care.

'The sparkling eye, the blushing cheek,
And all the purple light of youth—
T'enchanted heart their power is weak,
Compared with constancy and truth.

'There is an intercourse of souls—
Delightful, heavenly, pure, sublime—
Which no external power controls,
No change of circumstance or time.

'Such was the tie that bound my heart
To her's whose loss e'en now I mourn;
No chance, not e'en her death, shall part
That bond, till I to dust return.

Some spirited translations from Anacreon, Horace, Metastasio, and a specimen of a new Version of the *Æneid*, close the volume. The poems of Mr. Moffatt are of a very varied character, both as to their subjects and their merits, which are somewhat unequal. To us they do not appear to possess much originality of thought, but the author has considerable facility of versification, and some of his songs and other minor pieces are certainly pretty.

Sketches of Manners, Scenery, &c. in the French Provinces. With an Essay on French Literature. By the late John Scott, Esq. London, 1821.

THE literary character of Mr. Scott, and the unfortunate events which led to his death, are sufficiently known to render it unnecessary for us to criticise the one or enter into a detail of the other. The volume now before us is a posthumous work, and, like posthumous works in general, adds little to the reputation of the writer. Although it is very natural for affection and friendship to cherish the relics of a favourite, yet it is as injudicious to bring an unfinished book as an unfinished picture before the public, for it almost invariably exhibits the author to great disadvantage.

A few years ago, Mr. Scott published a 'Visit to Paris,' which passed through two or three editions; the volume of 'Sketches' was intended as a sequel to that work, had the author lived to finish it; but a considerable portion of it consists of loose memoranda only, which a gentleman of Mr. Scott's literary tact, would, we doubt not, have worked up into a very pleasing volume; even as it is, some of his sketches are interesting; the following, for example:—

'We went to see the fine castle of Vitré. It is in ruins, the rooms having been destroyed in the revolution; but the walls and towers are magnificent. Its ditch is large and deep; it stands upon an elevation of rock, and looks down upon the lower town from a great height; while the view it affords of the country is highly beautiful. The elegant *salon* had been entered by a flight of stairs. There was a large and fine suit of rooms below the level of the castle-yard, with windows looking out upon the lower town; the stairs to the *salon* were destroyed; its gilded walls were blackened with fire; the beams that supported its floor had tumbled into the rooms below, or hung over them in a broken and threatening state. Even the towers of stupendous strength had suffered. The walls they could not hurt; but the stone floors were broken in, and fire had been used here; so that the undertaking of ascending to the top of these grand buildings, was attended with considerable danger. The yard of the castle bears the most imposing look of antiquity. It has the profound draw-wall, the arched gateway, the watch-tower—all in the finest old style. The Prussians had bivouacked here, and occupied the few lower apartments that are still defended from the weather. An old woman resides in a small porter's lodge, close to the draw-bridge, who shows the ruin to strangers. She was moved to

tears when she described the place in its ancient splendour, which she had seen. She was on the establishment of the castle in her youth, and recounted the horrors of its fall with strong emotion. The destroyed rooms were converted into a revolutionary prison; and the kitchen was destined for those condemned to die. Some of the unfortunate family to whom it belonged, were here held in captivity; and from hence were taken to the place of death. While our guide was describing these things, she spoke in a solemn whisper, as if surrounded by the state of past days, and overheard by the spirits of her murdered masters. In one strong room, near the outer gate, the police confined a mischievous madman; and his howling execrations, directed against the visitors, whom he heard near him, mingled themselves with the old woman's sad story, delivered in a low tone of voice, thus producing an indescribably awful effect. It brought the contrast between the present and the past with almost overpowering force on our feelings. We left the place, very much struck with what we had seen and listened to. Among other things, we were told, that some part of the family, now re-established at Paris, was suspected to have lately visited the ruins of the superb possession, *incognito*. They walked through the decayed *salons*, and stumbled over the fragments of their glory, with looks of melancholy grief; and, on going away, a young man gave a handsome donation to the aged porteress. She has since had good reason to believe that this was the lord whose infancy she had nursed. She wept bitterly as she told us this; and declared she would have died consoled for all the past if she had but known him, and could have kissed his hand.'

Mr. Scott's tour was not confined to France, but extended to Italy, where, among other sketches and observations, he gives the following account of an Italian preacher:—

'Going past the door of the church, I heard a priest's voice declaiming with most sonorous force. On entering, I saw the commanding fine figure of a sturdy capucin, with a rope round his middle, sandals on his feet, naked above, and placed not, as is usual, in a pulpit, but on a stage, with an elegant chair behind, his whole body from the head to the feet exposed, and his action, thus becoming more commanding than it can possibly be when only half the person appears out of a round tub, which pulpits in general are. This was the first instance of this stage-preaching which I had seen in Italy; but the effect was so fine, that I am surprised it is not more general. According to custom, there was a crucifix by the side of the orator, and his action of hand was with more force than respect directed towards the effigy. He seemed to know that his hearers, gaunt women, with flat linen cloth on their heads, and wild-look-

ing men from the Appenines, and from the long pestilential flat between the town and sea, probably forming the brigand population of this singular country, required strong doses; his eloquence was of the unflinching kind; his object seemed to be, to shake their souls as one would shake a phial, without stopping to look if it were all right. His congregation was numerous and most attentive.'

These extracts may serve to give some idea of the work, which, if completed, would, we doubt not, have added to the reputation of its author.

Journal of a Residence in the Burmhan Empire. By Captain Hiram Cox.

(Continued from p. 514.)

THE mission of Captain Cox to the court of Amarapoora was not without its difficulties; the king showed a strong partiality towards the English, and treated him with great attention, but the ministers threw every obstacle in his way of access to the monarch, and sought to exact concessions and humiliations to which it was impossible for him to submit, without compromising his own character and the interests of his country. An interview with the whoonghee, or minister, was as difficult to obtain, and conducted with almost as much state and ceremony as an audience with the king himself; indeed, the whoonghee took particular pains to impress Captain Cox with a high sense of the great honour he had conferred upon him by an audience, assuring him that there was no precedent for it in the annals of the Burmhan history. The minister, and, indeed, all the officers of state were very avaricious, and begged almost every thing he saw; but the king centered almost all his wishes in one request, which was, that the Governor-General of India would obtain for him the tooth of Gauderna, a Burmhan law-giver, which was deposited in the principal pagoda of Ceylon!

Among the trifling presents which Captain Cox received from the whoonghee were two horses, one of which died soon after, and the carcass was begged by the Burmhans to eat:—

'The tribe of smiths, including all the artificers in metals, are particularly fond of horse-flesh, supposing it best calculated to recruit the strength wasted by working at their forges. Animals that have died from disease are, in general, eaten by the inhabitants of the country who are fond of flesh; but as metempsychosis, they are prohibited from killing animals for food. In this they resemble their neighbours, the Chinese; and I apprehend this filthy custom of eating the flesh of diseased animals is the cause of a

dreadful disorder which attacks the extremities with ulcerous sores, which soon mortify, and leave those who survive disgusting and mutilated objects. The beggars of the country are chiefly composed of this class, and wander about the country in groups; assembling at the feasts of the principal pagodas, where they are relieved by the bounty of the devout and humane. Coming up the river, we met two or three squadrons of little boats belonging to these wretched pilgrims, going with their families to the southward; except these it is rare to see a beggar in the Burmhan dominions. They seem to be licensed by their peculiar misfortune; the other poor, as far as I can learn, are subsisted at the baws or cottages of the poonghees; for which purpose the poonghees of each monastery make a procession early every morning to appropriated quarters of the town, to collect the donations of the charitable, which, in general, consist of boiled rice, vegetable curries, and fruit.

The Burmhans are excessively mean and covetous. With a Burmhan you are never welcome without a present; be it ever so trifling, the etiquette is fulfilled. Captain Cox says, while at Mheeghoon,—

'In the evening, the Enga Tekaing's people came, and took away the lattice frames from before my door. I was informed, that they were wanted to inclose some ground or court, during a ceremony which annually is practised on washing the Enga Tekaing's head; and that they would be returned when the ceremony was over. I mention the circumstance as a trait of the mixture of inconsiderate meanness which attends all the actions of this people. The fence was deemed necessary to keep the multitude off from my house, and considered as a compliment paid me; the whole value of them is not twenty rupees, yet to save these twenty rupees, the compliment to me is done away, and I am again left exposed to the obtrusion of the multitude. The same spirit prevails every thing. If the king, &c. makes you a present, you must pay or give in presents double the value of it, to those who bring it. If boats are provided, you must fee the understrappers to expedite the dispatch, pay for the materials necessary for fitting them up, and reward the crew. It is no excuse to say the superiors are not privy to this conduct, suppose the defence true, which it is not; as they give no wages, they are at least tacitly consenting, as their servants have no other source of remuneration.'

Mr. Burnett, who accompanied Captain Cox, and made an excursion a few miles in the interior, describes the country above Mheeghoon, as very rugged and barren, and his majesty's accommodations as very wretched:—

'What is called his palace, is a mere hut of bamboos, thatched with straw, infer-

rior to the shed I lived in while at Mheeghoon, which afforded shelter neither against sun or rain. These huts, or as they are styled by the Burmhans, travelling palaces, are constructed at the end of every stage that his majesty makes; they are not begun until his boat puts to the shore, when they are finished in a few hours; he counted seven between Amara-porah and Keounmoun, and was informed there were five more higher up the river, so that he computes his majesty's excursion to have been seventy-eight miles in extent. The king's grandson and presumptive heir to the throne, had a hut of the same construction as that of his majesty, built near his grandfather's, to denote the equality of his rank, or rather the rank to which the dotage of his grandfather has raised him. He is about eleven or twelve years of age, has an extensive territory at his sole disposal, and a court composed of boys chosen from his playmates, who are denominated whoonghees, woodlocks, &c.; the other princes of the blood are dispersed at great distances, above and below his majesty, and the army, if it may be so denominated, is scattered round them. If they amount to ten thousand men altogether, it is the outside; and Mr. Burnett informs me, they are the same kind of wretched ill-armed rabble that I saw at Mheeghoon.

The service they have been employed in, was cutting down bamboos and fire-wood, and transporting it to Mheeghoon. The hills on the west side of the river terminate about sixteen miles above Mheeghoon, where commences a high plain, rugged, and in general uncultivated, or unsusceptible of cultivation. He saw only one considerable village on his way, situated on the west bank: the eastern range of mountains extended beyond the limits of his journey. The morning after his arrival he was admitted to an audience of his majesty, whom he found seated on a common mat on the floor of his bungalow, with pillows covered with green velvet to lean upon. He was dressed in an open jamma of white cloth, a common silk lungie round his loins, his hair gathered into a knot on the crown of his head, in the Burmhan style, without any handkerchief round his head. The courtiers and Mr. Burnett were arranged on the same level, but on the bare bamboos. The levee commenced before sun-rise, and as the whoonghee and Mr. Burnett had to cross the river, it had begun before they arrived. The conversation had taken a religious turn, in consequence of the examination of some of the heads of keouns, or priests, which had passed the day before. It appears they had been found very ignorant, and his majesty was much dissatisfied with them. Among the observations that were made by him on the subject, he said, that he feared too many resorted to a religious life from a love of indolence; that he did not pretend to be learned in these matters himself, but, as the head of the religion of his

dominions, it was his duty to see that those immediately intrusted with its rites were well informed; and, in consequence, he gave orders that candidates for the superiorities of keouns should in future undergo a more strict examination. His courtiers maintained a humble and profound silence, except when occasionally answering in the affirmative. It appears that his majesty is much dissatisfied with the present state of religion in his dominions, and meditates some great changes. He has found the priesthood in general miserably ignorant; even his arch-priest cannot satisfy his doubts. He says, they read over their canonical books, when they first enter on the monastic life, as a task imposed on school boys; and, although they have no other employment to engage their attention, they never afterwards investigate or inquire into the mystical meaning of their rites; so that they are totally unfit to instruct the people. Hence the various abuses that have crept into their religion; the building of small pagodas, the use of beads, &c.; all of which are cloaks for hypocrisy, and unauthorized by the tenets of their ancient faith. These he means to forbid; also the practice of the poonghees taking servants with them to carry the provisions they collect in the morning, and to restrain the number of poonghees. These severe strictures and meditated reforms alarm his courtiers very much: they dare not remonstrate, and are afraid to obey. Mr. Burnett informs me that his majesty is a hale-looking man, rather corpulent, with an arch and penetrating eye. He frequently glanced a look at his audience, as if he would read their minds. Religion has been the constant theme during this excursion, and has precluded all other business. He often looked at him, but asked no questions, when he was present. The levee lasted about two hours; he then retired, and the court broke up. Some time after Mr. Burnett was seated, the king's grandson came in and seated himself on his majesty's left hand. His majesty put his arm round him and kissed him. The prince of Prone's daughter seated herself on his right hand. She is the intended wife of the grandson, and their nuptials are soon to be celebrated. Three or four of the king's daughters also came into the court, bowed to the ground, and then seated themselves opposite his majesty, in a line with the mhee whoonghee. Mr. Burnett was seated in a line with the woodlocks. After the king's levee, Mr. Burnett went with the whoonghee to pay his respects to the grandson. He did not take off his shoes until within the shade of the hut. He informs me that he is a smart looking boy, was seated on a cot, seemed rather embarrassed, and asked no questions while he was there. If his majesty is ill-lodged, his courtiers are still worse off, and the situation of the poor rabble of soldiers miserable indeed; they have nothing to screen them from the weather but their own cotton clothes,

supported on bamboos, and shiver like so many half-drowned rats during every shower. The whoonghee had only a miserable hut, about sixteen feet by twelve, surrounded by the walls of the tent I had given him; the whole court are disgusted with their situation and labour, and ardently sigh for his majesty's return; and, as his beloved grandson and many of the ladies of his family are sickly, it is expected he will move immediately that there is water for his boats. People are constantly employed in sounding the channel, and fixing marks where there is the deepest water. The whoonghee invited Mr. B. to club dinners with him, saying, if he would find cook, he (the whoonghee) would find provisions; however, in the end, Mr. B. was obliged to find both, for their bazar afforded nothing but a little rice, fetid oil, blanchong, salt fish, and a few poor mangoes. His excellency is of a convivial turn, acknowledged himself fond of good living, and, among other things, he was desirous I should procure a couple of good cooks and a book of cookery. But books and cooks would soon be useless, for the expense of one good dinner would frighten them from any further essay.

The day of the moon's change is a holiday with the Burmians, who pay their devotions and make offerings at the shrine of their divinities. On the 25th May, Captain Cox writes,—

‘ Since the 10th of April, I have regularly distributed alms every morning to one hundred and fifty ponghees, according to the Burmian custom; and at every full and change of the moon, have had twenty-one ponghees to partake, as it is called, of a charitable feast. This morning, as usual, the appointed number came, my great hall was carpeted, and wooden trays arranged the whole length of the room, four for each ponghee; in the first contained fried fish, ballehiong, turtle eggs, curries, &c. dressed after the Burmian style, made up in little plates of leaves; the second pancakes, and Burmian sweetmeats; the third, mangoes and other sweetmeats; the fourth, bunches of plantains, a green cocoa-nut, betel leaves and nut, tobacco, chinam, &c. &c. After the ponghees had been seated a few minutes, their servants and scholars brought in the bowls which they carry in making their daily collections of rice, &c.; these they placed before them; the mewjerry, who is my master of the ceremonies, then presented to the headponghee, who was seated in the centre, two cups of water. Out of the first he took water to wash his mouth and drink. He then put the points of his fingers in the other, and prayed over it in a low voice; the mewjerry then took away the water, and my Burmian attendants put the contents of the first row of trays into their bowls, which signified their acceptance of the feast. Their servants and scholars then took away the bowls, and the remainder

of the trays to the outer verandah, to put the contents in baskets, and carry them away; the mewjerry, &c. then presented to the chief ponghee three trays, one with a pyramid of boiled rice on it, the other with fruit, and the third with betel, &c.; these he touched with the points of his fingers, and appeared to bless them; in turn they were presented to each of the ponghees, who performed the same ceremony; they were then put apart as consecrated, to be exposed near a temple, on an open altar, for the benefit of the crows and pian dogs; (this is one of the usages which his majesty ridicules and condemns.) On these occasions the neighbours assist at the house where the feast is made. Several men and women were assembled at my house; these now advanced and kneeled in two groups before the line of ponghees, the women to the right of the men; the mewjerry gave a few grains of parched paddy to each, which they held in their hands closed, with the palms together, a little elevated, in a supplicating posture; they then repeated a prayer after the chief ponghee, in the manner of part of our service; the chief ponghee then prayed, and other ponghees placing their fans of palm-leaves before their faces, accompanying him; after this prayer was finished, the chief ponghee delivered a kind of lecture in an audible tone of voice—a lesson I suppose from some of their books of divinity, and, if I might judge from the chanting tone, was in a kind of metre. This lasted about ten or fifteen minutes, when they arose and walked off without ceremony. The river has fallen again three cubits.’

On the 8th of June, Captain Cox witnessed a procession of the king and his suite:—

‘ About half-past ten the head of the procession began to pass by; first, a string of his Majesty's elephants; next, a body of foot soldiers, each with a rusty musket on his shoulder, clothed like the common people of the country; they marched, or rather walked, in two Indian files, without any regularity; next followed the King's grandson, on a very lofty elephant; he sat on the neck of the elephant, and held the guiding-hook himself, but in fact the animal required no guiding. A well-dressed mobait sat behind him, and supported him in his arms. The young prince was naked from his waist upwards, having on only a silk lungee, and an embroidered handkerchief on his head, gold bangles on his ancles and wrists, and several chains set with stones, &c., on his neck. After him came several gilt palkees, with women of the palace, &c.; at a distance behind him, followed a son of the King's, by a favourite concubine, on a small elephant, which he guided himself; after him followed five of the King's elephants, with war-howdahs, having large shields on each side of the howdah, painted red and gilt; then followed his Majesty's troopers, in their war-

dress, but very shabby, and on wretched half-starved, small horses; of these there might be sixty or eighty; then several gilt brass three-pounders, on field-carriages, drawn by men, with several red-painted and gilt ammunition carts, drawn by two horses each; on each side after these marched foot soldiers, armed and clothed as those before mentioned; then followed the carriage I brought, drawn by men; and immediately after it, his Majesty, with the first queen in his old carriage, drawn by four led horses; the blinds down. He laughed, and spoke out loudly while passing, seeming well pleased with my attention. I was seated in a chair at the door of the hall, and when he came in front I rose up, took off my hat, bowing and placing my hand on my breast; Mr. Burnett and Mr. Rowland standing on either side, and bowing at the same time. The rest of my suite were arranged on either hand of the verandah. Before the front of my house I had made a railing of bamboo lattice-work, covered on the outside with yellow cloth, and over it gold and silver tange was spread; immediately in front of the veranda, was a portico forty-eight feet long, covered on the top with scarlet cloth, hanging down to ward the front about three feet, with gold tange along the front, dropping about three feet below the red cloth. The bamboo pillars, &c. covered with yellow silk, and a screen of yellow silk curtains along the front of the verandah, so as entirely to cover the piers, leaving the doors open. The house was also newly white-washed, and the road levelled and sanded before the door; and just before his Majesty passed, I had the road strewn with gold leaf; the crowd were kept clear of the front by a Burmian peon; and, on the whole, for this place, we made a very fine show. The intent, however, was every thing, and it being wholly unexpected. He was highly gratified, saying aloud to his courtiers, ‘ Ah, this is the company, that is my resident,’ and kept his eyes on me the whole time he was passing. On each side his Majesty's carriage marched spearmen, and it was surrounded by a crowd of his courtiers, &c. &c.; immediately after it, followed foot soldiers, troopers, and war-elephants, but the whole too irregular and insignificant to make any impression on me.’

The Queen Mother received honours equal to the king himself, as appears from the following account of her procession on the 26th of June:—

‘ Early in the morning the queen-mother, in a superb palkee of state, borne by thirty-six men, and attended by a great number of the ladies of the palace in their palkees, passed by on their way to accompany the Assamese princess to court; also a party of troopers, musketeers, spearmen, &c. The fronts of all the houses in the high street; through which the procession is to pass, are ornamented with verandahs of bamboos and mats, so con-

structed as to form a double roof open towards the street, ornamented with painted borders; and the shops filled with their best goods, which were to be sold to the prince's retinue at reduced rates. Cannon were planted at all the cross streets; plain trees and sugar-canes planted on each side the street, and the street clean swept. About half-past seven a. m. the procession began to pass by. First in order were spearmen, then musketeers, then Burmah bramins, then music, then state chattries of a particular construction, then the queen-mother's state equipage of beaten gold, then the queen-mother in her state palkee, very high and large; on the platform of the palkee two young women, richly dressed, knelt in front, and two in the rear, facing inwards, with their hands closed palm to palm, and raised to their foreheads, in the Burmah mode of paying homage. Men bearing gilt chattries surrounded the palkee. After the queen-mother's palkee followed a small body of cavalry, then spearmen and musketeers, then men carrying the prince's dowsy, consisting of elephants' teeth, jasper stones, Assamese arms, chests of clothes, bedding, &c. &c.; and then followed several Assamese bramins, with white turbans, and long white jammahs. Then two woodcocks, and several other Burmah officers; then women dressed in white, beating large tom-toms, with crooked silver souathas, others sounding silver trumpets of various forms, others playing on silver cymbals; then followed the prince's state equipage of beaten gold; then the princess, in a superb state palkee, borne as the queen-mother's, with two young women kneeling in front and rear; the curtains were of Chinese flowered gauze, so that she might see without being seen; immediately after her followed another party of Burmah horse, then about twenty palkees, with court ladies, and the whole was closed by musketeers, spearmen, &c. The front of my house was ornamented, and Burmah dancers and musicians exhibited in the front verandah. I had my breakfast-table placed in the front verandah, at which we were seated when the procession passed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Exiles of Damascus. By John Cochrane, Esq. 8vo. pp. 63. London, 1821.

Few of our readers, we presume, are unacquainted with the melancholy events which attended the siege of Damascus, in the seventh century, and the wanton butchery of those unfortunate inhabitants who, preferring poverty and exile to submission to the conqueror, quitted their native city on the faith of a capitulation. The circumstances are related by Gibbon with great pathos and elegance, and they have formed the subject of at least one

drama. But Hughes, who was the author of the tragedy entitled the 'Exiles of Damascus,' to suit the taste of the players, altered the catastrophe, and considerably weakened the effect. Mr. Cochrane, in the poem before us, has also deviated considerably from the path of history; but we really consider the original story so affecting, and so full of interest, that we deem every deviation from it as an injury to the whole. The author, in an introduction, apologizes for the irregularity of the composition, but says he has 'now no longer spirits or health to dwell on its revision;' we regret this much, as his poem is the crude production of a man of genius, who, by a due cultivation of his powers, might attain some degree of eminence. We detach one passage from the description of the slaughter of the exiles, by the ferocious Calad and his Arabs:—

'The grey clouds on the hills were bending:
The shadows of the night descending;
Those streaks, which gild a twilight grey,
Were swiftly vanishing away;
When, from the turn of yon dark bill,
The loud shout echoed 'mid the evening still:
All heard, yet could not fly—behind us rose
The lofty mountains, near us were the fies;
'Tis vain to tell the shouts, the mingled cries,
The yells of triumph, and the fearful sighs,
The wild disorder, the despairing shrieks,
The frenzied eyes—the cold and bloodless cheeks—
The tramp of squadrons, with the gathering crash—

The cries of women, while the horsemen dash
In blood and slaughter o'er the fainting crowd,
Whose outstretched arms implored their grace aloud:

Such, to those cold barbarians, plead in vain—
The mother fell beside her husband slain,
And as she died, still trembling sought to save
At least her offspring from the common grave—
Yet these they butcher'd at the parent's breast,
While playful the young child her cold dull
cheek caressed,

Beat down its little arms with gestures rude,
Those murderers of a multitude.'

Original Communications.

LIFE,

AS DISPLAYED IN THE SOJOURNINGS OF

LOFTUS GREY.

Collected, Methodized, and Conglomerated,

By W. B. L.

CHAP. I.

Containing much important information; more particularly as concerneth the Family Pedigree and Derivation—Evidence of Pure Blood—My Mother and Aunt Rebecca—the Anxiety of the Latter—My Birth and Dr. Timotheus Nehemiah Payne—his Portrait, &c.—the Finale.

If it were my pleasure to make known the glory and renown of my fore-fathers, I should have but little else to do than to point in silent exul-

tation to our unblurred pedigree, and the thing were accomplished in a minute. My good departed Aunt Rebecca (rest her ashes!) was wont to say, that such a pedigree was never before seen; and I believe her.—Its length, breadth, and dimensions, were absolutely staggering; infinite, however, was her converse with it, and infinite were her pains to instruct those whom it concerned in that mysterious and important branch of family antiquity—to impress upon the mind the unquestionable necessity of a thorough acquaintance with our direct origin;—not a knowledge slight and superficial, mind you, but a deep and hearty familiarity with every fibre of every leaf of every branch of the genealogical tree. She drew it with her own slender fingers, and it was astonishing to hear how clearly she could explain away supposed defections. She would hold forth thereupon (for no earthly reason but the edification of others!) three hours upon the stretch, ever fresh and ever willing. But whether it arose from the native stupidity of our apprehensions, from its peculiarly somniferous effects (poppies were nothing to it!), or from other causes which are not to be named, her auditors, somehow, never did much in the way of proficiency; nor for the soul of them could they understand what the Greys of Lewton Lodge had to do with Ethelgrystone, Prince of Saxe—something. But Aunt Rebecca declared, upon her honour, that we, on the maternal side, were the literal descendants of that celebrated Saxon.—Who could doubt a lady's word of honour? or who could have, therefore, contested their claim to some of the purest blood that ever streamed in the veins of mortal flesh. The thing was beyond notoriety. Besides;—to this vast body of admissible evidence were collateral proofs, which must have carried conviction to the most sceptical:—these were certain ruby-like hillocks which heaved themselves in proud preeminence upon her respected nose, and glowed with an effulgence all their own. Foolish people would persist in terming them carbuncles,—could any thing be more absurd? But such malicious whispers were soon silenced; for, apparently conscious of their high destinies and exalted mission, these hereditary gems would just, an' it were on purpose, regulate their resplendence in exact proportion to the virulence by which they were attacked!

Yes!—I could say much on the sort of ancestral dignities—but I am

a modest man touching family science, and, therefore, pass to other more relevant matter. Previous to my birth, this long and illustrious line of ancestry had terminated in the persons of two maiden ladies; of whom one was destined to be my father's wife, the other—Aunt Rebecca. The husband of the former, however, even in those degenerate days, thought less of her hereditary purity than of certain golden attractions, descended with her honours, equally pure, no doubt. In those accomplishments which render loveliness still more lovely, few might have contested superiority with her, and her fair form well bespoke her mental sweetness. But these were evanescent properties, and unworthy the consideration of a London merchant, and a man of business withal. They were married; and from an union of beauty, wealth, and unsullied blood on the one hand, and worth and sturdy honesty on the other, what might not have been expected. The blossom that sprang from a root so promising, was—could be but—myself!

Many things occur in family affairs, which it is ungracious to bring before the cold glances of the public eye—things which intrinsically are regardless and of no moment, but which, still, would afford a sensible pain to those of whom they were disclosed. Just such a consideration precludes me from speaking of many little matters which are incident to my object—absolutely not worth mentioning, and yet which I could wish revealed. Else could I tell how that Aunt Rebecca was my mother's senior (she allowed by twelve years, which, in matters of a lady's age, are equal to five-and-twenty all over the world)—and how that Aunt Rebecca (this I whisper) malgré her sisterly affection was conjectured to have been an aunt long before my birth. And how that she had been once lamentably disappointed (I mention not in *what*)—and how that she continued to dwell with her luckier sister, notwithstanding certain seriously entertained anticipations as to bridal duties, much to the prejudice of her said sister, but in no manner of wise to her own inclination,—and how that the political propensities of the household (time out of mind, without the pale of the salique law) were therefore under her immediate sovereignty—and discussion—and how that she was the kindest-hearted body in the universe, and the best humoured to boot (always providing the napkins for the dinner-

table, were fully adjusted, and that her frilled cravats held their exact effusion of starch), and many other 'hows' and 'therefores' equally edifying and important,—but that I take it unseemly to divulge the mysteries of a family sanctum sanctorum.

As the time of my appearance approached, the cares of Aunt Rebecca augmented with every coming day; she was a perfect vision, and was to be seen at all times and in all places. From the drawing-room to the kitchen, from chamber to chamber, and from closet to closet (never mind for what reason), was she discoverable, disseminating her restrictions, orders, and injunctions in every possible variety. I verily believe she literally *felt* as much as though she had a personal share in the forthcoming calamities.

At length the day, the important day arrived—not, indeed, that upon which Aunt Rebecca for some preceding months had, from the nicest calculation fixed, but subsequently by a whole week. How, why, or wherefore this could be, she could not, for her very life, define. 'Why, good gracious me,' she would say to my poor mother, 'why, good gracious me, child, were you not wedded in May, and are there not June; July, three, four, five, yes, to be sure; and is not this leap year, and do we not so lose one day; and is not—&c. &c.—who would contend?'

On the second day, or rather night, of a month of February, then I first saw the light, not the light of heaven, it is true, but all the blaze which wax and tallow could bestow—

* * * * *

There was an old oaken stair-case leading from the great hall to the regions above, and very pleasant it was to see, after the proper distribution of directions and prescriptions in all the diversity of modes, common and special, Dr. Timotheus Payne's that-day descension thereupon.

Gently hinting that the required refreshments would be doubly delectable from the hand and under the superintendence of Miss Rebecca Seraphina Grey, Dr. Timotheus had with difficulty dissuaded her from a personal attendance *en haut*; and, therefore, this paragon of virginity, with my father at her right hand, awaited, with as much serenity as the occasion inspired, that intelligence which was incommunicable to mortal ears, until the great man's heel had kissed the floor. Dr. Timotheus Nehemiah Payne, although

he upon all occasions had an eye to the dignity of his calling; sought, in an event like the present, to blend in his countenance the expression of suitable solemnity and smiling gratulation. His face was not quite so extended as a barrel's head, but would yield nothing thereto in circular symmetry; whilst, therefore, he schooled his portentous brows into a fitting profundity of frown, he essayed at gathering into his sweetest possible smile, (cousin germain to a broad-grin,) a mouth whose dimensions were truly liberal, and upon a principle most cavern-like. Nothing but an anxiety the most intense could have restrained the risibility which the doctor's appearance was well-calculated to excite. His voice, too, bearing a considerably less analogy to the music of the spheres, than to the mellifluous accents of an amorous sow, assisted the general effect; and when honest Timotheus grasped my father by the hand, and assured him that 'all was as it should be,' the muscles of the latter relaxed to their extremest width, and openly laughed out his gratitude for the doctor's attentions. The pleasure of aunt Rebecca, however, was expressed by a less distention of feature; but gracefully and graciously offering her hand to the doctor's politest service, the trio proceeded to make inquiries, if not so anxious, at least more tangible and solid.

[As with the assistance of our worthy condutor, Dr. Timotheus Nehemiah Payne, we have brought into existence a personage of much subsequent notoriety, we must not disturb the quiet of the necessaries in the chambers above, but rather retire to the participation of those refreshments, mental and corporeal, which are even now vanishing before the talismanic presence of our Æsculapian friend.—Biog.]

EGOTISM.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Mr. Hazlitt has often been accused, by your contemporary periodicals, of writing articles and answering them himself; however, it seems, if this be true, his friend, Mr. Leigh Hunt imitates his example. It is well known that the long paper in Baldwin's London Magazine for July, on the *Fine Arts*, was written by the ycleped king of cockney poetry. But would any person think the same hand would write in the Examiner, No. 707, in the following strain of himself? 'Fine Arts hears the grass grow, like his half name-sake in the Fairy Tale. He loves nature and art, in doors and out of doors, trees, books, and pictures,

poetry and music, and fine eyes; finds enjoyment for himself and others at all seasons, &c. *His style is very pleasant and off-hand, with a dash of the supergentee, which suits him very agreeably, as long as he does not let it intrude into fastidiousness, &c.* We have read his last article twice over, besides *dippings*, and mean, some day or other, if we are rich enough to cut out all which the above writers have contributed to the magazine, &c. For me, sir, to extract the whole of the two articles to which I allude, would fill your pages: therefore, as the newspaper and magazine are usually seen by readers, my chief object is to give them the clue, and leave the application to the convictions of their understanding.

Your's, &c. MODESTUS.

POPULAR QUOTATIONS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Agreeably with the promise I made in a former communication, I shall now offer some remarks on a few popular quotations, the authors of which are not generally known, although I do not presume to say that they have never before been discovered.

The first that occurs to me is the line,—

'Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.'

There is scarcely any quotation more common than this; and those who use it, for the most part, ascribe it to Virgil or Ovid, or some one of the classical writers. At least this, I know, was my case for many years, during which I would have risked any wager that I had actually read it in some part of the *Metamorphoses* of the last-mentioned poet. The fact, however, is, that the line in question is to be found in the 'Alexandrics' of Philip Gaultier, a French poet of the 13th century, whose works were printed at Lyons, in 1558. It forms part of a passage in which the poet addresses Darius, when, in his flight from Alexander, he falls into the power of Bessus. Consequently, the line in the original is,—

'Incidit in Scyllam,' &c.

Another Latin quotation, by no means uncommon, and generally ascribed, I believe, to Horace, is 'Semel insanivimus omnes.' It forms part of a verse, however, in an eclogue of Mantuanus, an Italian poet, 'De Honesto Amore': the whole is as follows:—

'Id commune malum, semel insanivimus omnes.'

Mantuanus was, as the name imports, a native of Mantua, and flourished during the fifteenth century. His works were first published at Paris, in three folio volumes, in 1513.

The following line,—

'Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat,' is, perhaps, as frequently quoted as either of the preceding, and, no doubt, is commonly considered to belong to one of the classical writers of Rome. But it is no more than a literal version of a Greek iambic, in one of the fragments of Euripides. And, I believe, I may add to this, that there is no classical authority for the verb *demento* as here used.

I now proceed to mention one or two English quotations in popular use, and which are not commonly appropriated to their original authors. That beautiful line in the 'Pleasures of Hope,'—

'Like angel-visits, short and far between,'

if borrowed literally from Blair's 'Grave,' where we have—

— 'its visits,

Like those of angels, short and far between.'

Yet, I remember, in a review of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' I believe in the 'British Critic,' this fine thought was highly praised for its originality. This merit, however, does not belong to Mr. Campbell.

Goldsmith's lines,—

'Man wants but little here below,

Nor wants that little long,'

are stolen from Young, who has, in his 'Night Thoughts,'—

'Man wants but little, nor that little long.'

Yet the quotation is always considered to be the property of Goldsmith alone.

I will merely add, at present, to the foregoing notices, by observing, that the hackneyed quotation from Shakespeare,—

'We ne'er shall look upon his like again,'

appears to be almost a literal translation of the—

'Quando ullum invenient parem?'

of Horace, which, if our great poet did not understand in the original, he might have borrowed through an English version. Yet the thought, after all, is sufficiently natural not to be a plagiarism.

On some future occasion I will, with your permission, recur to the subject of literary imitations, of which I have made a few curious gleanings.

London,

Aug. 13th, 1821.

REPREHENSION.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

MOMUS (according to the Heathen records) was the God of *Reprehension*. His father was *Sleep*, and his mother *Night*. He did nothing himself, but was employed to look upon and view the works of others and reprove them, when necessary; therefore he reprov'd Vulcan's man, for not having a window in his breast, through which his heart and thoughts might be seen; he reprov'd Neptune's bull for not having horns on his shoulders, rather than on his head; he reprov'd Minerva's house, for not being made moveable, and the slippers of Venus, for making too much noise.

He was called the son of Night and Sleep, to shew that they who carp and are idle, are generally dull, obscure, and stupid fellows, fitter for the night than the day, to be a-sleep than to converse among men; therefore, as Virgil speaks of Fame, that she usually flies abroad at midnight, intimating that rumours and reports are whispered in dark corners, and have secret beginnings; so these *Momus* vilify those things in private which they dare not in public, for even the best and most useful works and actions are by such traduced, nor do they think any thing well done which they do not themselves perform. The sun and the moon have spots; Venus her mould; and the fairest day some clouds.

Though Momus be peevish and thwarting, yet he is sometimes useful in prince's courts. Therefore, Jupiter, in Lucian, gives him leave to speak boldly; but, when he had spoken, he was slighted and rejected as being a mad and prating fool. Great men cannot endure to bear their faults reprov'd, their vices exposed, their wounds lanced. Euterpe, the smooth-tongued goddess of flattery, is only in request among them; for truth is bitter and unpleasant, but falsehood sweet. Persius calls truth *biting*; Sidaonius, a reproving speech, *peppered words*; and Menander concludes, that truth is 'kicked out of great men's doors, and flattery only is esteem.' How useful would it be if great men would remember Solomon's words, that, 'better are the wounds of a friend than the kisses of an enemy, and yet they would suffer wine as well as oil to be poured into their wounds;' for bitter pills are no less useful to the health of the body, than comfortable cordials; therefore it might be said, Jupiter did nobly, who gave Momus leave to tell every one his

ORDOVEX.

faults, and not to speak in ambiguous but plain terms, not even to spare himself, but to tell him wherein he had done amiss; and truly a great man does not shew his greatness more than admitting a free reproof; for every man is apt to flatter himself, and others are more quick-sighted in our actions than we are ourselves; therefore Augustus complained exceedingly that Varus being dead, no man was left to tell him the truth, which made Louis the Sixth of France go abroad in a disguised habit, to learn the truth, seeing he could not learn it at home; and for this cause Louis the Eleventh complained that truth was the only thing which was wanting in his court; and may we not venture to make the same complaint for the august personage who rules our nation, though, doubtless, that monarch is miserable whose ears are stopped from hearing the truth.

If we descend from the prince to the subject, we still lament how difficult it is to convey truth to the satisfaction of the receiver and the monitor. The sot will not return thanks to be told he is a drunkard; the miser that he is deficient in benevolence. But, notwithstanding, whatever offence might be given, it is sometimes necessary to reprove, and never more seasonably than *self*.

PUCERON.

DESCRIPTION OF SANS SOUCI, THE CAPITAL OF HAYTI.

CAPTAIN COUDRY, who has recently returned from Hayti, gives the following account of Sans Souci, and the citadel built by Christophe, the late Emperor:—

This city, except in the Palace Royal and its spacious gardens, has the appearance of but a poor country village; and presents a striking contrast between wealth and poverty, in the one stately edifice, which, in magnificence and splendour, may equal, if not surpass, any in Europe, rising above a thicket of wretched looking cottages and huts by which it is surrounded, and which served as habitations for the dignitaries of Christophe's court.

There is a surprising grandeur in the whole plan and structure of the palace; and the money expended in its building and furniture must have amounted to an immense sum. But it is now going to ruin, more by the hand of violence than by that of time, and stands a melancholy emblem of the downfall of ambition and power. At

the time of my visiting it, the idle and hungry soldiers were stripping it of its rich mahogany floors, wainscoatings, and ceilings, and selling them for whatever they would fetch, to prevent the necessity of labouring for subsistence.

Some of the frames of the superb mirrors of twelve by six feet, with which the rooms were almost lined, were still hanging, and their glasses, with the brilliant lustres, chandeliers, &c. with which every part of the palace was ornamented, lay in scattered fragments on the ground, where the soldiers, in their insatiation, had wantonly dashed them in pieces on the night of the suicide of Christophe.

A few schools have been founded at Sans Souci, which abroad have the names of colleges, and for which professors from Europe were solicited, when common village school-masters were, in fact, all that were necessary to supply them.

Having surveyed the palace and the city, we began our route up the mountain to the citadel. It was early in the morning, and when we had gained the height on which this truly formidable and astonishing fortification stands, the dense vapour that rises from the extensive plains below, entirely hid it from view. The road up the mountain is extremely bad, and to me seemed scarcely passable; it is so rugged as to render it exceedingly fatiguing to ride, and in many places, the ascent so steep, that we were obliged to dismount, and drive our horses up before us. After much exertion, we at length reached our place of destination, and were soon admitted into the citadel, which for many years I had earnestly wished to behold, but which I had despaired of ever being able to visit, as the commandant of Sans Souci has strict orders from the president to prohibit the entrance of all foreigners; nor should I now have gained admission, but for the interest of my friend O—, whose influence procured me liberty to enter the city.

A deep silence reigned in the citadel, which had long echoed to the din of arms, and the tools of the wretched mechanics, who were doomed by the cruelty of Christophe to drag out a miserable existence in slavery; obliged to spend their days in labour, and their nights chained in horrid dungeons, without being able to obtain a sight of their families or friends for whole successive years.

It is impossible for description to give an adequate idea of this stupendous structure, which looks like the

work of centuries; and its whole appearance has a character of sublimity and power which cannot fail to fill the mind of the beholder with wonder, admiration, and awe. Its walls in some places are thirty feet thick, and the north-east end is two hundred and fifty feet high. The numerous pieces of artillery with which this fortress is furnished, are so heavy, that it could hardly be deemed practicable to convey them by the steep and uneven road, which is the only passage to the summit of the mountain.

The lower battery is mounted with seventy heavy 32-pound pieces of bronze, each piece traversing with great facility to its given angle; on a second breast-work are mounted about forty pieces of twenty-four pounds each, which are also of bronze, and arranged on the same principle as those below, with all their apparatus ready for use; to the third breast-work, which remains unfinished, are embrasures, and arrangements for pieces much lighter than the others; and above that, at about two hundred paces from the ground, barracks are constructed for the garrison. In short, the whole plan is so well laid and executed, as to render it, as a military position, impregnable to all the forces of Europe; and for imprisonment and servitude, well worthy the appellation of the 'Bastille of Hayti.'

Under the cover of its guns, vegetables may be cultivated to supply its garrison; and the large reservoirs that are constructed in many places in the exterior of the walls, are always kept filled. Many thousand barrels of flour, are constantly kept in the vaults, in large French jars, air-tight, which, added to the pulse, rice, and salted provisions, would have been sufficient to maintain the garrison for twenty-five years.

Original Poetry.

TO ———.

Nor a sigh should be heard from this bosom
so true,

If I knew that he lov'd you sincerely;
Not a tear should be seen these eyes to bedew,
If he lov'd you as I love you dearly.

But in secret and silence this lone heart must pine

For the solace thy heart has denied it;
Yet assure me that grief is a stranger to thine—
And I'll ask for no solace beside it.

Though his love may glow warmly, 'twill vanish as soon

As the sun from the wintry sky, love,
That shines bright on the morn, but looks chill
on the noon,

And as coldly he'll soon look on thy love,

But the flame that burns here, love, shall never
grow dim,
Though all hope has this bosom forsaken;
Oh! then, whilst you are lavishing smiles upon
him,
Spare a sigh for this heart that is breaking.
W. W. M.

YESTERDAY.

THE shadowy form, whose fleeting smile
So late endeared it to my heart;
No longer shall that breast beguile,
No more shall joy and peace impart.
But as it lessens on the view,
And melts within the void of time,
Shall memory the scene renew,
And shew it always in its prime.
Each blessing Heaven bestows record,
But virtuous deeds as incense rise;
And happily be the sweet reward
Of kindred spirits in the skies.

TO DAY.

Pleas'd let me trace the present hour,
In gay delight and pleasure drest;
And e'er the vision shall be o'er,
Partake the joy that makes me blest.
Once more the light of day is mine,
The night's oblivious shade is flown;
But soon shall dark'ning clouds combine
To form again his dawn throne.
The treasures Nature's hand bestows,
Speaking in the distant kindling ray;
And as the scene more vivid grows,
Appear to hint 'be wise to-day.'

TO-MORROW.

Say, what art thou, uncertain form,
That steal'd upon my waking sight;
Art thou the distant airy storm
That follows in the train of night?
No, thou art not a shapeless dream,
For soon shall Time's unceasing wing,
Within the next reviving beam,
Thy form to just proportion bring.
But not for me that beam may shine,
This tongue its joy no more may tell;
To-day alone is truly mine,
The curfew may proclaim my knell.

E. G. B.

REMEMBER ME.

If e'er to distant climes to roam,
Should, Sylvia, chance my lot to be,
Oh! may those friends then left at home,
And thou, 'bove all, remember me.
In life's bright spring we once were young,
And Philomela from the tree
For us in plaintive warbling sung,
Or seem'd to sing, remember me.
Yes, sorrowing hind, remembrance still
Lists to thy strain, so sad, so free;
And oft methinks yon murmuring rill
Says, as it flows, remember me.
The floods in icy chains confined,
Greet the young spring, so dear to thee;
And every whispering breeze of wind
Sighs 'mid thy grove—remember me.
Thus, while all nature owns how sweet
A boon remembrance joys must be;
Still, dearest, tho' no more we meet,
Remember me—remember me.
And should it, at some distant year,
Be thine my humble tomb to see,
I ask not memory's useless tears,
Enough,—that thou rememberest me.
London, June 7th, 1821. ALFRED.

INSCRIPTION

Of the Hospital belonging to the Church of
St. Maria, Annunziata, at Naples.

LAC Pueri, Dolem inuapita, velumque pudicis,
Datque modelam egria huc opulenta doruio.
Hinc meriti sacra est illi que nupta, pudica,
Et lactans; orbis vera medela fuit.

TRANSLATION.

To infants, milk;—med'cines the sick to heal;
To maids a portion;—and to nuns a veil;
This wealthy house is sacred to her name,
Who for salvation into this world came.

J. R. P.

LINES

Written immediately after arrival at Oxford.

Lo! where thy antique spires arise
Mid classic domes and cloister'd shade,
I turn—and with admiring eyes
Court wisdom, that celestial maid!
Here learning soars with eagle ken,
As science holds her proud domain,
High converse with the deeds of men,
And knowledge her extended reign!

There tufted groves and waving trees,
In monumental grandeur peer,
And far as thought extended sees
The god of each revolving year!

O, lead my steps these bowers again,
Where poesy, immortal guest,
Seeks, from the crowd's ignoble throng,
Calm peace and meditative rest!

Let no intruding passions strain
To discord one discordant string,
But virtue and her sister train
O'er me her hallow'd influence fling.

As wrapt in contemplation sweet,
I pace thy studied winding maze,
Where no obtrusive eye may meet
The muse's melancholy gaze.

'With looks commercing with the skies,'
Thus let me live and calmly die,
All nature's license gently rise,
Inspiring love and melody.
3d Aug. 1821.

HATT.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Notwithstanding that
the town was scarcely ever so depopulated
of its fashionables, to say nothing
of visiting a winter theatre in the dog-
days, the Coronation still attracts good
houses; the exhibition of this splendid
spectacle, at the present moment, might
suggest much reflection for the moralist—
an audience, principally dressed
in mourning for the death of a queen,
laughing and cheering a representation
of the crowning of the king. The Co-
ronation is the sole ground of attraction,
for no effort is made to produce
any thing else worth seeing at the same
time; this niggardliness in amusement
is the bane of our large theatres. On
Monday, a Mr. Power, from Dublin,
made his first appearance in the charac-
ter of Tristram Fickle, in the farce of
the *Weathecrook*, and was favourably
received, but we must see him in other

characters before we can speak deci-
sively of his talents.

HAYMARKET.—The comedy of *Rise
and Fall* suffers no fluctuation in the
public favour. Indeed, there is so
much genuine comic humour and so
much good acting in this piece, that it
could not fail to be popular. On
Tuesday, O'Keefe's comedy of *Fountain-
bleau* was performed, in which Mr.
Leoni Lee sustained the character of
the lover, with considerable ability.
Jones, in Lackland, did not lack a
house, for its approbation was decid-
edly his. Oxberry's Tallyho was very
good, and Miss Carew, Miss R. Corn,
and Mrs. Tayleur, gave the few songs
in their parts, in very good style. The
comedy was altogether well performed,
and elicited much applause.

ENGLISH OPERA.—The *Miller's
Maid* increases nightly in attraction.
The objection we stated in our last
has been removed, and it may now be
fairly considered as one of the most
effective pieces of its character on the
stage. On Wednesday, we saw for
the first—we do not know what time—the
admirable comic opera of *Free and
Easy*, and, we confess, we were a
much pleased as when it first allured
us by the double charm of novelty and
humour. The accommodating case of
Wrench, the fretful misery of poor
Bartley, the arch playfulness of Miss
Kelly, and the simplicity of Wilkin-
son, who has made Thomson's Seasons
almost as much laughed at as ad-
mired, all combine to render this one
of the most pleasing dramas on the
stage; nor must we forget the lovely
representative of Eugenia, in the per-
son of Miss E. Blanchard, who made
us not even regret the absence of Mr.
Chatterly, who so long and so ably
sustained the character.

SURREY THEATRE.—The benefits
have commenced at this theatre, and,
although very little novelty has been
produced at them, yet the merits of
the respective performers and the po-
pularity of the stock pieces, have drew
good houses.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Egerton
shows a good deal of bustling activity
as well as good taste, in the piece
which, with rapid succession, he brings
out at this theatre. A burlesque, founded
on the farce of the *Panel*, was ex-
tremely well acted, particularly the
part of Beatrice, by Mrs. Egerton.
The French Hercules and the water-
piece add to the other attractions, and
insure a good portion of visitors ever
evening.

Literature and Science.

By some recent American newspapers we learn that the *New Monthly Magazine*, the *Percy Anecdotes*, and the novels of *Calthorpe* and the *Mystery*, are reprinting in New York. The two novels have also been published in Paris in French, by the gentleman who translated the Scottish novels sometime ago.

A discovery has been recently made of a new application of the *air-pump* by Mr. John Oldham, of the Bank of Ireland, that promises to lead to some useful advantages. The sizing of paper in large quantities, as now usually practised by the manufacturer, is a process tedious, uncertain in its effects, and destructive to its original texture. By the improved method the difficulties and mischiefs proceeding from the causes stated, are effectually obviated: thus, let paper of equal dimensions, to any amount, from the coarsest to the finest substance, be piled as evenly as possible, and placed within an air-tight vessel, in such a manner as to be prevented from floating upon any of the fluids to be used, that are then to be poured in, until the pile is covered to the depth the paper occupies, but which should not entirely fill this vessel. When the lid is closely fitted and fastened thereon, proceed to exhaust the space over the fluid with a suitable air-pump; the air within, on becoming rarified, will cause what is contained within the paper to rush out on all sides to the top, which will consequently escape with the rest through the valves of the pump by its continued action. On re-admitting the atmosphere, the fluid prevents the ingress of the air again into the paper or substance to be saturated, and can only serve by the pressure natural to it to force the denser element into the possession of every minute receptacle it previously so tenaciously held. By this means every sheet becomes equally impregnated, without loss or injury to the fabric; paper when made, can be uniformly dyed any colour by the same process. Also silk, flax, cotton, and woollen staples, either raw, spun, or when woven, and in the most superior manner. All kinds of animal and vegetable substances can be much better preserved, than by the usual tedious and uncertain method commonly resorted to of boiling, soaking, and pickling, air being the great enemy to all such preparations. The air being discharged in the first instance, as

mentioned, the briny fluid will immediately strike into the most intricate interstitial joints of every kind of meat, and by pricking the outsides of the larger vegetables with any sharp instrument, the acids, in the same way, will instantaneously enter into every pore. The outside of meat intended to be preserved fresh by pyroligneous acid, can be much better impregnated to the depth of the meat's surface that is required, than by the method proposed, of dipping, soaking, or painting the joints with this acid and a brush. In short, every thing that requires to be partially or wholly impregnated with the fluids to be appropriated to their respective uses, must always be effected infinitely better by this plan than any other at present known. A complete apparatus of this kind is now erected in the printing-offices of the Bank of Ireland, for wetting bank-note paper preparatory to its being printed on, that fully answers in practice the end proposed. Ten thousand sheets of the thinnest description of bank-note paper, perhaps ever made, is wet at once with scarcely any delay, and no loss or injury whatever is now sustained, as formerly.—*Mon. Mag.*

Supposed Roman Bridge in Drenthe.—The intelligence about the ancient wooden way discovered in Holland, in 1818, is very old, and wants much correction. Indeed, the first impression the Dutch newspapers made on the minds of some respectable Antiquaries was, that this could be only the Roman *pontes longi* minutely described by Tacitus: and, in fact, the similarity in many points was striking. Very soon, however, a different conjecture was laid before the public, which, it should be said, had been formed before the discovery was generally divulged; for the way itself had long been known among the inhabitants of that spot, who chiefly are turf-diggers. This conjecture was, that it seemed to be the path made by Bernard Van Galen, Bishop of Munster, in one of his wars against the Republic. In this diversity of opinions, one of which removed the date of its construction as far as the first century of our era, another as near as the 17th: a committee was formed out of the second and third classes of the Royal Institute of Sciences and the Fine Arts, at Amsterdam (the second class belonging to the Dutch, and the third to Classical Literature). Another opinion arose in the meantime, which was also adopted by Mr. Spandaw, the reporter of the

combined committee, the result of which was, that the way led to the ruined Monastery of Ter Apel, situated on the provinces of Groningen and Drenthe: and we learn, that this opinion, against which no reasonable objections have been made, was lately corroborated by proofs from ancient charters by Professor Ypey, of Groningen University. Both those dissertations have been published among the Dutch Tracts of the Institute.

It is but natural that the discovery of a way about eleven miles in length, under ground, should strongly excite the public interest in Holland, as, from the nature of the soil, the great population of the country, and the want of ground in most provinces of the former republic, scarcely any very ancient architectural monuments remain at the present day. It is to be regretted, that it is impossible to lay open the whole of the way, as any pit in that track of the turf-moors would, in a few hours, fill with water.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem percipimus aurea dicta.'*
LUCRETIVS.

Origin of Doggett's Coat and Badge.—In the year after George I. came to the throne, Thomas Doggett, a comedian, who was zealously attached to the House of Hanover, gave a waterman's coat and silver badge to be rowed for by six watermen, on the anniversary of that king's accession to the throne, and, at his death, bequeathed a certain sum of money, the interest of which was to be appropriated annually, for ever, to the purchase of a like coat and badge to be rowed for in honour of that day. Doggett, as an author, has left behind him a comedy, called the 'Country Wake,' 1696, 4to. which has since been altered into a ballad farce, under the title of 'Flora,' or 'Hob in the Well.' He died in 1712. *David's Sow.*—'As drunk as David's sow,' a common saying, which took its rise from the following circumstance: one David Lloyd, a Welshman, who kept an alehouse at Hereford, had a living sow with six pigs, which was greatly resorted to by the curiouse; he had also a wife much addicted to drunkenness. One day David's wife having taken a cup too much, and being fearful of the consequences, (her husband being in the habit of giving her a little discipline for her cure,) turned out the sow, and laid down to

sleep herself sober, in the sty. A company coming to see the sow, David ushered them to the sty, exclaiming 'there is a sow for you! Did any of you ever see such another?' all the while supposing the sow had really been there; to which some of the company, seeing the state the woman was in, replied, 'it was the drunkenest sow they had ever beheld,' whence arose the saying, 'As drunk as David's sow.'

Jack of Legs.—a tall long-legged man; also a giant, said to be buried in Weston church, near Baldock, in Hertfordshire, where there are two stones fourteen feet distant, said to be the head and feet stones of his grave. This giant, says Salmon, as fame goes, lived in a wood here, and was a great robber, but a generous one, for he plundered the rich to give to the poor; he frequently took bread for this purpose from the Baldock bakers, who catching him at an advantage, put out his eyes; and afterwards hanged him upon a knoll in Baldock field. At his death he made one request, which was, that he might have his bow and arrows put into his hand, and, on shooting it off, where the arrow fell they would bury him, which being granted, the arrow fell in Weston church-yard. About seventy years ago, a very large thigh-bone was taken out of the church chest, where it had lain many years for a shew, and was sold by the clerk to Sir John Trevelkin, who, it is said, put it up among the rarities of Oxford.

Shenstone.—This poet used to thank God that his name was not liable to a pun; it has proved, however, obnoxious to a Frenchman's rhyme, which is something worse. M. Girardin has placed this inscription to his memory, at Ermenouville.

This plain stone
To William Shenstone.
In his writings display'd
A mind natural,
At Leasowes, he laid
Arcadian greens rural.

Firm Footing in America.—A traveller, on his return from the state of Ohio, where he had been to purchase a farm in that 'land of milk and honey,' gave this account of the state of 'promise':—Sir, as I was driving my team, I observed a lat in the path: I leaped with my whip-stick to take it up from the mud. 'What are you doing with my hat?' cried a voice under it. I soon discovered, under the chapeau, a brother emigrant, up to the ears in the mire. 'Pray let me help you out,'

said I.—'Thank you,' said the be-mired traveller, 'I have a good long-legged horse under me, who has carried me through worse sloughs than this: I am only stopping to breathe my nag, as this is the firmest footing I have found in fifty miles.'

Clerical Modesty.—A correspondent assures us of the truth of the following anecdote. We certainly cannot doubt it, but as it may be found in our old friend Joe Miller, it induces a suspicion that the parson is a plagiaristic wag.

The clergyman who preached at Winterbourne, a village in the west of England, a few Sundays ago, had read the liturgy and was about to ascend the pulpit, but he found that he had left his sermon at home. He whispered the clerk for an expedient, when, on recollecting himself, he addressed his parishioners in this manner:—'My brethren, I have not my sermon with me to-day, but I will read you a chapter out of the book of Job, which is worth two of my discourses!' He did so and gave general satisfaction. P.

Sonnet, written last March, on its appearing in evidence that her Majesty visited one of her serapts, supposed to have the plague.

Queen of our best affections! Is it so?
Flower of a warlike race, of high renown,
Nursed in the purple, destined for a crown,
How deep thy sympathy with human woe.

Thou to the tortured sufferer didst go,
With Christian courage brave contagion's frown,

And smooth the couch of pain, with softest down,
Where the hot breath of plague was felt to glow.

Hail, Caroline of Brunswick! Royal dame,
Thron'd in thy bosom, love and pity dwell,
Those cheeks should wear the deepest dye of shame,
Who, hearing this, can still with rancour swell.

Perversely seeking to impute a crime
To her, who sours where they can never clime

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

Irish News and a Countryman's Love Letter in our next.

M. in an early number.

We have, during the last fortnight, received at least a dozen Elegies on the late Queen, but, as we believe there is but one feeling on the subject, and that has been already fully expressed in the two poems we have inserted, we must decline giving place to any more.

Eliza, J.P., a 'True Brunswick,' an 'Indignant Englishman,' and 'No Pantheist,' with our other correspondents, who favoured us with their effusions, will accept this as our apology.

Errata. * M. informs us that the last line in his stanzas, p. 507, should have been 'It is this: It is this!' p. 507, col. 3, l. 26, for 'fourth' read 'forth.'

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No. 120.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Sketches of India. Written by an Officer on Fire-side Travellers at Home. 8vo. pp. 329. London, 1821. THE author of the 'Sketches of India' has essayed to give what was much wanted, a 'familiar picture of Indian scenery and manners;' and if he has been less successful than he might have been, considering the excellence of his plan, yet he has done more than tourists generally accomplish. The work was written at Fort George, where the author continues to reside, and his work has been transmitted to England for publication; this is sufficient evidence of its genuineness, did it not internally prove its authenticity beyond all doubt; if we except that the author is rather intolerant in religion, and that he attempts to moralize too much, his work will be found of a very pleasing character, written apparently with the force of first impressions, and hence with more vigour than could be expected from the pen of a long resident. His sensations on first arriving in India, and his account of the neighbourhood of Madras, are well described:—

'No,—I shall never forget the sweet and strange sensations which, as I went peacefully forward, the new objects in nature excited in my bosom. The rich broad-leaved plainfain; the gracefully drooping bamboo; the cocoa-nut, with that mat-like looking binding for every branch; the branches themselves waving with a feathery motion in the wind; the bare lofty trunk and fan-leaf of the tall palm; the slender and elegant stem of the areca; the large aloes; the prickly pear; the stately banyan, with its earth-seeking and reproductive 'drop branches; and among them, birds all strange in plumage and in note—save the parakeet (at home, the lady's pet-bird in a gilded cage), here spreading his bright green wings in happy fearless flight, and giving his natural and untaught scream. These, and more than I can name, were the novelties we looked upon. My dream of anticipation realized gave me a delight which found no expression in words. I felt grateful that I had been led and permitted to see India; I wondered at my own ignorance, and at the poverty of my imagination, when I

reflected how much the realities around me differed from what my fancy had painted them. How some things surpassed, and some fell short of my foolish expectations; and yet how natural, how easy all appeared! All so fitted and adapted by the hand of the bountiful and wise Creator, that other than they were they had deformed instead of decking the face of nature. It was late and dark when we reached Poonamallee; and during the latter part of our march we had heavy rain. We found no fellow-countryman to welcome us, but the mess-room was open and lighted, a table laid, and a crowd of smart roguish-looking natives seemed waiting our arrival to seek service.

'Drenched to the skin, without changes of linen or any bedding, we sat down to the repast provided; and it would have been difficult to have found in India, perhaps, at the moment, a more cheerful party than ours.

'Four or five clean-looking natives, in white dresses, with red or white turbans, ear-rings of gold, or with emerald drops, and large silver signet rings on their fingers, crowded round each chair, and watched our every glance to anticipate our wishes. Curries, vegetables, and fruits, all new to us, were tasted and pronounced upon; and, after a meal, of which every one seemed to partake with grateful good-humour, we lay down for the night. One attendant brought a small carpet, another a mat, others again a sheet or counterpane, till all were provided with something; and thus closed our first evening in India.

'The morning-scene was very ludicrous. Here a barber, uncalled for, was shaving a man as he still lay dozing; there another was cracking the joints of a man half-dressed; here were two servants, one pouring water on, the other washing, a Saheb's hands. In spite of my efforts to prevent them, two well-dressed men were washing my feet; and near me was a lad dexterously putting on the clothes of a sleepy brother officer, as if he had been an infant under his care.'

Of the antiquity of the Hindoo manners, he says,—

'While our forefathers were clad in wolf-skin, dwelt in caverns, and lived upon the produce of the chase, the Hindoo lived as now:—as now, his princes were

* 'Sabab, a gentleman, "Sir," or "Master," used by the natives of India when addressing or speaking of their superiors.'

clothed in soft raiments, wore jewelled turbans, and dwelt in palaces.—As now, his haughty half-naked priests received his offerings in temples of hewn and sculptured granite, and summoned him to rites as absurd, but yet more splendid and debauching than the present. His cottage, garments, household utensils, and implements of husbandry or labour, the same as now. Then, too, he watered the ground with his foot by means of a plank balanced transversely on a lofty pole, or drew from the deep bowrie (well) by the labour of his oxen, in large bags of leather, supplies of water to flow through the little channels by which their fields and gardens are intersected. His children were then taught to shape letters in the sand, and to write, and keep accounts on the dried leaves of the palm or cocoa, by the village-schoolmaster. His wife ground corn at the same mill, or pounded it in a rude mortar with her neighbour. He could make purchases in a regular bazaar, change money at a shroff's*, or borrow it at usury, for the expenses of a wedding or festival. In short, all that the traveller sees around him of social or civilized life, of useful invention or luxurious refinement, is of yet higher antiquity than the days of Alexander the Great. So that, in fact, the eye of the British officer looks upon the same forms and dresses, the same buildings, manners, and customs, on which the Macedonian troops gazed with the same astonishment.'

The docility of the elephant is well known, yet we cannot avoid quoting one or two anecdotes on the subject:—

'While breakfast was getting ready, I amused myself with looking at a baggage elephant and a few camels, which some servants, returning with a general's tents from the Deccan, were in the act of loading. The intelligent obedience of the elephant is well known; but to look upon this huge and powerful monster kneeling down at the mere bidding of the human voice; and, when he has risen again, to see him protrude his trunk for the foot of his mahout or attendant, to help him into his seat; or, bending the joint of his hind leg, make a step for him to climb up behind, and then, if any loose cloths or cords fall off, with a dog-like docility pick them up with his proboscis and put them up again, will delight and surprise long after it ceases to be novel. When loaded, this creature broke off a large branch from the

* 'Shroff, an Indian banker, or money-changer.'

lofty tree near which he stood, and quietly fanned and fly-flapped himself, with all the *nonchalance* of an indolent woman of fashion, till the camels were ready. These animals also kneel to be laden.*

It is generally known, that this noble animal beats jungle for large game; and, although we met with none, still I had the opportunity of seeing into how thick and apparently impervious jungle it will force its way. But it was the perfect dog like manner in which she put up small game that surprised me; carefully putting up from the low tufted grass in which they nestle, those smallest of game-birds, the quail. My companion killed from his howdah in this manner, without dogs, both hares and black partridge, a few yards only from the road-side.

Our traveller proceeded up the Ganges to Benares; and he gives the following sketch of this ancient seat of Brahminical learning, and the present school of Hindoo theology:—

‘The city is only to be visited on horseback or in a palanquin. I decided, at the recommendation of my friend, on a tonjon, or open sedan-chair; as thus only can you leisurely survey every thing, from the extreme narrowness of the streets, and the crowds in them, through whom your way must be cleared by a police-trooper in your front.

‘In the heart of this strange city, you are borne through a labyrinth of lanes, with houses of six or seven stories high on either side, communicating with each other above, in some places, by small bridges thrown across the street. These houses are of stone or brick; and many of them are painted either in plain colours or stripes, or with representations of the Hindoo deities. Every bazaar or street containing shops, you find a little, and but a little, wider than the others. Shops here stand in distinct and separate streets, according to their goods and trades. In one, all are embroiderers in muslin, which they work here in gold and silver most beautifully; in another, silk-merchants; in another are displayed shawls; in some, shops filled only with slippers; in one, jewel-merchants; in the next, mere lapidaries. Several contiguous streets are filled entirely with the workmen in brass, who make the small brazen idols; also the various urns, dishes, vessels, lamps, which the Hindoos require either for domestic or sacred purposes. These shops make a very bright and showy display; and, from the ancient forms, various sizes and patterns of their vessels, attract your attention strongly. You meet numbers of the naked officiating brahmins indeed, but you also see here a distinct class of wealthy brahmins, most richly dressed in fine muslin turbans, vests of the most beautiful silks, and valuable shawls. Their conveyances out of the city are the open native palanquins, with crimson canopies, or hackrees, sometimes very handsome,

and drawn by two showy horses, with long flowing manes.

‘The women in Benares (for many of high cast fetch all their own water) are beautifully formed, wear garments of the richest dyes, and walk most gracefully. But these are minor features;—innumerable Hindoo youth, of high cast, are sent hither for education. They have not colleges or schools, but reside six or seven in each brahmin’s or pundit’s house, and pursue the studies which he enjoins. There are eight thousand houses in Benares belonging to brahmins: what number may receive students I know not; perhaps not more than one thousand.’

We shall now only quote one or two passages more; the first relates to the Mahabratia camp, near Gualior:—

‘It is not quite, perhaps, what you expect: for it presents the appearance of an immense village, or rather collection of villages, with about a dozen chunamed buildings, shapeless, coarse, without any air of ornament; and here and there many small trees and hedges of the milk-plum, all of quick growth and late planting, but yet giving the whole a fixed and settled aspect. At the second gate, however, you see interspersed many tents and palls, flags and pennons; in some parts, hutted lances and piles of arms; in one range, a large regular park of artillery; in all the open spaces, horses irregularly picketted, strings of camels, and a few stately elephants. On the skirts of this large mass, a few smaller and more regular encampments belonging to particular chiefs, with their followers better armed and mounted. The sounds, too, of neighings, of drums, of horns, and fire-arms; and, occasionally, the piercing trumpet of the elephant, mingled in confusion with the hum of a population, loud, busy, and tumultuous, tell you, convincingly, the trade here is war: the manufacturers are of arms.

‘Many years, however, has the Mahabratia camp happily been stationary. Nor is there treasure in the coffers, or energy in the counsils of Scindiah, who now stands a power, isolated, helpless, and without hope ever again effectually to set it in motion. From a prodigious host, it has dwindled in numbers greatly; in efficiency and readiness of equipment, still more: perhaps not more than seven thousand mounted men are in his camp; about three brigades of infantry; his artillery alone fine, and disproportionately so; his stores miserably low.’

‘In traversing this rude irregular encampment, the groupes we met were horses picketted in circles with the rider’s spear planted in the ground at each head-rope; men lying on their horse-furniture, pillowed on their shields, or busy cooking, or cleaning their horses and arms. Their women making fires, fetching water, and bringing in grass; their children of all sizes at play in the dust naked. All these were features, to the eye of the European officer, strange and interesting.

‘As we passed back round the fort, we were fortunate enough to meet Scindiah returning from the chace, surrounded by all his chiefs; and preceded or followed by about seven hundred horse. Discharges of cannon announced his approach, and a few light scattered parties of spearmen were marching before the main body. We stopped our elephants just on one side of a narrow part of the road, where the rajah and chiefs, with his immediate escort, must pass.

‘First came loose light-armed horse, either in the road, or scrambling and leaping on the rude banks and ravines near; then some better clad, with the quilted poshauk*; and one in a complete suite of chain armour; then a few elephants, among them the hunting elephant of Scindiah, from which he had dismounted. On one small elephant, guiding it himself, rode a fine boy, a fountaining protégé of Scindiah, called the Jungle Rajah; then came, slowly prancing, a host of fierce haughty chieftains, on fine horses, showily caparisoned. They darted forward, and all took their proud stand behind and round us, planting their long lances in the earth, and reining up their eager steeds to see, I suppose, our arrival. Next, in a common native palkee, its canopy crimson, unadorned, came Scindiah himself. He was plainly dressed, with a reddish turban, and a shawl over his vest, and lay reclining, smoking a small gilt or golden calcan. We stood up in our howdah and bowed; he half rose in his palkee, and salaamed rather in a courteous manner. At this there was a loud cry of all his followers near, who sung out his titles and the honour he had done us, &c. And all salaamed themselves profoundly.

‘I looked down on the chiefs nearest us, and saw that they eyed us most laughingly, which very much increased the effect they would otherwise have produced. They were armed with lances, scymials, and shield, creese and pistol; wore, some shawls, some tissues, some plain muslin or cotton; were all much wrapped in clothing; and wore, almost all, a large fold of muslin, tied over the turban-top, which they fasten under the chin; and which, strange as it may sound to those who have never seen it, looks worthless, and is a very important defence to the sides of the neck.’

Of the death of Settoo, the Pindarrie Chieftain, who, with a large army, plundered the Deccan, we are told,—

‘He escaped from the fortress of Aserghur, a few days before our troops invested it. Without followers, without friends, he crossed the Nerbuddah, and directed his flight northwards. A few days afterwards, his horse was found wandering without a rider; and, on the border of the jungle, near some bye-road,

* A garment of cloth, or silk, quilted and stuffed with cotton, so as to render it impervious.

the corpse of Seetoo, evidently killed and preyed upon by a tiger, and since torn by jackalls. His arms, so often bathed in the blood of others, had lain useless by his side, and were stained with his own. A few jewels and money, provided for his flight, were in his scrip. 'They would not bribe the fierce and savage lord of these wilds from his foul meal. Papers and passports, framed and prepared with art to ensure safe conduct through populous and peaceful districts, had failed him here; where, under the fangs of an irresistible and powerful wild beast, only less blood-thirsty and cruel than himself, he perished, as hopelessly as the trembling female or tottering infant, under his lifted spear.'

We shall conclude with a description of the Bheela, who are supposed to be the Aborigines of the provinces of Guzerat:—

'They lived by the chase and rapine; on the roads they never shew themselves armed; the bow and arrow and javelin, are their weapons; but I never saw any remarkable for size or strength. They are a short thick-set people, with hideous countenances, flat noses, and thick lips, but far less handsome and finely formed men than the Africans; neither have they the very dark complexions, and that fine clear shining black; their hair is straight; they look stupid, to speak of them as men, but yet have a quick little piercing eye, such as would discern the far-off deer, the deep-swimming fish, the lofty bird's-nest, or the wild bee-hive. Their women are even more hideous than the men; these you meet more frequently, and in larger groups, carrying bundles of wood for sale. The favourite haunts of this half-barbarous people, are in the deepest and most unknown recesses of the jungles. They often plunder and murder on the roads, and seemed to hold no fellowship with any other race.'

These extracts will show the general character of the work, and will, we doubt not, create a very favourable opinion of the whole, which, notwithstanding the slight objections we have mentioned, is a very entertaining volume.

Reflections on viewing Brandenburg House, the Residence of her late Majesty. By S. R. Jackson, Author of 'The Lament of Napoleon,' 'The Fall of the Crescent,' &c. 8vo. pp. 14. London, 1821:

ALTHOUGH we have more than once had occasion to notice Mr. Jackson's poems very favourably, yet his present production, we think, presents stronger claims to our approbation than any that have preceded it. The author is a warm advocate of her late Majesty, and expresses himself in bold and manly indignation against her persecutors.

There is much genuine feeling and true poetry in the whole poem, which commences with an address to Brandenburg House, on the immortality it has acquired, by being the residence of one 'whose sufferings have made it sacred'; for, exclaims the poet,—

'What is it hallows temples, cities, towns? Not the pale marble which their forms compose,

But their proud owners' spirits, that influence ours,

And sacred bones that in their walls repose. Greece had not been rever'd, nor Rome been held

Holy, but for the mighty minds that sway'd Their sceptres—minds that tyranny repell'd: How glorious once! but now how lowly laid! All faded, but their fame—and that can never fade.'

After noticing the immortality which the ancient heroes, poets, &c. have conferred on particular places, the author thus apostrophizes Britain:—

'These have been glorious,—are so still, and we,

Perchance, with other nations, may go down, Though not unspotted, to posterity:

For Albion has high names, that give renown To her,—unfading jewels in her crowns,

That bore her glory o'er the wave afar; The proudest nations trembled at their frown—

Gods of the ocean, thunderbolts of war, From old Hispania's scourge to him of Trafalgar.

'Hampton, and Sydney, Raleigh, Spencer, Gower,

The mighty Magian† and immortal pair‡, Our own blind bard||, of poetry the flow,

Gray, Butler, Erin's minstrel¶, minds that were

All matchless in their line, and who will bear And bid her name to future ages bloom;

Thomson, M'Pherson, Ramsay, Burns, and Blair,

Robertson, Smollett, Beattie, Scott, and Hume,

With him to whom as yet his country gives no tomb*.

'With others, equal in their lustre, whom Our craving eyes would almost wish to see,

Bursting the dull cold fetters of their tomb, Before us stand in all their majesty.

Fond, but vain wish, alas! that ne'er can be! Great as they were, their names alone remain

For us to admire, and our posterity To reverence, when from this world we are 't'en

To lay our fading dust, perchance, where theirs has lain.'

We quote two stanzas towards the conclusion, in allusion to the persecutions of her late Majesty:—

* 'Drake.' † 'Nelson.'

‡ 'Shakespeare.' § 'Beaumont and Fletcher.'

¶ 'Milton.' ¶ 'Goldsmith.'

|| 'Falconer. It is a stain upon his country,

that a poet like Falconer, should be without a monument to his memory. Not that the bard

needs the aid of the sculptor, to carry his name to future ages; for even when the dust of Colonna has mingled with the sand that is washed

by the wave that wrecked him, it will survive.

'Greatness of soul should to the great belong; If not, to whom?—and surely 'twas not well To hate so closely (even had she done wrong)

While living; base, when death had rang her knell.

But when did Mercy with the powerful dwell?

In life's hot pride the adder deadliest stings. Oh, 'tis enough to make the blood reek.'

When we behold that noblemen and kings Have less in them of gods than meaneer earthly things.

'Peace to her spirit! in another clime, More worthy of her than our own, she lies,

Far from the land of meanness and of crime, And the proud dwellings of her enemies.

High to her memory the song shall rise In after years, when purer hearts shall come,

And offer up their generous sympathies; The wreath of sorrow o'er her dust shall bloom,

When weeds alone shall grow round her oppressor's tomb.'

We have drawn somewhat too freely on so short a poem, and, therefore, shall conclude with recommending it as a beautiful tribute to the memory of the late Queen, and one that reflects great credit on the poetical talents of its author.

A Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans.

(Concluded from p. 529.)

In our last we gave an account of the taking of the republican capital of Washington, an event which the Americans represent as entirely tarnishing the glory of the British arms, and an indelible stain upon our national character.

We certainly wish that the work of destruction had not been so extended as it was, but still we doubt that our army did anything contrary to the laws of nations; and besides, the facts have been much exaggerated.

Our author, who was an eye-witness, and who writes with great candour, says he could not help admiring 'the forbearance and humanity of the British troops, since, irritated as they had every right to be, they spared, as far as possible, all private property, not a single house in the place being plundered or destroyed, except that from which the general's horse had been killed, and those which were accidentally thrown down by the explosion of the magazines.' The general's horse, it will be recollected, was killed from under him, when accompanying a flag of truce. But one of the most serious charges against the British was that they destroyed the bridge—a noble structure, of nearly a mile in length: now let us hear our author on this point. Speaking of the entry of the British troops, and the dismay occasioned in Washington, he says,—

'They were taken completely by surprise; nor could the arrival of the flood be more unexpected to the natives of the antediluvian world, than the arrival of the British army to them. The first impulse of course tempted them to fly, and the streets were in consequence crowded with soldiers and senators, men, women, and children, horses, carriages, and carts, loaded with household furniture, all hastening towards a wooden bridge which crossed the Potomac. The confusion thus occasioned was terrible, and the crowd upon the bridge was such as to endanger its giving way. But Mr. Maddison, having escaped among the first, was no sooner safe on the opposite bank of the river, than he gave orders that the bridge should be broken down; which being obeyed, the rest were obliged to return, and to trust to the clemency of the victors.'

So that, after all, Mr. Maddison was the republican Rostopchin; and the English were no more guilty of destroying the bridge at Washington, than Bonaparte was of setting fire to Moscow.

The next object of our army, after it had effected a safe retreat from Washington, was to attack Baltimore. Our author paints with much feeling the eve of a battle:—

'There was something in this state of preparation at once solemn and exciting. That we should obtain possession of a place so important as Baltimore, without fighting, was not to be expected; and, therefore, this arming, and this bustle, seemed, in fact, to be the prelude to a battle. But no man, of the smallest reflection, can look forward to the chance of a sudden and violent death, without experiencing sensations very different from those which he experiences under any other circumstances. When the battle has fairly begun, I may say with truth that the feelings of those engaged are delightful; because they are, in fact, so many gamblers playing for the highest stake that can be offered. But the stir and noise of equipping, and then the calmness and stillness of expectation,—these are the things which force a man to think. On the other hand, the warlike appearance of every thing about you, the careless faces and rude jokes of the private soldiers, and something within yourself, which I can compare to nothing more nearly than the mirth which criminals are said sometimes to experience and to express previous to their execution; all these combine to give you a degree of false hilarity. I had almost said painful, from its very excess. It is an agitation of the nerves, such as we may suppose madmen feel; which you are inclined to wish removed, though you are unwilling to admit that it is disagreeable.'

At the very commencement of the attack on Baltimore, General Ross,

who, as soon as the firing began, rode to the front, was shot by a rifleman. The Americans, our author says, are, individually, as brave as any people in the world; and their general had taken a good position, but they had not been accustomed to a general action; and hence,—

'It was curious to observe their dread of every spot where a cannon-ball had struck. Having seen the shots fall, I kept my eye upon one or two places, and perceived that each company, as it drew near to those points, hung back; and then assuming, as it were, a momentary courage, rushed past, leaving a vacancy between it and the company which next succeeded.'

Though the Americans maintained themselves with great determination, and stood to receive our fire till scarce twenty yards divided them, yet they would not hazard a charge; but the whole army fell into confusion:—

'Infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were huddled together, without the smallest regard to order or regularity. The sole subject of anxiety seemed to be, which should escape first from the field of battle; inasmuch, that numbers were actually trodden down by their countrymen in the hurry of the flight. Yet, in spite of the short duration of the action, which lasted little more than two hours from its first commencement, the enemy's loss was severe. They stood, in some respects, better than they had done at Bladensburg; consequently we were more mingled with them when they gave way, and were thus enabled to secure some prisoners; an event which their more immediate flight had on the other occasion prevented. In the capture of guns, however, we were not so fortunate. Their pieces being light, and well supplied with horses, they contrived to carry off all except two; both of which would have also escaped, but for the shooting of the leaders.'

'But, considering the nature of the ground which they occupied, the number of killed and wounded in the American army was enormous; while in ours the casualties were much fewer than might have been expected.'

One or two anecdotes connected with this engagement are amusing:—

'It is said that when Admiral Cockburn, who accompanied the army, and attended poor Ross with the fidelity of an aide-de-camp, was in the wood where the latter fell, he observed an American rifleman taking deliberate aim at him from behind a tree. Instead of turning aside or discharging a pistol at the fellow, as any other man would have done, the brave admiral doubling his fist, shook it at his enemy, and cried aloud, "O you d—d Yankee, I'll give it you!" upon which the man dropped his musket in the greatest alarm, and took to his heels.

'It is likewise told of an officer of engineers, that having overtaken an American soldier, and demanded his arms, the fellow gave him his rifle very readily, but being ordered to resign a handsome silver-hilted dagger and silver-mounted cartridge-box which graced his side, he refused to comply, alleging that they were private property, and that by our own proclamations private property should be respected.'

Our army now advanced on Baltimore, but finding that the naval force could not assist them, as nothing but the lightest craft could make their way within six miles of the town, all idea of storming the enemy's lines was given up; the army, therefore, retreated, and the regiment to which our author belonged sailed for Jamaica. While at Kingston, he witnessed, for the first time, one of the beautiful peculiarities of a tropical climate. Darkness had set in, and—

'The air was filled with fire-flies, which emitting a phosphoric light, something similar to the light of the glow-worm, only more red and brilliant, danced around me like sparks from a smith's anvil, when he is beating a bar of red-hot iron. These creatures flutter about with a humming noise, and frequently settle in large swarms upon branches of trees, giving to them the semblance of so many pieces of timber taken newly out of a fire. When viewed by day-light, they are in no way remarkable for their elegance, resembling in the shape of the body a long beetle, which may be seen in the fields after sun-set, without wings or scales. In colour they are a dingy brown, and, like the glowworm, carry their light in the tail.'

'As I had not before chanced to see any thing of the kind, and forgot at the moment that such an insect as the fire-fly existed, I was for a few minutes at a loss to what cause to attribute the phenomenon; and was at last indebted to my negro guide for refreshing my memory on the subject. The effect, however, cannot be conceived without being witnessed. A cluster of two or three glow worms shine so brilliantly, that they will furnish subject for the commendatory eloquence of any one fortunate enough to perceive them together; but their brilliancy is as a farthing candle to the sun, when compared with that of the fire-fly. Not two or three, but thousands of these creatures dance around, filling the air with a wavering and uncertain glimmer, of the extreme beauty of which no words can convey an adequate conception.'

Jamaica was the general rendezvous of the expedition destined to attack New Orleans. This place, though not fortified, presents the greatest obstacles to an invader; and it was, therefore, determined to effect a landing on

the banks of the lake, and pushing directly on, to endeavour to get possession of the town, before any effectual preparation could be made for its defence. A flotilla of fifty open boats, under the command of Captain Lockier, was destined for this service:—

‘It was not long before the enemy’s guns opened upon them, and a tremendous shower of balls saluted their approach. Some boats were sunk, others disabled, and many men were killed and wounded; but the rest pulling with all their might, and occasionally returning the discharges from their comrades, succeeded, after an hour’s labour, in closing with the Americans. The marines now began a deadly fire charge of musketry; while the seamen, sword in hand, sprang up the vessel’s sides in spite of all opposition; and sabring every man that stood in the way, hauled down the American ensign, and hoisted the British flag in its place.

‘One cutter, however, which bore the commodore’s broad pendant, was not so easily subdued. Having noted its pre-eminence, Captain Lockier directed his own boat against it; and happening to have placed himself in one of the lightest and fastest sailing barges in the flotilla, he found himself alongside of his enemy before any of the others were near enough to render him the smallest support. But, nothing dismayed by odds so fearful, the gallant crew of this small bark, following their leader, instantly leaped on board the American. A desperate conflict now ensued, in which Captain Lockier received several severe wounds; but, after fighting from the bow to the stern, the enemy were at length overpowered; and other barges coming up to the assistance of their commander, the commodore’s flag shared the same fate with the others.’

The troops were landed on a wretched swamp, incapable of furnishing even fuel to supply their fires, and exposed to a cold pelting rain. While the troops were thus assembling, an embassy was sent to the Chactaws, a tribe of Indians then in alliance with the British:—and our author, who accompanied the embassy, describes it as a most amusing expedition. Having arrived at the settlement, which consisted of about thirty huts, two men came to meet them:—

‘These proved to be the chief and the principal warrior of the tribe; the first an elderly infirm person, and the last a man of fierce countenance, probably about the age of forty. They were not, however, distinguished from their countrymen by any peculiarity of dress; being arrayed, as the others were, in buffalo hides, with a loose scarf of cotton thrown over one shoulder, and wrapped round their loins; the size of their ornaments alone indicated that they were persons of

consequence, the King having two broad pieces of gold suspended from his ears, and bracelets of the same metal round his wrists; while the warrior’s ears were graced with silver rings, and a whole Spanish dollar hung from his nose. With these men, Colonel Nickolls, of the marines, who conducted the embassy, was well acquainted, having been previously appointed generalissimo of all their forces; and they, therefore, extended to us the right hand of friendship, and conducted us into the largest hut in the town.

‘The rest of the warriors were by this time roused from their lethargy, and soon began to crowd about us; so that in a few minutes the hut was filled with upwards of an hundred savages, each holding in his hand the fatal tomahawk, and having his scalping knife suspended from a belt fastened round his middle. The scene was now truly singular. There is a solemnity about the manner of an Indian chief extremely imposing; and this, joined with the motions which were meant to express welcome, compelled me, almost in spite of myself, to regard these half-naked wretches with veneration.’

‘Having brought with us an interpreter, we were informed by him that the King declined entering upon business till after the feast. This was speedily prepared, and laid out upon the grass, consisting of lumps of buffalo flesh, barely warmed through, and swimming in blood; with cakes of Indian corn and manioc. Of dishes and plates, there were none. The mirth was brought in the hand of the females who had dressed it, and placed upon the turf; the warriors cut slices from it with their knives; and holding the flesh in one hand, and the cake in the other, they eat, as I thought, rather sparingly, and in profound silence. Besides these more substantial viands, there were likewise some minced-meats of an extraordinary appearance, served up upon dried hides. Of these the company seemed to be particularly fond, dipping their hands into them without ceremony, and thus conveying the food to their mouths; but for my own part, I found it sufficiently difficult to partake of the raw flesh, and could not overcome my loathing so much as to taste the mince.

‘When the remnant of the food was removed, an abundant supply of rum, which these people had received from our fleet, was produced. Of this they swallowed large potations; and, as the spirit took effect, their taciturnity gave way before it; till at last, speaking altogether, each endeavoured, by elevating his voice, to drown the voices of his companions, and a tremendous shouting was the consequence. Springing from the ground, where hitherto they had sat cross-legged, many of them likewise began to jump about, and exhibit feats of activity; nor was I without apprehension that this riotous banquet would end in bloodshed. The king and chief warrior alone still re-

lained their senses sufficiently unclouded to understand what was said. From them, therefore, we obtained a promise, that the tribe would afford to the expedition every assistance in their power; after which we retired for the night, to a hut assigned for our accommodation, leaving our wild hosts to continue their revel as long as a single drop of spirits remained.’

The two chiefs accompanied the embassy back to the army, which was then disembarking with great spirit, on Pine Island; a landing was afterwards made in another place, and the army marched forward to the attack in the dead of night, when it was soon surrounded by a very superior force, and no alternative remained but either to surrender at discretion or beat back the assailants. Such a battle then ensued, as the annals of modern warfare can hardly match:—

‘All order, all discipline, were lost. Each officer, as he was able to collect twenty or thirty men round him, advanced into the middle of the enemy, when it was fought hand to hand, bayonet to bayonet, and sword to sword, with the tumult and ferocity of one of Homer’s combats.

‘To give some idea of this extraordinary combat, I shall detail the adventures of a friend of mine, who chanced to accompany one of the first parties sent out. Dashing through the bivouac under a heavy discharge from the vessel, his party reached the lake, which was forded, and advanced as far as the house where General Keane had fixed his head-quarters. The moon had by this time made her way through the clouds, and though only in her first quarter, gave light enough to permit their seeing, though not distinctly. Having now gone far enough to the right, the party pushed on towards the front, and entered a sloping field of stubble; at the upper end of which they could distinguish a dark line of men; but, whether they were friends or foes it was impossible to determine. Unwilling to fire, lest he should kill any of our own people, my friend led on the volunteers whom he had got around him, till they reached some thick piles of reeds, about twenty yards from the objects of their notice. Here they were saluted by a sharp volley, and being now confident that they were enemies, he commanded his men to fire. But a brother officer, who accompanied him, was not so convinced, assuring him that they were soldiers of the 95th, upon which they agreed to divide the forces; that he who doubted should remain with one part where he was, while my friend, with the rest, should go round upon the flank of this line, and discover certainly to which army it belonged.

‘Taking with him about fourteen men, he accordingly moved off to the right, when falling in with some other stragglers, he attached them likewise to his

party, and advanced. Springing over a high rail, they came down upon the left of those concerning whom the doubt had existed, and found them to be, as my friend had supposed, Americans. Not a moment was lost in attacking, but having got unperceived within a few feet of where they stood, they discharged their pieces, and rushed on to the charge. In the whole course of my military career, I do not recollect any scene at all resembling that which followed. Some soldiers having lost their bayonets, laid about them with the butt end of their firelocks; while many a sword, which till to-night had not drank blood, became in a few minutes crimsoned enough.

The English and the Americans were so mingled, that they could scarcely know friends from foes, and more feats of individual gallantry were performed in the course of this night, than many campaigns might have afforded. We lost more than five hundred men, and the field of battle was dreadful. Our author says,—

‘I have frequently beheld a greater number of dead bodies in as small a compass, though these, indeed, were numerous enough, but wounds more disgusting or more horrible, I certainly never witnessed. A man, shot through the head or heart, lies as if he were in a deep slumber; insomuch, that when you gaze upon him, you experience little else than pity. But of these, many had met their death from bayonet wounds; sabre cuts, or heavy blows from the butt ends of muskets; and the consequence was, that not only were the wounds themselves exceedingly frightful, but the very countenances of the dead exhibited the most savage and ghastly expressions. Friends and foes lay together in small groups of four or six, nor was it difficult to tell almost the very hand by which some of them had fallen. Nay, such had been the deadly closeness of the strife, that in one or two places, an English and American soldier might be seen with the bayonet of each fastened in the other's body.’

On the arrival of Sir Edward Pakenham to take the command, a new attack was made, but with force and means quite inadequate. Instead of every thing being ready for the assault, not a ladder or fascine was upon the field:—

‘Seeing that all his well-laid plans were frustrated, Pakenham gave the word to advance, and the other regiments, leaving the 44th with the ladders and fascines behind them, rushed on to the assault. On the left, a detachment of the 95th, 21st, and 4th, stormed a three-gun battery and took it. Here they remained for some time in the expectation of support; but none arriving, and a strong column of the enemy forming for its recovery, they determined to anticipate the attack, and pushed on. The battery which they had

taken was in advance of the body of the works, being cut off from it by a ditch, across which only a single plank was thrown. Along this plank did these brave men attempt to pass; but being opposed by overpowering numbers, they were repulsed; and the Americans, in turn, forcing their way into the battery, at length succeeded in recapturing it, with immense slaughter. On the right, again, the 21st and 4th being almost cut to pieces, and thrown into some confusion by the enemy's fire, the 93d pushed on and took the lead. Hastening forward, our troops soon reached the ditch; but to scale the parapet without ladders was impossible. Some few, indeed, by mounting one upon another's shoulders, succeeded in entering the works, but these were instantly overpowered, most of them killed, and the rest taken; while as many stood without were exposed to a sweeping fire, which cut them down by whole companies. It was in vain that the most obstinate courage was displayed. They fell by the hands of men whom they absolutely did not see; for the Americans, without so much as lifting their faces above the rampart, swung their firelocks by one arm over the wall, and discharged them directly upon their heads. The whole of the guns, likewise, from the opposite bank, kept up a well-directed and deadly cannonade upon their flank; and thus were they destroyed without an opportunity being given of displaying their valour, or obtaining so much as revenge.

‘Poor Pakenham saw how things were going, and did all that a general could do to rally his broken troops. Riding towards the 44th, which had returned to the ground, but in great disorder, he called out for Colonel Mullens to advance; but that officer had disappeared, and was not to be found. He, therefore, prepared to lead them on himself, and had put himself at their head for that purpose, when he received a slight wound in the knee from a musket-ball, which killed his horse. Mounting another, he again headed the 44th, when a second ball took effect more fatally, and he dropped lifeless into the arms of his aide-de-camp.’

Every thing that the most determined bravery could accomplish was effected; but, after performing prodigies of valour, our army was compelled to abandon an attack upon works evidently beyond their strength:

‘As soon as the whole army was reunited, and the broken regiments had recovered their order, a flag of truce was dispatched, with proposals for the burial of the dead. To accomplish this end, a truce of two days was agreed upon, and parties were immediately sent out to collect and bury their fallen comrades. Prompted by curiosity, I mounted my horse and rode to the front; but of all the sights I ever witnessed, that which met me there was beyond comparison the most shocking, and the most humiliating.

Within the small compass of a few hundred yards, were gathered together nearly a thousand bodies, all of them arrayed in British uniforms. Not a single American was among them,—all were English; and they were thrown by dozens into shallow holes, scarcely deep enough to furnish them with a slight covering of earth. Nor was this all. An American officer stood by smoking a segar, and apparently counting the slain with a look of savage exultation; and repeating over and over to each individual that approached him, that their loss amounted only to eight men killed, and fourteen wounded.’

The army effected a good retreat, and safely re-embarked; and, soon after, intelligence of peace arrived from England. Our author makes some very acute remarks on the failure of the attack on New Orleans, which was partly owing to the many errors committed, to the misconduct of one regiment, and to the plan of operations being known and anticipated by the enemy.

Although this work is published at a time when the subject has lost much of its interest, yet, as it explains many circumstances respecting the American war, little known or much misrepresented, it will be read with pleasure by every one proud of his country or zealous of the glory of the British arms.

The Modern Church; a Satirical Poem; comprising Sketches of some Popular and Unpopular Preachers.
By John Laureus Bicknell, F. A. S.
8vo. pp. 63. London, 1820.

THE modern church is a most ample field for satire, perhaps no subject more fertile, whether we consider the peculiarities of preachers, the formalities of sects, or the absurdities of their creeds. Mr. Bicknell, though evidently acquainted with all the points on which a satirist might dwell, treats the various ‘modes of faith’ with respect, and only rebukes what less lenient satirists would convert into ridicule. Notwithstanding the grounds on which many secede from the established church, some we admit from very conscientious motives, yet the preachers in all are very much alike; and the illiterate fellow who ‘holds forth’ in a place not larger than a cobbler's stall, which he profanely calls ‘a house of God,’ is as anxious to levy contributions on his hearers, and to obtain a larger field of action, as ever a dean of the church of England was for a mitre.

The ‘Modern Church’ is divided into three parts; the first is a dialogue

between a Churchman and a Presbyterian, in which are given 'sketches of some popular and unpopular preachers;' their names are rarely given, but we doubt not there are many who will recognize the fidelity of the portraits; indeed, we think they might have been mentioned by name, as there is so much good nature and christian charity in the satire, that few could take offence at it.

The second part treats on the advantages of the Sabbath, with the description of a country church, and a village tale, not unworthy the muse of Crabbe or the elegant pen of Geoffrey Crayon. The third part enumerates the various religious superstitions of different ages and countries, and concludes with showing the superiority of the Christian religion over all others. The following extract will show the spirit in which the poem is written, and forms a summary of the whole:—

'Oh! that in Christian land, dissent's roots
Should strike so deep, and yield such bitter
fruits;

That from one sacred code, all good, all wise,
Sect after sect, in daily growth should rise;
Mysterious notes divide and subdivide,
Till jostling tenets push clear faith aside—
That man to scorn his fellow man should dare,
For some fond fancies, "trifles light as air;"
Some verse misprinted, or translator's blot,
A colon added, or a point forgot.'

'This strange, in modern times, the human
brain

Such motley whims and fancies should maintain;

That men, who differ wide as day from night,
Should each presume that he alone is right.

'A would-be wisdom, greater than our sire's,
Starts from the sin of steeples and of spires;
Where stood the village stocks, trim meetings
stand,

And chapels, thick as mushrooms, strew the
land—

Some man of trade the new-built pulpit mounts,
His nightly struggles with the Lord recounts,
Draws from the neighbouring church each brother
calif,

Becomes the Seeker of the village chaff;
With triumph seeks, how'er in books unskill'd,
The church deserted, and the meeting filled.

'Oh! silly flocks, may heaven forgive the pride,
That, fondly cherished, turns your steps aside;
That bosom sin, which leads you to prefer,
Under the cloak of gospel minister,
The man who draws your teeth, or mends your
cloge,

Or shows your horses, or who worms your dogs.

'So many sects such different creeds profess,
(To me scarce known their names, their tenets
less.)

I dare not tread the complicated maze,
Enough for me, an uninspired, to gaze.
If, in peculiar points, a hidden charm
In mystery works their wavering zeal to warm;
What fancy paints to them I cannot see;
Their holier rites are still "sealed books" to me,

'Field preachers with the gown and cassock
quarrel,
And for the vulgar pulpit mount a barrel,
Symbolic tubs will with the crowd prevail,
Who sometimes think of heav'n and sometimes
ale;

But if our faith be sound, our doctrines true,
For men of common sense the church may do.

'Seceders from their church, a leap-frog sect,
Jumpers by name, our sober forms reject;
Caper and dance to some discordant hymn,
As if religion rose from strength of limb.
Here it, ye bellies, who grace the nightly ball,
Ye know not how religion moves ye all!
Your heads or hearts no thought of pleasure
fills,
Devotion prompts your waltzes and quadrilles.

'It cannot be for want of written guide,
That erring judgment turns her steps aside;
On every shelf what various books invite,
To clear the mist and set our doctrine right.
Notes, comments, annotations, Scripture facts,
Octavos, quartos, magazines, and tracts,
In boards or bound, of every size and strength,
Of every doctrine, and of every length.
From these may all their helps congenial
choose;

Churchmen, Dissenters, Quakers, Deists, Jews.
Here each fanatic mounts his wire-wove throne,
And grasps a shadowy sceptre of his own.

'Though doubtful points their judgment may
beguile,
And texts distorted raise your passing smile;
If in essentials ye believe the same,
Their errors shun, but still with caution blame.
The God that pities you, will pardon them,
Nor for an erring head, a soul condemn.

'Still through the mists and storms, which in-
tervene

To cast a transient shade across the scene,
The Scripture, like a phœnix, pure and bright,
Dispenses o'er the world its kindling light;
Proclaims in every tongue the will of Heaven,
And, through the Saviour's love, man's guilt
forgiven.

'Amidst a world, which smiles but to betray;
Amidst the bliss that glides our little day;
Amidst the garlands love or marriage binds,
(Blossoms and fruits inconstant as the winds,)
Amidst the scenes where joy's gay streamer
waves,

And brilliant meteors light us to our graves:—
Or, 'midst the storms which adverse fortune
sends,

To glut our foes, and prove our summer friends;
Amidst the gloom of overwhelming cares,
When nature shudders, and faith almost de-
spairs;

Amidst the deeps, where fallen angels wait
To tempt the struggling soul, and seal its fate;
If to our mental sight unsullied shine
The sacred banner waved by Constantine,
Then, be the conquered world our friend or foe,
We still shall smile, though death direct the
blow.'

We could have selected passages of great poetic merit; but those we have quoted need no praise in that respect. The author is evidently a churchman, but without intolerance. What we admire most is the temper and spirit in which the poem is written; and for this it cannot be praised too highly.

Journal of a Residence in the Burmhan Empire. By Captain Hiram Cox.

(Concluded from p. 536.)

THE Chinese were scarcely more pertinacious in exacting from our ambassadors, Lords Macartney and Amherst, the performance of the kou ton, than the Burmhan ministers were in making Captain Cox take off his shoes in entering the wretched palace of the sovereign. He yielded to it through friendship in the outset of his negotiation, but, notwithstanding, protested against the humiliation, and demanded that it should not in future be expected from him. Of the dreadful tyranny of the Burmhan monarch, Captain Cox observed several instances, but none more striking than the following:—

'August 20. In the morning I sent my interpreter to make a last effort with the attahoon of the palace, to deliver a letter from me to his majesty; but both of those he saw positively refused, saying that they dared not. One of them said, his majesty's sword is too sharp; you see a rich man was beheaded but yesterday without committing any fault. He then stated his case; the unfortunate man had been renter of a considerable district, and amassed wealth by oppression; complaints were lodged, he was tried, found guilty, mulcted, and declared incapable of serving his majesty, who ordered him to retire from court, and never appear before him again. Unfortunately for him, his ambition would not permit him to remain quiet in obscurity; his wealth enabled him to find patrons, and through them he twice petitioned his majesty for permission to reside at the capital, and be enrolled as one of his merchants; these petitions were rejected. He, notwithstanding, persevered to a third attempt, and, to insure success, offered a considerable bribe to one of his majesty's favourite daughters to present it, which she undertook. The king, on receiving the petition, was extremely enraged, and exclaimed, I have repeatedly ordered this villain not to presume to approach me; let him be immediately apprehended and confined. This order was given at four o'clock in the evening, and immediately executed. The man, too late dreading the effects of his majesty's wrath, immediately began to scatter his wealth among the royal family; money and jewels were sent to all such as were supposed to have influence; the bribes were received, and he was told not to suffer any apprehension; however, at seven, the same evening, his majesty ordered that he should be beheaded, and his property confiscated. The sentence was immediately carried into execution, and the myrmidons of the palace took possession of his property. His body is exposed above ground, pinned to the earth, where it is left

to rot; the king's doctor cut off the tip of his nose, ears, lips, tongue, and fingers, which, with some of his blood, is to form a compound in some medicine of wonderful efficacy in insuring longevity and prosperity to those who are so happy as to obtain a portion of it from his majesty's bounty. This is one of the palace nostrums, of which there are many others equally mystic in the preparation, and wonderful in the operation; these his majesty occasionally dispenses to the credulous multitude. The fall of a rich man proves a source of revenue beyond the amount of his immediate assets. His books are carefully examined, and all whose names are there entered, whether the account has been settled or not, are sued for the full amount of the entry, and are obliged to pay the demand, without daring to demur or question the legality of the action; and names are often inserted on the occasion.

It is a part of the Burmahan policy to give young ladies of the court in marriage to the heirs of the most powerful subjects, with a view to secure their fidelity or report their defection or mal-practices. For this purpose, the queen mother, the queens, and princesses take the courtiers under their protection, and educate them in their respective palaces; a plan which the parents readily agree to, as affording a certain provision for their daughters. Alchemy is a favourite study at the Burmahan court. The mayhoon, who, as well as most of the royal family, is fond of this study, sent to Captain Cox some quicksilver, which was given to him by Mr. Keys:—

His excellency produced a mixture of drugs, which he had been preparing, which was to make people invulnerable; and when perfected, a little held in the hand, would make a person's countenance resplendent with glory, and enable him to fly; and, in spite of all Mr. Keys' arguments, persisted in believing that the transmutation of metals was known in Europe. Mr. Keys told him, that he hoped his excellency would let him into the secret when he had acquired it; which produced another general laugh, and his excellency was so much pleased that he told him, that in case I left the country, if he would stay with them, he would do every thing in his power to make the Burmahan dominions agreeable to him: detailing many sensual temptations, which make the suni of a Burmahan's happiness. Previous to his going to the mew whoon, Mr. Keys had called on the eng's whoon, and had been equally successful in conciliating his good will; he gave him some vulnerary balsam, salves, and lint, and shewed him how to use them; and pleased the old man so much that he made him promise to pass the next Burmahan Sunday at his house, as he should then be at leisure to hear him all day. The Burmahan Sunday, or day dedicated to rest and prayer, falls

on the days of new and full moon, and the days of the moon's quartering, so that there are four in each lunar month.

September 28. In the morning, according to appointment, Mr. Keys waited on the eng's whoon, who received him with particular attention, seated him on a couch-bed beside him, and had prepared a collation for him. Baha Shein Atto-whoon, of Hunzawaddy, and some other persons of middling rank were present, and seated on carpets on the floor: the conversation first turned on alchemy; the eng's whoon said that many Burmahans had ruined themselves by such pursuits without being a sufficient warning to others, as they still remained impressed with a belief, that if they could find a certain root they should succeed; but this root was not to be found, and many lives had been lost in searching for it. Niebuhr, I think, mentions a similar opinion prevailing in Arabia, where he met with some miserable adepts, who described a plant that grows on the mountains of Yemen, and tinges the teeth of animals feeding on it yellow, as a species of the plant, the desideratum of alchemists: and, I apprehend, the modern rage for alchemy amongst the Burmahans has been introduced by the Mahomedans itinerant or settled amongst them, who have also impressed them with a belief of the sovereign efficacy of confections, of rubies, the precious metals, and others, the farrago of nostrums which have so long been a fruitful source of profit to the empires of the western world.

I do not, by this, mean to ascribe to the Arabians the invention of these follies, but the renewal of them; as we have indubitable proofs of their having been practised in the east from the earliest periods of time, and the Burmahans themselves boast of ancient books amongst them which treat of the science of transmutations. As a proof of this assertion, it may be sufficient to quote the *Shanacrit Ashlogue*, translated by Mr. Halhed, in his preface to the *Code, or Digest, of Hindoo Laws*:—

"From the insatiable desire of riches I have digged beneath the earth, I have sought by chemistry to transmute the metals of the mountains.

"I have traversed the queen of the oceans, I have toiled incessant for the gratification of mousarchs.

"I have renounced the world, to give up my whole heart to the study of incantations; I have passed whole nights on places where the dead are burnt.

"I have not gained one cowry;—be gone, O avarice! thy business is over."

Captain Cox experienced the utmost difficulty in getting his business transacted at the Burmahan court; at length he determined to take his leave. On his return, he passed the new city of Gucayne, and afterwards stopped at the ancient city of Pegann or Pokh-gone, the ruins of which he thus describes:—

"I climbed to the top of an old pagoda, by several flights of narrow ruinous stairs. The two lower stories have a flight in each angle, arched over and steep. The first, about a yard broad, and, in height, from the steps to the top of the arch, about five feet, ending in a small turret placed over the angle, and from the door of which only they receive light. The height of the whole of the first flight and story is about forty feet; the height of the second nearly the same, but the arch lower, and passages narrower; the rest of the steps are on the outside, leading to the top of three other stories, from whence the dome rises. The first two stories are surrounded by a Gothic arched gallery, along which are arranged various images of their deities. The building itself is quadrangular, each face fronting the four cardinal points of the compass, with a projecting portico, and corresponding niches within, wherein is placed on a throne, or altar, a colossal gilt figure of Godoma. The principal figure seems uniformly to be placed to the east, where there is the greatest projection for the shelter of those who come to pay their devotions.

"From the top of this pagoda, I commanded a full view of the remains of the city and adjacent country, which, as far as the eye can reach on the eastern side of the river, is rugged downs; sterile, uncultivated, and covered with scrubby bushes, &c. To the south-east, about three miles inland, a rugged ridge of hills rise abruptly from the common level of the country, and extend about five or six miles north and south. The ruins of the pagodas extend about four or five miles along the banks of the river, and inland, about one mile and a half.

"I counted to the south of me fifty; and to the northward there might be seventy more, distinguishable, of various forms and sizes; but numberless others have sunk into indistinguishable masses of rubbish, overgrown with weeds; and the plain is every where covered with fragments of their materials. Immediately above the bank, where my boat lay, is a part of the wall of the western curtain of the fort; and, about a quarter of a mile to the eastward, parallel to it, I passed through a breach in the eastern curtain, and think I saw the north angle bastion, about seven hundred yards from me. It is probable, therefore, that the fort was not larger than the present one at Amarapura; or they may have fixed dimensions for their imperial forts.

The wall is composed of small bricks and mud, about four cubits thick; and has the remains of a dry fosse without. I sketched the figure of one of the most perfect and the largest I saw. My view is of the base, west front, which measures, at the base, about one hundred and eighty-three feet; and, as nearly as I can judge by my eye, is about two hundred feet in height. Its interior is similar to one I have described, but in better preservation. It is built of

bricks of two dimensions; the largest, which are used in the body of the building, are seventeen inches long, eight and a half broad, and three and a half thick. The least are fourteen and a half long, seven and five-eighths broad, and one and a half thick. They are well burnt, and joined together with great skill and nicety. Their surface and edges being ground, perfectly correspond, and lie so close as that not the least cement can be seen between them; if any was used, it must have been a very fine gluten. As far as relates to the exterior surface of the body of the building, the masonry is the best I have ever seen, but I doubt much whether this holds good throughout; perhaps it is only observed in the cannon revetments. The whole building has been plastered over in the usual manner, and it is where this plaster has scaled off, that the workmanship is to be observed.

A little further to the eastward, without the walls of the fort, is another, about the size of the one I sketched, but somewhat different in form. It has been repaired and beautified by the present Prince of Pagan, and is deserving of more attention than any time or circumstances would permit me to bestow on it. It is also quadrangular, but its porticoes project further, and the spire is loftier, and it has two vaulted galleries surrounding it, in the walls of which are numerous niches, filled with various images of their deities. In the four principal centric-niches, are four erect colossal gilt images of Godama, about twenty-five feet in height, standing on the lotos flower. It is remarkable that these have all crisped hair! the poonghees deny that they have any affinity with Caffres. But say that, when Godama assumed the religious habit, he cut off his hair with his sword, leaving it rugged or furrowed, and the features of a genuine Burmian have a good deal of the Caffre cast. These principal niches form a kind of *sanctum sanctorum*, and are raised off, so as to prevent the too near approach of the multitude. Over each figure is suspended a chattré of dominion. In the vestibule of the western front, is a large stone, with the prints of the feet of Godoma. These are only representations of those sacred impressions which he has left in various parts of the earth, particularly in the Burmian dominions. The following are the rough dimensions which I took of the building, to form a ground-plan from. The outer wall of the portico, fourteen feet thick, breadth of the passage ten feet. Portico or vestibule, length forty feet, breadth twenty-one, height thirty-five, passage of ditto to first cloister or gallery, fourteen feet in length, breadth ten feet. First gallery, greatest length one hundred and forty-three feet, breadth eighty-six, passage thence to the inner gallery fourteen feet, breadth ten feet; inner gallery, greatest length one hundred and one feet ten inches, breadth eight feet six inches. Niche for the idol, breadth twenty feet,

depth seventeen feet, height thirty-five or forty feet. The partition wall between the two galleries, and the outer wall also, had several small arches for the passage of air and light at different heights. To get to the second story, it was necessary to creep along a cornice, about fourteen feet above the pavement, and only sixteen inches broad, a risk which neither our devotion or curiosity could tempt us to encounter. I have only to add, that the avenues to the inner cloister, had great folding grated gates; but the only precautions used, are seemingly intended to keep out cattle. We were permitted to traverse and examine every thing without molestation; a few persons, who, I suppose, were slaves to the pagoda, attending us out of curiosity. However, to reconcile them to our measuring, &c., I told them we had nothing of the kind in our country; and if I was not particular in writing down the length, breadth, &c. the people there would not believe that there was such a building in the world. In the two galleries of the lower story, I think there are at least two thousand images in the niches, of stone and wood gulf, the carving tolerable; and in little compartments on the outside of the surbase, were figures in relief, of green varnished pottery, and also on the frieze of the cornice.

With this extract we close as original a work as any that has come before us. While it presents a singular picture of oriental manners, it furnishes much important information for the guidance of future embassies to the Burmian empire.

THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

The twenty-first part of this popular work is devoted to *Anecdotes of Beneficence*, and contains numerous instances of the exercise of this godlike virtue. It is very appropriately dedicated to Mrs. Fy, who is termed 'the female Howard of her times.' An elegant portrait, and an interesting anecdotal memoir of this distinguished lady, are given in the part. The following are extracts:—

Delicate Generosity.—A French Abbé, celebrated for his wit as well as his political knowledge, was much embarrassed for the sum of five hundred louis d'ors. The Abbé was high-minded, and being constantly at Versailles, he carefully avoided every thing that might lead to the discovery of his embarrassment. Some person, however, whispered the secret to the Queen, the beautiful but unfortunate Marie Antoinette. On the same evening, her Majesty meeting the Abbé at the Duchesse de Polignac's, engaged him in a party at tria-trac, her favourite game, in which she contrived in a short time to lose the sum which her partner wanted; then, smilingly she rose from the table, and re-

linquished the game, while the astonished Abbé was lost in admiration.

Benevolent Gamblers.—A very respectable gentleman, who had an aversion to cards, but did not wish to seem unfashionable in a family where he often visited, and where public days for play were set apart, found himself under the necessity of playing deep. It was his good fortune, however, generally to be successful. After some years of intimacy, the master of this family took him aside one day, and imparted to him the melancholy secret, that his affairs were in a most embarrassed state. The gentleman expressed his concern at his friend's distress, and entreated him not to despair.

On his return home, he opened a private drawer in his bureau, in which he had highly deposited his winnings at the card tables in his friend's house; and the next day, insisted on refunding the sum this inconsiderate man and his family had lost. It was sufficient to save his friend from instant imprisonment, and to give a turn to his affairs; but he restored it only on condition that they should never play at cards again.

The late General Scott, so celebrated for his success in gaming, was one evening playing very deep with the Count D'Artois and the Duke de Chartres, at Paris, when a petition was brought up from the widow of a French officer, stating her various misfortunes, and praying relief; a plate was handed round, and each put in one, two, or three louis d'ors; but when it was held to the general, who was going to throw for a stake of five hundred louis d'ors, he said, "Stop a moment, if you please, sir, here goes for the widow!" The throw was successful; and he instantly swept the whole into the plate, and sent it down to her.

Many years since, a Mr. Bradshaw had won about 200l. at a gaming table. A gentleman standing behind him, exclaimed, "How happy should I be with that sum!" Bradshaw, without looking at him, handed the purse of money over his shoulder. The stranger took it, fitted himself out for India, and in a few years acquired a large fortune. On his return to England he waited on Mr. B., to whom he made himself known, and offered restitution. Mr. B. however, declined accepting it; but he soon afterwards received from the gentleman a present of much greater value.

A similar incident to the preceding is related of the Comte de Montmorency. He was at an assembly at Montpelier, where there was very high play at Bassot. A poor gentleman who was behind, and saw the constable put three thousand pistoles upon a card, said softly to one who was near him, "Oh, what a sum! it would make me easy for life!" It happened that the constable won; when, turning quick upon the gentleman who spoke, he said, "Sir, I made that stake for you;" and gave him the six thousand pistoles.

Kosciusko.—The hero of Poland once wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman at Solothurn; and as he hesitated to trust them by his servant, lest he should smuggle a part, he gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. On his return, young Zeltner said that he never would ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko inquiring what he meant, he answered, "As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks charity, the horse immediately stands still, and will not stir till something is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money about me, I was obliged to feign giving something, in order to satisfy the horse."

Farniello.—The celebrated Italian singer, Farniello, who was a great favourite with Philip the Fifth of Spain, going one day to the King's closet, to which he had at all times access, heard an officer of the guard curse him, and say to another that was in waiting, "Honours can be heaped on such scoundrels as these, while a poor soldier like myself, after thirty years' service, remains unnoticed." Farniello, without seeming to hear the reproach, complained to the King that he had neglected an old servant, and procured a regiment for the person who had spoken so harshly of him in the anti-chamber. On quitting his Majesty, Farniello gave the commission to the officer, telling him that he heard him complain of having served thirty years; but added, "You did wrong to accuse the King of neglecting to reward your zeal."

Prince Leopold of Brunswick.—In the year 1785, Prince Leopold of Brunswick, son of the reigning duke, lost his life in endeavouring to relieve the inhabitants of a village that was overflowed by the Oder, which had burst its banks in several places, and carried away houses, bridges, and every thing that opposed its progress. This amiable prince was standing by the side of the river, when a woman threw herself at his feet, beseeching him to give orders to some persons to go and rescue her children, whom, bewildered by the sudden danger, she left behind in the house. Some soldiers who were in the same place, were also calling out for help. The prince endeavoured to procure a flat-bottomed boat, but none could be found to venture across the river, although he offered large sums of money, and promised to share the danger. At last, moved by the cries of the unfortunate inhabitants of the suburbs, and being led by the sensibility of his disposition, he took the resolution of going to their assistance himself. Those who were about him, endeavoured to dissuade him from the hazardous enterprise; but, touched to the soul by the distress of these miserable people, he nobly replied, "What am I more than either you or they? I am a man like yourselves, and nothing ought to be attended to here, but the voice of humanity." Un-

shaken, therefore, in his resolution, and in spite of all intreaties, he immediately embarked with three watermen in a small boat, and crossed the river; the boat did not want more than three lengths of the bank, when it struck against a tree, and in an instant they all, together with the boat, disappeared. A few minutes after, the prince rose again, and supported himself a short time by taking hold of a tree; but the violence of the current soon overwhelmed him, and he never appeared more. The boatmen, more fortunate, were all saved, and the prince alone became the victim of his humanity."

How to Spend a Saturday Evening.—The late Mr. James Bundy, of Bristol, who, from humble poverty, raised himself to circumstances of great affluence, was in the regular habit, on Saturday evenings, of visiting the markets; not as an idle observer, but to do good to the poor. If he beheld a poor person at a butcher's stall inquiring the price of a piece of meat, and then turning away for want of more money, he would call him back, saying, "What can you afford to give?" On being told how much, he would produce the additional sum, and enable the poor man to make the purchase. He would then go in quest of other persons of the same description, and assist them in like manner. It was thus Mr. Bundy spent his Saturday evenings, relieving promiscuously the wants of the poor, who, in return for his humanity and benevolence, offered up prayers and poured blessings upon him. After he had gone round distributing his bounty, he would then purchase pieces of meat for his own poor, or those indigent families whom he visited at their own homes. When he had finished this work of charity and labour of love, he would return home with a glad heart, and recount the blessings he enjoyed above others."

Original Communications.

VINDICATION OF DR. GOLDSMITH
AND MR. LEIGH HUNT.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,—A correspondent of yours, two numbers back, charges Goldsmith with having borrowed his 'Hermit' from Dr. Percy's 'Friar of Orders Grey'; if he had consulted the letter to the printer of the St. James's Chronicle, written by Goldsmith, which usually precedes the first-mentioned ballad, he would then have found the charge reversed; but I will quote the doctor's own words:—"Another correspondent of your's accuses me of having taken a ballad I published some time ago, from one by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I

read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best,) told me, with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own." The delicacy of the doctor in not charging his friend with a plagiarism, and the rest of the letter, are well worthy of the imitation and the perusal of your correspondent.

I will take this opportunity, too, of refusing another accusation of a seer but not less idle kind. A correspondent in your last, who signs himself *MODESTUS*, first asserts that Mr. Leigh Hunt is the author of a paper on the Fine Arts, which appeared in the London Magazine for July, and then charges him with the gross vanity of writing a laudatory critique on that article in a late Examiner. Now, besides the internal evidence that the original article is not from Mr. Hunt's pen, (for it bears no marks of his peculiar style, and, though it is certainly a very clever paper, is not quite so good as any of the worst productions of his versatile mind,) it is very well known to be from the hand of a Mr. Wainwright, a very young and promising writer, who will, I hope, prove himself all that may be wished, when time and a severer taste have corrected some errors.

But your correspondent, in his hurry to catch Mr. Hunt tripping, has not mentioned the very essence, marrow, and best intention of the article in question; namely, the generous offer of 10l. in favour of a subscription for a very worthy artist: now this is unfair, to say no more of it. It gives me pleasure, therefore, to be able to turn away the brand of disgrace from the forehead of Mr. Hunt, and, at the same time, to drop on the head that deserves it, the crown of approbation. Mr. H., with all his literary faults, is I am glad to say, as incapable of the act charged against him, from intellectual honesty and uprightness, as he is, I am sorry to add, incapable of doing the liberal thing unnoticed, from the superior calls of a large family, and the deprivations which long illness and an inability to use his pen were likely to produce.

It would be as well for both your correspondents not to be in so great a hurry, in future, to charge either a dead or a living author with a gross literary sin.

Wishing 'Modestus' more charity,

or no mistaken occasion for displaying his want of it,

I remain, your's, &c. C. W.*
August 25.

HAPPINESS.

(A Sketch.)

* Some fleeting good, which mocks me with the view.—GOLDSMITH.

HAPPINESS is the goal of each man's progress through life, the boundary which terminates all exertions, fatigues, and undertakings, the certain something which is to compensate for all anxieties; and yet it is that, which few, if any, are satisfied with the possession of. To define what true happiness is would be an Herculean labour. How varied are the ideas which different persons form of this much-desired treasure! and how diversified are the roads which, in their several opinions, lead to it. As on all other subjects of disputation, so it is particularly observable in this case, that the supporters of each side of the question manfully uphold their own peculiar views of happiness, and pursue them with determined vigour. Seldom is reflection suffered to occupy a place in forming this resolution, which is invariably founded on those principles which have predominated in their education, produced their early habits, or created in their imaginations, susceptible of any impressions, a certain character, or personification, of what is familiarly termed **HAPPINESS**. This, perhaps, may account for so much disappointment to many, when they have realized their utmost hopes, and have actually grasped the object which they had marked out as the climax of their wishes. Did men but examine before they proceed; would they but look more into their own dispositions, than to what they erroneously think will suit them, there might, perhaps, be less dissatisfaction. But men in general do so mistake themselves; they so little understand their own disease of wants and desires, that they, of course, apply an improper remedy, and thereby render abortive their attempts at a cure. The existence of a definite good, denominated happiness, adapted

* Always anxious to correct any error into which we may either have fallen ourselves or been led by our correspondents, we give ready insertion to this letter. We confess that we had neither seen the 'Examiner,' nor read the article in the magazine, but inserted the letter of 'Modestas' on the faith of his accuracy, as we believe him to be very incapable of intentionally accusing any man wrongfully, or of withholding 'honour to whom honour is due.'—Ed.

to all possible cases of the human system, is not denied; the point at issue is, that persons are misled by hasty judgments to choose the wrong path, and consequently arrive at an object, but that object fails to answer their anticipations. Let them exercise discretion, and indulge reflection, in selecting the method, and it is more than probable that the possession will be commensurate with their desires, and prove what they have so anxiously wished, namely, **TRUE HAPPINESS**. L.

April, 1821.

AN ELEGANT EPISTLE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—No doubt but many of your readers recollect Sarah Hartop's love letter to her sweetheart, which was verified by Jack Ellis, the money-scrivener, and a copy of which has been preserved in Southey's Specimens of the later English Poets. The following elegant *billet-doux*, the original of which is in my possession, may form a fit companion to that of Sarah Hartop; I need scarcely add, that it is unique in its kind, and I beg leave to recommend its genuine simplicity to all who are engaged in amatory correspondence.

I am, &c. *.

DEAR SALLY,—I have the pleasure of Wrighting to you to let you now that I did not like fairy will, your goin to Charles Stelley's Sunday Jan. 12th with my Sister Elizabeth—I did not like your comming a way Thout Her With Morgan Stelley. I did not like your goking Bote the Gether up and down the Leanes Thursday the 14th I hated worst then all he goin dowers With you and Promised you that he yauld go whom With you by Case She Promised meyt He yould give you up tome if I yould Treat him with a gallon of stroung Bear and I told him yt I yould not, Therefore he gets long with you gest to Terrify Ir—and I can cares forbare byding way from your house. I Must by Case if I want to come and yould not be in my company, it yould make me the wast than erer, and nif you wast to be in my company, it yould please my fairy will; But not be in my company, and then be long with Megin Stelley—next time you see him Therefore you send a Letter Nif you please as soon as yon please.

* Whether, you Yould be in my company or not, nif you yould be in my company and not hissen, I will freely forgive you Hall you Hafe been with

Him and Half you beeing With beside. I should said this hear Letter fore only I thought you yould not Takin inn and I thought nif I wear Commickcall letter to be Braken by the Rod.—Dwont you show this hear Letter to Megin Stelley nor Johul Craplar thats Hall, I say no more at Pleasant. J—n T—R.

Layneham, Wilts, July 20, 1821.

PS. Remember I Ham worth fifteen hundred Pound, any day, sides calfs, and hall the housen.

Biography.

MRS. INCHBALD.

It is very rarely that the lives of individuals who devote themselves to literature, present that variety of incident which give interest to biography; to those who wish to trace the progress of the human mind, they, indeed, furnish abundant scope for reflection. It is not, however, merely so with the subject of the present memoir; for although, as a female and an author, she stood in the very first rank, yet her history is not only highly interesting, but in no small degree romantic.

Elizabeth Inchbald was the daughter of Mr. Simpson, a respectable farmer at Staringfield, an obscure village about five miles from Bury St. Edmund's. She was born in the year 1756, and at an early age was remarkable for the beauty of her person and her fondness for reading; to this she was the more inclined, as she unfortunately had such an impediment in her speech, that she was scarcely intelligible to those who were not acquainted with her, and, therefore, she went very little into company.

Having lost her father in her infancy, she was left under the care of her mother, who continued to occupy the farm, and brought up the children with strict attention to their morals. During her many solitary hours, Miss Simpson applied herself sedulously to books, and, anxious to become acquainted with the world of which she read so much, she formed the romantic resolution of visiting the metropolis; but finding her intention did not meet with the approbation of her friends, she seized an opportunity, early one morning, in February, 1772, of eloping from her family. She had previously packed up a few necessary articles in a band-box, and with these she ran about two miles across some fields, and there waited with impatience for

the stage that was to convey her to London.

This first important step in her life, will doubtless by many be reckoned a rash and imprudent one. But the common rules of custom and prudence are not the ordinary standard by which minds bent on adventure and experiment are regulated. The difficulties to be encountered form an apology in the breast of the adventurer, and if success attend the experiment, it is followed with admiration.

Miss Simpson was at this time about sixteen years of age, and remarkable for the beauty of her features and the elegance of her figure. On her arrival in London, she sought a distant relation, who had lived in the Strand; but on reaching the place, she was, to her great mortification, told that he had retired from business, and was settled in Wales. It was near ten o'clock at night, and her distress at this disappointment moved the compassion of the people of the house where she inquired, who at her request generously accommodated her with a lodging. This civility, however, awakened suspicion; she had read of various modes of seduction practised in London, and apprehended that she was in a dangerous house. While the poor people were whispering their pity for her youth, and praising her beauty, she, alarmed at her situation, seized her hand-box, and without uttering a single word, rushed out of the house, leaving them to stare at each other, and think their compassion had been misplaced.

Miss Simpson now ran she knew not whither, but being much fatigued and alarmed, she knocked at a house where she saw lodgings to let, and was just on the point of being admitted as a milliner's apprentice, when, to her great surprise and confusion, she saw at her elbow the tradesman from whose house she had just escaped, and who, impelled by curiosity, had followed her. Confounded by this detection, she attempted another escape, but the door was locked, and she was detained as an impostor. Sincerity was all that she had now left, and with a flood of tears she candidly confessed her real situation; but even now her truth was doubted, and, after a threat of being sent to the watch-house, the fair adventurer was dismissed, and left again to wander through the streets of London.

She now walked where chance directed, exposed to all those insults which unprotected females must en-

counter. At two o'clock in the morning, she found herself at Holborn Bridge, and seeing the stage set off for York, which she understood was full; she entered the inn, pretended that she was a disappointed passenger, and solicited a lodging. Here she remained for the night, and next day was told that the York stage would set off again in the evening. This intelligence having been delivered with an air of suspicion, which was extremely mortifying, she immediately took out all the money she had, to the last half-crown, and absolutely paid for a journey she did not intend to take. The landlady, now satisfied, invited her to breakfast, but this was declined, saying she was in haste to visit a relation. Thus she escaped the expense of a breakfast, and on returning to the inn, said her relation wished her to remain in town a few days longer. By this means she secured her apartment, and while she daily took a walk to purchase what she could afford, it was supposed by the people of the inn that she was feasting with her relation; but, alas! at this time she fasted not, but was in the utmost distress; so much so, that during the last two days of her residence at the inn, she subsisted on two halfpenny rolls, and the water which the bottle in her bed-room contained!

During one of her daily rambles in the metropolis, Miss Simpson attracted the notice of a performer at Drury Lane, who, with some difficulty learning her situation, recommended to her the stage as the most probable means of support, and offered to instruct her. A few meetings having convinced her that his designs were not honourable, she prudently declined his company, but determined to follow his advice. Accordingly, she applied to Mr. King, of Drury Lane, the manager of the Bristol theatre, and having communicated her intention with much stammering, which was increased by her anxiety, the comedian listened to the fair candidate with natural astonishment. She rehearsed a part before him, and many whimsical jests have been related respecting this interview. It seems, however, that Mr. King did not discourage the lady, though he declined to give her an engagement. She next applied to Mr. Inchbald for advice. This gentleman, with whom she had hitherto been unacquainted, but whom she had frequently seen at Bury St. Edmunds, introduced her to another performer, who had purchased a share of a country theatre, and who,

struck with her beauty, gave her an immediate engagement without trial. He became also her instructor, and in him she imagined she had found a friend, but she soon discovered the nature of his friendship. Indignant at the dishonourable proposals which he dared to make to her, she hastened to Mr. Inchbald, whose kindness had inspired her with confidence, and informed him of every circumstance. Afflicted by her sorrow, this gentleman endeavoured to soothe it, and recommended marriage as her only protection. 'But who would marry me?' cried she. 'I would,' replied Mr. Inchbald with warmth, 'if you would have me.' 'Yes, sir, and would for ever be grateful.' 'And for ever love me,' rejoined he. The lady hesitated—but not doubting her love, in a few days they were married, and thus unexpectedly she became both a wife and an actress.

Mr. Inchbald first introduced his wife on the stage at Edinburgh, where she continued four years, and performed the principal characters, when she was but eighteen years of age; from which it may be inferred that her previous unsuccessful attempts had proceeded principally from natural impediments and private prejudices. For one who could with tolerable acceptance appear at so early a period as a principal actress, must have possessed a considerable degree of intellect and no common insight into the human character.

At length Mrs. Yates, who had been long in possession of the public favour in London, visited Edinburgh, and became the formidable rival of Mrs. Inchbald, whom she is said to have treated with great incivility: in consequence of which, she and her husband quitted Edinburgh, and passed two years at York.

Mrs. Inchbald's health being now much impaired, a tour to the south of France was recommended, and, after staying abroad about a year, she returned with her husband, with whom she lived in the most perfect harmony. Two years after their return, Mr. Inchbald died. She now returned to London, and continued to act for four years at Covent Garden Theatre. She next visited Dublin, and performed under Mr. Daly's management for some time.

On quitting the Dublin theatre, Mrs. Inchbald returned, once more to Covent Garden, where she continued to act for some years, but suddenly re-

linquished it, and remained in London in great poverty and obscurity. It was now that she began to devote her attention to dramatic writing. Having written a comedy, she read part of it to Mr. Harris, who disapproved of the piece, and sent it anonymously to Mr. Colman, the manager of the Haymarket, with whom it remained nearly three years unnoticed. Notwithstanding this neglect and discouragement in the outset, she persevered, and, availing herself of the rage for balloons, which existed in the year 1784, she sent him her farce of 'A Mogul Tale; or, the Descent of the Balloon.' The subject, probably, induced Mr. Colman to pay this piece more attention. He read, approved, and accepted it. Its success induced Mrs. Inchbald to remind him of her dormant comedy; on which he immediately replied, 'I'll go home this moment and read it.' He did so, and having approved of it, he gave it the title of 'I'll tell you what,' wrote a prologue for it himself, and brought it out in 1785.

Much has been said relative to Mr. Colman's not having read the comedy when first sent to him; the truth is, that according to that gentleman's own words he admired *modest merit*, and seldom attended to the *five-act* productions of anonymous writers, which generally proved the vain attempts of ambitious authors; but he delighted in encouraging young beginners, who, like himself, began with pieces of one and two acts.

The tide of Mrs. Inchbald's fortune now began to turn; no longer perplexed as an actress by precarious engagements—no longer mortified by the neglect of her literary talents, she now saw her prospects brighten. Accordingly, she began to enlarge her rules of economy, and changed her humble lodgings for others more suitable to her circumstances; for it was one great excellence in the conduct of this amiable woman, that she always studied economy, and, accommodating her mode of living to her circumstances, she preserved, even in her humble fortunes, a high sense of moral dignity and independence.

The comedy of 'I'll tell you What' was soon followed by others of a similar character, that of genteel comedy, which was the forte of Mrs. Inchbald, and she seems never to have attempted tragedy, or even *tragi-comedy*. Her province was humour and satire, occasionally interspersed with the serious,

agreeably to the custom of modern comedy. Mrs. Inchbald also wrote several farces, but free from the caricature, buffoonery, and extravagance of farce in general; and they might more properly be termed comedies in one, two, or three acts. We shall now enumerate the dramatic productions of this lady, which will show the fertility of her genius. To those already mentioned, she has added,—Appearance is against Them, a farce, acted at Covent Garden, in 1785.—The Widow's Vow, a farce, acted at the Haymarket, 1786. Such things are a Play, acted at Covent Garden, 1717.—The Midnight Hour, a petit comedy, acted at Covent Garden, 1789.—All on a Summer's Day, a comedy, acted at Covent Garden without success, 1787.—Animal Magnetism, a farce, acted at Covent Garden, 1788.—The Child of Nature, a comedy, ditto, 1788.—The Married Man, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket, 1789.—The Hue-and-Cry, a farce, acted without success, at Drury Lane, 1791.—Next-door Neighbours, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket, 1791.—Young Men and Old Women, a farce, ditto, 1782.—Every One has his Fault, a comedy, acted at Covent Garden, 1793.—The Wedding-Day, a farce, acted at Drury Lane, 1795.—Wives as they were and Maids as they are, a comedy, acted at Covent Garden, 1797.—Lovers' Vows, a comedy, altered from Kotzebue's 'Child of Love,' acted at Covent Garden, 1798.—The Wise Man of the East, ditto, 1799—and To Marry or not to Marry, 1805.

Of all these productions, the very pleasing comedy intitled 'The Child of Nature,' seems to have been the favourite of the fair author, as she appears to have had her eye on it, in one of her later works, of a different character, as well as in her alteration of 'Lovers' Vows;' for the character of Amansia, in the former, may be fairly supposed to have given a turn to the character of Amelia, in the latter.

Mrs. Inchbald retired from the stage in 1789, and from that period until the year 1805, it will be seen she was very actively employed in dramatic writing. In the year 1806, she was engaged to edit a new edition of the British Theatre, with biographical and critical remarks. This work, which consisted of upwards of a hundred plays, acted at the Theatres Royal, was published in twenty-five volumes, 12mo. between the years 1806 and 1809. These were followed by a col-

lection of farces, on the same plan, in seven volumes, and the Modern Theatre, in ten volumes.

There is another department of literature in which Mrs. Inchbald has been no less successful than in her dramatic compositions. We mean novel writing; for, although she has not thought proper to call the pleasing story intitled 'Nature and Art,' a novel, yet it certainly belongs to that class; the story is interesting—the characters are accurately drawn, and the morality sound—its satire is just, the language sprightly, but not fantastic, and the reflections serious without affectation. The 'Simple Story,' and the novel by our author, is characterised by the same simplicity and spirit both as to style and manner, as the former, but the characters are more various, the passions more interesting, and the plot is more intricate and surprising. The story is said to have been a favourite with Mrs. Inchbald, and we are not surprised at it, since we are much mistaken if some of the leading incidents in her own life have not furnished the basis of some part of the story, though diversified by numerous peculiarities, and concealed with much ingenuity.

We have hitherto only spoken of Mrs. Inchbald's literary character, but of her conduct as a woman of honour, even amidst all the gaiety of youth and the powerful influence of a most fascinating person, there is but one opinion. During the whole period of her theatrical engagements, she maintained an unblemished character; and, although the incidents of her life have been the subject of much conversation in the gay world, they never could expose her to the censure of even the most rigid and severe moralist. The worthy part of both sexes, who were honoured with her acquaintance, highly esteemed her worth; her connexion with Mrs. Siddons and Lady Derby strengthened into friendship; and Mrs. Inchbald has left behind her a character that may stand in opposition to the prejudices of such as think that an actress cannot be a virtuous woman. Nothing argues greater illiberality than this common assertion, for it is but justice to observe, that among those who have devoted themselves to a theatrical life, are to be found many persons of the most exemplary conduct.

This distinguished lady, whose talents were of the highest order, and who was an ornament to her sex and country, died at Kensington, on Wed-

nesday, the 1st of August, after a few days' illness. It is matter of sincere regret, that memoirs of her eventful life, written by herself, were destroyed by her own positive direction at her death. Her remains were deposited in Kensington Church Yard, agreeably to her request in her will, which is written with her own hand, and dated the 30th of April, 1821.

This will was registered in the Probative Court on the 17th inst. Probate being granted to Frances Phillips (wife of John Phillips) and George Huggins (her nephew), the executors; her personal property was sworn to be under 6000*l.* in value. Amongst the legacies are—50*l.* to the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund; 50*l.* to Mrs. Isabella Mattocks, late of that theatre; 100*l.* to the testatrix's god-daughter, Miss Cummins, of the Theatre Royal, York; and 20*l.* per annum to a person calling himself Robert Inebald, the illegitimate son of her late husband; 50*l.* to the Catholic Society, for the relief of the aged poor; 20*l.* each to her late laundress and hairdresser, provided they should inquire of her executors concerning her decease; 100*l.* to Mr. Taylor, oculist, of the Sun Office, in the Strand, &c. &c. The residue is bequeathed to her nephew and niece, George Huggins and Ann Jarrett. The testatrix desired to be buried in Kensington Church Yard, between the hours of eight and eleven in the morning; that three mourning coaches may attend her hearse; and that mass and other sacred ceremonies may be performed, usual upon the decease of a Roman Catholic Christian. The will is written with her own hand, and dated the 30th of April, 1821.

Original Poetry.

SONG,

By a Highlander, the only person saved of the crew of a vessel wrecked on an uninhabited island, in the Northern Ocean, in the year 1703.
FROM THE GALLIC.

Ye storms, whose rude blasts have entomb'd
In the deep,
My friends and companions, why leave me to
Weep?
Unshrouded on ocean's green bosom they sleep,
While I live their fate to deplore.
Yet to live amidst those wild, lone, bleak, and
Austere,
The loss even of country and friends I could
Bear,
But Fate from my bosom my Morag to tear!
'Tis done—and what can Fate do more?
Ye breezes that murmur around my dark cave,
And sport on light wing o'er the soft curling
waves!

Do ye visit the vale of the fair and the brave,
By Locklaggan's green flowery shore?
If ye visit that vale, tho' wide seas 'twixt us
roar,
Wait my wishes to her I must ever adore—
Ah! heart-rending thought! must I ne'er meet
her more
By Locklaggan's green flowery shore!

AULD DOWNIE.

THE BARD'S WISH.

When age descending decks my head
With scattered tresses silvery grey,
And furrowed lines, by sorrow made,
Speak to the gaze a toil-worn day:
Calm may I find some ready bower,
Where contemplation, maid serene,
Brings gladly as her votry's dower,
Fair images of spotless mien!
Though life hath been a rugged way,
And chilly blasts have numb'd my frame—
Spare, Heaven! warm fancy's radiant play—
O spare my heart to sorrow's claim!
Oft 'mid the scene, in frolic mood,
May youth and beauty light disport,
Pleased to beguile the solitude,
Where waning years the virtues court;
With many a song and touching lay,
Renew the memories of my youth,
When fancy saw a brighter day
Than ever shone in hues of truth.
And when my stifling bosom heaves
Its prison'd inmates late farewell,
May spring returning wave her leaves
O'er my lone grave in greenwood dell.

MAC.

IRISH NEWS,

In a Letter from a Friend in Dublin.

In Ireland quite safe, and in Dublin so trim,
I have nothing but novelty, pleasure, and
whim!—
You may laugh at this hum of potatoes and
milk,
You may boast of your ladies in feathers and
silk,
You may strut in the park overmother'd with
dust,
Or sit at the shades drinking wine in its crust;
We have Derry from London and busting at
Derry,
And, like good King Stephen, our monarch is
 merry!
His mind seems so light in its cumbrous day,
It is constantly dancing engagements away.
He is toasted in whiskey, and whiskey inspires
him!
One lady attracts him—another admires him;
One, always supposed he look'd older by years!
And another, how hucksome the actor had ap-
pears!

From the cabin to castle his praise is the theme,
Whilst he smiles in the bliss of a flattering
dream.
He shakes Larry O'Brien and Paddy O'Whack,
And squeezes the hand without coat to the
back;
Takes a shock with delight, yet is shock'd to
the core,
When they cry—taxing glass is a pig and a
hog!
But his heart is real Irish, his speeches the
same,
So they drink to St. Patrick, the shamrock, and
flame.
The gentry in stars, constellations of earth,
The nobles in garbs of titles and birth,

The deans and their chapters, which seldom are
read,
Soldiers forging still in pursuit of their bread;
All are happy! why not so? ay, surely—'tis not
quite,
For a troublesome urchin, call'd Cere, is their
sprite:
He dodges and haunts them wherever they go—
They would kill him in wrath, but they cannot,
you know!

He dozes and wakes, and, as great as a king,
Sits first at the feast and is last on the wing;
In secret or openly, still is he chief,
And joy, where he reigns, is but sudden and
brief.

Here are marquesses, baronets, dukes, and
esquires,
Arrayed in their honours and full of desires—
Desires? yes, I learn from their bowing and
scrapping,
And even their servants their betters are spinning:
Place, place! is the theme, friend, I do not
mean fish,
Yet 'tis fishing for place, too; some catch as
they wish;
Now, for me, I have caught, for my dancing is
night,
A fine cold! and, perhaps, you will say, 'that
is right'!

I have lost, too—my money? ay, plenty, but
more—
Do not laugh—what I never again can re-
store!
You may guess what a youth, in a splendid hall
Full of beautiful ladies, may lose at a ball,
Where the fanciful shapes and the lightness of
feet

Tap and spring on the sleek boards to melody's
best;
But of this, more hereafter;—you know I have
gone

To see the great bog at Kill-Judy move on;
Jokers say that the King and his suit are afraid
Let this bog should approach ere the visit be
paid;

But his ladies declare, e'en the consorts of C,
Such a movement to England delicious would
be!

However, when evening is calm on the coast,
And the leaves of the woods are but gently in
motion,

I steal from the bustle of joy for one hour,
To be present with absence, and gather a
flower!

As to mornings, like London, the city is still,
Save a few orange-peasants up-climbing the hill,
A few straggling soldiers relieving the guard,
A few noisy fellows unlocking the ward,
A few broken heads lying close to the walls,
A few early wars cried with comical squall,
A few woollen cloaks round their owners' ankles,
And the infants, their baggage, wrapped up in
a hoop.

I have seen a few fights with the bludgeon and
flint,

And 'tis something more strange—perhaps
shook hands and kiss'd!
Ere the combat began—'twas for love to be
sure!

And the Irish like cats, cause a wound for a
wound.

I saw a few priests hurrying off to the shrine,
With their mouths full of masses, on fuller of
wine!

The calling of vigils, the folks but half dead,
To the chapel must lie, to cross forehead and
brow.

And I've often seen there a dark feminine eye,
Glimpse humanly, feelingly, archly, and shy.

When her beads she hath dropped to her
ground-touching knee,
For the love of her heart, who knelt only to see,
And to mingle his tones, in the chaunt for the
day,
With those very sweet whispers so early to
pray.
Here are counts and levees, here are dinners
and races,
Ungracious partakers, and takers of graces;
Some kiss but the glass and the cup,—there are
many
But taste of the lip, which is sweeter than any!
Here are concerts, where music and singing
are heard,
And the heart is engaged to the voice of a
word;
Cannon firing, bells pealing, *mayors* trotting
about,
Billy Curtis hazzling with angelised shout;
To make us all glad, or to drown us in eyes,
Thalia is mask'd or Melpomene dies;
Of course, exits and entrances, prompters and
chat,
With *Keen* imitations in acting, so *Pat*.
What with scene-shifting, tongue, my dear,
blarney and honey,
We have thousands of ways to get rid of our
money!
I have heard you have inquiries in *quest* of the
truth,
But, in Ireland, such things are but sudge!
and, in south,
What with bob-wig, big-wig, little-wig, and
pig-tail,
I care not how soon to old England we sail:
Till we come, may your prospects of pleasure
be fair,
But, if clouded in woe, give them hope for
despair.

College Court, Dublin, Aug. 1821. P.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—A new farce was produced at this theatre on Tuesday night, under the title of *Five Hundred Pounds*. As there is neither novelty in the plot nor merit in the dialogue, we shall briefly observe, that the story turns upon a young spendthrift, who, after devising various expedients to get 500l. at length obtains it by a fraud upon his uncle. The actors did all they could for the piece, but it was received with much disapprobation, and lived but two nights.

HAYMARKET.—On Saturday, after the opera of *Fountainbleau*, which is admirably performed, a new farcical interlude, in one act, was produced, intitled *Match-making*. The story, though brief, possesses more interest and variety than usually belong to pieces of this class:—

Mr. Matchem (Mr. Terry), an old bachelor, is possessed with the mania of making matches for all the single people of his acquaintance, though the greater part of them had ended in divorce and separate maintenance. He has a large list of names destined for wedlock: but the chief object of his care is Lady Emily

Courser (Mrs. Chatterley), his niece. He has projected for her a union with Capt. Belmont (Mr. De Camp), a gentleman he has never seen since he officiated as sponsor for him, and whose person, therefore, is quite unknown to him. He sends to the head-quarters of the regiment to which he belongs, to invite him to his house, and the invitation is accepted. But Col. Rakely (Mr. Jones), the commander of the regiment, a man of intrigue and dissipation, gains sight of Belmont's letter, and, in a frolic, determines to circumvent him with his mistress. He employs Belmont on some service, which must prevent, for a few days, the prosecution of his amour, and himself visits Lady Emily, under the assumed name of his inferior officer. Unfortunately for him, Lady Emily, disgusted with the absurd projects of her uncle, determines to accept no lover of his proposing. Rakely, therefore, whose character as a man of gallantry would otherwise have paved the way to his success, loses all chance by personating Belmont. When he is about to declare himself in his own person, Belmont arrives, and, both officers being equally unknown in the family, he is taken for Rakely. Some amusing *equivoc* arises, which leads to the discovery of the real rank and pretensions of each. Belmont is selected as the happy man by the capricious Lady Emily, partly because Rakely, though under an assumed name, had the misfortune of being first proposed by her uncle, and because, too, she recognizes in him a gentleman who had rendered her an essential service on some former occasion. The chief agent in the different disguises and discoveries is Shuffie (Mr. Oxberry), an old servant of Rakely's.

The merit of this little piece is entirely in the story and in its dramatic situations, for the dialogue does not contain a single attempt at wit or humour. The acting was indeed excellent; the performers were few, but every one seemed a principal, and the success of the piece was complete. When Mr. Matchem, at the conclusion, said that, however he might have hitherto failed in *match-making*, he hoped in this he had succeeded, the applause was loud and enthusiastic. The house was (as it now is almost every evening) extremely full; but, from the excellent manner in which it is ventilated, the heat was less oppressive than might have been expected.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—A new farcical operetta was produced at this theatre, on Thursday night, intitled *A Cure for Coxcombs*. It has not the slightest plot, and its merits, in any other respect, are more than equivocal. It was received very coolly, and cannot possibly last more than a few nights.

Literature and Science.

A society for the encouragement of arts, upon a plan nearly similar to that of the British Institution, Pall Mall, has been established at Glasgow.

Gas tar, mixed with yellow ochre, makes an invisible green paint, very useful for preserving coarse wood-work, or other articles where more ornament is required than art alone.

Important Invention.—Mr. William Wood, of Bow, Middlesex, has discovered, that a light felt of hide-hair, or mixture of hide-hair and wool, when saturated with tar, is highly elastic and water-proof, and conceiving the useful application of the substance as a lining for the sheathing of ships, he manufactures it in an expeditious and economical manner, in sheets of suitable size for that purpose; such sheets, being attached to the external sides and bottom of the ship by simply nailing with scupper nails, are covered with planking. The substance he terms adhesive felt. It possesses the property of elasticity in so considerable a degree, as to stretch uniformly without fracture or injury either to its texture or its complete imperviousness to water, whenever the ship's seams are opened by straining in hard weather, or, in more dangerous cases, of the starting of planks or the breaking of timber, as in standing. In all such cases, when, with the usual mode of sheathing, water would necessarily be admitted, to the certain destruction of the vessel, this material forms an impenetrable and elastic case or garment for the whole ship's bottom, and in case of opening the seams by straining, it recovers its first dimensions with the return of the part so opened, or the release of the strain; in such cases it generally falls into the openings in a certain degree, so as to render them afterwards more secure against a recurrence. He also finds it to be a complete protection against every description of worm in all climates; this destructive animal is never known to penetrate the material in the slightest degree. The material, hair, or hair and wool, is prepared for felting by the operation of dressing and bowing, as in the practices of hat-making, and it is felted in the usual manner. Sheets or portions thus felted, are dipped into the melted tar or pitch in certain stated proportions to each other, and then undergo a slight compression, to take away the extraneous or dripping quantity of the material; they are then ex-

posed for a short time to dry and cool, and are then considered fit for use.

New Medicine.—Dr. Siemerling, jun. of New Brandenburg, has published in the Prussian State Gazette, a cure which he has discovered for the wasting of the windpipe. The remedy consists in the use of the milts of pickled herrings, and the manner of employing them is pointed out by the learned doctor, whose wife, it seems, laboured under, and was in the last stage of, this dreadful disease. Upon her the husband made trial of his panacea, which is thus described:—“The patient took every morning, an hour before her coffee, the milt washed in water, and as the use of all other medicines was suspended, the effects of the new remedy could be more accurately observed. For a fortnight her situation remained as before; but from the end of that period, the herring milts being persevered in, all the bad symptoms of a dangerous malady gradually disappeared, and she was wholly recovered in three months; though, in the opinion of the doctor and other physicians, she could not have been expected to linger six weeks at the utmost, in a state of extreme suffering.”

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia limen,
Omnia hic tildem depascitur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

Austerity, a state of rigid mortification. It is distinguished from severity and rigour thus. *Austerity* to the manner of living; severity to the manner of thinking; rigour to the manner of punishment. To austerity is opposed effeminacy; to severity, relaxation; to rigour, clemency. A hermit is austere in his life; a casuist severe in his application of religion or law; a judge rigorous in his sentences.

The following epitaph is copied from the tombstone of R. T. Crossfield, M.D. in Hendon Church Yard.

Beneath this stone Tom Crossfield lies,
- Who cries not now who laughs or cries;
- He laughed when sober, and when mellow
- Was a harum scarum heedless fellow;
- He gave to none designed offence,
- So boni soli qui mal y pense.

Bonaparte.—The Gazette of Parma contains the following official order of the widow of Napoleon for going into mourning for his death. On the occasion of the death of the most serene spouse of our august sovereign, which

has taken place at St. Helena, on the 5th of last May, her Imperial Highness, the knights and ladies comprising the interior service of the court, the persons of the ducal household and livery, shall wear mourning for three months, divided into three periods or classes, from 25th July to 24th of September, from 5th September to 2nd October, and from the 3rd to the 24th of October. The obsequies shall take place in the chapel attached to the Villa di Sala, the present residence of her Imperial Highness.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

‘*Life*,’ Chap. II, ‘Vulgar Errors,’ Sam Sprai-sal, and J. R. P. in our next.

‘The Favourites of Eliza, Cambro, W. S., and O. B. have been received.

Caledonia seems to have been at a pinch when he wrote his sonnet on *Snuff*.

J. W. D. in defence of Mr. Hunt, will excuse our inserting his letter, which is anticipated by one previously received, and to which we have given place in the present number.

We shall be happy to see the poem offered by C. W. Next week he will see that we do not forget him.

P. W. C. C. treats what is evidently a joke seriously; our authority was an American paper, and the double insertion an oversight.

A ‘Scotchman’ will not do, although his loyalty makes ‘God save the King’ flash out of his mouth.

We shall not, this week, follow what W. S. calls ‘the Blackwood way of answering correspondents, by nihil;’ but we really do not understand him. If it is the address to the Deity, to which he alludes, we must observe that it is very unlike any thing we have seen by Klopstock.

Advertisements.

This day are published, by G. & W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave-Maria Lane, printed in a neat pocket size, price 1s. each,

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* Can any of our readers inform us whether this is the same Crossfield that was tried for shooting at his late majesty, or not?—Ed.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 121.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Letters to Richard Heber, Esq. containing Critical Remarks on the Series of Novels beginning with 'Waterley,' and an Attempt to ascertain the Author. 8vo, pp. 255. London, 1821.

We recollect, in one of Mr. Dibdin's pieces at the Surrey Theatre, a scene between a manager and a dramatic poet, in which the latter is cautioned so to arrange his story, that the audience may not be let into the plot before the half-price. The author of the present work, however, acts differently, for, in the very outset, he develops his whole story, by declaring that the Scottish novels are by the author of *Marmion*, that is, by Sir Walter Scott, to whom common fame has so long ascribed them. He commences with some general reasons for his belief, and then enters into those details which give it sanction. The instances from which he draws the inference are carefully enumerated in the table of contents, and are principally as follow:—Resemblance between the novelist and the poet in their tastes, studies, and habits of life, as illustrated by their works—both Scotchmen—habitual residents in Edinburgh—poets—antiquaries—German and Spanish scholars—equal in classical attainments—deeply read in British history—lawyers—fond of field-sports—of dogs—acquainted with the most manly exercises—lovers of military subjects—the novelist apparently not a soldier—both men of good society—both their works distinguished by good morals and good sense—both excel in grand and complicated scenes—both have, in many instances, resorted to the same sources of information, and borrowed the same incidents—both fond of mentioning their contemporaries—both delight in frequently introducing an antiquated or fantastic dialect. These are some, though by no means all the points of similarity, on which the author grounds his proof of the works being from the same pen; there are several others still more minute, and all of which tend to

the same conclusion. Believing, as we long have done, that Sir Walter Scott, and no other person could be the author of the Scottish novels, we feel comparatively little interest in an essay, labouring to prove that of which we never entertained a doubt, notwithstanding the ingenuity and industry the author has displayed to establish his point.

Although it has not been denied that the Scottish novels passed through the hands of Sir Walter, yet some have asserted, that they are all written by his brother, a major in the army; this we never, for a moment, credited. The author of the work before us does not allude to this report, but he shows, and we think very clearly, that however much the novelist excels in the rich and animated pictures of martial life, yet they are not those of a professed military man, but "exactly such as might have been expected from a man of genius, who had recently conversed with the triumphant warriors of Waterloo, or the field of their achievements, and commemorated those achievements both in verse and prose."

The similarity of incidents between the poet and the novelist, which our author enumerates, are less striking than those of description and peculiarity of expression, a few of which we shall quote. In their battle scenes,—

"In most instances, the conflict is described as seen by persons looking down upon it from a commanding point, and not mixed in the tumult themselves. The situation of Morton and his companions at Loudon Hill, and of Queen Mary, Seyton, and Græme, at Crookstone, are precisely the same with that of the lady and two 'squires, at Flodden; the first shock of battle, at Bannockburn, is witnessed by Edith, from the Gillies Hill; Rebecca watches the attack on Torquillstone, from a window of the castle; and Allanbane looks down upon the battle of Beal-an-doe from a height overlooking the Trosacks: The natural sublime comparison of hostile ranks engaging, in an agitated sea, is introduced in the four passages last referred to, in Rivingham's Narrative of the battle of Marston Moor, in the description of the British line charging at Waterloo, and in the account of a

similar movement by the French in Paul's Letters. An approaching body of troops is likened to a dark cloud. "God and the cause!" "God and the King!" are the cries at Marston Moor. At Langside, "God and the Queen!" resound from the one party; "God and the King!" thundering from the other. That fine incident in the battle of Flodden,—

"—Fast as shaft could fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his hand,
Housing and saddle bloodied red,
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by,"

is introduced again in the engagement at Loudon Hill.—

"At length horses, whose caparisons showed that they belonged to the Life Guards, began to fly masterless out of the confusion. Dismounted soldiers next appeared, forsaking the conflict, and"—

It is thus a third time touched upon:—"But ere I cleared that bloody press,
Our northern horse ran mangled."

Rodney. Canto 1.

"And again is the Lord of the Isles—"

"The curl hath won the victory.

Lo! where you stood run masteless,
His banner towers above the press."

Canto 6.

"In the fight by Lock Katrine, the armies suddenly shift their ground:—

"As the dark caverns of the deep

Suck the wild whirlpool in,

So did the deep and darksome pass

Derog the battle's mingled mass;

None linger now upon the plain,

Save those who ne'er shall fight again."

Lady of the Lake.

"And thus in the battle of Inverlochy:—

"Allan's threats had forced his own clan from the spot, and all around had pressed on toward the lake, carrying before them noise, terror, and confusion, and leaving behind only the dead and dying."—*Legend of Montrose.*

"Again,—

"In speaking of the moon as seen in a tempestuous sky, the novelist says, that "she waded amid the stormy and dusky clouds, which the wind, from time to time, drove across her surface."—*Antiquary.*

"Thus, too, the poet,—

"The wading moon, with storm pretinging gloom,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam."

The Poacher.

"In a clear night,—

"—"The cold light's uncertain, show'et streams," &c.—*Lay of the last Minstrel.*

"There's a silver shower on the elder's dank."—*Monastery.*

'The following image in the description of a torrent :—

"Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chequered steed."

Lay of the last Minstrel,

is thus in part repeated,—

"She could see the crest of the torrent flung
loose down the rock like the mane of a wild
horse."—*Heart of Midlothian.*

Passing over the similarity of description, we shall proceed to notice a few peculiarities of expression which are peculiar to both :—

'The word "peril" is continually used as a verb by both writers.

"Nor peril aught for meagre."

Lady of the Lake.

"I peril'd thus the helpless child."

Lord of the Isles.

"Before that adventure be peril'd and won."

Harold the Dane.

"Were the blood of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have peril'd it in this quarrel."

Waverley.

"To avoid perilling what I prize so highly."

Bride of Lammermoor.

"The person of least consequence—were better perilled."

Abbot.

"I were undeserving his grace, did I not peril it for his good."

Frankoe.

"You may peril your own soul, if you list."

Kenilworth.

Another word of frequent occurrence in both writers, is 'despite.'

"Despite the uncertainty of my situation."

Rob Roy.

"Despite the asseverations of Edie Ochiltree."

Antiquary.

"Despite my Dutch education."

Guy Mannering.

"Despite thine arrows and thy bow."

Lay of the last Minstrel.

"Despite those tides, power, and pelf."

Ibid.

We might pursue the subject much further, but what we have already quoted will suffice to shew the general character of the work, and the minute details to which the author extends his researches in support of his assumption. We have already stated that there is much ingenuity displayed in this essay, and we ought also to add, there is a good deal of silly trifling, and the whole work is much laboured, particularly when we consider it is only to prove a fact which is now scarcely questioned.

Report relative to the Views and Proceedings of the Cymrodorion, or Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, established in May 1820. 8vo. pp. 62. London, 1821.

THAT a society established for the express purpose of 'preserving and illustrating the remains of ancient British literature, and for promoting its present cultivation,' should have been established in London under the pa-

tronage of his Majesty, must not only be a matter of congratulation to every Cambrian, but to every one who feels an interest in the literary history of his country. Although little more than twelve months have elapsed since the formation or rather re-establishment of the Cymrodorion*, yet the time has not been wholly occupied by mere measures of regulation; several valuable books and MSS. have been collected, subscriptions to works tending to disseminate a knowledge of ancient British literature have been obtained, and a medal for the best Welsh ode on the revival of the society, has been awarded to one of the seven candidates who contested for it.

The Report contains an account of what has been done already, and what is still in contemplation, and it is enriched with a very able essay on 'Antiquity of the Welsh Tongue,' from the elegant and classical pen of John Humphreys Parry, Esq. who, we believe, has been principally instrumental in establishing the institution. The length of this essay precludes our giving it insertion, and we will not injure it by an abridgment; we shall, therefore, quote some lines written by Mrs. Hemans, the author of the 'Sceptre,' and other poems, entitled—

'THE WAKENING OF CAMBRIA,

Inscribed to the Cymrodorion Society by Mrs. Hemans, on her admission as an Honorary Member of the Institution.

"It is a glorious hour to him

Who stands on Snowdon's monarch brow,
When twilight's lingering star grows dim,
And mist with morn's resplendence glow;

"And, rolling swift before the breeze,
Unveil to his enraptur'd eye,
Girt with green isles and sparkling seas,
All Cambria's mountain majesty!"

"But there hath been a mightier hour!"

"Was when her voice from silence broke,
And, as an eagle in its power,
The spirit of the land awoke!"

"From the far depths of ages gone,
From the low chambers of the dead,
It woke! and brightly moving on,
A sun-beam o'er the mountains spread.

"There were sounds, where'er it passed,
O'er Druid rock and Feiry dell,
Of song upon the rushing blast,
Of minstrelsy's triumphant swell!"

"While, as Eryn's torrent-waves
With joyous music hail'd its way,
Ten thousand echoes from their caves
Burst, to prolong th' exulting lay.

"And thou, O harp! to whose deep tone
Was given a power, in elder time,
A might, a magic all thine own,
The burning soul of Cambria's clime;

"Thou, hallow'd thus by freedom's breath,
To guard her fastnesses on high,
With sounds, inspiring acorn of death,
Instinct with immortality:

* The word signifies 'Associates.'

"Thou to the winds, at that proud call,
Didst pour thine old majestic strains,
As when they fr'd, in bower and hall,
The hounds that were not born for chains.

"And deeply yet that music thrills!"

"Yet lives there, in each pealing close,
Some memory of th' eternal hills,
With their pure streams of radiant snows!"

"The hills, where freedom's shrine of old
Hail'd the storm dragon stood;
The streams, which, proudly as they roll'd,
Bore to the deep heroic blood;

"The snows, in their unstain'd array,
Bright o'er each eagle summit spread;
Oh! who shall view their haunts, and say
That inspiration thence hath fled?"

"It is not thus!—each mountain's brow
Bears record of undying names!
How shall your sons forget to glow,
Ye mighty! with your quenchless flames?"

"It is not thus!—in every glen
The soil with noble dust is blest!
Of fearless and of gifted men
The land is one high monument!"

"And think ye not, her hills among,
That still their spirit brightly dwells?
Be thou immortal, soul of song!"

By Dery's waves, in Snowdon's dell's!

"Yes! 'midst those haunts, in days gone by,
The deep wind swell'd with prophetic lore,
Scenes mantled with sublimity,
Still are ye sacred, as of yore."

With our best wishes for the success of an institution, laudable in its plan, and calculated to render no inconsiderable service to literature, we take our leave of the First Report of the Cymrodorion.

Ballantyne's Novelist's Library. Vols. 1, 2, and 3. Royal 8vo. Edinburgh, 1821.

So many editions of the British novels have already appeared, that it seemed almost difficult any longer to present them under a new aspect; this, however, has been done by Mr. Ballantyne, an enterprising bookseller of Edinburgh, who has died since they were commenced. The 'Novelist's Library' is edited by Sir Walter Scott, that extraordinary genius,—

"— whose prolific quill

Can every mouth, with ease, a volume fill."

The three volumes that have already been published, contain the works of Fielding and of Smollet, including, by the former, Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones, Amelia, and Jonathan Wild, which fill the first volume. The second and third are devoted to Smollet, and contain Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Count Fathom, Sir Launcelet Graves, and the translation of Don Quixote. The labours of the present very able editor, which add an increased value and interest even to works so decidedly popular, consist of biographical notices

and critical remarks; the former are brief anecdotal sketches of some of the most prominent features, or most strikingly illustrative of the characters of the individuals. Of the qualifications of the author of the Scottish novels, as a critic on novel writing, no person will doubt; we shall, therefore, leave him in both cases to speak for himself. From the prefatory memoir to *Fielding* we quote the following extracts:—

‘Fielding, the first of British novelists, for such he may surely be termed, has thus added his name to that of Le Sage and others, who, eminent for fictitious narration, have either altogether failed in their dramatic attempts, or at least have fallen far short of that degree of excellence which might have been previously augured of them. It is hard to fix upon any plausible reason for a failure, which has occurred in too many instances to be the operation of mere chance, especially since, *a priori*, one would think the same talents necessary for both walks of literature. Force of character, strength of expression, felicity of contrast and situation, a well-constructed plot, in which the development is at once natural and unexpected, and where the interest is kept uniformly alive, till summed up by the catastrophe,—all these are requisites as essential to the labour of the novelist, as to that of the dramatist, and, indeed, appear to comprehend the sum of the qualities necessary to success in both departments. Fielding’s biographers have, in this particular instance, explained his lack of theatrical success, as arising from the careless haste with which he huddled up his dramatic compositions; it being no uncommon thing with him to finish an act or two in a morning, and to write out whole scenes upon the paper in which his favourite tobacco had been wrapped up. Negligence of this kind will no doubt give rise to great inequalities in the productions of an author so careless of his reputation, but will scarcely account for an attribute something like dullness, which pervades Fielding’s plays, and which is rarely found in those works which a man of genius throws off ‘at a heat,’ to use Dryden’s expression, in prodigal self-reliance on his internal resources. Neither are we at all disposed to believe, that an author, so careless as Fielding, took much more pains in labouring his novels, than in composing his plays; and we are, therefore, compelled to seek some other and more general reason for the inferiority of the latter. This may, perhaps, be found in the nature of these two studies, which, intimately connected as they seem to be, are yet naturally distinct in some very essential particulars; so much so as to vindicate the general opinion, that he, who applies himself with eminent success to the one, becomes, in some degree, unqualified for the other, like the artisan, who, by a particular turn for excellence in one mechanical department, loses the

habit of dexterity necessary for acquitting himself with equal reputation in another, or as the artist, who has dedicated himself to the use of water-colours, is usually less distinguished by his skill in oil-painting.

It is the object of the novel-writer, to place before the reader as full and accurate a representation of the events which he relates, as can be done by the mere force of an excited imagination, without the assistance of material objects. His sole appeal is made to the world of fancy and of ideas, and in this consists his strength and his weakness, his poverty and his wealth. He cannot, like the painter, present a visible and tangible representation of his towns and his woods, his palaces and his castles; but, by awakening the imagination of a congenial reader, he places before his mind’s eye, landscapes fairer than those of Claude, and wilder than those of Salvator. He cannot, like the dramatist, present before our living eyes the heroes of former days, or the beautiful creations of his own fancy, embodied in the grace and majesty of Kenble or of Siddons; but he can teach his reader to conjure up forms even more dignified and beautiful than theirs. The same difference follows him through every branch of his art. The author of a novel, in short, has neither stage nor scene-painter, nor company of comedians, nor dresser, nor wardrobe,—words applied with the best of his skill, must supply all that these bring to the assistance of the dramatist. Action, and tone, and gesture, the smile of the lover, the frown of the tyrant, the grimace of the buffoon,—all must be told, for nothing can be shewn. Thus, the very dialogue becomes mixed with the narration; for he must not only tell what the characters actually said, in which his task is the same as that of the dramatic author, but must also describe the tone, the look, the gesture, which their speech was accompanied,—telling, in short, all which, in the drama, it becomes the province of the actor to express. It must, therefore, frequently happen, that the author best qualified for a province, in which all depends on the communication of his own ideas and feelings to the reader, without any intervening medium, may fall short of the skill necessary to adapt his compositions to the medium of the stage, where the very qualities most excellent in a novelist are out of place, and an impediment to success. Description and narration, which form the very essence of the novel, must be very sparingly introduced into dramatic composition, and scarce ever have a good effect upon the stage. Mr. Poff, in *The Critic*, has the good sense to leave out “all about gilding the eastern hemisphere;” and the very first thing which the players struck out of his memorable tragedy, was the description of Queen Elizabeth, her palfrey, and her side-saddle. The drama speaks to the eye and ear; and when it ceases to address these bodily

organs, and would exact from a theatrical audience that exercise of the imagination which is necessary to follow forth and embody circumstances neither spoken nor exhibited, there is an immediate failure, though it may be the failure of a man of genius. Hence it follows, that though a good acting play may be made by selecting a plot and characters from a novel, yet scarcely any effort of genius could render a play into a narrative romance. In the former case, the author has only to contract the events within the space necessary for representation, to change the most striking characters, and exhibit them in the most forcible contrast, discard from the dialogue whatever is redundant or tedious, and so dramatize the whole. But we know not any effort of genius, which could successfully insert into a good play, those accessories of description and delineation, which are necessary to dilate it into a readable novel. It may thus easily be conceived, that he whose chief talent lies in addressing the imagination only, and whose style, therefore, must be expanded and circumstantial, may fail in a kind of composition where so much must be left to the efforts of the actor, with his allies and assistants, the scene-painter and property-man, and where every attempt to interfere with their province, is an error unfavourable to the success of the piece. Besides, it must further be remembered, that in fictitious narrative an author carries on his manufacture alone, and upon his own account; whereas, in dramatic writing, he enters into partnership with the performers, and it is by their joint efforts that the piece is to succeed. Copartnership is called; by civilians, the mother of discord; and how likely it is to prove so in the present instance, may be illustrated by reference to the admirable dialogue between the player and poet in “Joseph Andrews,” book iii. chap. 10. The poet must either be contented to fail, or to make great concessions to the experience, and pay much attention to the peculiar qualifications, of those by whom his piece is to be represented. And he who in a novel had only to fit sentiments, action, and character, to ideal beings, is now compelled to assume the much more difficult task of adapting all these to real existing persons, who, unless their parts are exactly suited to their own taste and their peculiar capacities, have, each in his line, the means, and not unfrequently the inclination, to ruin the success of the play. Such are, amongst many others, the peculiar difficulties of the dramatic art, and they seem impediments which lie peculiarly in the way of the novelist who aspires to extend his sway over the stage.

After noticing Fielding’s dramatic pieces, Sir Walter gives the following anecdote:—

‘After the publication of “Joseph Andrews,” Fielding had again recourse to the stage, and brought out “The Wedding Day,” which, though on the whole unsuccessful, produced him some small

profit. This was the last of his theatrical efforts which appeared during his life. The manuscript comedy of "The Fathers" was lost by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and, when recovered, was acted after the author's death for the benefit of his family. An anecdote respecting the carelessness with which Fielding regarded his theatrical fame, is thus given by former biographers:—

"On one of the days of its rehearsal, (i. e. the rehearsal of the "Wedding Day,") Garrick, who performed a principal part, and who was even then a favourite with the public, told Fielding, he was apprehensive that the audience would make free with him in a particular passage, and remarked, that as a repulse might disconcert him during the remainder of the night, the passage should be omitted."—"No; d—n 'em," replied he, "if the scene is not a good one, let them find that out." Accordingly, the play was brought out without alteration, and, as had been foreseen, marks of disapprobation appeared. Garrick, alarmed at the hisses he had met with, retired into the green-room, where the author was so-lacing himself with a bottle of champagne. He had by this time drank pretty freely; and, glancing his eye at the actor, while clouds of tobacco issued from his mouth, cried out, "What's the matter, Garrick? what are they hissing now?"—"Why the scene that I begged you to retrench," replied the actor; "I knew it would not do; and they have so frightened me, that I shall not be able to collect myself again the whole night."—"Oh! d—n 'em," rejoined he, with great coolness, "they have found it out, have they?"

"Miller published "Amelia" in 1751. He had paid a thousand pounds for the copy-right; and when he began to suspect that the work would be judged inferior to its predecessor, he employed the following stratagem to push it upon the trade. At a sale made to the booksellers, previous to the publication, Miller offered his friends his other publications on the usual terms of discount; but when he came to "Amelia," he laid it aside, as a work in such demand, that he could not afford to deliver it to the trade in the usual manner. The ruse succeeded—the impression was anxiously bought up, and the bookseller relieved from every apprehension of a slow sale."

As we do not mean to enter into any connected biography of either Fielding or Smollett, we shall only quote one passage relating to the life of the latter, and some of the editor's critical remarks on his works:—

"The person of Smollett was eminently handsome, his features prepossessing, and, by the joint testimony of all his surviving friends, his conversation in the highest degree instructive and amusing. Of his disposition, those who have read his works (and who has not done so?) may form a very accurate estimate; for in each of them

he has presented, and sometimes under various points of view, the leading features of his own character, without disguising the most unfavourable of them. Nay, there is room to believe, that he rather exaggerated than softened that natural turn of temper, which was the principal fault of his disposition, and which engaged him in so many quarrels. It is remarkable, that all his heroes, from Roderick Random downward, possess a haughty, fierce, irritability of disposition, until the same features appear softened, and rendered venerable by age and philosophy, in Matthew Bramble. The sports in which they most delight are those which are attended with disgrace, mental pain, and bodily mischief to others; and their humanity is never represented as interrupting the course of their frolics. We know not that Smollett had any other marked failing, save that which he himself has so often and so liberally acknowledged. When unseduced by his satirical propensities, he was kind, generous, and humane to others; bold, upright, and independent in his own character; stooping to no patron, suing for no favour, but honestly and honourably maintaining himself on his literary labours; when, if he was occasionally employed in work which was beneath his talents, the disgrace must remain with those who saved not such a genius from the degrading drudgery of compiling and translating. He was a doting father and an affectionate husband; and the warm zeal with which his memory was cherished by his surviving friends, shewed clearly the reliance which they placed upon his regard. Even his resentments, though often hastily adopted, and incautiously expressed, were neither ungenerous nor enduring. He was open to conviction, and ready to make both acknowledgement and allowance when he had done injustice to others, willing also to forgive and to be reconciled when he had received it at their hand."

The following admirable remarks are made on two of Smollett's works, *Peregrine Pickle* and *Count Fathom*. Speaking of the former, Sir Walter says,—

"The splendid merit of the work itself, was a much greater victory over the author's enemies, if he really had such, than any which he could gain by personal altercation with unworthy opponents. Yet by many his second novel was not thought quite equal to his first. In truth, there occurs betwixt Roderick Random and *Peregrine Pickle* a difference, which is often observed betwixt the first and second efforts of authors who have been successful in this line. *Peregrine Pickle* is more finished, more sedulously laboured into excellence, exhibits scenes of more accumulated interest, and presents a richer variety of character and adventure than Roderick Random; but yet there is an ease and simplicity in the first novel which is not quite attained in the second, where

the author has substituted splendour of colouring for simplicity of outline. Thus, of the inimitable sea-character, Trumion, *Pip*, and even Hatchway, border upon caricature; but Lieutenant Bowling and Jack Rattlin are truth and nature itself. The reason seems to be, that when an author brings forth his first representation of any class of characters, he seizes on the leading and striking outlines, and, therefore, in the second attempt of the same kind, he is forced to make some distinction, and either to invest his personage with less obvious and ordinary traits of character, or to place him in a new and less natural light. Hence it would seem, the difference in opinion which sometimes occurs betwixt the author and the reader, respecting the comparative value of early and of subsequent publications. The author naturally prefers that upon which he is conscious much more labour has been bestowed, while the public often remain constant to their first love, and prefer the facility and truth of the earlier work to the more elaborate execution displayed in those which follow it. But though the simplicity of his predecessor was not, and could not be, repeated in Smollett's second novel, his powers are so far from evincing any falling off, that in *Peregrine Pickle* there is a much wider range of character and incident, than is exhibited in Roderick Random, as well as a more rich and brilliant display of the talents and humour of the distinguished author."

"To a reader of a good disposition and well-regulated mind, the picture of moral depravity presented in the character of Count Fathom, is a disgusting pollution of the imagination. To those, on the other hand, who hesitate on the brink of meditated iniquity, it is not safe to detail the arts by which the ingenuity of villainy has triumphed in former instances; and it is well known that the publication of the real account of uncommon crimes, although attended by the public and infamous punishment of the perpetrators, has often had the effect of stimulating others to similar actions. To some unhappy minds it may occur as a sort of extenuation of the crime which they meditate, that even if they carry their purpose into execution, their guilt will fall far short of what the author has ascribed to his fictitious character; and there are other imaginations so ill regulated, that they catch infection from stories of wickedness, and feel an insane impulse to emulate and to realize the pictures of villainy which are embodied in such narratives as those of *Zeluco* or *Count Fathom*."

The concluding remarks of the prefatory memoir to Smollett, which consists of forty-two pages, are devoted to a comparison of the merits of that able writer with Fielding:—

"Fielding and Smollett were both born in the highest rank of society, both edu-

cated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances,—both united a humorous cynicism with generosity and good nature,—both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life, and to literary labour, and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution and an exhausted fortune.

• Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully. They both meddled in politics; they both wrote travels, in which they shewed that their good humour was wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett.

• If we compare the works of these two great masters yet more closely, we may assign to Fielding, with little hesitation, the praise of a higher and a purer taste than was shewn by his rival; more elegance of composition and expression; a nearer approach to the grave irony of Swift and Cervantes; a great deal more address or felicity in the conduct of his story; and, finally, a power of describing amiable and virtuous characters, and of placing before us heroes, and especially heroines, of a much higher as well as pleasing character, than Smollett was able to present.

• Upon the whole, the genius of Smollett may be said to resemble that of Rubens. His pictures are often deficient in grace; sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception; deficient, too, in keeping, and in the due subordination of parts to each other; and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours; such a profusion of imagination—now bodying forth the grand and terrible—now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle, in every group he has painted; so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his great rival Fielding, while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition.

We ought to add, that this edition of the British Novelists, in addition to the enhancement of its value by its editor, is elegantly printed at the Border Press of Mr. James Ballantyne, brother of the publisher. It appears in bulky volumes with double columns, and is published at a price somewhat moderate.

Summer; an Invocation to Sleep; Fairy Revels; and Songs and Sonnets: By Cornelius Webb. 12mo. pp. 48. London, 1821.

We once noticed a small collection of sonnets, by Mr. Webb, which we thought, gave indications of genius that his present work does not confirm; there is a good deal of natural beauty and simplicity in his poem of 'Summer,' but it shows great carelessness in the language. Some writers may think the inspirations of their genius sufficiently polished, as they emanate, but we will venture to say, that no man ever became a great poet without much care and attention. Of 'Fairy Revels,' we can say nothing better than of Summer. The lament about the fall of England, in the 'Emigrant's Farewell,' is ridiculous; and we think we may safely assure Mr. Cornelius Webb, that allowing him to reach a good old age, he will never live to see the strength of England 'a cause for sport,' any more than it is now, what he says it is, a cause 'for tears.' Some of the sonnets, and a song, in this little volume, are, however, pretty, and we quote the latter in conclusion; as exhibiting our author rather favourably:—

SONG.

'I saw her but a lover's hour,
That beauty without beauty's pride,
As humble as the wayside flower
That blushing droops when fondly eyed—
Her hair was like the golden rays
That fall on mountain-heads of snow;
And angels might with wonder gaze
Upon the whiteness of her brow.

'Her eyes were like twin violets,
The violets of the sunny south,
Which dewy morn delighted weets,
And kisses with delicious mouth.
Her cheek was pale as the wan moon,
The young moon of the virgin year,
When as her night is past its noon,
And the warm-kissing sun is near.

'Her closed mouth was like a bud
Full of the balmy breath of May;
Her voice was like a summer flood
That noiseless steals its gentle way;
Its sound on memory's ear will start
Like to a sweet forgotten tune,
Whose echoes live within a heart
That what it loves forgets not soon.'

Curiosities for the Ingenious: selected from the most Authentic Treasures of Nature, Science and Art, Biography, History, and General Literature. 18mo. pp. 192. London, 1821.

This is a very neat and cheap little volume, and superior in general interest to 'Endless Amusements,' to which we suppose it is intended as a companion. The ample range the editor has taken, has afforded him a store of 'curiosities

for the ingenious,' and ingenuities for the curious; and although there are a few 'flat, stale, and unprofitable' articles, yet the selection is, on the whole, made with discrimination and good taste. We select a few articles:—

• *Ancient and Modern Prices*—In the year 712 and 727, an ewe lamb was rated at one shilling, Saxon money, till a fortnight after Easter. Between 900 and 1000, two hides of land, each containing about one hundred and twenty acres, were sold for one hundred shillings. In 1000, by King Ethelard's laws, a horse was rated at thirty shillings, a mare or a colt of a year old at twenty shillings, a mule or young ass at twelve shillings, an ox at thirty pence, a cow at twenty-four pence, a sow eight pence, a sheep one shilling. In 1043, a quarter of wheat was sold for 60 pence. From these and other similar facts, it is computed that in the Saxon era there was ten times less money, in proportion to commodities, than at present; so that the price of every thing, according to our present language, must have been thirty times cheaper than it is now.

• In the reign of William the Conqueror, commodities were ten times cheaper than they are at present; and hence we cannot help forming a very high idea of the wealth and power of that monarch. For the revenue of William the Conqueror was four hundred thousand pounds per annum, every pound being equal to that weight of silver. Consequently, the whole may be estimated at one million two hundred thousand pounds of the present consumption, a sum which, considering the different value of money between that period and the present time, was equivalent to twelve millions of modern estimation.

• The most necessary commodities do not seem to have advanced their price from William the Conqueror to Richard I.

• The price of corn in the reign of Henry III. was nearly half the price in our times. Bishop Fleetwood has shewn, that in the year 1240, which was in this reign, four pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence was worth about fifty pounds of our present money. About the latter end of this reign, Robert de Hay, rector of Souldern, agreed to receive one hundred shillings, to purchase to himself and successors the annual rent of five shillings, in full compensation of an acre of corn.

• Butchers' meat, in the time of the great scarcity in the reign of Edward II. was, by a parliamentary ordinance, sold three times cheaper than our mean price at present; poultry somewhat lower, because being now considered as a delicacy, it has risen beyond its proportion. The mean price of corn, in this period, was half the present value; and the mean price of cattle, one eighth.

• In the next reign, that of Edward III. the most necessary commodities were, in general, about three or four times cheaper than they are at present.

'In these times, knights, who served on horseback in the army, had two shillings a-day, and a foot archer sixpence, which last would now be equal to a crown a-day. This pay has continued nearly the same, nominally, (only that during the commonwealth, the pay of the horse was advanced to two shillings and sixpence, and that of the foot to one shilling; though it was reduced again at the restoration,) but soldiers were comparatively of a better rank formerly.

'In the time of Henry VI. corn was about half its present value; other commodities much cheaper. Bishop Fleetwood has determined, from a most accurate consideration of every circumstance, that five pounds in his reign were equivalent to twenty-eight or thirty now.

'In the time of Henry VII. many commodities were three times as cheap here, and in all Europe, as they are at present; there having been a great increase of gold and silver in Europe since his time, occasioned by the discovery of America.

'The commodities, the price of which has risen the most since, before the time of Henry VII. are butchers' meat, fowls, and fish; especially the latter; and the reason why corn was always much dearer in proportion to other staples, according to their prices at present, is, that in early times agriculture was little understood. It required more labour and expense, and was more precarious than it is at present. Indeed, notwithstanding the high price of corn in the times we are speaking of, the raising of it so little answered the expense, that agriculture was almost universally quit for grazing, which was more profitable, notwithstanding the low price of butchers' meat. So that there was constant occasion for statutes to restrain grazing, and to promote agriculture; and no effectual remedy was found, till the bounty upon the exportation of corn; since which, above ten times more corn has been raised in this country than before.

'The price of corn in the time of James I. and consequently that of other necessities of life, was not lower, but rather higher than at present; wool is not two-thirds of the value it was then, the finer manufactures having rather sunk in price by the progress of art and industry, notwithstanding the increase of money.'

'Wealth of the Romans.

'Craesus's lauded estate was valued at £1,666,666 : 13 : 4.

His house was valued at 50,000.

Ten pillars in the front of his house, cost 833 6 : 8.

Cæcilius Isidorus, after having lost much in the civil war, left 1,047,160.

Demetrius, a liberator of Pompey, was said to be worth 775,000.

Leontius, the Aegur, no less than 3,333,333 : 6 : 8.

Cicero acknowledged that his estate in Asia was worth 18,333 : 6 : 8.

His town house cost 16,666 : 13 : 4.

His country house, 6,041 : 13 : 4.

Clodius, who was slain by Milo, paid for his house, 123,333 : 6 : 8.

Apicius was worth more than 916,671 : 13 : 4.

And after he had spent in his kitchen, and otherwise squandered immense sums, to the amount of 533,333 : 6 : 8, he poisoned himself, leaving 83,333 : 6 : 8.

'The establishment belonging to M. Scarus, and burnt at Tusculum, was valued at 833,332 : 13 : 4.

Gifts and bribes may be considered as great signs of riches; Cæsar presented Servilius, the mother of Brutus, with a pearl worth 50,000.

Paulus, the consul, was bribed by Cæsar with the sum of 583,332 : 6 : 8.

And afterwards bought over to his party for the sum of 300,000.

Gabinus was accused of getting 2,000,000.

The bribes of the tribes at the elections, for each of them, amounted to 83,333 : 6 : 8.

And there were thirty-three tribes, so that the whole cost no less than 2,916,666 : 13 : 4.

Curio contracted debts to the amount of 500,000.

And before Cæsar was in any public office, he was in debt 251,875.

Of which sum Craesus was bound for 166,812 : 10.

Milo contracted a debt of 583,333 : 13 : 4.

Antony owed at the Ides of March, which he paid before the Calends of April, 333,333 : 6 : 8.

The suppers of Lucullus, at the Apollo, cost 1,666 : 13 : 4.

Horace says that Peggellus, a singer, could in five days spend 8,333 : 6 : 8.

Fat birds, such as thrushes and black-birds, of which some farms would produce 5000 yearly, cost each 2s.

A new-frog cost 1 : 13 : 4.

An egg 3 : 4.

A pair of doves 1 : 13 : 4.

If very pretty, 8 : 6 : 8.

Hermus's fish-ponds sold for 33,333 : 6 : 8.

A pound of wool, of the Tyrian double dye, was sold for 33 : 6 : 8.

Some wore gowns of it, and carpets for covering their couches, on which they reclined at table; some of them were wrought into various figures at Babylon, and sold at Rome for 6,666 : 13 : 4.

Calpurnius Rabirius purchased many learned slaves, none of them under 833 : 13 : 4.

Stage players sold much higher:—

Boesicius gained annually 1,106 : 13 : 4.

The ground on which Cæsar built his forum, five acres, cost 833,333 : 13 : 4.

Being at the rate per acre, 166,666 : 14 : 4.

The yearly rent of each acre was 6,666 13 : 4.

Isidorus was a private man, and by will his effects were declared to consist of 4,116 slaves, at 601 246,960.

3,600 yoke of oxen, at 121. each 43,900.

257,000 lesser cattle, at 11. each 257,000.

Money 500,000.—*Dickson's Ancient History*.

Subterranean Garden and Natural Hot-b.d.—A curious account of a subterranean garden formed at the bottom of the Percy Main Pit, Newcastle, by the furnace-keeper, was lately communicated to the Caledonian Horticultural Society.

The plants are formed in the bottom of the mine by the light and radiant heat of an open stove, constantly maintained for the sake of ventilation. The same letter communicated an account of an extensive natural hot-bed near Dudley, in Staffordshire, which is heated by means of the slow combustion of coal, at some depth below the surface. From this na-

tural hot-bed, a gardener raises annually crops of different kinds of culinary vegetables, which are earlier, by some weeks, than those in the surrounding gardens.'

'*Bonaparte's Relics.*—At the sale at Mr. Bullock's Museum, of the articles taken by the Prussians in Flanders, belonging to Napoleon, nothing could exceed the eagerness with which they were bought up. The following statement of the prices given for some of the things, will serve to show in what estimation these relics were held:—

	£	s.	d.
The worn-out carriage.....	168	0	0
Small opera-glass.....	5	5	0
Tooth-brush.....	3	13	6
Snuff-box.....	166	19	6
Military stock, or collar.....	1	17	0
Old slippers.....	1	0	0
Razor (common).....	4	4	0
Piece of sponge.....	0	17	0
Shaving-brush.....	3	14	0
Shirt.....	2	5	0
Comb.....	1	0	0
Shaving-box.....	7	7	0
Pair of old gloves.....	1	0	0
Old pocket-handkerchief ..	1	11	6

Many other articles were sold for prices equally high.'

'Thirteen well-engraved plates, principally illustrative of the scientific articles in the volume, give it an additional value, and render it one of those works which will delight the young reader, and which the philosopher would not despise.

Original Communications.

ON THE MODERN POETS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

OUR readers may, perhaps, recollect the grave declaration of the Edinburgh Review, in an article on Scott's edition of Swift, that the writers who flourished in the reign of Queen Anne had been completely outwitted by authors of the present day, and that they had no chance of ever regaining the estimation in which they were formerly held.

The reason alleged by the ingenious critic for this victory of the moderns was, that there now existed a taste for stronger excitement and deeper emotion than such writers as Pope, Swift, and Addison could supply. Now, without stopping to inquire whether this 'taste' denotes a sound and healthy or a depraved and sickly appetite, and admitting the fact that Scott can boast of more readers than Pope, the real reason appears plainly this, that the reading public has increased at least a hundred fold since the last century, by a prodigious influx from the middle classes, whose taste, very naturally, leading them to

delight in novels, romances, and the 'hoc genus omne' of the circulating library, it as naturally leads them to delight in Ladies of Lakes and Lords of Lies;—for what are these meritorious productions to an English reader, but romances in rhyme?

There is, however, another and a numerous class of readers, principally consisting of young ladies in the higher circles, to whom grim barons and bald-headed monks are but tame and insipid personages. Their double distilled, highly rectified feelings cannot be satisfied but by the perpetual adhibition of that 'strong excitement' furnished by the stimulants of rage, lust, despair, madness, and murder: happy England, when such are the longings of thy daughters; and happier still, when a British Peer is raised up to gratify them.

In such a state of things, can any one be surprised that Wordsworth is not popular? i. e. popular in the Edinburgh sense, which estimates a man 'non pondere sed numero' of his admirers. In this sense he never can be popular; for to suppose him a universal favourite, would imply that every individual was gifted with the power of appreciating the highest excellencies of poetry,—an event very desirable, but not very probable. Mr. Wordsworth may, however, console himself under present neglect, by reflecting that such was the fate of his great model, to whom at last the centuries to come were yielded for renown. For, after all, good poetry is sure of obtaining, in the end, the applause it deserves. The public has often raised some authors to undue eminence, and depressed others who ought to have been exalted, but a succeeding age has seldom failed to rectify the error. Who was more popular in his day than Darwin, and yet who reads him now?

It is observable that Mr. Southey, in some of his earlier productions, was borne away by the stream of popular taste and wrote in compliance with it, as may be seen in his *Thalaba*, *Curse of Kehama*, &c. His *Roderic*, however, is more than an atonement for the temporary subjection of his genius to models which his better taste must have condemned.

From Mr. Southey the transition is natural to Mr. Coleridge, and in speaking of this gentleman must it not be deeply lamented, that one who can write so well, should write so little? that the author of the finest tragedy our stage has seen for a century, should

remain totally inactive, at a time too, when he might walk the course? Those who consider the influence (and it is by no means a small one) of the theatre over taste and morals, will not think the assertion extravagant, that he who, in the drama of *Remorse*, could display such powers of exerting and purifying the passions, is not morally justified in allowing this precious talent to rust unemployed, when so noble a field is open for its exertion, and in which he has absolutely no competitor.

Of Thomas Moore, who can deny that he possesses an unlimited empire over grace, elegance, and beauty; pathos might be added were it not too often deformed by a pining, whining, effeminacy, totally repugnant to the strong, but manly (and perhaps somewhat rugged) feelings of Englishmen, who, in general, look with very unequivocal contempt on the 'charming agonies of love.' And this will always be an insuperable bar to Mr. Moore's attaining the height of his fame; his muse is decidedly oriental. Had he been born in the flowery regions of the East he would have recited his lays to enraptured monarchs, contending who should bestow the highest honors on him,—a *guedon*, we fear, he cannot look to receive from any European potentate.

It now only remains to speak of Crabbe, an author, who disdaining all the common-place characters of poetry, has shewn what powerful effects may be produced by agents hitherto supposed too homely and vulgar to excite any of the loftier passions; who, that has once read it, can forget the terrible emotions aroused by this poet in the fate of Peter Grimes? What is principally remarkable in Mr. Crabbe, is the great range of his powers; he can describe guilt and suffering, innocence and joy, the hardened ruffian and the gentle country maid, with the same forcible pencil. There is also another peculiarity in him. His dramatic personae are all thoroughly and completely English, so English, that it may be doubted if a foreigner could ever enter fully into their spirit. This nationality (similar to that of Scott's novels*), will secure the existence of Mr. Crabbe's poems, as long as the English character remains unchanged. T. G.

* We say Scott's novels, for it is absurd to ascribe ignorance on the subject. There is no other person capable of writing them but Sir Walter, and they will be his sure and certain passport to posterity.

ESSAY ON METRICAL PROSE.

(Continued from p. 503.)

THE vocabulary of polite literature has but three names to designate all the various compositions which are included by that species of language, called poetry, viz. metrical prose, blank verse, and rhyme. The first is emphatically called metrical, though, in fact, metre or measure is common to all three, as they are all species of poetry, which, properly speaking, is measured prose.

Of these, rhyme is clearly distinguished from both the others, by the attribute of symphony in its final syllable, i. e. that if pronounced simultaneously, they would have the same sound. The distinction between metrical prose and blank verse is not quite so obvious, but a little consideration will shew us in what respect they differ, as though they are both metrical, yet it is easy to see that their metre is of a very different kind.

I do not know if any writer ever attempted to give a precise criterion, whereby we might distinguish these two poetical sisters; but to me it appears evident that it consists in this—that in blank verse the metre observes a given law; in the other it observes none. The regular return of the same metres, in the same order, and at stated periods, or after a certain number of intervening lines, I call the *law* of that metre. It is this regular return of the same metres, which constitutes blank verse, and by this it is always distinguishable from what is usually denominated metrical prose. Thus the law of the Miltonic metre, which is the simplest possible, is that in which the same metre returns every line. In the following lines:—

There was a little bird upon that pile,
It perch'd upon a ruined pinnacle,
And made sweet melody,
The song was soft, yet cheerful and most clear,
For other note none swell'd the air but his,—
A lonely anchorite!

The law of this metre is, that the same metre shall return every third line; and, therefore, three lines are the *period* of this law.

Having thus settled this criticism, which, heretofore was, I confess, to me a desideratum, we may now proceed to compare these two species of language, with respect to the excellence possible to be attained in each, by beings of our finite abilities. I would here caution my reader against supposing that I mean to institute any comparison between blank verse and the metrical prose of the moderns. This latter is

only a *species* of metrical prose, and which being devoted exclusively to the expressing of passion or sentiment, I would beg leave to call by the name—rhapsody, i. e. the irregular expression of passion. But it is no reason that because moderns have chosen to confine this species of language to the expression of passion alone, it should, therefore, be incapable of embracing much higher subjects than our passions, and engaging much higher faculties of the mind than our imagination. The Bible is a continued series of reasoning, in most eloquent metre.

But to return, the reader will do well to recollect the rule which I gave in my last paper for determining that species of language in which the greatest excellence is possible to be attained by finite beings such as we are. It was this: that in which the proportion of pleasurable qualities possible to be by us attained, to the difficulties necessarily incurred by attaining these qualities, is greatest; for it will be granted, I presume, that the language into which we may infuse most pleasurable quality, with the least difficulty, is that most likely to be brought to the highest perfection among us.

Now, in order to apply this rule to the subject under consideration, let us compare the pleasurable qualities possible to be by us infused into both metrical prose and blank verse, as also the difficulties in their composition; or in other words, since, as I have shewn, blank verse is only metrical prose under the restraint of a given law, let us inquire what the latter gains and what it loses, what new difficulties are created and what old ones avoided, by the introduction of that law?

The only qualities possible to be introduced by a regular return of the same metres, are two; uniformity of sound, which, to a certain degree is pleasing to the ear; and order or system, which is an intellectual gratification.

The qualities lost, are variety of sound, simplicity of structure, and freedom of expression. Of these, the two first are necessarily opposite to the above two qualities introduced by the law, and, moreover, are lost exactly in the proportion that these latter are gained. So that, so far, the introduction of the law cannot be considered either as an advantage or a disadvantage. But there remains still, on the side of the quality lost, freedom of expression, ease or natural grace; so that, on the whole, metrical prose is a loss

in pleasurable quality, by the introduction of a law or regularity in its metre.

Again; the difficulties of composition are wonderfully increased by this law, as is evident. The necessity of so disposing and choosing your words, as that they shall agree in their order to a given rule, introduces a difficulty not only in the selection of your words, but moreover in that of your ideas. You are compelled absolutely to reject beautiful ideas, on account of the impossibility of expressing them in words which will preserve the law of the metre.

There might be a good deal more said upon this subject, but I believe I have already fatigued the reader with this abstract speculation; and, therefore, I will conclude these essays by observing, that as it has appeared from investigation, that metrical prose, by subjecting itself to the law of blank verse, diminishes its pleasurable qualities, and increases the difficulties of its composition; it thereby renders less excellence attainable by us finite agents, than when in its primitive state.

I feel no hesitation, therefore, in saying, that it is yet in the power of man, to carry this species of language to an extent of perfection which no other yet invented could attain.

Sept. 5th, 1821. REDLAY.

LIFE,

AS DISPLAYED IN THE SOJOURNINGS OF
LOFTUS GREY.

Collected, Methodized, and Conglomerated,
By W. B. L.

CHAP. II.

A touch at sublimity—infancy—its follies—
internal commotion—its consequences—school
—a frolic—punishment—the cobbler—retali-
ation.

How sweet, how doubly sweet are the days of childhood; how pleasant the scenes of those young years, when all is life and lightness, and joys come trooping on in all the richness of variety; what streams of laughing gladness flow into the remembrance, at the mention of that time,—that beloved time of buoyancy and brightness, which trips up our very sorrows with a smile, and founds our pleasures on the ruins of a tear. Alas! how fleetly do they pass away; how evanescent their delights: springing into existence in all the glow, and splendour, and gay revelry of some soft fairy vision, so soon—too much in its similitude—to die away into the air. Oh! golden time; oh! happy days; why do you fly so quickly? why do you leave us for

dreary shadows and fearful sorrows, for cares, and troubles, and vexations of spirit? Earth! earth! thou art the same; thou art still as fresh, as blooming, and delightful; thy fields are as green; thy flowers do bloom as beautiful, the sun shines upon thee as brightly; and yet dost thou seem changed. Oh! man! here is thy wisdom! Oh! sin, here is thy curse!—

Oh! Pegasus! oh! most valorous Pegasus, whither, in the names of all that is wonderful, art thou wending; verily, thou hast been prosing, Pegasus; yea, and that woefully, and if we go on at this rate, heaven only knows where we shall be by-and-by! Let us descend into denser regions, my most sweet Peg, ere we do dislocate our respective noses—try we a trot, just a dog-trot or so, and then shall we right-pleasantly proceed. Once more!

As I progressed my way into days and months, I of course became the idol of every heart; the theme of every tongue; as usual, there never had been, nor would be, so sweet and beautiful a babe;—perfection! I beat all to nothing; I was fed upon sugar and honey, and all that was sweet did they administer unto me; eager as to anticipate my infant whims before they could be expressed, so to stifle the wants which thickened with every growing moment, so to pamper my green appetite to utter loathing, they speedily exhausted all that could fascinate, and lost all power to please. Unluckily, the pith of things in the eye of childhood is variety, sweet variety; when, therefore, they could no longer satiate my unharnessed desires, and no more glut my passionate cravings, what could I do but roar! 'roar as it were any nightingale; then was I hugged and comforted, then was I so kind and be-prattled, that my young ears, loathing all human caresses, spurned at the very hand that fostered me. And yet my poor mother thought me an angel—and so indeed did other folks; the only difference was the kind.

To recount all the beautiful exploits of my veriest infancy, or to enumerate those delightful traits, which, whilst they picture me at home as but few removes from an actual cherubim, displayed me to all beside as a supreme pest—is, to say nothing of a somewhat treacherous memory with respect to such remote periods, not my intention; the pleasure might be nothing to speak of, and the profit, perhaps, questionable. My parents, however, loved me

with exceeding great love, and each had a distinct and trifling elaborate method in its display : but the worst of it was, they could never agree about the right one. Your cherubims are, certes, mortal enemies to household quiet. Thus, as I grew into years, home became a scene of eternal petty civil and contention, arising only from a mis-applied and over-reaching tenderness ; and that which had been regarded as the prospect of a future blessing, sunk into the reality of an ultimate curse. It is hard, it is bitter for the heart to question a parent's discretion, or to murmur at the consequences which a loose and unrestrained affection will assuredly entail ! Too often, alas ! are we thus compelled, and feel with redoubled severity the ills to which they have made us so sensibly alive, and from which they have vainly striven to shield us by their over-kind and fallacious endeavours. Oh ! did they but reflect how wholesome to a child is salutary correction, surely their hearts would prompt the exercise of a sterner love. My good Aunt Rebecca would now and then lift up her hands and eyes with a simple 'good gracious,' and pass on wondering how all would end. My father, from a doating fondness, began to regard me almost with apathy ; and my mother, thinking me neglected and forsaken, clung to me with a more impassioned tenderness, cherished me under all his cold reproofs, and nourished and encouraged me in all the extravagancies of youth. I became, in a word—and it is a simple and eloquent one—a spoiled child. My father, sickened by such 'foolery,' determined on the expedient of a public school, and bitter to my mother's heart was our parting ; there, however, I exhibited pretty nearly the same attributes which had characterised me when a cherubim ; was the same headstrong, fiery, and ungovernable imp as ever ;—corrections and reproofs, to say nothing of more tangible arguments, were continually flowing from the master's lips and cat-o'-nine tails ; but where, where is the lash that can eradicate the propensities of an uncultivated heart. Every cut and every chiding seemed but the more deeply to infix the inclination to obstinate and determined mal-practice. I do not mean to say that my disposition was radically evil, or that I was criminally culpable ; but, as I had disregarded the endowments of private commendation, so I spurned at the application of public chastise-

ment. Admonition might here have effected all, because my pride would have then been pleased, but that was a commodity they dealt not in. Disgrace followed all my pretty pranks, in every form an aged head couvenant in such matters could devise ; and, at last, I considered myself as fairly goaded on to the acceptance of every opportunity which occurred in frolic and mischief. I had, at various occasions, received many threats, that my offences should be made the subject of parental examination, and an accident soon effected the due execution of these so often-repeated promises.

Some handful of academic ragamuffins, of whom, as usual on such occasions, I was the chosen leader, had been indulging in the harmless recreation of relieving some apple trees from the burthen of their fruit, in a delightfully secluded orchard in the neighbourhood—nothing could equal, as we had imagined, the security in which we were performing this charitable office ; a rascally cobbler, however, secreted in the hedge (for what purpose he, and the ditch beneath, best knew), had witnessed the whole proceeding. Oh ! had we witnessed him!—from the most disinterested motives imaginable, he disclosed the crime and perpetrators to the farmer, who of course, preferred his dolorous complaint ;—a sneaking coward, to save his own ignominious back, turned king's evidence, and I of course stood forth in all my wrosted glory. The menaced punishment was soon performed, and the next post brought me a packet of heavy denunciations, accompanied by the usual discretionary powers to the chief priest of the synagogue. Indigestible tasks and corporal inflictions speedily followed. I was removed to the solitude of a small chamber, exquisitely situated for the indulgence of pensive meditation. Here I was permitted to revel in the exuberance of my fancy, and luxuriate in all the charms which darkness could afford. There was one thing, however, which solaced me in my gloom and cheered me in all the hours of my imprisonment. The cobbler, that thrice-acursed cobbler,—schemes, plans, and devices came thronging to my mind in every form that revenge, deep and delicious, could project ;—of these, one presented itself as a fit preliminary to the connected series I intended at different opportunities to perform—for my brain, unable to select one as equaling the measure of his villainy, sought by a

mass of embryo expedients to effect in number what it needed in magnitude. My punishment could not last for ever, and I patiently awaited the day of liberation. I came—and my first business was to reconnoitre the strength and forces of the enemy, and calculate the method of attack. I was not long in drawing the proper conclusions, nor was it difficult to secure the assistance of certain staunch friends, on whose integrity I could rely.

Crispin's abode formed the corner of a small and unfrequented street, and his shop or rather shed seemed admirably contrived for our purpose. It projected from the house, and was deliciously calculated to display, from three points of the compass, all that passed within,—a hedge lay at a few yards distance, to which we could soon fly to observe the result of our manoeuvres. The elder boys of the school were allowed a short ramble of an evening, whom, from the deep contrition I had evinced, I was soon allowed to join ; and as my desires to make to my benefactor all proper acknowledgments, were urgent and impetuous, the first night of my release was to witness the commencement of our operations. By means of a day-boy, we had procured an old pistol, slightly loaded with blank cartridge, the exercise of which was to fall, with all its consequences, to my peculiar province ; two others were to be provided with a couple of decent-sized syringes, well charged with sheep's blood, whose noses were to be fitted to the bolt-holes of the window so as to effuse the little man with their contents at the moment when the pistol was discharged ; we were then to seek concealment in the opposite hedge, and await the result of this partial requital for past services. The evening at length came,—beautifully dark it was ; the neighbours, from the silence and quiet of all around, appeared to be more than ordinarily industrious. Hard at his vocation, and piously chaunting a hymn to the god of gin-and-twopenny, sat the snug rascal, nothing dreaming of his destroyers without. Silently we crept beneath the glass and paper frame-work of the shed, there to abide the most auspicious moment. To give more freedom to some exquisite quaver which ever and anon proceeded from his thrush-like throat, Crispin would elevate his visage, cast up his huge grey eyes, and throw a dying look towards some cobweb in the corner of his stall. This was the signal for dispatch. In

an instant the pistol was fired—the blood poured in upon him in all directions, and he rolled upon the ground, like a cask of table-beer, struck with mute astonishment. His hymn was soon changed into a bull-like bellowing, and lustily did he roar out, 'Murder, murder! thieves! help! fire, murder!' The screams of his ribs, and the lamentations of the victim, speedily brought the neighbourhood about their ears. Oh! it was very pleasant to behold the mighty rush and gathering of the town,—all was now dimmy and consternation, nothing was heard but the shriekings of the women and the queer yells of the men,—whilst dozens of frightened souls rushed around all quarters, proclaiming the murder of Peter Puckle, the cordwainer; whole hots of surgeons, physicians, and 'pharmacians, flew in all directions. Into the shed they poured, and poor Peter was well nigh strangled in the universal endeavour to disrobe his outward man; the multitudinous thronging of the charitable reached pretty nearly to absolute suffocation. The strings of Peter's apron had somehow become embarrassed round his shoulders, (such he had none,) so that conflicting parties were making rapid strides towards extinguishing what little remained of life in their opposite exertions to remove the all-resisting agas; and had not some thoughtful dog, with a happy presence of mind, seized a knife which lay close by, the joke had soon been tragically terminated; this, therefore, he laid about him in all directions, to the infinite peril of all around, and thus was a new fire opened. The unhappy rascal of a cobbler had clapped his waxy hands upon his face immediately on the original salute, which subsequently straying, in his trials at extrication, had literally covered him with blood all over; so that the doctors were at a dead fault in search for the wound,—it baffled every effort,—nor until a notable little barber had suggested the propriety of mowing down the bristles on his pate, could they devise any expedient to clear up the mystery. This was adopted in no time, and now the unfortunate devil was to be subjected to a new torture; luckily he had long been motionless, and the barber, bating the wiry quality of the stubble, performed the operation without resistance or inconvenience, excepting every now and then an occasional jerk of the elbow, occasioned by the anxiety of the spectators to view the spectacle below. A

plentiful supply of soap and water, with the incidental application of a scrubbing brush, at length completed the process; when lo! and behold, never pumpkin exhibited a more unbroken uniformity. It was now clear that the wounds were lower down, and to work again they went; ladies, of course, here withdrew; but, alas! their efforts were vain and not until all possible means had been exhausted was the pursuit relinquished as utterly hopeless. After a lapse of some little time, however, Crispin began to show some signs of animation, and a deep long-winded and dolorous sigh bursting from the very bottom of his bowels, seemed to afford him an evident relief. The good people soon began to smell something very like a hoax, and turned to each other with looks of amazement and inquiry; and it was not till the young folks began to joke and titter, and the old to drop off one by one, that we thought it prudent to depart, and chuckle in secret at the success of our exploit.

*PRETTY MAIDS!!

THIS is a call that most good early rising cockney house-wives, at six o'clock of life or another, obey. 'It conveys so much sweetness and good-humour, that all who hear it hurry up from the kitchen, or down from the garret, to be its recipients. It has stronger charms than the toilet, is more effective than the romance, and combines all the powers of the Athenian oracle. 'Milk! below,—pretty maids!' uttered from a red-faced Cambrian girl, in a court, one morning, so completely toned my feelings for beauty, that I have relinquished the idea of studying lectures on the fine arts, or anatomy at Brookes's. Perhaps the reader would wish for an instance or two of 'pretty maids!' For his edification in his warfare towards the realms of prettiness, he may have five or six, since it was my lot to be arrested by many. The first pretty maid! that came to the door to be greeted by day-light and mild cream, most delicately thin, was an old decrepit Frenchman, who, from his remarkable appearance, could be none other than a lineal descendant of the famous Monsieur Tomon, 'that the jocosse king said was never heard of more!' 'Vare cold, vare cold,' said he, as he pulled his night-cap over his ears, took his milk-jug, and withdrew. I shall never forget how much I was captivated with this pretty maid!

The second tender-looking creature

was a Mrs. Angel, who kept a coal-shed, and, from her familiar acquaintance with King Coal, Coke, and Blackwood, I felt no hesitation in classing her immediately with her predecessor, as a 'vare pretty maid'!

But the third must have been handsome is that handsome door;—he was a native of those eastern climes where the face is black, and the teeth are white, whose hair could not imitate the fretful porcupine nor tongue catch Tully's bonied eloquence. The milk-maid had called him 'pretty maid!' many times before he shewed 'his shining morning face,' and, it should seem, 'like snail, he crept unwilling to'—the door; for another almost invisible 'pretty maid' was exercising that elegant weapon, a mop, at his heels, with the sweetest accents that ever drop from a smoke-jack.

The fifth, delectable enchantment was an uxorious member of that society of vestals, commonly called Quakers. The gracious friend, O. N., was eclipsed in this 'pretty maid'! From this 'intercourse of looks and smiles' which Milton gave to the happy pair in Paradise, from 'Lady Ananias' and 'Isabel Leers,' the spirits and the Beasts never exchanged with purer brightness than between the bonny lass and this 'pretty maid'! The meeting and the farewell were both silent;—the operations passed, as if by the influence of mechanism; with a yoke so easy the pails grew light.

It was with difficulty I obtained even a side-long look at the sixth 'pretty maid'! It was Miss Moses. She was a neat little figure, or rather had been so the previous night, at Master Levi's wedding. By half concealing herself behind the door, I guessed she had a pretty carriage. An accident which is sometimes very useful to beauty, caught her sleeve in the chain of the passage, and its effect was truly riveting to me. She smiled and I was slain; she laughed and I revived. I determined to visit the Rabbi, and bless her with *sulems*, but the charm was dissolved. She wanted an eye and 'a' that.

Now, reader, it is evidently clear, how many 'pretty maids!' there are to be met with in this populous world. Go to the exhibition—pretty portraits!—but they are not for anybody's! Oh shut. Go to the theatre—but scenes are full of illusion;—it is candle light. Go and mix with the quality; glance round the elevated circles, they are over-painted. Then extend your re-

search into the best educated classes of society, where scientific reading is cultivated with domestic precepts, passions are checked by sweetness of temper, hearts are won by improving conversations, duties practised for great moral purposes, and the whole deportment regulated for the wisest ends. Here,—here, I have at length found a 'pretty maid!'—Go and do likewise; nor place any reliance on the capricious invocations of the milky daughters of Erin and Cambria.

J, J, J.

VULGAR ERRORS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—I believe, in an early number of your journal, you corrected some vulgar errors in the law. I now send you a list of a miscellaneous description; and though, perhaps, in town they may not be prevalent, yet I can assure you, there is scarcely one that I have enumerated, which is not fully credited in the country. I am, &c.

EBORACENSIS.

There is a vulgar error that the hare is one year a male and another female; and that the wolf, if he see a man first, suddenly strikes him dumb. To the relations of this, Scaliger wishes as many blows as at different times he had seen wolves without losing his voice.

That men are sometimes transformed into wolves, and again from wolves into men. Of this vulgar error, which is as old as Pliny's time, that author exposes the falsehood.

That there is a nation of pigmies, not above two or three feet high, and that they solemnly set themselves in battle to fight the cranes. Strabo thought this a fiction; and our age, which has fully discovered all the wonders of the world, as fully declares it to be one.

The race of giants, too, seems to have followed the fate of the pigmies; and yet what shall we say to the accounts of Patagonia?

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for June, 1771, vol. 41, p. 231, refutes the following errors, asserting that the scorpion does not sting itself when surrounded by fire, and that its sting is not even venomous: 'that the tarantula is not poisonous, and that music has no particular effects on persons bitten by it, more than on those stung by a wasp;' 'that the lizard is not friendly to man in particular, much less does it awaken him on the approach of a serpent;' 'that the remora has no

such power as to retard the sailing of a ship by sticking itself to its bottom;' 'that the stroke of the cramp-fish is not occasioned by a muscle;' 'that the salamander does not live in fire, nor is it capable of bearing more heat than other animals;' 'that the bite of the spider is not venomous,—that it is found in Ireland too plentifully,—that it has no dislike to fixing its web on Irish oak,—and that it has no antipathy to the toad;' 'that the porcupine does not shoot out his quills for annoying his enemy, he only sheds them annually, as other feathered animals do;' 'that the jackall, commonly called the lion's provider, has no connection at all with the lion,' &c.

The following may also be noticed as vulgar errors:—That should a glass-house fire be kept up, without extinction, for a longer term than seven years, salamanders would be generated in the cinders. That the mole has no eye, nor the elephant any knees. That a barnacle, a well-known kind of shell-fish, which is found sticking at the bottom of ships, should, when broken off, become a species of goose; old writers, of the first credit in other respects, have fallen into this mistaken and ridiculous notion; and we find no less an authority than Holinshed, gravely declaring that with his own eyes, he saw the feathers of these barnacles, 'hanging out of the shell, at least two inches.' That it is not lawful to go about with a dark lantern; this error probably originated from Guy Fawkes's lantern, in the Gunpowder Plot. That the manna sold by the apothecaries is of the same sort as that which fell from heaven to feed the Israelites. That the tenth wave is greater or more dangerous than any other, and that the tenth egg is the largest. That swans sing sweetly a little before their death, and that the basilisk is generated from a cock's egg hatched under a toad or serpent. All these are vulgar errors of considerable antiquity, and although they are contrary to common sense and every day's experience, yet are they traditionally conveyed from parent to child with the utmost fidelity.

ADDISON'S IMITATIONS.

[The following letter, which we quote from the *Monthly Magazine*, was written by that able commentator and critic, Bishop Warburton. It is highly curious, and addressed to Mr. M. Concanen, who, it will be recollected, assisted Warburton in his attacks on Pope, for which he obtained a place in the Dun-

ciad. The letter had been successively in the hands of Dr. Mark Akenside, and Mr. Malone.—Ed.]

Letter from Mr. W. to Mr. M. Concanen. DEAR SIR,—Having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of, and promised to Mr. Theobald, than just what they deserved, I in vain sought for them through a number of loose papers that had the same kind of abortive birth. I used to make it one good part of my amusement in reading the English poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly and constantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources; and observe what ore, as well as what effluve and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden, I observe, borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius; Milton out of pride, and Addison out of Modesty. And now I speak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind those idle collections are, and likewise to give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation; for it is not, I presume, the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an ancient and a modern, where nature, when attended to, always supplies the same stores, which will authorize us to pronounce the latter an imitation; for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science, *Nihil est dictum quod non sit dictum prius*: for these reasons, I say, I give myself the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison.

Addison. A day, an hour of virtuous liberty is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Act 2, scene 1.

Tully. Quod sit immortalitas consequens presentia periculi fugam, tamen ex majore an fugienda esse videatur, equo distulit esset servitus.

Philipp. Or. 10.

Addison. Bid him disband his legions, Restore the commonwealth to liberty, Submit his actions to the public censure, And stand the judgment of a Roman senate: Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Tully. Pacem vult? Arma deponat, regem, deprecietur. Neminem equiorum reperiet quam me.

Philipp. 5.

Addison. — But what is life?

'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air From time to time—

'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone, Life grows insipid and loses lost its relish.

Act 3, scene 3.

Tully. Non enim in spiritus vita est: Sed in nulla est omnino servitute.

Philipp. 10.

Addison. Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,

The generous plan of power delivered down From age to age, by your renowned forefathers,

O never let it perish in your hands.

Act 3, scene 5.

Tully. Hanc (libertatem acit) retinente quæso, quiritis, quam vobis, tanquam hereditalem, majores nostri reliquerunt.

Philip. 4.

Addison. The mistress of the world, the seats of empire,

The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods.

Tully. Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium gloriæ, luce orbi terrarum.

De Oratore.

The first half of the 5th sc. 3d act, is nothing but a transcript from the 9th book of Lucan, between the three hundred and the seven hundred lines. You see by this specimen the exactness of Mr. Addison's judgment, who, wanting sentiments worthy of the Roman Cato, sought for them in Tully and Lucan. When he would give his subject those terrible graces which Dion Hallicar complains he could find no where but in Homer, he takes the assistance of our Shakespeare, who, in his Julius Cæsar, has painted the conspirators with a pomp and terror that perfectly astonishes. Hear our British Homer:—

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the soul's rim is

Like a phantasm, or a hideous dream.

The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council, and the state of man

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Mr. Addison has thus imitated it:—
O, think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods!
O, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

I have two things to observe on this imitation: 1. the decorum this exact master of propriety has observed. In the conspiracy of Shakespeare's description, the fortunes of Cæsar and the Roman Empire were concerned. And the magnificent circumstances of—

'The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council,'

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the subject. But this would have been too great an apparatus to the description of Syphax and the rape of Sempronius, and therefore Mr. Addison omits it.

2. The other thing more worth our notice is, that Mr. A. was so greatly moved and affected with the pomp of S.'s description, that, instead of copying his author's sentiments, he has, before he was aware, given us only the marks of his own impressions on the reading him. For,

'O, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, and big with death,
are but the affections raised by such lively images as these.

— All the int'rim is
Like a phantasm, or a hideous dream.'

And
'The state of man, like to a little kingdom,
suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Again, when Mr. Addison would paint the softer passions, he has recourse to Lee, who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. Thus his Juha—

'True, she is fair, O how divinely fair!
coldly imitates Lee, in his Alex: thus,
'Then he would talk: good gods, how he would talk!'

I pronounce the more boldly of this, because Mr. A. in his 39th specimen, expresses his admiration of it. My paper fails me, or I should now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection against Shakespeare's acquaintance with the ancients, as it appears to me of great weight, and as it is necessary he should be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head; but some other opportunity will present itself. You may now, sir, justly complain of my ill manners in deferring till now, which should have been first of all acknowledged due to you, which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of those worthy and most ingenious gentlemen that made up our last night's conversation.

I am, sir, with all esteem,
Your most obliged friend
and humble servant,
W. WARBURTON.

Newark, Jan. 2, 1726.

AN INFANT SOVEREIGN.

HENRY VI. was only nine months old when he began his reign. At the first Parliament that was held, Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, declared the cause of calling it, and, in allusion to the king, said, 'that as all perfections were comprised within the small number six, since God had made all things in six days, so his divine majesty was to accomplish the good beginnings of the famous 5th Henry, in the 6th Henry, his son.' In the third year of this king's reign, when the war against France was still carried on with various success, the Protector and Council thought it necessary, in order to engage both lords and commons more zealously in their interests, to bring the infant king into the house; and, accordingly, on the day of their meeting, he was carried through the city, on a great horse, to Westminster. Being come to the palace, he was from thence conducted to the House of

Lords, and sat on his mother's knee on the throne. 'It was a strange sight,' says Speed, 'and the first time it ever was seen in England, an infant sitting in his mother's lap, and before it could tell what English meant, to exercise the place of sovereign direction in open parliament.' The Commons being called, the Bishop of Winchester, then Lord Chancellor, opened the cause of the summons. For the head of his discourse, he chose these words, *gloria, honor, et pax, omni operanti bonum*, which he divided into three branches. On his second division, relating to sound counsel, he urged this text, *Salus ubi multa consistit*, and told them that an elephant had three properties: the one in that he wanted gall; the second, for that he was inflexible, and could not bow; and the third, in that he was of a most sound and perfect memory; all which properties he wished might be in all counsellors. That for their wanting a gall, they might be thereby free from all malice, rancour, and envy; by being inflexible that they should not stoop to any reward, nor in judgment respect any person; and of a sound memory, that they, by calling to mind dangers past, might prevent perils to come. His last topic for the relief of the king; he urged that it ought to be done with all readiness of mind, considering that God, by the young prince, his chosen vessel there before them, had not only governed them in safety, but had also given them many honourable victories and conquests; all which ought to enforce them more willingly to offer, that their grants should be more readily taken.

KENILWORTH.

In the Bodleian Library there is a small volume, printed in 1584, entitled 'the Copie of a Letter, written by a Master of Arte of Cambridge, to his Friends in London, about some proceedings of the Earle of Leicester, and his Friends in England.'

This letter contains the following brief notice of the death of the Countess of Leicester, which, it will be recollected, forms the basis of the romance of Kenilworth.

'Onlie for the present I must advertise you; that you may not take holde so exactlie of al my L. doings in women's affairs, neither touching their marriages, neither yet their handbndry.

'For first his Lordship hath a special fortune, that when he deireth any

woman's favour, then what person so-
 er standeth in his way hath the luck
 to die quicklie, for the finishing of his
 desire. As for example; when his
 lordship was in full hope to marrie her
 Ma: and his own Wyfe stood in his
 light, as he supposed; he did but send
 her said, to the house of his servant
 Foster of Cummor by Oxforde, where
 shortly after she had the chauce to
 fall from a paire of staires, and so to
 break her neck, but yet without hurt-
 ing of her hooide, that stood upon her
 heade.—But Sir R. Varney who by
 commandment remayned with her
 that day alone, wyth one man onlie,
 and had sent away perforce all her ser-
 vantes from her to a market two
 miles off, he (I say) with his Ma. can
 tel how she died, wth Man being taken
 afterward for a fellowie in the Marches
 of Wales and offering to publish the
 manner of the murder, was made away
 priville in the prison. The wyfe also
 of Balde Butler, Kinsman to my L.
 gave out the whole fact a little before
 her death. But to returne unto my
 purpose, this was my Lorde's good for-
 tune to have his wyfe die at that time
 when it was like to turne more to his
 profit.'

Original Poetry.

FAREWELL.

TUNE.—*Largo Water.*

FRIENDS of my soul! friends of my heart!
 Since fate declares we soon must part,
 Let mirth and humour, ere we go,
 Once more give smiles to every brow;
 This festive hour be friendly's shrine,
 And from this sparkling rosy wine,
 Once more libations let us pour,
 Before we part to meet no more.

(Thou first best gift of heaven above!
 Thou bright celestial beam of love!
 How quick, at thy benign controul,
 Despair and anguish fly the soul!
 Hail, friendship! hail! without thy aid,
 This world were all a dreary shade;
 Thy voice can every ill beguile,
 And teach e'en grief to wear a smile.)

Farewell! a long and last farewell!
 What pangs within that word 'farewell'!
 Ye dear companions of my heart,
 We meet no more, alas! we part—
 Yet let us rejoice that we have met,
 And in our breasts remembrance sweet
 Pull off arise, till life decays,
 Of former happy happy days.

Adieu for me, where'er I go,
 The social hours I've spent with you,
 When sparkling wit and smiling mirth
 Forgot that care was on the earth;
 And friendship crown'd the generous bowl,
 And sweetly flowed from soul to soul,
 Shall in my glowing bosom dwell—
 And so farewell! a last farewell!

ALDO DOMING.

TO *****.

Come, dry those tears, enough has been
 To sorrow paid by those blue eyes;
 Enough of grief we have seen,
 To bid us softer moments prize.
 Come to my heart, it ne'er has beat
 For others as it beats for thee,
 And let me hear thy lips repeat
 Their vows of faithful love to me.

Come, cease those sighs, I cannot bear
 The heaving of thy breast with mine;
 Thou feel'st the heart that throbbeth there,
 And know'st that it is solely thine.
 Then lay to mine thy burning cheek,
 From thee I feel no wish to roam,
 Nor will thy heart another seek
 Than mine, its lov'd its dearest home.

Come raise those eyes of tender blue,
 And let them bleed with mine their beams,
 And dream that woe we never knew,
 Our grief is lighter than it seems.
 Another and a better day,
 A happier one is ours, I ween,
 When all our care shall fade away,
 And seem as it had never been.

SAM SPURTHILL.

FLATTERY.

Founded on an incident in the *Sentimental Journey*.

'Delicious essence! how refreshing thou art to nature.' STERNE.

In shelter from a pelting shower,
 Two ancient ladies stood
 Waiting until the rain should cease,
 And stop its pouring food.

In mean attire a man advanced,
 Their charity to crave;
 In accents sweet, with humble voice,
 The suppliant begs their aid.

'Ladies, between you both,' said he,
 'Two shillings do me give—
 May every blessing on you show't,
 Contended may you live.'

'Two shillings,' shrill exclaimed the one,
 And 'shillings two,' the other;
 'It ne'er can be—why, sure the man
 Must be a very robber.'

'A robber, lady fair, I'm not,
 But a poor man and true,
 I scarce could ask a smaller sum
 From such great dames as you.'

A little softened by his words,
 'We have no change,' said one,—
 'I'd gladly do't,' the other said,
 'But pause I've left at home.'

'My fairest ladies, say not so,
 The poor assist to live;
 God prosper then the joys that give
 Can, without change, man give.

'Tis lovely charity that makes
 Your eyes the morn eclipse,
 'Tis goodness makes the ruby's glow
 Seem paler by your lips.'

No more they now dispute the point,
 'T' relieve they both are willing,
 And differ who shall have the praise
 That duty of fulfilling.

The contest's o'er—two gave the one,
 The other gave two more;—
 Our suppliant bows,—instead of two,
 Sweet Flattery gained him four.

W. G.

TO ———.

THE bee is chidden, for that in his providence
 Of the merely selfish things of life, he hath neg-
 lected the pleasures thereof and its sweeter en-
 joyments, leaving to others the more delectable
 office of collecting these sweets, whilst he is
 dull within his cell. Inducements are men-
 tioned, and at the name of his favourite flower,
 his bosom rising, and he goes forth singing and
 very lively; but he is rebuked, for that this
 flower is in possession of another, and advised
 rather to return than seek such unholy loves.

From th' intricate tho' gainful,
 Thy wax-wrought knavery,
 From sweetness and from painful,
 Come forth, thou drowsy bee!
 Long season thou'st been rearing
 Thy scientific bowers,
 And o'er the future peering,
 Forget the present flowers.
 Come, rouse thee from thy slumbers,
 And shake thy trumpet wing,
 In small sonorous numbers,
 Thou thou poet, sing!
 O'er od'rous bells and blossoms,
 See others how they fly!
 And pillow'd by sweet bosoms,
 They murmur as they lie.

The coronet fresh o' the fountain,
 The lily l' the vale,
 Queen daisy on her mountain,
 And primrose prink the dale.
 The time's scythe-mocking myrtle,
 The rose in blushes dress'd,
 Like virgin without kirtle,
 Laid in her lover's breast.
 Sweet-pea's blanch snood—thou minion!
 Aye, now thy breast's on fire!
 Thou spread'st thy flimsy pinion,
 And wak'st thy meadow lyre.
 Thou fool! will nought content thee
 Less than such flow'r divine?
 Repent ye, ah! repent ye,
 Whilst yet the pow'r is thine.
 What, tho' aspirant aerys
 On most Hyblæan wing,
 With rival breath, sweet favours
 Into her bosom bring!
 Her beauteous head reclining
 Upon majestic stem,
 Ambitious pale, entwining
 Her floral diadem.
 Tho' odours amaranthine,
 Rapt on empyreal bowers,
 Her slender limbs might grant thine,
 'The Queen o' graceful flowers!
 Yet see! churl coyness gathers—
 Back, to thy cell again!
 Her bosom is another's,
 Thy song is all in vain.

LOVE IS LIKE AN AIR-BALLOON.

ELLEN's face is soft and fine,
 Ellen's voice is pretty.
 Underneath the cluster'd vine,
 Far, far away from city;
 She sang and harp'd a doctile tune,
 'Love is like an air-balloon.'

First, with gas, the silk is fill'd,
 And its cords are broken,
 Then Cupid, for the voyage skill'd,
 Mounts upwards with the token:
 Ah! thus I lost my heart so soon;—
 'Love is like an air-balloon.'

Through the regions high in wind,
 Soaring under heaven—
 Leaving the earth and all mankind
 With their spirits riven;
 Signs are heathen and tears are strewn:—
 'Love is like an air-balloon.'
 If it homeward safely turn,
 And is true to feeling,
 Hope and joy delight to learn
 That hearts are won by stealing:
 Then happy, happy honeymoon—
 'Love is like an air-balloon.' J. R. P.

TO FANNY NANKIN,
 THE MILLINER.

WHEN first I received the dear beam of thine
 eye,
 What rapture my gladdened soul drank in;
 But that rapture is changed to the soul-telling
 sigh,
 That breathes for thee, dear Fanny Nankin.
 That sigh but announces the heart's pensive
 plaint,
 For the passion it heedlessly sank in,
 And morns that so blooming and lovely a
 saint
 Is a saintly cold Miss Fanny Nankin.
 O saint, could thy feelings with my feelings
 feel,
 How my feelings thy feelings would thank,
 in
 Their fulness of feeling, their feeling of zeal,
 To find thee a feeling Miss Nankin.
 But O, if I find from the scorn of those eyes,
 That my ticket will prove but a blank in
 This lottery of love—I shall die for the prize
 I have lost in thee, dear Fanny Nankin!

G. L.

I KNEW BY THE BEAM.

I KNEW by the beam in thy soft eye of blue,
 When we parted thy heart was my own, and
 felt bliss'd;
 And I knew that the heart was as gentle as
 true,
 And happy laid down on the cold deck to rest.
 The wind whistled shrilly, the wave it roll'd
 high,
 And my bark on its bosom in wildness was
 tost;
 The deep crashing thunder spoke loud in the
 sky,
 But to me all its far-spreading terrors were
 lost.
 No infant in cradle was e'er lull'd to sleep
 So soundly as I by the white breaking surge,
 Till the bright star of morning beginning to
 peep,
 I saw its fair brow o'er the billow emerge.
 It woke me to gladness, it brought to my view
 My own native island and all I held dear:
 It rose as if beck'ning me homeward to you,
 And fancy, tho' absent, depictur'd you near.
 Oh! beam on and brighten sweet beacon, I
 cried,
 Fair hope of the mariner still give thy light,
 Till my full gladdened eye o'er the blue-bo-
 som'd hide,
 Behold my own land rising soft on my sight.
 It heard me, or seem'd to the wind it blew fair,
 And the land of my fathers in midocean ap-
 pear'd;
 And true as I left thee, my heart met thee
 there,
 With all that was unto my bosom endear'd.

Now nothing shall part us, the past shall ap-
 pear
 A vision, so lovely the future shall be;
 Still, still shall our love be as warm and sin-
 cere,
 Thon dear to my bosom as I unto thee.
 SAM SPRITRILL.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The Coronation, though not honoured by such good houses as it brought for the first week or two, is still attractive, perhaps as much so as any thing that could be offered at present; and if a little more attention was devoted to selecting good pieces to be played with it, the manager would, we suspect, find it still more to his advantage.

HAJMARKET THEATRE.—On Wednesday, this theatre had a more crowded and elegant audience than any assembled within its walls since its erection, which sufficiently proves that the public taste for the drama in its higher walks is more intense than some critics are willing to allow. The play was *Venice Preserved*, and the principal interest of the evening was excited by the first appearance of a lady in the character of Belvidera. Mr. Conway played Jaffier, and Mr. Terry, for the first time, the well-drawn and arduous part of Pierre. The lady's graceful manner and elegant form deeply interested the audience, and her throbbing bosom evidently displayed the strong agitation of her feelings upon the first greetings of a liberal and generous public. Her first efforts, sweetly and delicately expressive of her firm affection for her beloved Jaffier, kindled into flame the favour that had betrayed itself, and the most enthusiastic plaudits through the first three acts, amply acknowledged and repaid the talents of the debutante:—her articulation is distinct, her pronunciation elaste, and her manners unaffected and elegant; but her voice is feeble—too feeble, we fear, to be distinctly heard in a larger house, and, perhaps, incapable of conveying with due energy the expressive force essential to the frantic tones of distraction or despair; and the latter part of her performance was, consequently, less effective than the commencement. Due allowance must be made for difficulties peculiarly attendant upon the first appearance of a lady—but when a candidate for public fame boldly steps into the first rank, it is the duty of a public writer to declare whether she will grace the proud pinnacle to which she

aspires; our first impression is that she might have chosen a part more suited to her powers, that her talents will place her among the best performers of the day, but her Belvidera cannot be considered of the first order.

Mr. Conway whined over his troubles as Jaffier most pitifully. Jaffier's character is in itself so contemptibly weak and irresolute, that correct feeling would induce us to wonder how he could ever obtain the friendship of the firm and courageous Pierre, and Mr. Conway's representation did not help it into our favour. Although several of his scenes were very good, the whole did not please us, and we thought him too long in dying. But Mr. Terry, as Pierre, produced a different effect: his performance was equal and excellent; he never lost sight of the character he was unfolding; his whole manner—his energetic declamation—his expression of contempt or hatred—his manly firmness, patriotic ardour, and sense of friendship, were admirable. The other characters deserve no particular notice.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—We are glad, for the sake of the liberal proprietor of this theatre, to whom we wish every success, that the public opinion is rather at variance with our's, and that, contrary to our expectation, the *Corsair* for *Coxcombs* has been played every night since it was produced. *The Gipsy of Derneleugh*, *The Miller's Maid*, and *The Adopted Child*, in which Emery plays Record with powerful effect, are played alternately, and, with the mixture of lively farces and brisk operettas, of which this house has a store, draw good houses.

SURREY THEATRE.—This house closed for the season on Tuesday last.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The performances of the present week, at this theatre, boast an unusual degree of interest, and we are happy to add, they are nightly attended by very crowded audiences. *The Witch of Derneleugh* is another version of Guy Mannering, differing materially from the original opera, and, in many respects, from the new drama at the English Opera House. Mrs. Egerton's Meg Morries is too well known and too much admired to require any thing of commendation from us; but those who have often seen it, will still derive much pleasure from witnessing it in a theatre where the advantage of seeing and hearing distinctly can be so easily obtained. The opera is got up well in all its characters, and the scenery is peculiarly appropriate and tasteful.

Literature and Science.

The Observer Newspaper.—It is a remarkable circumstance, and unparalleled in the history of the newspaper press, that the *Observer* of Sunday, the 23d of July, which was published on two sheets, and contained an account of the commotion, sold no fewer than 61,500 sets, thus using 133,000 four-penny stamps, and yielding to the revenue the enormous sum of £216l. 13s. 4d.

A young person of the name of Davenne, deaf and dumb, was lately presented to the King of France, and laid before his Majesty the model of a grand Chateau in pasteboard. It had about two hundred windows, with curtains and trimmings, beneath which were discerned the interior and well furnished apartments. The design was altogether imaginary, and cost three years' labour, with rule, penknife, and compass.

Mexican Flora.—At the last anniversary sitting of the Helvetic Society of Natural Science, M. de Candolle presented to the society a Flora of Mexico, consisting of 1740 leaves, and forming thirteen large folio volumes. The following account of this work is given in the *Morgenblatt*, published at Stuttgart:—M. M. Sesse, Mocino, and Cervantes had travelled over New Spain, with the view of collecting a Mexican Flora. They made a drawing of each plant on the spot where they found it. M. Mocino had returned to Madrid, in order to have the drawings thus obtained engraved, when the first troubles in Spain obliged him to seek refuge with his Flora at Montpellier. M. de Candolle, who was then at Montpellier, became acquainted with M. Mocino, and assisted him for eighteen months in arranging systematically his numerous collection. M. de Candolle afterwards went from Montpellier to Geneva, and M. Mocino gave him the Flora along with him, that he might one day send it forth to the world. The new aspect of affairs in Spain having induced M. Mocino, however, to return to his native country, he wrote lately to M. de Candolle, requesting to have the Flora back. The French naturalist, unwilling to run the chance of losing all trace of so valuable a treasure, immediately requested some friends to copy part of the rarest drawings for him. No sooner was this known in Geneva, than numbers of persons, of both sexes, offered their services; and in the end, every person capable of managing a

crayon or pencil, was occupied with the Mexican Flora. They worked with such zeal, the ladies especially, that in the short space of eight days there was not a single drawing remaining to copy.

Submersion of the Village of Stron.—The following account of this singular and melancholy event, is related in a letter from Winkler. The village of Stron, in the estate of Fermian, in Bohemia, is situated on a declivity, in the north-east of the valley of Eger, about a league from Sautz, partly near the river, and partly near a gorge that descended towards the Eger. On a hill that forms a border to this gorge, were the church and parsonage-house, and the village descended along the gorge parallel to the Eger, towards the north-west. This hill contains beds of an earthy pit-coal, that spread through the country, and are covered with strata of sand and alluvion. The Eger flows at the distance of about two hundred toises from Stron. Previous to the accident, it formed a bay alongside of Stron, edged with hills of moving sand, not very lofty, but steep. On the higher part of the declivity were a number of springs, that were quickly lost in the sands.

These springs have proved the cause of a calamity, which, in these countries, where glaciers and earthquakes are unknown, may be deemed unique in its kind. The water of the springs has gradually perforated large subterranean cavities in the strata of sand, so that, at length, the whole surface of the soil, with the church, the houses, and the gardens, rested only on some detached columns of sand that were daily diminishing. Whether subterranean combustions of pit-coal may not have co-operated, is a point hitherto undecided.

For a length of time the earth had been sinking in different places. Crevices appeared in the walls of the buildings; the doors would no longer shut, and some weeks ago a great noise was heard in the middle of the night. The people are roused from their sleep; a singular movement of the earth advancing forward, and at the same time sinking, is observed. The inhabitants flee, remove their cattle, &c. and at some distance from the village wait for the morning. Its appearance displays an image of destruction; half of the village had disappeared; where no houses had ever been, roofs and chimnies were seen rising from the ground. The hill, the church, and the parsonage, were no longer to be found; and

at some distance appeared a chaos of parcels of earth, intermixed with ruins and crevices.

The church is eighty feet below the scite it formerly occupied; it is divided into two, half of it buried in ruins. Here lies a steeple overthrown, and there a confused medley of statues, images of saints, stables, &c. The river is thrown out of its channel, and where it formed a bay, there is now an accumulation of earth. The churchyard is thrown into a shapeless heap, and the whole territory bears another aspect. In different patches are seen layers of a fat earth, over which the sand has glided. It seems that the Eger must have crumbled the props on which the hill stood, as they had ever an inclination towards the river.

A number of things have been fortunately preserved, and, with the exception of some cattle, no lives were lost. Fifteen houses are yet standing; but the soil is insecure, and the downfall will probably be universal.

I was at a loss, at first, to recognise the country; and from the inhabitants I could only learn that they had been disturbed by a tremendous crash, and that they sought refuge by flight. The people were rich; their loss, in point of furniture, is not so considerable as in the superficies of the soil.

The village is now a sort of central spot for pilgrimage to the whole of Bohemia; the curious flock thither from every quarter, to explore the effects of this phenomenon. It is impossible to form a just idea of it without inspection.—*Phil. Mag.*

Letters from Naples mention a prodigy: a boy ten years of age, of a noble Hungarian family, named Sigismund de Praun. He recently made his appearance at Rome, at the Theatre Argentina, when he executed in perfection a sonata on the violin, in which the celebrated Paganini often chose to display his talent in execution. But what is infinitely more surprising, the young Sigismund is not less versed in literature and the sciences than in music. After he had discoursed on public theses on the most important questions, the Archi-Gymnasi awarded him a large gold medal. This wonderful child was presented to his holiness, who, delighted with his answers, conferred on him the order of the Golden Spur, and also nominated him a Count of the Apostolic Palace.

M. Tedenat, son of the French consul at Alexandria, well known for his discoveries in Upper Egypt, has just

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Review of New Books.

Poetical Essays on the Character of Pope as a Poet and Moralist; and on the Language and Objects most fit for Poetry. By Charles Lloyd. 12mo. pp. 70. London, 1821.

WHEN we reviewed the pamphlets of Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles, we considered the character of Pope so fully discussed, and the subject become so trite, that we determined not to notice any thing more that might be written upon it. We are, however, induced to deviate from our first intention, in order to pay our court to a new and a very able champion, who has entered the lists—one who, taking no notice of the previous controversy on the subject or the personality of the disputants, calmly sits down and investigates the character of Pope with the feelings of a poet, the acuteness of a critic, and the calm and dispassioned reasoning of a philosopher.

Mr. Lloyd is himself a poet of some eminence, and the author of 'Nugæ Canonæ' and 'Desultory Thoughts in London;' works, however, which rather stamp him as an amiable man than a great poet. His style is certainly not the most correct, and he is rather too metaphysical: but the one never extends to vulgarity, nor the other to what is too often the bane of metaphysics—infinity.

Mr. Lloyd is of opinion, and we agree with him, that sense and imagination are the highest characteristics of true poetry; to Pope he accords the first, but denies that he possessed imagination or sensibility—that sensibility at least which implies sympathy with others. The merits of Pope he first sums up, before he enters on those qualities in which he conceives him deficient. He says,—

“ Though we see in Pope Wit the most keen, of sense the simplest scope, Though he can be, if it so chance he please, Mighty from energy, and gay from ease; Though in a dialect perspicuous, terse, He sense can marry to immortal verse, And, with consummate elegance, combine Force intellectual, through each nervous line;

Though in the antithetic he can charm, With wit perplex us, and with splendour warm; Though his that playful malice, which, with grade, Can strip pretension of its grave grimace; Though he in numbers, tuneful as the spheres, Can make c'en crabbed themes enchant our ears; Though he can charm us to a pleasing trance, With quick meteoric lights, which love to dance To Fancy's eye;—though, eloquently bland, For him refinement all her stores expand; Yes, though thus opulent in many a dower; In feeling, in imagination's power, He is deficient; in each glorious gift, 'Bove earth, which doth the ravi'd spirit lift. One power has Pope. One, eminently his.— And, of all powers, the one, with emphasis, Which gives th' ephemeral child of Fancy's birth The claim to currency, the stamp of worth. This power is *sense*.”

After shewing the superiority of sense over mere harmony of numbers, Mr. Lloyd dwells on the value of sensibility:—

“ Which to the poet gives, Beyond imagination, power to explore Its deep recesses, to the inmost core Of the human heart.”

This power he denies to Pope, whose feelings were too much associated with self-love, to intitle them to the name of sensibility, and who ‘always rather delights to analyse vice, than to suppose virtue.’ He also objects to Pope, in that he rather chose the subjects of his muse from art than nature; as this has been a subject of much controversy, and although it forms a distinct poem in this little volume, we shall here quote Mr. Lloyd's opinion:—

“ Now, let us ask, where, throughout all the range Of Pope's soft numbers, do we find him change For scenes of art, the country's quiet grace? Where paints He nature? Whither may we trace

That he has ever, with a raptur'd eye, Look'd on the forests or the silent sky? We're elsewhere said, and we the thought repeat, Objects of art for poets' theme are meet, As well as those of nature; but in sense Subordinate, and meek subservience. We scarcely can conceive, how man can claim A poet's power, much less possess the flame Of pure imagination, nor fond themes From nature draw, for his poetic dreams.

There is, oh Nature, in thy aspects mild; There is, oh Nature, in thy aspects wild; There is, in favour of a summer day, There is, in last gleam of the evening ray; There is, oh! ocean, in thy weltering roar, There is, in wave which chafes thy pebbly shore; There is, when sun-beam on thy surface dances, And on thy prismatic water swiftly glances; There is, in all the company of clouds, When in the west the setting sun it shrouds; When hues of gold and purple richly spread, Proudly pavilion his declining head; And when, like threads of light, from it repair The splendours shaken from his golden hair; There are in these, and thousand objects more, Charms which might make the hardest heart adore; Our bard never one of these doth sing, Or, to praise Nature, imp his soaring wing.”

The second part of Mr. Lloyd's Essay is a criticism on the Essay on Man, rather too metaphysical for our taste, and more remarkable for good sense than elegant poetry. The following extract nearly embodies the whole of Mr. Lloyd's theory:—

“ Man is a being, in whom various modes Of feeling rule. In his breast's dim abodes, The passions are the elemental source Of that which gives its character and force To action. What these passions are, each learns, Whose introverted eye one moment turns Into himself; ambition, love, the glow Of fame; the filial and parental throes; Self-preservation; last, and far most high, Those instincts, which, with heav'n, our souls ally.

To these is added reason. As this takes A large excursive range, as still it makes An ample orbit, as in its wide aims— White love of all creation it inflames,— And most, of Him who all creation made,— It feels an interest, where'er it can aid: The great doth venerate; protects the small; With all it couples self, and self with all; “Self, that no alien knows,” feels sympathy, “As far diffus'd as fancy's wing can fly; So much as it does this, tis healthful, just; ‘Tis the pure reason, freed from self's low gust. Reason is truth, with sympathies thus wide— Reason is error, with self-love allied. Benevolence is reason; 'tis supreme, Even for self-protection; 'tis no dream, That he, who, in his universal heart, Feels that he is, of all, the smallest part, And loves all sentient things, and God above, With holy self-annihilating love; Oh, he is pillow'd ever on the breast Of dove-like peace: he finds a downy nest, Whether he travel Araby's parch'd sands, Or Whether he sail where shoreless seas expand;

Whether he journey 'mid the arctic snows;
Or whether through the torrid sunroom slows:
While he, whose introverted puny keen
Thinks of himself—and thinks—and thinks
—again;
Baffled in *that*, to which he but aspires,
Self-immolated, tediously expires.

— The second Essay in this volume, is
'On the Language and Objects most
fit for Poetry.' Our readers are fully
aware of the nature of the controversy
on this subject, between Lord Byron
Mr. Bowles, Mr. Gilchrist and
Mr. Campbell. The question is one
not worth the ink and paper that has
been used upon it, and is like the two
chivalrous knights who met and dis-
puted on the colour of a post; one
maintaining that it was black, and the
other that it was white; when, after
they had fought and nearly killed each
other, they ascertained that it was both.
To us it appears to be a question
which can never be settled, and must al-
ways remain as one of opinion—for some
poets will succeed best in depicting
nature, while others will be more suc-
cessful in describing the sublimity and
ingenuity of art. In this opinion, we
appear to have the sanction of our au-
thor, who says,—

'We know a man, a man of genius, too,
Who says, that he had rather walk the streets
Of London; than from thence there can accrue
To him more strong emotion, than when
—grets
His eye: mountain region; when retreats
Day's glare, the lamps shine, and the windows
blaze

With crescents bright, when at each step he
meets
A tide of population, whose thick maze
And multitudinous heart deep human feelings
raise.

'We've heard him say, that, at such hour as
this,
Stronger emotion, London! he hath known
In thy haunts; more felt with emphasis
"His bosom's lord-sit" proudly "on his
throne,"

Than when his eye, with glories all her own,
Romantic nature greeted. Now attend:—
For this man well we know. Is he thus prone
To give to art precedence, virtue's friend?
Says would he personate her, would he have
ought to mend?

'To us it seems, then, an erroneous plan,—
Though one from philanthropic feeling
—sprung,—

One sprung from a deep feeling, that, in man,
As man, source of true interest lies: one
—wrong

From the conviction that, round old and
young,

There is more, however different our estate,
Of sanctity indelible hung:—
More of resemblance 'twixt the small and great;
More which may universal sympathy create;

'Tis of discordance,—yet, to us, it seems
An error, though one which we reverence,
To hold up personals for poetic themes,
As fit exclusively; and, consequence
—Of this, the works of art to banish thence:—

And to this ostracism add beside,
Proscription to all scenes, for eloquence
Of the true bard, save those where are desecrated
Mountains, and lakes, and rocks, and nature's
sterner pædæ.

'Methinks that, in the argument to which
These lines reply, there is one error clear;
Wherein it says, that natural objects teach
The peasant's soul; that with "their pas-
sions" there

'The permanent, the beautiful" appear
"Incorporate"; that they are nature-taught:—
But is't a fact, experience test to bear,
That forms external are in spirits wrought,
Proportion'd to the time they have been near
them brought?

'Tis in an effervescent state, the mind
Receives impressions; oft from *contrasts* rise
The strongest ones; and oft those most inclin'd
To adore the country, love it, in its skies,
Since their town's native smoke doth not
arise;

It is not opportunity to see;
They are our passions, which, or open eyes
Or close them; who, for "hard-ear'd penny
fee,"

Doth toil, for scenes the most sublime what
cattle he!

'We then affirm, let one with leisure blest,
From distant region gorgeous scenes explore,
And in the very circumstance, confess'd
A cause will be, why he should love them
more.

Since then such scenes first taught his heart
to soar:

While Ule rude natives, who, though they have
eyes,

As those who saw not, see; if he his score
Profusely pay, each claim which round them
lies

Will sooner far forget, than their propitious
prize.'

Here we will once more take leave of
the controversy on Poets, but without
making any pledge that a new discus-
sion may not again compel us to no-
tice it.

—
*The Expedition of Orsua and the Crimes
of Aguirre.* By Robert Southey,
Esq. 12mo. pp. 215. London, 1821.

THE expedition of Orsua, which Mr.
Southey calls 'a frightful but salutary
story,' was printed in the Edinburgh
Annual Register some years ago. That
it is a frightful, every one who reads it
must admit, but we much doubt that
tales of vice and crime have a salutary
effect, except, perhaps, on the mind of
the philosopher, who draws the proper
inferences from them; but among
readers how few are philosophers! The
tale relates to an expedition undertaken
in 1560, by Don Pedro Orsua, one of
those ferocious knights, who, by their
cruelties in South America, brought
indelible disgrace on the Spanish name.
It was directed against the Omaguas,
a nation in the interior of South America,
which was represented as rich in
gold and diamonds. Orsua's force

consisted of three hundred Spaniards,
and a more ferocious band never went
on a scheme of murder and plunder.
Orsua took with him his mistress,
Donna Ines, and several more of the
troop also took women with them.
This was fatal to the chief, who, when
the band had arrived on the Orellana,
about seven hundred leagues distant,
was assassinated by some of his associates.
Vargas, the second in command;
and several of the associates of Orsua,
were also murdered, and though Gus-
man was selected king of the banditti,
yet Aguirre, who had been the chief
cause of all these massacres, acquired
the chief authority:—

'This man, so unhappily notorious in
American history, had supported himself
in Peru, by the trade of breaking in
horses. In the rebellion of Don Sebastian
de Castilla, he had borne so active a
part that he was sentenced to death, and
would assuredly have been executed could
he have been taken; but when a pardon
was offered to all offenders who would
join the king's standard against Giron, he
took advantage of the proclamation and
came from his hiding place. For some
subsequent villainy he was again con-
demned, together with Zaldueño, and
would have been hanged at Cuzco; but
he broke out of prison and remained in
the woods till he found an opportunity of
joining Orsua. His hope was that Orsua
would rebel; being disappointed in this,
he laid a plan for murdering him. Such
had been the general irregularity of his
conduct, that in Peru, he was commonly
called Aguirre *el Inco*, the madman; and
assuredly, his after atrocities were such,
that it is only to madness they can be im-
puted.'

Valdera and Zaldueño, who had
contended for Donna Ines, were suc-
cessively assassinated, as was also the lady
herself, the elected king Guzman, and
several others; and Aguirre having at-
tained the supreme command, deter-
mined no longer to go in quest of El
Dorado, but to return and conquer
Peru.

When the wretch Aguirre, who was
stained with so many murders, and the
remains of his ferocious band arrived
at Margarita, he possessed himself of
the island by treachery, and became
even more wanton in his butcheries
than he had been on the Orellana. An
alarm of invasion gave a new whet to
his cruelty:—

'He ordered the governor and those
persons whom he had at first made pri-
soners, being the chief magistrates of the
city, to be brought from the apartment
where they were confined into a lower
hall. They, suspecting that they were
led to death, came with a mortal mel-
ancholy in their countenances, which the

tyrant perceived, and bade them have no fear, giving them his word, that, even if the fiar were to land more men than there were trees and thistles on the island, and he himself and all his companions were to perish, not one of the prisoners should be hurt. This was just as night had set in; about midnight he sent Carrion, the murderer of Donna Inez, with a set of fit companions, to strangle these persons, whose lives he had so lately and so solemnly promised to preserve. Their dead bodies were covered with mats. Aguirre assembled his soldiers in the hall; the mats at his command were then removed, and the bodies exposed by the light of torches, "here, my Maranones," said the tyrant, "you see another of the king's governors, and these, his magistrates, lying dead: Let no man among you deceive himself with any hopes of pardon for such crimes as we have committed, nor suffer himself to be deceived by fair promises. In no part of the world can you possibly be safe, except in my company."

When Aguirre went out to meet the attack, he left Perez, an associate worthy of such a chief, in charge of the fortress. Some of the soldiers, during the absence of Aguirre, inquired who should take the command, in case he should be slain or taken by the provincial. Upon which Perez answered, "here am I, who can do my duty if the old man should fail:—

"This was enough; the tyrant called 'or one Chaves, a lad, with scarcely a hair upon his chin, who was yet old enough in crimes to be charged with such an office, and bade him get some companions, and put the camp-master to death as soon as he entered the fortress, whither he sent to call him. Perez, little suspecting that his hour was come, hastened in obedience to the summons, and Chaves, getting behind him, shot him with a harquebuss. The wound was not immediately mortal; the other murderers fell upon him, and he ran from them about the fort, crying out for confession, and shrieking with the pain of a horrible wound, till he fell at length, and Chaves dispatched him by cutting his throat.

The prisoners hearing his shrieks, expected that this was the commencement of the general massacre which Aguirre had threatened; they hid themselves under the beds, and in holes and corners, not some threw themselves from the windows and battlements. The soldiers in the square were not less astonished, hearing his cries, and being ignorant of the cause. Aguirre spoke to them from a window, telling them not to be alarmed at what they had heard, for he had been obliged to put his son and Camp-master, Larin Perez, to death, for conspiracy against him. Llamoso, who had been named as an accomplice in the plot, happened to pass by as he was speaking.

"They tell me, my son," said Aguirre, "that you also were in the conspiracy; was this then your friendship, and this all the regard you have for the great love which I have borne you?" Chaves and his comrades, whose weapons were yet red and reeking from the last murder, expected that they were now to have another victim, and drew near him, looking up to Aguirre for the signal to strike. Llamoso, as of all these wretches he most resembled his master in ferociousness, so was he the only one who was sincerely and faithfully attached to him; and of this attachment Aguirre seems to have been sensible, by the manner in which he addressed him. He protested his innocence with the most horrid imprecations. The countenance of this suspicious tyrant did not yet relax; and Llamoso, in the strong passion of his fear, and his indignation at the charge, exclaimed, "as for this traitor, who would have committed such a crime, I will drink his blood!" and throwing himself on the ground, he applied his mouth to a wound in the Camp-master's head, like a dog ravenous with hunger. The very murderers who stood by drew back, sickening at the sight, and Aguirre no longer entertained a doubt of his fidelity."

When Aguirre left Margarita, and landed on the main, with the frantic view of subjugating this great continent, his followers, already much thinned by mutual assassination, became still more so, and soon were too much reduced to undertake any enterprise with success. The native troops continually harassing them; several deserted. Aguirre having arrived at Baraquimoto, sent a detachment against the Royalist General Paredes, and gave the command of it to Espindola. Aguirre, who was watching the success of this detachment, saw the men mingle in the enemy's ranks instead of attacking them, and shouting "the king for ever." The last scene of this tragic drama is the death of the monster, who has played so distinguished a part in the whole:—

"Juan de Aguirre still remained in the fort, and intended to complete his crimes by killing the tyrant, whose ready instrument he had been in so many murders; but not finding him at hand, and thinking all delay dangerous, he hastened to join Paredes; and while Aguirre was outside of the fort, all the others, who were now only those whom he suspected, and kept under watch, got out by a door which had been closed up, but which they broke through. One alone, of all the Maranones, remained by Aguirre's side; it was Llamoso: none of these wretches had exceeded him in guilt, but he was faithful to the last to the tyrant whom he had sworn to serve. Aguirre asked him why he also did not go to enjoy the king's pardon; he

replied, he had been his friend in life, and would be so in death. Aguirre made him no answer, but went into a chamber where his daughter was sitting in company with a young woman called La Torralva, who had come with her from Peru. "Say thy prayers, child," said he, "for I must kill thee!" "Why, sir," she exclaimed. He replied, "that thou mayst never live to be reviled, and called the daughter of a traitor." La Torralva had courage enough to rise and take his harquebuss from him, thinking thus to prevent him from executing his desperate purpose; but he, lightly surrendering it, drew out a dagger, and stabbed his daughter repeatedly, till her sufferings were for ever ended. Then going out into the anti-chamber, he perceived that the king's troops were entering, and leaning against a sort of cane-bedeast, without attempting to resist, he waited for what might befall him. An inhabitant of Tocuyo, who first came into the room, called to Paredes, "here, sir, I have taken Aguirre." The tyrant answered, "I do not yield to such a knave as thou art!" and then seeing Paredes himself, he added, "Sir Camp-master, you are a cavalier; I beseech you let the terms be kept with me, for I have things to communicate which are of importance to the king's service." But his own men cried out that it was for the Camp-master's honour to cut off his head before the governor came up, upon which, two of these Maranones were ordered to shoot him. Juan de Chaves and Christoval Galindo are said to have put themselves forward for this service, that Aguirre might not have time to make confessions, which would show how greatly they were implicated in the atrocities that had been committed. The first shot made only a slant wound: "that's badly done," said he; the second he received in his breast, and exclaiming, "this will do," fell, and died immediately. Custodio Hernandez, a wretch who had enjoyed his favour, then cut off his head, and taking it by the long hair, carried it to the governor, in hopes of obtaining something by such a service.

Paredes then advanced to meet the governor, trailing after him the banners of the rebels. The governor ordered Aguirre's daughter to be buried in the church; his own body was quartered, and the quarters set up by the way-side. His head was sent to Tocuyo, and exposed in an iron cage. When Pedro Simon wrote, the skull was still remaining; his banners also were preserved in that city, and the robe, gown, and kirtle of yellow silk which his daughter had on when she was slain, rent by the dagger, and stained with blood. The people of Merida and of Valencia, who were in the camp, petitioned each for one of his banners, as a memorial of their loyal services; each had a hand of the traitor given them instead, which they bore away on the point of a lance. These trophies became offensive on the way; the one was thrown into

the river Motalan, the other cast to the dogs. The banners were taken to Spain by Paredes, who hung them over his father's monument. The house in which he was born was pulled down, as having been the birth-place of a traitor, and a monument was erected on the spot, to record his crimes and his fate.'

The promise given to the Marañones, was observed by Collado with the most rigid honour; but in the ensuing year, orders came from Madrid to send them all prisoners to Spain. Some of them had time to secure themselves, and others were taken and executed. Aguirre, whose crimes made a deep impression upon the people of Venezuela, is still spoken of in those countries as El Tyrano, the tyrant, and it is believed by the people that his troubled spirit still wanders over the scenes of his guilt, in the form of that fiery vapour which is frequently seen in the island of Margarita, and in the plains of New Andalusia, and which is to this day called the soul of the tyrant.

Such was the expedition of Orsua, and such the crimes of Aguirre, a tale too horrible even for a melo-drama, and not to be contemplated in reality without shuddering. Mr. Southey, who has dilated on the subject considerably, has certainly not lessened the effect by his narration, which is in many parts quite dramatic.

Napoleon and other Poems. By Samuel Gower, Esq. 8vo. pp. 156. London, 1820.

*STANDING, as I now do, on the threshold of public opinion, I cannot say I feel any fears for my reception; the deeds of the provident should reward themselves. The poems that are marked with figures I devote to posterity; of the rest, some to chance—more to oblivion.'

Such is the modest declaration of Mr. Gower in the commencement of his preface; what chance his productions have of the destination he assigns them, we shall be able to show by-and-by. We confess we have seldom ventured on any work with greater reluctance than on this; we have had it in our hands at least a dozen times, and laid it down again, exclaiming, 'We'll have none o'nt'; but at last found ourselves so fairly beset that we could not avoid it. This will, perhaps, appear strange to many of our readers; but the cry of 'copy' by a printer's devil is imperative, as, according to the old proverb, 'we needs must when the Devil drives.'

But we commenced with Mr. Gower's

Preface, and, as it is the most amusing part of his work, (for bad poetry is seldom amusing,) we shall not leave it yet. He tells us that some of his friends have palmed on him the attributes of his Napoleon, and yet he doubts that Napoleon himself will like his sonnets. We doubt it, indeed! but he consoles himself for this supposed neglect of Bonaparte by his poetic genius, by telling us, that 'the thoughts of men like him [Napoleon, not Mr. Gower] are only to be comfortably endured in their remotest results;' and 'in illustration of this,' he transforms two lines of bad poetry into half a page of dull prose. Mr. Gower acknowledges his has been a very daring attempt. 'But,' says he, and who can withhold their admiration of his modesty, 'though notorious *deliquia* of thought as well as of expression are acknowledged occasionally to intervene, the authors of the Koran have no where given so magnificent an idea of their prophet, as the three paragraphs [sonnets] above alluded to, afford of Napoleon, had nothing else been said besides those paragraphs written.' One extract more from the preface, and we have done:—

'The Miscellaneous Poems require no further remark than that the Queen Elizabeth is not the Elizabeth of Kenilworth, but the dust and ashes of what she once was, and, lying, as was thought, of a broken heart;—and that, with regard to satire, I will be quiet if they'll let me alone;—if not, when a little misbehaviour may be ill-natured, the who misbehave may have cause to wish me in heaven.

'One thing more remains, indeed, gentle reader, who has been faithful to me to the end of this preface, for I won't end in this surly way; it is all affection—the more shame for us—no matter—'

'Whichever way I turn, a barrier of impassable gates at present frowns before me, through which I cannot pass; but I hope to pass them—and in the meanwhile beg of every reader not to hang or drown himself till this time next year, by which time—wherever I may have met with happiness, whoever he is, he shall be made to share it with me.'

The poems (for so the author calls them,) entitled Napoleon, consist of eighteen different pieces, eight of which are among those which Mr. Gower devotes to posterity; it would be unfair in quoting not to give him a chance, and, therefore, we select the first of those chosen productions, Napoleon's Address to Josephine:—

'Well, soveraeen, would'st thou see my soul unblest:
To be in all my purposes unknown,
In all my plans uncouncill'd and alone,

My glory is—my fame's high sacrament:

My heart to beauty never to have lent,

Nor ever risk'd for love my peerless throne,

My character still searchlessly my own,—

My pride. Of this I never shall repent.

So, far Delilah, of my strength unborn

I live—and mean to live—the bane and fear,

Or love—no matter which, of men. To scorn

Their praise or censure is my shield and spear.

Illustriously friendless and forlorn,

Thus won I kingdoms.—More thou may'st not bear.'

If our readers understand this wretched jargon, we shall be happy; for ourselves, we caudally confess that we can neither make 'fish nor flesh of it.'

The 'Miscellaneous Poems,' of which nearly one half are also devoted to posterity, consist of pieces which, we are told, are in imitation of the styles of Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Ben Johnson, Shakespeare, &c. Of the similarity, let the following extracts, from a 'Soliloquy of Queen Elizabeth,' in imitation (what treason against the majesty of the great bard!) of Shakespeare, bear witness:—

'No! I can never rest an hour in peace—

Yon dunce I made a bishop of last year

Advising me—confound his impudence!

By G—d! but I'll unfrock him if he dares
Mention me again—And then these wretches,
Who just because they've learnt to write and read—

(I wish I were a Papist for a fortnight,

To Smithfield some of them) suppose they're able

To think forsooth about affairs of state.'

'But for these citizens—they never buy

A hoop to thatch in an unwieldy wife,

But they must talk of taxes—'

If they choose
To dress their calves-heads up as if they were
queens,

They ought to pay for it—somebody must pay,

And they're unfit to rule—afraid to fight,

And growing too luxurious to work,

And little given to praying for themselves—

And where God is not—as in many a land

Of Romish darkness—there the Devil is—

And there assassins, as in Italy—

(A land the righteous scorn of God and man)'

This is another of the precious productions which Mr. Gower thinks will be immortal; but no wonder, for if a man has the insanity to print such trash, it ought not to excite surprise that he is in love with it. After the threat Mr. Gower holds out in the preface, we may be suspected of temerity in daring to provoke his ire; but we can honestly assure him, that his work is the most wretched production that ever came under our notice; and, as he candidly confesses, 'the sooner the chaff of a man's productions is blown away the better,' he surely cannot feel offended in subjecting his performances to the fan of criticism.

Letters on Ancient History; exhibiting a Summary View of the History, Geography, Manners, and Customs of the Assyrian, Babylonian, Median, Persian, Egyptian, Israelitish, and Grecian Nations. By Anne Wilson. Third Edition. 12mo. pp. 312. London, 1821.

THE work before us having already received the stamp of public favour, we have pleasure in noticing the improvements of the present edition, which seem to consist chiefly in adopting the plan of adding questions at the end of each letter, for the purpose of examining the reader upon its most prominent points; this addition has been made avowedly from the success of the plan in Pinnock's *Histories of England, Greece, and Rome*, and is certainly well suited to impress the memory and assist the scholar in self-examination. We consider the editor's comments on the study of history, in the preface, neat and judicious, and shall, therefore, subjoin an extract:—

'A knowledge of Ancient History carries us back to primal ages, triumphs over time, opens to us the experience of antiquity, and introduces us to those great and distinguished personages whose actions will ever be held up to admiring posterity as worthy of imitation; while it presents us with innumerable instances of misguided ambition and lawless violence, which ought to serve as beacons to warn us of the fatal consequences of deviating from the principles of honour, truth, and justice. In short, the true use of history is to enable us to profit by the experience of those who have gone before us, to avoid their errors and prejudices, and so to regulate our actions that they may best conduce towards our individual happiness and the important ends of humanity.'

And again,—'The study of history is no less a source of amusement than instruction. What argument can be advanced—what anecdote related—what conversation entered upon—wherein a knowledge of history will not come seasonably to our aid; affording either validity to our assertions or illustration to our arguments; rendering the most commonplace subjects interesting, and furnishing us with the means of enriching the most barren topics of discourse!'

The editor further remarks, that the epistolary style has been preferred, in order to narrate in the most familiar language, those important events which demand attention, and that 'a plain unvarnished tale' has been throughout attempted.—The work is particularly suited for youth, and merits the attention of all who are engaged in education.

Calthorpe, ou Revers de Fortune.

IN a recent number we mentioned that the novel of 'Calthorpe, or Fallen Fortunes,' which, it will be remembered, we noticed favourably and at some length a few months back, had already been translated into French and reprinted in America. Our opinion of the work is on record, and we are only induced again to advert to it in order to make a few remarks on the French translation, which is now before us.

The translator of the novels ascribed to Sir Walter Scott, under whose auspices 'Calthorpe' has appeared in Paris, has acquired a great reputation among his countrymen by his efforts in this way, and the address with which he has got over the greatest difficulties in the way of rendering an English work into French, entitle him to the applause he has received. He well understands that a translation must not, in every instance, be strictly literal, and he frequently makes use of bold equivalents with success. But occasionally he takes upon himself to alter the arrangement of the original,—to omit and to add to his author. He seems rather anxious to guard against too much decoration. Where the author indulges in a figure, he is in several instances cut short by his translator. For example, *Brinkman* says, in the English,—

'It was midnight; a storm raged without, and the winds were alternately heard, now hoarse and loud as the thunder of heaven—now soft and sad as the sigh of a dying infant.'

This is rendered very different:—

'Il étoit minuit, et le bruit du tonnerre et des vents se faisoit alternativement entendre.'

When *Henry* flies to tell *Lonisa*, who is at her devotions, that her father is less culpable than he supposed him to be, the author makes him say, apologizing for interrupting her,—

'Such tidings I could not withhold; but anticipating that beaming smile of virtuous joy, I have ventured even to arrest your devotions, as the bold patriarch of old, to gain a blessing, scrupled not to detain for a moment an angel from his God.'

The translator leaves out this and the description of *Lonisa*, and merely says that *Henry* hastened to undeceive her, and the reader can best imagine the joy with which his intelligence was received.

The author makes *Practical* play off some indecorous pranks, but is careful to avoid the disgusting. The translator, in giving the sentences which

the player writes on the dusty moveables in *Bandy Juliet's* parlour, indulges in a grossness which is at once bad in itself, and wholly unlike the original. Immediately after, he adds more than a page which is purely his own, and sends *Practical* back to the house of *Sir James Deneville*, after the escape, for a portmanteau, for no other purpose than to make the hero more comfortable on his journey from Derbyshire to London, than the author cared to render him.

One alteration he has made, which is decidedly an improvement. *Le Blun*, in the original, cut five buttons from his gaiters, each of which furnished an English guinea to pay for a dinner and other refreshments at Duber. The translator makes him take off but one button, which contains a forty franc piece. With *Le Blun's* French ideas of cheapness, this is undoubtedly more probable than the production of a larger sum.

Expert as the translator must be, from the practice he has had, and elegantly faithful as he is in most places, it is laughable to see how little idiomatical peculiarities sometimes mislead one so competent to read our language. Where the manager is told that he might aspire to personate '*The Jack of Clubs*,' the translator is completely baffled, and he renders the *valet de trefles* '*Jack de Club*,' evidently misled by the meaning attached to the word *club* in other cases.

We cannot enlarge on this subject, or there are other peculiarities which it might be amusing to point out. Justice requires that we should state the principal scenes are translated with spirit and closeness to the original. It is curious to infer the different tastes of the two countries from the changes made. We see that the translator, for the satisfaction of French readers, has thought it necessary to marry *Henry* and *Lonisa*. The English author felt that this would be rather too bold an experiment, and contented himself with pointing to that event, as one which might take place at a future period, and then dropped the curtain, that his hero might not be seen united to the daughter of one so stained by crime as *Brinkman*.

Anecdotes of Exile.

FROM the twenty-second Part of the *Percy Anecdotes*, which is devoted to Exile, and contains a good portrait of Bonaparte, we select the two following

anecdotes, both relating to the family of the Stuarts:—

'Dundee's Officers.'—When King William was advised to send a great body of troops to Scotland, after the defeat of Killcranky, he said, "It was needless, the war ended with Dundee's life." The observation was just; for though the Highland army descended into the low countries of Scotland, under the Generals Buchan and Cannon, and were engaged in several actions, yet these actions were indecisive; and, after two languid campaigns, a peace was concluded. The castle of Edinburgh had been surrendered some time before by the Duke of Gordon, whom the superiority of Dundee's genius was no longer at hand to direct. But the duke, in the manner of his surrender, preserved the dignity of his rank and of his ancestors. He said, "he had so much confidence in the descendants of James I. that though he must insist on a pardon for his garrison, he would stipulate no terms for himself." Upon the peace with the Highlanders, the common men retired to their homes, but many of their officers were, in consequence of a capitulation, landed in France.

The conduct of these officers while in exile, was worthy of the happiest days of Athens or Sparta. The officers were a hundred and fifty in number, all of honourable birth. Attached to their chiefs and to each other in their political principles, only to blame, yet glorying in them. Upon their arrival in France, pensions were assigned to them by the French king. But upon the conclusion of the civil war, these pensions were withdrawn, because the object no longer existed for which they had been given. Finding themselves, therefore, a load upon the late King, whose finances could scarcely suffice for himself, they petitioned that prince for leave to form themselves into a company of private sentinels, asking no other favour, than that they might be permitted to choose their own officers. James assented. They repaired to St. Germain to be reviewed by him, before they were incorporated into the French army. A few days after they came, they posted themselves in accoutrements borrowed from a French regiment, and drawn up in order, in a place through which he was to pass as he went to the chape, an amusement of which he became passionately fond after the loss of his kingdom. He asked who they were? and was surprised to find that they were the same men with whom, in garbs better suited to their ranks, he had the day before conversed with at his levee. Struck with the levity of his own amusement, contrasted with the misery of those who were suffering for him, he returned pensive to the palace. The day he reviewed them, he passed along the ranks, wrote in his pocket book every gentleman's name, and gave him his thanks in particular, and then removing to the front, bowed to the body with his hat off. After he had gone

away, still thinking honour enough was not done them, he returned and bowed again, but burst into tears. The body kneeled, bent their heads and eyes steadfastly upon the ground, and then starting up at once, passed him with the usual honours of war, as if it was only a common review they were exhibiting. They were sent from thence to the frontiers of Spain, a march of nine hundred miles on foot. Wherever they passed, they were received with tears by the women, and with admiration by the men. They were always the foremost in battle, and the last in retreat. Of all the troops in the service, they were most obedient to orders. Twice only they disobeyed; the first time was at the siege of Roses, where they had fallen into diseases, and been ordered to quit the camp for their recovery; but they delayed to obey, until they had sent a remonstrance to Marshal Noailles against what they termed an affront. The second instance of their inattention was upon the following occasion: the Germans had made a lodgment in an island in the Rhine; the French, from an opinion that the river was impassable without boats, had ordered a number for the passage. Among other troops intended for the service, this company was ordered to keep a station opposite to the island, until the boats should arrive. But finding, upon examination, the ford, though difficult, not impassable, they, according to the custom of the Highlanders in wading through rivers, joined their hands together; entered the river in a line with its current, the strongest men in the upper part, and the weakest in the under, so that those who were highest up the stream broke all its force; and thus, with their arms and clothes on their shoulders, they passed to the island in the sight of both armies on the opposite banks, and drove ten times their number from the lodgment. The French cried out in admiration, "A gentleman, in whatever station, is still a gentleman." "*Le gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme.*" The place is called 'Isle d'Ecosse to this day.

All collective human virtues are sullied with the selfishness of individuals. The officers to whom they had yielded their independence, and whom they had chosen to command their equals, cheated them of their pay, poor as it was, of their clothes, and of the presents which the generous had sent them. The French, inattentive to their patience, fatigues, and services, sent them from the frontiers of Spain, to Alsace, a march as long as the former. In this route their clothes fell to tatters. After they passed Lyons, the country was covered with snow; they often wanted the necessities of life; yet no complaints were heard amongst them, except for the sufferings of him whom they accounted their sovereign.

After six years' service, they were broke, when the peace was concluded, on the higher part of the Rhine, fifteen hundred miles from their homes, and with-

out any provision made for them. At that time only sixteen of them had survived the fate of their companions, and of these, only four arrived in Scotland, to give warning by their example to their countrymen, though to too many of them in vain, to distrust for ever the promises and flatteries of France.

'The Pretender.'—When the last effort of the exiled House of Stuart to recover the throne of Great Britain, had been defeated by the fatal battle of Culloden, the Pretender was surrounded by armed troops, who chased him from hill to dale, from rock to cavern, and from shore to shore. Sometimes he lurked in caves and cottages, without attendants, or any other support but that which the poorest peasant could supply. At others, he was rowed in fishing-boats, from isle to isle, among the Hebrides, and often in sight of his pursuers. For some days he travelled in woman's attire, and even passed through the midst of his enemies unknown. Understanding that his disguise was discovered, he assumed the habit of a travelling mountaineer, and wandered about among the woods and heaths with a matted beard, and squalid looks, exposed to hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and in continual danger of being discovered.

It is a strong proof the integrity of the Scottish peasantry, that he was obliged to trust his life to the fidelity of fifty individuals, many of whom were in the lowest paths of life; and although they knew that a price of 30,000*l.* was set upon his head, and that by betraying him they should gain wealth and affluence, yet they disclaimed the thought of obtaining riches on such terms, and ministered to his necessities with the utmost zeal and fidelity, even at the hazard of their own destruction.

In the course of these peregrinations, he was more than once hemmed in by his pursuers, in such a manner as seemed to preclude all possibility of escaping, yet he was never abandoned by hope or presence of mind; he still found some expedient that saved him from captivity and death, and through the whole course of his distresses, he maintained the most surprising equanimity and good humour.

At length, a privateer of St. Malo, hired by the younger Sheridan and some other Irish adherents, arrived in Lochranach; and on the 28th of September, this unfortunate prince embarked in the habit which he wore for disguise. His eye was hollow, his visage wan, and his constitution greatly impaired by famine and fatigue. He was accompanied by Cameron of Lochiel, and his brother, with a few other exiles. They set sail for France; and after having passed unseen, by means of a thick fog, through a British squadron commanded by Admiral Leacock, and being chased by two English ships of war, arrived in safety at Roscoff, near Morlaix, in Bretagne.

The remainder of the life of the Pretender, is but one continued scene of dis-

grace and misfortune. His heart, that had been proud of his exalted lineage, was broken; his high and chivalrous spirit was entirely subdued; and from the time of his leaving Scotland, all his acts are those of a man driven to desperation.

It is a fact, often doubted until the recent publication of Dr. King's *Anecdotes*, that the Pretender was in England in the year 1750. The impatience of his friends who were in exile, had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it, yet no preparation had been made, nor was any thing ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived; and, therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the continent.

Dr. King, who was one of the staunchest adherents of the Pretender, and who had many interviews, as well as a constant correspondence with him for some years, draws a very unfavourable character of him, after the failure of his enterprise had blasted all his hopes, and he had acquired vices in his misfortunes which he never afterwards overcame.

'He had not,' says the doctor, 'made the belles lettres, or any of the finer arts, his study, which surprised me much, considering his preceptors, and the noble opportunities he must always have had at that nursery, of all the elegant and liberal arts and science. I never heard him express any noble or benevolent sentiments, the certain indications of a great soul and a good heart; or discover any sorrow or compassion for the sufferings of so many worthy men who had suffered in his cause. But the most odious part of his character is his love of money, a vice which I do not remember to have been imputed by our historians to any of his ancestors, and is the certain index of a base and little mind. I know it may be urged, that a prince in exile ought to be an economist; and so he ought; but nevertheless, his purse should be always open, as long as there is any thing in it, to relieve the necessities of his friends and adherents. King Charles the Second, during his banishment, would have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his little family. But I have known this gentleman, with two thou- and louis d'ors in his strong box, pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris, who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded. Two Frenchmen, who had left every thing to follow his fortune, who had been sent as couriers through half Europe, and executed their commissions with great punctuality and exactness, were suddenly discharged without any faults imputed to them, or any recompense for their past service. To this spirit of avarice, may be added his insolent manner of treating his immediate dependants, very unbecoming a great prince, and a sure prognostic of

what might be expected from him, if ever he acquired sovereign power. Sir J. Harrington and Col. Goring, who suffered themselves to be imprisoned with him, rather than desert him, when the rest of his family and attendants fled, were afterwards obliged to quit his service on account of his illiberal behaviour.'

'When his father died at Rome, in 1766, Charles demanded to be recognized as King of England, in the same manner that his father had been; but the congregation established by the Pope for deciding on the manner in which he was to be received and treated, declared that the sovereign pontiff had too many measures to keep with England, on account of the Roman Catholics in the British dominions in Europe and America, to acknowledge him King of Great Britain.

'Orders were accordingly given, that no person should presume to give the title of King, to the Chevalier Charles. This order, however, was neglected, or rather disobeyed, by the friars of San Tomaso degli Inglesi, who had a college for the education of English Roman Catholics, the Scotch College, and the two Irish convents; who all, on four successive days, thought fit to receive him with that kind of ceremony which is only usual towards the Pope and crowned heads. His holiness, when informed of the circumstance, banished the superiors of all those colleges and convents from Rome.'

In passing through this part, we could not help observing how much it confirms an observation of Lord Bolingbroke, that to a rational mind banishment is not a severe punishment; the exile excites so much sympathy, that it goes far to compensate for the loss of home.

The New Union Spelling Book or British Youths' First Instructor, being a Plain and Easy Guide to Spelling and Reading, containing the Beauties of Dilworth, Fenning, and Vyse. By Horatio Murray. pp. 144. London, 1821.

This spelling-book is printed with a bold type, and contains numerous cuts descriptive principally of the reading; the words are well arranged, and though we are not certain that the beauties of Dilworth, Fenning, and Vyse, are here exhibited, yet the contents are such as are well calculated to engage a child's attention, while they will very much facilitate its progress in education. We advise the publisher, in his second edition, to substitute matter of more permanent and general utility for the 'poem' which is printed on the last page.—On what authority does Mr. Murray spell center for 'centre,' and introduce participles as simple words? *lying*, for instance; let him consider of this.

Original Communications.

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM A CORRESPONDENT AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Cape Town, May 31, 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—After sixteen months interval of suspense, and may I say anxious doubt, I learn that, in September last, I had friends who cast a thought on the uncertain destiny of *., and offered a wish and fervent prayer for success to his enterprise.

I had expected early in the present year to have my bones given to manure the barren fields of Africa; but have been spared to struggle with adversity a little longer. I am now, thank Heaven, in tolerable health, and no way low in spirits, although my prospects are destroyed as a medical man; and as a farmer, I am without ground to cultivate, or skill to cultivate it, if in my possession. No professional man can succeed here unless he possesses some portion of independent property, or is on half pay from the army or navy; such men do well, but all others fail. General merchants and farmers, with mechanics, who depend on these two for employ, and boys also may insure success. There are already too many medical practitioners here, and the Dutch, who are very numerous, prescribe for themselves. I am, therefore, an unsettled settler; and, as Macbeth says, I believe I shall very soon 'throw physic to the dogs.'

The original mode of dividing the lauds is by time instead of measurement; the hours are generally formed at distances, increasing from half hours on horseback, and from the intervention of high mountains, it frequently occurs, that places within pistol shot of each other, in actual distance, cannot be visited in less than one or two hours, unless a baboon were the courier: of these there are enough, could we make any use of them. I have met, on the road, twenty to fifty at a time; they always scamper to the heights of the rocks, which every where surround us, and then one of them turns round to watch the motions of the intruder, making a noise somewhat like the barking of a dog, only louder and more harsh; always when at rest, they have one set as a watch, and should he fail to give notice of any approach, he receives a hearty thrashing from the company or family. Of other animals and venomous reptiles I need not write; they are

very abundant, and are the dread of the farmers for the ruin which they create.

To convince you that I do not wholly mis-spend my time, since here I have acquired sufficient knowledge of Dutch to be able to read the 'Death of Abel,' in the original language, which I find in general is much finer than the English translation. It was singular that parts of my letter* were again transcribed from the public papers, and read to me from an epistle by a gentleman here, which he had received from the *farthest* part of Ireland, Nov. or Dec.: this assured me you were in existence.

I will trespass on you officially to communicate to the *Literary Chronicle* the following

History of the Colonization of Clanwilliam District of Tullagh, Cape of Good Hope.

On the 1st of May, 1820, the Fanny, transport, containing the parties of John Ingram, Esq. and twenty-six articulated men, with their families, in all sixty-nine persons; Captain Thomas Butler and his twelve families; and Captain Walter Synnot, with ten families, anchored in Simon's Bay, and rejoined the East Indian, which had on board Mr. Parker and seventy-six families. This gentleman had, in London, presented a plan to government for forming a new sea-port town at the mouth of the Nysa, to be called 'New Cork,' as may be seen by referring to some of the London papers of August and September, 1819. In consequence he received letters, recommending the government of this colony to comply as far as possible with his wishes; but the parties on board the Fanny having no connection with him, had no expectations but of going to Algoa Bay,

* This very interesting document alluded to, is inserted in No. 69 of the *Literary Chronicle*, in which it first appeared, and was afterwards conveyed into several of the diurnal papers without the slightest acknowledgment (the Herald excepted).—They order these matters better in France! The *Revue Encyclopédique*, which borrows from us less freely than many of our countrymen, acknowledges the obligations, in the following terms, which we confess are too flattering for our modesty; and we only quote the passage in order to show how much our neighbours the French surpass our English cotemporaries in liberality:—'Ce journal, qui paraît depuis quelque temps, et auquel nous empruntons quelquefois des articles, est entièrement consacré à la littérature et aux beaux arts. Il contient des analyses d'ouvrages, des articles originaux, des aperçus de mœurs, des morceaux de poésie, enfin les nouvelles des théâtres, &c.; il est habilement rédigé.'—Vide *Revue Encyclopédique*, Paris, Mars, 1821.—L.D.

which, they were informed by Lord Bathurst, was their destination, and had made their preparations accordingly—and, supposing the Nysa to be pre-occupied, his expectations were similar. But, to the disappointment of all parties, on presenting their letters to Col. Bird, the Colonial Secretary, he informed them, the lands of the Nisa were the private property of George Rex, Esq. and, therefore, the government, willing to locate the Irish parties distinctly from the others, had appointed them lands in Jan Deyssel's Valley, on the banks of the Oliphant's river. The remonstrances of Mr. Ingram and others, unconnected with Mr. Parker, were silenced by the assurance that these lands were the most fertile in the whole colony, and that the river being navigable thirty miles up, offered a ready passage for produce to the Cape market. Mr. P. not approving of an inland location, determined on examining the place before he took his party up, and therefore proceeded over land, while we in the ships returned round Cape Point to Saldanha Bay, for debarkation. When Mr. P. rejoined us, the account he brought was by no means agreeable, as he declared the lands unequal to the support of half the persons destined to be located thereon; and he immediately remonstrated with the government, and positively refused to accept them. Captain Synnot and Captain Butler were inclined to do the same, but Mr. Ingram knowing that where Mr. P.'s speculations were thwarted, his judgment was not always good, said, 'If we refuse the lands appointed for us without trying them, we cannot expect our views to be further gratified, whereas, if, on trial, they prove deficient, I know the English government too well to suppose it will make us sufferers for yielding to its wishes; I am ready to land.' This conduct influenced the others so far, that Captain B. followed him the next day; Captain S. on the following; and a great party of Mr. P.'s party a few days afterwards.

We were divided into four parties, of ten, twelve, twelve, and sixteen, ox-waggons, for the use of which it was given us to understand, we were to pay after the rate of two six-dollars, or four shillings each wagon for every travelling hour; but it has never been demanded. After a tedious journey of seven days, we arrived at the promised land, but, alas! found it no 'land flowing with milk and honey.' How-

ever, the time of our arrival (being the 2nd of June), when vegetation wears its brightest hues, the abundance of bushes and blossoms which every where abounded, gave the whole country a very pleasing appearance, especially when viewed at a small distance, and, therefore, when at daylight, and in the morning, we surveyed from the open plain (where we had arrived at mid-night), the oak trees spreading their luxuriant branches, and the orange trees displaying their golden fruit in the garden of the Drosdy, we were all delighted, for we had previously determined to find Jan Deyssel's Valley a beautiful place, and were unwilling to be disappointed. But, in less than a month, when the novelty had worn off, when we had examined every hill and dale more closely, and when we had conversed a little with the old inhabitants, we were obliged to own that all the lands given to one hundred and twenty-five families were not worth so many pounds, as from eight miles in length by two and a half to four in breadth, six hundred acres of arable land could not be obtained, and for each family to have a small garden, that dear object of independence which had tempted them to so great a distance from their native home, was impossible: on the portion allotted to me and my servant, I could not have grown a cabbage, so I left it where I found it and as I found it, except that I cut a walking stick from one of the wild almond trees growing in the Oliphant's river, which runs by its side.

We now found we had been sent here before government had received the report of the commissioner who had been to examine as to the extent and quality of the place, and that could the king err (for the colonial secretary is an almost despotic king here), he would have repented of what had been done; indeed, a short time after our arrival, when Mr. P. positively refused the allotment offered him, an order was sent to the landrost, directing that, in case Mr. Parker did not accept the lands destined for his seventy-six families, they should be given in addition to Mr. Ingram's, who has only twenty-seven! At length, in consequence of the repeated complaints of Messrs. Parker, Ingram, and Synnot, the latter received an addition of all land belonging to the Drosdy, excepting only the garden and about two acres before the house, with other advantages, and promises of patronage and favour: and a circular letter was addressed to the others con-

taining a sort of reproof for their impatience and dissatisfaction; but containing an offer to remove them, or so many of them as chose to be removed to the Zwireveld, their original destination, there to be victualled at the expense of the government until the next harvest (which must be at least eighteen months). This was accepted by two-thirds of Mr. Parker's party, and Captain Butler, with the whole of his men, and Mr. Ingram would also have gone, but, expecting to obtain the lands of Parker, he had commenced building, purchased timber, farming stock, and utensils, &c. &c., and the corn he had sown and the vegetables he had planted looked well, for all which he demanded to be repaid; but this demand was not listened to, and the only advantage he obtained was the land vacated by Capt. Butler, after paying this gentleman four hundred rix dollars, for what had been done upon it during the two months he possessed it.

Mr. Ingram, at this time, stood high in the governor's opinion, for his activity and abilities, and several objects proposed by him for the benefit or convenience of the settlers, were promoted, and his plans adopted; such as facilitating matrimony and the appointment of a magistrate of minor powers, intended to assist the Dutch in giving justice to the English, and also to act where admissible as arbitrator, or rather umpire, between disputing parties; and on the minister receiving his appointment, he offered to build him a church and house, but on conditions which could not be complied with, until it received the sanction of the Government at home. He was also received as the friend of the landrost, and resided in the Drosdy's house. All this awakened the jealousy of Capt. Synnot, between whom and Ingram a disagreement had existed from on board the ship, and who, with his wife and children, had hitherto resided at a farmer's, two hours and a half from his location, until a cottage could be furnished for their reception; this was nearly completed when he stopped its progress and rode off to Cape Town, made a piteous complaint, and was allowed an appointment of Special Heemraad, or English Magistrate. About his time, early in October, the effects of the uncommon dryness of the season began to display itself, as the crackish nature of some parts of the grounds had already done; dissatisfaction became visible among Ingram's men, who, seeing all benefit from their

labours vanish,—that even the potato-bed, like the corn-field, would yield them no harvest, and hearing that good workmen might obtain high wages amongst the farmers, availed themselves of any excuse for endeavouring to break the contract, under which they are bound to serve Mr. I. three years. The remaining members of Parker's party also began to clamour at not having received a proper division of the settlement since the departure of the others, and which could not be made without the presence of their head, who had continued in Cape Town and its vicinity, annoying the Government with plans and propositions equally vague and fruitless, until he was ordered to visit and do his duty by his party; this order he refused to obey; and, in consequence, a notice was served on him and them, that Government would no longer consider him head, but directed them to choose another, and that the district surveyor should, under the direction of the landrost and Capt. S., divide the lands among them; but this could not immediately be done, as the land-surveyor was not present, nor did he choose to return to his duty, so that, after a suspense of four months, a new one was appointed. The troubles and discontent excited by these causes, was, by a little dexterous management, directed to annoy in the extreme the very worthy landrost, whose most anxious wish was to promote the interests of all parties and unite them in friendship, and who never exerted the rigour of law but with the greatest reluctance. Capt. Synnot is a man who, with a very specious outside, pursues the objects of his comfort, interests, or ambition, without for a moment regarding how far the comfort or interest of other persons are injured. Mr. Bergh is old, and perhaps a little indecisive in his proceedings. Government intimated, or at least Capt. S. reported, that if they could find an excuse for displacing him, he should have the appointment; it therefore became his object to bring him into disgrace or to induce him to resign, and to one of these ends were all his endeavours directed. The landrost's cattle were pounded, if they came on Capt. Synnot's land, while his cattle were allowed to feed good where they could find it,—and the landrost's garden was the only place, until he had not a blade of vegetable to place upon his table. Such conduct, its object, and effect, was much easier seen and felt than it is described, and it

raised to its height Mr. Ingram's indignation and contempt, whose noble mind, ever disregarding of himself, is watching opportunities to benefit those around him, to relieve the distressed, to support the weak, and to free the oppressed; and he was further stimulated to oppose it by feeling that the character of his country was injured thereby. This gentleman's opposition being found in some measure effective, it became an object with the assailing party to lessen the regard which he had hitherto obtained from all parties: he was misrepresented to Government, which, without deigning to account for its conduct, cast him off.

In November, the corn harvest having failed almost throughout the colony, from the excessive drought, but particularly in the district of Clan William, the Government found it necessary to supply the settlers with provisions, and sent a commissary to attend to their distribution, but, unfortunately, chose for this purpose a man highly arrogant and self-conceited, and destitute of those honourable principles or that polite education, which alone can render the society of such a person bearable; add to this, he is a Dane, and in politics a *rank radical*. On his arrival, Mr. Ingram did every thing to facilitate the objects of Government,—and much was in his power; but not being inclined to flatter the vanities of others, it was not long that he and the commissary could agree, especially as Ingram was a strong government-man, and his brother a lieutenant at the assault of Copenhagen; and another person, being desirous of causing or encouraging any disagreement between them, humoured the foibles of the aggressing; disputes arose in the end; such representations were made of Mr. I. to the Government, that he was ordered to quit the Drosdy House, where he had occupied a small sleeping room, and to reside on his lands, although they are not a pistol-shot distant; and Capt. Synnot is allowed to reside off from his lands, and in a government building. The arbitrary nature of this order will be better understood, when it is known that Capt. S. has discharged nearly all his men, while Mr. Ingram, in obedience with his instructions and conditions of his coming here, continues to relieve the *whole* of his men, and even was receiving into his employ two of Mr. Parker's and one of Capt. Synnot's men, whom the one could not support, or the other had discharged,

in consequence of his large family, but arrived lately; as he did so, Mr. Commissary discontinued issuing the government rations to these persons. These circumstances induced Mr. I. to write very warm letters to the Government against the Commissary, and demanding that his own character and conduct should be investigated; but no notice being taken of this through the regular channel, he at length, seeing three families, including, in all, seventeen persons, nearly in a state of starvation, and that provisions for them could not be purchased, wrote a very indignant letter to the government, marking it 'private.' For some expressions this contains, he has been summoned to town, to answer, first, for writing and publishing a seditious libel against the Government and certain its civil servants; but, afterwards, it was thought well to leave out the word 'seditious,' as his loyalty is too well known. A complaint made by several of his men, some time ago, has also been taken up now, and forty-nine persons have been brought this immense distance, hoping to crush him by the weight of expenses and by the sentence which it is determined, if possible, to give against him, and stigmatise his character before the representation he has sent to Lord Bathurst can be attended to. But, it seems, all is contrary to their expectations;—he is not new to a court of law, and he clearly proves, that whatever happens from our location at Clanwilliam, it is the fault of those who sent us there, and must by them be answered for.

Adieu. Your's ever, J. A.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

MY DEAR ***.—Among several inquiries, you desire to have a description of Bartholomew Fair. First, then, imagine to yourself a large irregular built square, on each side of which are booths, decorated with gilt gingerbread, representing kings in their crowns and dolls in their teens; in which all kinds of stationery, turnery, confectionery, haberdashery, and imagery are to be sold. At the back of these booths are tables, baskets, small carts, and planks, all full of, or laden with, fruits of the season, among which oysters are enumerated. After going once round, and being driven at a slow pace in a motley group, think yourself exceedingly happy, if your shoes are not down at heel, your

pocket-handkerchief lost, and you have escaped insult for the lack of elbow-room. Well, muster up courage and follow the visitors 'where they lead the way,' and you will presently be found in the centre of a confused mass of people of both sexes and all descriptions. The din of trumpets, and almost all other wind and string instruments, will fill your ears with discord and your eyes with wonder, while you lift them at the elevated troops, courts, and assemblies of actors, posture-masters, mountebanks, conjurers, ventriloquists, equestrians, tumblers, and jugglers. Take it for granted, that you are witnessing the better parts of the performances free of expense; for, of what is called fun and drollery, wit, satire, and jolliness, the most is displayed 'to their elegant and fashionable audience,' as a metropolitan play-bill would word it,—outside. On a platform, you may witness the 'Coronation!' without a five or fifty guinea ticket. I cannot convey an idea of this *splendid pageant*; but it is a mock-heroic, tragico-comico, procession. Naturally enough, some gawky and dumpty herbwomen, as good, perhaps, as their originals, for both, you know, were suitably painted; whether Aurora and Flora had a hand in this, is another question; then the earls' marshals, and afterwards follows a coronet of the Queen, carried on a cushion by a most beautifully bewitching creature; next, a dozen officers of state—the champion keeps their rear, mounted on *leg-back*, and armed *cap-a-pie*. My conscience, how his *tin* armour shines in the gorgeous display of royalty! Superb! superbly brilliant, indeed! Then the crown of the King, the sceptre, with other regalia; and, under a canopy, majesty itself! How graciously this royal monarch smiled on the people! It was really delectable to witness his condescension! Then followed the high prelate, his grace the Arch-bishop of Canterbury, and other bishops in their gowns and wigs; the Spanish ambassador, with a long train of nobility, or rather substitute, *mobility*. Harlequin, clown, and pantaloon, closed this gratifying national recreation. What pleased me best,—as soon as the princely train had passed into St. Bartholomew Abbey, (Westminster), and returned into Smithfield Hall, (Westminster), the archbishop and bishops came (as a satire I suppose) and gazed with ineffable delight on the dance of the clown, now transformed into a miller. Then the

sports began, and two Indians, I suspect coloured for the fair opportunity, combatted very dexterously with swords: this was the best thing I observed during the whole *relati in speculum* of the afternoon. But to proceed. Many pictures larger than life were hung enticingly gay in other parts of the fair. There was a giant with well-contrasted dwarfs by his side; I dare say all old acquaintances to those who annually visit here. There was much good dancing every where, very laughable tricks, though somewhat clownish, and tumbling in all directions, even where nobody was directed to tumble.

I now come to the *wild beasts*, as they are called. If representations of animals fighting and conquering one another were sufficient, no child would muster courage to venture near the pictures even; but I determined to enter the deserts of Arabia, and the uttermost parts of the earth, and, as it will appear, not only came home in safety, but much gratified. Lions playing with children, tigers shaking hands with their keepers, monkeys capering for nuts, are really remarkable, but still more so that of the unkindly elephant, *only* eleven years old, who bolts and unbolts doors, takes money and even pins in her delicate trunk, discharges a blunderbuss, and does several other feats equally surprising.

You will perceive by my paper, that I must be abrupt; and, upon the whole, I think the fair this year has been got up nothing inferior to those times when under the historic control of Benny Johnson and other worthies of the 'olden time.' I am aware that I have omitted many *wonders*, particularly of the *mighty splendour* and exquisite dialogues which charm the ears of the groundlings. Not venturing forth at unreasonable hours, however reasonable the opportunity,—the rest must be reserved for a better pen and other inclinations.

Your's ever, NICHOL. NOVICE.

P.S. I would observe, the polar bear is obliged to be *watered* every five hours, to keep it alive; the dogs, so recently brought over by Captain Parry, are very fine looking animals. As you have seen so many *snakes* in the grass in the country, I will not describe any of this race.

QUERY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.
SIR,—I should be happy to be informed, if any of your contributors can give

give me the origin of a female's head being placed in the front of some of the oldest houses in Queen Street, Cheshire? Your's, &c.

ANTIO.

Upper Street, Sept. 2, 1821.

SUBMARINE ENGINE.

SUBMARINE navigation appears to have been first thought of by Napier, of Merchiston; and Cornelius Drebbl, who lived in the reign of James I. endeavoured to reduce it to practice on the River Thames; but the most successful attempts have been those of Bushnell and Felton, in America.

It was during the revolutionary war that David Bushnell, of Saybrook, Connecticut, invented a machine for the purpose of navigating *underwater*, with a view of blowing up British ships of war in the American ports and harbours. Bushnell has been dead some years, and no satisfactory account of his life has been published; but in a recent number of Professor Silliman's 'American Journal of Science,' there is an interesting description of Bushnell's submarine-boat, accompanied by an account of an attempt made with it to destroy a British frigate lying in New York harbour, in the year 1776. The account is taken from the mouth of Mr. Ezra Lee, the man who went in the boat under the ship, who is probably the only person living from whom it could have been obtained.

It was in the month of August, 1776, when Admiral Howe lay with a formidable British fleet in New York bay, a little above the Narrows, and a numerous British force upon Staten Island, commanded by General Howe, threatened annihilation to the troops under Washington, that Mr. Bushnell requested General Parsons, of the American army, to furnish him with two or three men, to learn the navigation of his new machine, with a view of destroying some of the enemy's shipping.

General Parsons immediately sent for Lee, then a sergeant, and two others, who had offered their services to go on board of a fire-ship; and on Bushnell's request being made known to them, they enlisted themselves under him for this novel piece of service. The party went up into Long Island Sound with the machine, and made various experiments with it in different harbours along shore, and after having become acquainted with the mode of navigating it, they returned through

the Sound; but during their absence, the enemy had got possession of Long Island and Governor's Island. They, therefore, had the machine conveyed by land across from New Rochelle to the Hudson River, and afterwards arrived with it at New York.

The British fleet now lay to the north of Staten Island, with a large number of transports, and were the objects against which this new mode of warfare was destined to act; the first serene night was fixed upon for the execution of this perilous enterprise, and Sergeant Lee was to be the engineer.

After the lapse of a few days, a favourable night arrived, and at eleven o'clock, a party embarked in two or three whale-boats, with Bushnell's machine in tow. They rowed down as near the fleet as they dared, when Sergeant Lee entered the machine, was cast off, and the boats returned.

Lee now found the ebb tide rather too strong, and before he was aware, had drifted him down past the men of war: he, however, immediately *got the machine about*, and by hard labour at the crank for the space of five glasses by the ship's bells, or two and a-half hours, he arrived under the stern of one of the ships at about slack water. Day had now dawned, and by the light of the moon he could see the people on board, and hear their conversation.—This was the moment for diving; he accordingly closed up overhead, let in the water, and descended under the ship's bottom.

He now applied the screw, and did all in his power to make it enter, but owing probably in part to the ship's copper, and the want of an adequate pressure, to enable the screw to get a hold upon the bottom, his attempts all failed; at each essay the machine rebounded from the ship's bottom, not having sufficient power to resist the impulse thus given to it.

He next paddled along to a different part of her bottom, but in this manoeuvre he made a deviation, and instantly rose to the water's surface, on the east side of the ship, exposed to the increasing light of the morning, and in imminent danger of being discovered. He immediately made another descent, with a view of making one more trial, but the fast approach of day, which would expose him to the enemy's boats, and render his escape difficult, if not impossible, deterred him; and he concluded, that the best gene-

ralship would be to commence an immediate retreat.

He now had before him a distance of more than four miles to traverse, but the tide was favourable. At Governor's Island great danger awaited him, for his compass having got out of order, he was under the necessity of looking out from the top of the machine very frequently to ascertain his course, and at best made a very irregular zig-zag track.

The soldiers at Governor's Island espied the machine, and curiosity drew several hundreds upon the parapet to watch its motions. At last a party came down to the beach, shoved off a barge, and rowed towards it. At that moment Sergeant Lee thought he saw his certain destruction, and, as the last act of defence, let go the magazine, expecting that they would seize that likewise, and thus all would be blown to atoms together.

Providence, however, otherwise directed it; the enemy, after approaching within fifty or sixty yards of the machine, and seeing the magazine detached, began to suspect a *Yankee trick*, took alarm, and returned to the island.

Approaching the city, he soon made a signal; the boats came to him and brought him safe and sound to the shore. The magazine, in the mean time, had drifted past Governor's Island into the East River, where it exploded with tremendous violence, throwing large columns of water and pieces of wood that composed it high in the air. Gen. Putnam, with many other officers, stood on the shore spectators of this explosion.

THE TULIP MADNESS.

It has been observed that we live in an age wherein all kinds of extravagance are embraced and applauded by the ignorant as well as the learned; but it may be safely affirmed, that in this respect, the neighbouring countries have been no less remarkable for their follies than we for our's, and were there no other instance of it in existence, that of the Tulip madness in the seventeenth century would be sufficient.

The love of tulips and the anxiety to possess those which were rare, raged to such an extent in Holland, from the year 1634 to 1637, that the Dutch of all ranks, from the greatest to the meanest, neglected their occupations and sold their manufactures, and me-

chanics even their tools, to engage in the tulip trade. Accordingly, we find in those days that they fetched the most extravagant prices:

The Viceroy was sold for	£250
Admiral Leifken	440
Admiral Von Eyck	160
Greber	148
Schilder	160
Semper Augustus	350

Whether there was any thing in the name, or it was the peculiar beauty of the flower which enhanced the price, does not appear certain; it is enough to prove the folly of the age, to know that such prices were obtained. In 1637, a collection of tulips of Wouter Brockholmenster, was sold by his executors for £9000.

Of all the tulips the Semper Augustus was the favourite, and the price we have assigned it was much less than it frequently produced. A fine Spanish cabinet, valued at 1000*l.* and 300*l.* besides, were once given for a Semper Augustus; and another gentleman sold three stocks of the same flower for 1000*l.* each. The same gentleman was offered for this flower 1500*l.* a-year for seven years, and every thing to be left as found, only reserving the increase during that time for the money. Another gentleman, by the sale of his tulips, got the sum of 6000*l.* in less than four months.

The tulip madness at length raged to such a pitch, that the Government deemed it necessary to interfere; accordingly, in 1637, a great check was put to it by an order of the state for invalidating their contracts; so that a root was then sold for 5*l.*, which, a few weeks before, produced 500*l.*

As a proof of the extent to which the tulip trade was carried, it is related, that in one city in Holland alone, in a period of three years, they had traded for a million sterling in tulips. It is further related, that a burgomaster had procured a place of considerable profit for his friend, a native of Holland, when the latter offered to make him any amends in his power, which the Burgomaster generously refused, and only desired to see his flower-garden. In about two years afterwards, the gentleman, on a visit to the Burgomaster, perceived in his garden a scarce tulip, which had been clandestinely obtained from him, on which he flew into such a passion that he resigned his place of 1000*l.* per annum, went home, tore up his flower-garden, and quitted the country.

INDESTRUCTIBLE WARRIOR.

(From *Thuanus.*)

DURING the wars of religion in France, when the Catholics besieged Rouen, in 1562, Francis Civile, one of the bravest gentlemen of the Catholic party, received a wound which made him fall from the rampart into the city, quite senseless. The soldiers, who believed him dead, stripped him and then buried him with that negligence which is common on such occasions. A faithful domestic, anxious to procure for his master a more honourable sepulture, went to see him. Not being able to recognise him among many mutilated bodies that he found, he covered them again in the ground, but so that the hand of one of them still lay exposed. As he returned, in passing the last, he observed this hand. Fearing that such an object might excite the dogs to fall on the dead body, he returned with a view of covering it. At the moment that he was about to execute his pious office, a moon-beam enabled him to perceive a diamond-ring that Civile wore on his finger. Without loss of time, he raised up his master, who still breathed, and carried him to the hospital for the wounded; but the surgeons, oppressed with labour, and considering the man as dead, would not examine his wound. The domestic then found himself obliged to carry him to his inn, where he languished four days without any assistance.

About this time, two physicians had the complaisance to visit him; they dressed his wound, and, by their kind attentions, he soon began to recover. The city being taken by assault, the conquerors had the barbarity, on finding Civile, to throw him out of the window. Fortunately, he fell on a dung-hill, where, abandoned by all the world, he passed three days more. His father, Ducroiset, finding him, had him secretly removed, during the night, to a country house, where he was properly taken care of. There, after so many species of deaths, he recovered his health so perfectly, that he survived all these accidents forty years!

Thuanus, who gravely relates this anecdote, says the peculiar providence which preserved this man from so many perils presided also at his birth. His mother dying *enccinte* during the absence of her husband, was buried without attempting to abstract the child by the Cæsarian operation. The day after the funeral the husband returned, and

learned with surprise the death of his wife, and the little attention that had been paid her. He immediately had the body disinterred, when, though his wife was for ever lost to him, he recovered a child in the person of Civile, who was preserved alive!!

Original Poetry.

MERLIN'S CAVE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Your favourable reception of my former communication induces me to send you the following poetical fragment, which is the composition of a young friend of mine, now unhappily no more; and, if the partiality of my own judgment has not deceived me, you will agree with me in thinking it not unworthy of the public eye. It was written, as appears from certain dates, in the latter part of the year 1814, soon after the memorable riot of Spa Fields, and was intended to form the commencement of a poem, which had the writer lived to complete his design, (of which I have seen the outlines,) would, I think, have supplied no contemptible specimen of the mock-heroic. But, be this as it may, if you should deem the following fragment to possess sufficient merit for publication, its appearance in your columns would greatly oblige me. I shall subjoin a few notes, which the proper illustration of some passages seems to require. I remain, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient,

RALPH DOUGLAS.

London, Aug. 25*th*, 1821.

MERLIN'S CAVE,*

OR A TALE OF SPA FIELDS:

A Fragment.

Argument.—Midnight—Spa Fields and its enchanted Castle—march of the pilgrims—the ancient Spa and the wizard's cave—Merlin's prophecy—modern temple described, together with the divinity and his votaries—approach of the pilgrims to the temple—his entrance therein—their chieftain portrayed—the sacred orgies and sacrifices of the pilgrims—the propitious omen of the divinity.

CANTO I.

'Twas midnight, and o'er all the town
Darkness had flung her sable gown,
And Silence, too, her sister-queen,
Had spread around her reign serene—
Save where the sentinels of night
Proclaimed the hour's unerring flight;

* The celebrated mansion of this name, which opened wide its hospitable portals to the pilgrim-traveller, cannot fail to be fresh in the remembrance of all, who took any interest in the numerous events of Spa Fields at the period to which this poem refers. I much fear, however, that in five short years, it has fallen a sacrifice to the destroying hand of Time. At least, in a pilgrimage, which I recently made to this memorable field, I could discern no traces of it; nor was I able to identify the spot, which had erst been the birth-place of so much patriotic eloquence. The H—ts, the W—ts, the G—e J—ts, the W—d—ts, and the H—ts—ts, where they all thought it their voice hath passed away with the years, and their place knows them no more. The consecrated ground, where once stood the *temple*

Save where was heard the watch-dog's howl,
Responsive to the hooting owl,
Or where Grimaldian's wanton yell
Scram'd through the haunts of Clerkenwell:
'Twas midnight—yea, 'twas past the time,
For long St. Paul's had ceased to chime,
When near yon wall-encircled pile,
Where oft hath groined, in 'dunance vile,'
Full many a fumed and errant knight,
Fame or repute by dunder and might,
Whom thicker some enchanter's spell
Had borne, in 'donjon-keep' to dwell,
And vainly captive knight might hope
With such enchanter's power to cope:
(A *varrunt* some have called his spell,
And eke the 'keep' a *felon's cell*;
But where is place, or thing, or name,
That Calumny will not defame?)
Beneath these walls, in thick array,
A host of pilgrims wound their way,
By ear noneard, unseen by eye,
Save by the bat, that fitted by,
Or night-bird lurking for his prey,
Or ought beside, that shuns the day;
Darkling and noiseless as the fogs,
That traverse the Hiibernian bogs,
Or like, of old, Hell's rebel throng,
They pour'd their gloomy tide along,
With in-drawn breath and wary tread,
As though they feared to rouse the dead,
That slept within the charnels near,
Or dressed some hobgoblin's ear;
Yet 'twas not charnel-bones or ghost,
But flesh and blood they dreaded most,
But chiefly feared the gipping claw
Of such rude minions of the law,
As, wand'ring near yon fatal dome,
Might chance across their path to roam,
And bear them to that spot a prey,
Where many a spell-bound champion lay,
Kinsman or friend or comrade dear,
Who else had swell'd their phalanx here.
But, unobserved the midnight train
Securely paced the silent plain;
For none across their path-way stole,
Watchman, thief-taker, or patrol,
Save whom fell Conscience conjured nigh,
To eat or o'erlet rustled by,
And then his muttered curses deep
In prison-wall and 'donjon-keep.'
'In ground they trod, though it may yield
To many a war-enobled field,
'um of Reform, from whence harangued the
randiloquent of the land, is now usurped (O
deplorable contrast!) by sheep-pens and can-
nage-gardens. Thus passeth away the glory
of the world; and who, in perambulating this
sere of pristine renown, would not adopt the
athetic exclamation of the Roman poet, and
say,—
FUGIT ILLUC ET INGENS

Glacia Trucesces? —
• This building has had the good fortune
to serve the work of revolution, which has taken
place in its vicinity; and, however obnoxious
certain pilgrims who have the misfortune
to be inveigled within its enchanted precincts,
promises, from its strength, to bid a long de-
mure to the assaults of Time. Out of the
annals of Parnassus it is known by the un-
usual name of *Cold-Bath Fields*.
† Had my lamented friend, the author of
an immortal effusion, lived to this day, he
might, no doubt, have made an improvement
this illustration, by adopting, instead of the
per-migrating fogs, the *hogs* of Hiibernia
himself, which have recently evinced so
wretched a disposition to look out for new
artisans.

In such proud meed as war may claim,
Yet is it not unknown to Fame.
For there of yore (so poets sing)
Once stood a wonder-working spring,
Whose virtues, true or fabled, made
A crafty Esculapian's trade;
And fools there met to drink the spa,
As since have knaves to mend the law,
As though the spot gave inspiration
To quacks of each denomination,
And taught to cure the state, as well
As wind or colic to dispel.
In memory of its pristine fame
The Spa still gives this field a name.
Within this plain, too, gossips tell,
Was known of old a wizard's cell:
Tradition calls it *Merlin's cell*;
But says, it seemed more like his grave,
For but at night would he repair,
To hold his tranced vigils there,
And what he sang, or what he said,
Seemed but as parlance of the dead,
So solemn and so strange the sound,
That issued from his den profound,
Nor deeper sounds nor stranger came
From Cirith's cave*, so noised by fame.
Of would be scare the curious throng,
That listen'd to his wayward song,
With tales, wrapt up in mystic rhymes,
Of nameless deeds and fondest crimes,
That slumber'd yet in Fate's dark womb,
Or long had sunk into her tomb.
And still tradition loves to tell
Of oracle both dark and fell,
Of ancient date and portent grave,
Which erst had birth within this cave,
Which erst, like leaf of Sibyl thrown,
By many an envious blast was blown,
'Till, torn and torn by Time's rude gale,
'Twas but the relic of a tale.
• 'Avant, avant, ye race impure,'
(So runs the prophecy obscure)
• Pollute no more this sacred grove,
Cease, cease to weave your midnight plot;
Avant, avant, the deed is done,
Your doom is seal'd, your thread is run,
I see you fall, I see you soar †,
Accursed tribe, your reign is o'er.
So runs the legend, and some deem,
That Time hath realized the dream,
Though dim the traces that remain,
To mark the mischief-boding strain,
Yet of our song the end must be
To solve this wizard mystery.
* 'Tis now (to trust Tradition's lore)
Full twice six hundred years or more ‡.

• For a full account of this celebrated cave,
I must beg to refer the reader to that high and
learned authority, 'Lempriere's Classical Dic-
tionary,' not having the necessary time to
transcribe it here.

† After the lapse of so many centuries, there
must be considerable hazard in any attempt to
unfold the mysterious import of this ancient
prediction, the terms of which, in this line,
seem to be so contradictory. An ingenious
friend of mine has, however, suggested, that
the *falling* and *soaring*, here applied to the
same individuals, may be perfectly consistent,
as illustrated in the case of a convict at the
Old Bailey, who first *falls* in his adventurous
career, and afterwards *soars* to public distinc-
tion on the pillory or the scaffold. But I leave
to the learned in such matters the final solu-
tion of this abstruse question, if they should
not be satisfied with my friend's conjecture.

‡ Old Merlin lived, according to the best

Since to the winds old Merlin's cell
Sent forth this terror-teeming spell;
And, ah, what various fates since then
Have visited the prophet's den!
Yet 'midst them all, 'tis said, his sprite,
Returning oft at dead of night,
Hath loved from nether realms to roam,
And hover'd round its earthly home.
Change after change the spot hath known,
But now 'tis claims it for its own.
The god, around whose brows appear
The juniper and bearded ear,
And from whose altars ever speed
The fumes of the Columbian weed;
The god, who frees the fetter'd brain
From Reason's arbitrary reign,
And governs, with all potent spell,
The haunts, where all the passions dwell;
The god of phrenzy—Bacchus he,
So high in old mythology,
Though many hold, that at his shrine
Reigns more of fiend than ought divine;
Yet, god or demon, here are known
The ogres of his midnight throne.
Nightly to this mysterious dome
Would many a wandering votary come,
Whom Fate, in some tempestuous hour,
Had blasted with her rudest pow'r:
Each child of misery or of shame
Hither, to soothe his suffering, came;
And each pale victim of despair
Would fondly seek a solace there.
Vain hope! 'tis the soul-beating fane
To deaden anguish turn'd their pain;
The vows they paid but made them more
Hope's darkling outlaws than before;
Nor one, who sought his pangs to tame,
Outcast of Fortune or of Fame,
Was known to this dark shrine to stray,
That went not more unblest away.
'Twas to these walls yon vagrant train,
That travers'd the benighted plain,
New bent their course, and lo! they see
The dome of their idolatry;
High o'er its dismal portal plays
A twinkling half-expiring blaze,
As doubting to reveal its light,
Or glimmer round a gloomier night.
But quickly, as the throng draw nigh,
The well-known signal they descry,
And, with impetuous career,
Like sound of whirlwind rushing near,
Glad to escape the dangerous plain,
They burst within the welcome fan,
And, to its inmost haunts convey'd,
Hail with long shouts the fav'ning shade.
And now, what tongue shall dare express
The councils of that deep recess,
Where, eager all for dark debate,
The pilgrims crowd in solemn state.
Not Elysian rites of yore,
Though thick the mystic veil they wore,
Not modern masonry may claim,
Nor ought of late or ancient fame,
Renown so mystic or so bold,
As what the muse shall now unfold.
Here then, in secret conclave met,
Their souls on dark designs are set;
Not Pandemonium a crew might boast
A deadlier plot—a wiler host;
authorities, in the sixteenth century. Respecting
his connection with the *locus in quo* (as a lawyer
would say) of this epic effusion, history is
silent; the poet must, therefore, have col-
lected his information, as he professes to have
done, from the traditionary lore of the spot,
which, in all such cases, is sufficient author-
ity.

Not Pandemonium's prince might claim
A prouder state, a loftier name
Than he, who, 'mong this midnight lane,
Was seen to hold the dangerous van;
Than he who, thronged about his peers,
Govern'd at will their hopes and fears,—
To phrensy round, or in despair
Sunk; as he pleased, each vassal there:
GRANWOTER, he,—a darker sprite
Ne'er sway'd o'er councils of the night;
No chief a stauncher soul than thou
Ne'er offered here his midnight vow.

This chief (or rumour much beguiles),
Once bask'd in fortune's fairest smiles,
With patrimonial affluence bless'd,
By many sought, by some caress'd,
No wants he knew, nor yet had known,
Had Prudence mark'd him for her own;
But scarce to manhood's age he came,
Ere, prone to every passion's flame,
He sank at once, a prey to all,
While Pleasure lured him to his fall,
While Vice's demons smiled to see
The work of their idolatry.
But chief the fiend of frantic eye,
Whose symbols are the card and die.
'Twas then, as from his 'wilderness'
Youth's visions took their panic flight,
And, as he scan'd the world's wide scope,
Nought met his eye but wrecks of hope,
'Twas then he vow'd his coming fate
On vengeance and despair should wait.
His mind, to this fell purpose wrought,
With kindred minds communion sought,
Deeming it better far to rule
O'er them than live another's tool.
Nor long the search, for busy Fame
Soon nois'd his history and his name;
And, like that dark impostor's band,
That curs'd, of old, Arabia's land,
Around him dock'd a furious crew,
Whom wayward fates together drew,

• Not being as deeply versed as I could wish, in the profound science of etymology, I have been much at a loss to unravel the latest signification of this epic cognomen, which, no doubt, like the Agamemnons and Diomedes of other days, must be pregnant with sublime meaning, if we could but discover it. What, however, I have failed to do myself, some philological friends of mine have had the temerity to attempt. One of them suggests, that the name may be a compound of the Latin *grandis*, and the Greek *soter*, and that it consequently implies a great deliverer; another deems it unnecessary to go back to the fountains of classical lore, inasmuch as the French words *grand set*, or the same terms in English, although not precisely synonymous, afford a much readier explanation; while a third, without touching upon the etymology of the name, considers GRANWOTER to be a lineal descendant of the renowned GRANOWSKIE, whose fame is immortalized in the pages of Rubelsaie. For my own part, I can only, with all due humility, admit that

'Non nostrum tantis componere lites.'

Of the fate of this hero, after he had distinguished himself as here set forth by the poet, I have no certain account. The most plausible rumor that has yet reached me, states, that, after having again signalized himself on another field, he retired from the world, with all the modesty of Cincinnatus, secluding himself within the walls of a remote castle, where—

• 'The world forgetting, by the world forgot,'
he continues to spend his days with the dignity of a patriot and the privacy of a philosopher.

Whose only solace rested there,
Where Hope reigns wedded to Despair,
In Revolution's whirling storm,
Ruin their aim, their cry—'Reform.'
Of these GRANWOTER led the van,
Proud anarchy of the lawless clan.
'Prepare ye now, for grave debate,'
(The chieftain cries,—his word is fate),
'But first implore, with rites divine,
The god of this mysterious shrine;
For sought your councils e'er acquir'd
Of vigour till by him inspir'd.'
He spoke, and with applauding sounds
The subterranean vault rebounds;
Nor cease th' assembly's clamorous cheers,
Till to each ravish'd eye appears
One who might well, so portly he,
Pass for the 'present deity';

But, though so like in mien and air,
'Tis but his priest—the muse can swear.
In either hand he bears a load,
Sacred to the presiding god;
In either hand a vessel brims
With juniper's obolious streams;
Safe, on the board the juice he lodges,
Now known on earth as 'best proof Hodges';
But once the drink of gods above,
The nectar of carousing Jove;
And next an earth-born Ganymede
Brings store of the Virginian weed,
With tube and gill, and what beside
Is to these mystic rites allied,
With what beside may serve to swell
The orgies of this secret cell.

The board is spread, the rites commence,
And all around their charm dispense;
A hundred tongues in union blend,
And from a hundred throats ascend
Commencing vapours, dense and strong,
That veil in clouds th' enraptur'd throng,
While steams from many a votive gill,
The matchless nectar of the still;
Till through the 'vaulted subterrene'
The circling fumes alone are seen,
And, as he hails the dark abode,
Each vot'ry owns the coming god,
Feels all his wonted fires descend,
And through his frame their reign extend.
'He comes, he comes, the God appears,'
Each exults thus the omen chieftain;
'He comes, behold the well-known cloud,
That bears him in its billow'd shroud;
Behold yon taper's sinking blaze,
How blue it burns, how wild it plays!
Sure sign he scents our exhalations,
And quaffs benignly our libations;
Then come, propitious god, and aid
The councils of thy favour'd shade.'
While thus, with frantic voice and mien,
Each vot'ry hails the welcome scene,

• I leave it to the learned in Ptolemy to explain the particular properties of this beverage, and also to determine, whether it be or not, as our author hath affirmed, the identical liquor quaffed by the 'father of gods and men,' while enjoying his computations with his brother godships on the summit of 'Cloud-capt Olympus.' For my own part, I can only aver, with great sincerity, that such a beverage as 'best proof Hodges,' is not once mentioned by Homer throughout the twenty-four books of his *Iliad*, which I have most painfully consulted on the occasion; but one of my fort-mentioned friends, a most erudite and conscientious gentleman, hath assured me, that very honourable mention of it occurs in an ancient and elaborate work entitled, 'Annals of St. Giles' and Totbills Fields.

Dim and more dim the lights appear,
Till scarce a taper glimmers near;
Then leanness quits her 'vantage ground,'
And rebel passions rage around,—
Then Order and Decorum fly,
And own Confusion's enmity;
Pipes, kiffs, and vessels clattering fall,
And one wild chaos buries all.

And now the chief, with ravish'd glance,
Beholds the mischief-working trance,
If aught of light remain to see
The dark and dismal revelry;
Yet well he feels the moody power
That rules in the delirious hour,—
And well he knows how to command
The growing phrenzy of his band.

[*Cetera valde desiderantur.*]

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—On Saturday, a new melodrama was produced at this theatre, entitled *Gibaldi Duval*. It is a new version of Mrs. Opie's tale of the Russian Boy, which was very successfully dramatized by Mr. Thomas Dibdin, about eighteen months ago. The story is founded on an event which occurred at Brussels, about twenty years since; but as its present dramatizer, (who we understand to be Mr. P. Walker, the author of *Wallace*), has entirely changed the story, and added characters and incidents neither to be met with in the original nor in the fiction of the novelist, we shall give a brief sketch of the plot of the melodrama:—

Gerald Duval, (Mr. Cooper), who, for a supposed insult, has vowed revenge on Ethelind, Countess of Altenburg, (Miss Smithson), is the leader of a band of robbers. In pursuance of this scheme, he makes Count Altenburg a prisoner, and hastening to the abode of his wife Ethelind, seizes her, and, though he has an opportunity of immediately satiating his revenge, yet he prefers bearing her away to his cavern, whence her husband has just escaped, and, collecting a guard of soldiers, returns, attacks the haunt of the bandits, and shoots Gerald dead at the moment he is going to stab Ethelind, who is thus restored to her husband.

What could have induced Mr. Walker to select, for a new melodrama, a subject which had been already in such good hands, we know not; but the result must convince him that, it was at least injudicious, for though the thing is well enough for a melodrama, yet it falls short, very far short indeed, of the *Russian Boy* of the Surrey Theatre, which, with the excellent acting of Mr. T. P. Cooke, in the hero, and Miss Taylor, in the Countess, was powerfully interesting. *Gibaldi Duval* was, however, received with ap-

plause, and has been performed nightly ever since it was first produced.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A more intimate acquaintance with the new Belvidera of this theatre, makes no alteration in the opinion we expressed last week. Her feeble voice must be a serious obstacle to her appearing in one of the larger houses, and there is a little awkwardness in her manner, which, however, experience will soon correct. She possesses many qualifications for the higher walks of the drama; and we confess we think it would have been more judicious to have tried her first in Juliet, which, we have no doubt, she could play admirably.

The Marriage of Figaro has been produced at this theatre, with great success. It is a charming comic opera, and the parts were generally very well sustained, particularly by Jones, who is always excellent as the Count. De Camp was a good Figaro, and Taylenre a tolerable Antonio. Miss Carrew, Miss Corri, and Mrs. Chatterley, played their respective parts delightfully. We are very happy to find that the new theatre is likely to become as great a favourite as the old one, for it is nightly crowded. If, however, it is intended that the whole of the audience should get a glimpse of the stage, it will be necessary that a great alteration should be made in the side boxes. This, we doubt not, will be attended to before another season.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Novelities have been so frequent at this house during the present season, that it almost becomes a novelty to us not to have to announce one this week. So many successful pieces have, however, been added to the stock-list, that a rich and varied treat is furnished nightly.

Literature and Science.

Mr. Simonde de Sismondi, the well-known author of the History of the Italian Republics, is engaged in a work of the first importance, the want of which has been long and universally acknowledged—*A Complete History of the French Nation*. The patience and agility displayed by the author in his multifarious researches, his perspicuous style and excellent arrangement, and, above all, the spirit of liberty which never ceases to animate him, afford abundant proof that, if he lives to complete his design, he will raise a literary monument worthy of his own reputation, and of the great nation whose feeds he is about to commemorate.

Literature advances rapidly in the Russian tongue; eight thousand volumes appeared in the last twenty years, whereas, in 1800, only three thousand were printed. It seems there are no less than three hundred and fifty living authors in Russia, though their works and even their names (except two or three) are wholly unknown in England and France.

The Russian frigate, *Voslock*, Capt. Bellinghausen, and a corvette, are returning from a voyage of discoveries in the Pacific, to Petersburg. These ships proceeded nearly in the track of Capt. Cook, advancing as far as 70° N. The principal thing discovered is, that Cook's Sandwich Land consists of an island or islands.

Cachemere Goats.—The Cachemere Goats imported into France by M. Ternaux, have been settled at Perpignan, and are now beginning to propagate. After yearning in March, the down, some rudiments of which had appeared in April, began to get intertwined, and this may be looked upon as an approach to maturity. 'This I had plucked up,' says M. Tessier (in his communication to the Royal Academy of Sciences), 'with horn combs, and it was thus almost pure and free from clots.' Each animal furnished, on an average, three ounces and a half; some, including a large he goat, gave six ounces. There is very little loss, and every thing announces that this race will easily get seasoned to the climate. The she-goats are better for milking than the natives; the large hairs vary much in length, and it has been remarked that the short haired individuals sometimes yield the most down, and it is finest on those of a grey colour. By allotting them a more elevated situation in the Pyrenees they are expected to give more down, and further improvements are contemplated, in the selections for propagation, by a judicious crossing with such of the indigenous races as bear an analogous down.

Rock in the Moon.—Dr. Olbers informs Dr. Gauss, that he observed on the 5th of February an appearance in the dark part of the moon, which has been called a lunar volcano. It appeared as usual in Aristarchus. It was small, but much brighter than the other parts of the moon, unilluminated by the sun, quite like a star, and even appeared like a star of the sixth magnitude, seen situated to the north-east of the moon. Dr. Olbers is inclined to believe that this brightness is produced

by the reflection of the light of the earth from an even and smooth surface of a great extent of rock in the moon.

Apple Bread.—M. Duduit de Maisieres has invented, and practised with great success, a method of making bread with common apples very far superior to potatoe bread. After having boiled one-third of peeled apples, he bruised them while quite warm into two-thirds of flour, including the proper quantity of yeast, and kneaded the whole without water, the juice of the fruit being quite sufficient. When this mixture had acquired the consistency of paste, he put it into a vessel, in which he allowed it to rise for about twelve hours. By this process he obtained a very excellent bread.

New Balloon.—An experiment was made a few days ago, in the Garden of Tivoli, with a balloon, which was fitted and raised without any combustible matter, gas, or apparatus. It was exposed empty to the rays of the sun, and their action determined the atmospheric air into the balloon, which was completely filled. It acquired, at the same time, an essential impetus, and, when abandoned, rose of itself. The construction of the balloon is contrived, that it may receive the greatest advantage from the action of the sun; the upper part is transparent, the middle black, and the lower part gilt outside and black within.—*Journal des Debats*, Sept. 9.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia liant,
Omnia nos illidem deposcentur aërea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

Superstition.—*From a French Paper.* Three persons, named Ricou, Fayet, and Du Vacher, in the commune du Tremblay, near Segre, were brought up last assizes at Maine et Loire, the two first accused of having wounded and committed other violence on a man named Moreau, by which he was incapable of working for twenty days; and the third of having counselled the other in doing so. In March last, Ricou and his family suffered much from vermin, and could not get rid of them; and the milk of his cows produced no butter. Ricou believed himself under the influence of sorcery, and consulted two learned men of the profession, one of whom advised him to throw salt into the fire, and the other to throw bran in the stable where his cows were kept. Neither had any effect. Ricou then consulted Du Vacher, who, with

being of the profession, enjoyed the reputation of a wise man through the neighbourhood. Du Vacher said he must consult a book left at his house by a soldier. He informed Ricou his family was threatened with new misfortunes, and his wife and children would die in a few days; the only remedy was to force the sorcerer to undo the work of fate; and to do this Ricou must put the sorcerer in the fire, and hold him there until the thing was accomplished. The individual pointed out by Du Vacher, as the sorcerer and author of Ricou's misfortunes, was Moreau, an honest journeyman in the neighbourhood. Ricou did not easily consent, but at length yielded to the fear of losing his wife and children, and procured the assistance of Fayet to put Moreau on the fire; the latter easily consented, being himself a victim to sorcery, as he believed, in consequence of drinking a glass of cider at Moreau's. Ricou sent his wife and children out of the way; and on the evening of the 25th of March, enticed Moreau to his house; a large fire was prepared; Ricou and Fayet seized Moreau, and commanded him to undo the fate he had cast upon them, or they would throw him into the fire. Moreau, in vain, protested he was no sorcerer; he was seized and laid across the fire. The fire had burnt his clothes, and injured his leg and his left thigh, when his cries frightened his persecutors. Fayet ran away with all speed. Ricou took up a gun and threatened to shoot Moreau, unless he suffered himself to be broiled alive; at length frightened at the cries of the sufferer, he permitted him to escape. On the trial, Ricou affirmed seriously, 'that a few days after this operation, the milk of his cows produced good butter, and he also got rid of the vermin; in short, his fate had altered.' Fayet said, 'as far as regarded himself, he was always the victim of sorcery, and had the colic every day from two to four o'clock.' Ricou and Fayet were sentenced, to two years' imprisonment; and Du Vacher was acquitted on the 12th of August.

A similar case will come before the next assizes at Sarthe. In this case the sorcerer is killed by the person suffering under his supposed influence: the murderer accuses his victim of having given the small-pox to his infant, and caused the death of his sheep.

Madame Catalini.—A few years ago, when this celebrated syren was in London, a new-born child was depo-

sited at her door; when being told of it by her porter, she, ordered the new guest to be brought into her apartment. Round its neck was a note in these words, — 'I recommend my child to God and Madam Catalini.' She adopted the child:

The poet Schiller received from the Emperor of Germany a diploma of nobility, but he never availed himself of it. On searching one day in a chest for some papers, he stumbled on this diploma, and showing it to an intimate friend who happened to be present, he observed, 'You did not know, I suppose, that I have been several years a noble,' and then threw it carelessly aside. Schiller knew that an emperor might gain honour by conferring a title on him, but that he could gain no honour by a title.

A Simile.

Friendship is like the cobler's tie,
That joins two soles in unity;
But love is like the cobler's awl,
That pierces through the sole and all!

Longevity.—In the beautiful little village of Broxbourne, in Hertfordshire, there died, in the course of seven months, preceding 27th May last, thirteen persons, whose united ages amounted to 1077 years. The youngest was 70 years, and the oldest 89. The first was on the 19th October, 1820, and the last on the 24th May, 1821, and they stand in the register as follows:—

Susanah Cheshire	89
Mary Stanford (jun.)	70
Henry Pearse	80
Richard Reynolds	85
Ann Baker	83
William White	83
Daniel Wood	77
Sarah Clark	76
William Marshall	88
George Hale, (sen.)	89
William Lewis	88
Peter White	80
Mary Lewin	84

Total.....1077

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'LIFE,' Chap. III. 'Literary Coincidences,' in our next.

Mr. Dalby's communication in an early number.

'College Scenes,' will not suit us; we have similar offers and applications every day in the week.

We are sorry that we cannot award our patronage and correspondence to Mr. Stuart, as he requests; for the very commencement of his letter frightens us. — In the name of God, Amen, may be well enough when it is followed by, 'This is the last will and testament, &c.' but it is really too serious a beginning for ordinary correspondence.

Advertisements.

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Price 2s. in boards,
POWYSYON; see, Odiau ac Yngylfa i ddanfawyd i Eisteddfod Gwecsam, Mch. 18, 1820.

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And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts,
History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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No. 123. LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1821. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

The History of Madeira. With a Series of Twenty-seven Coloured Engravings, illustrative of the Customs, Manners, and Occupations of the Inhabitants of that Island. London, 1821.

AMONG the few places which possess attractive features for the pen and the pencil, and yet have been hitherto neglected by both, is the Island of Madeira; a place interesting from its situation in the track of British commerce, and more particularly so from its excellent climate, which is found by experience to be highly beneficial to British invalids, in cases where their native air fails to produce relief.

The work before us contains a good historical and topographical sketch of the island, and the manners of the people are displayed, (correctly we doubt not,) in a series of excellent engravings, from designs by a resident in the island. 'These designs,' says the author in his preface, 'being made with a view to display character as well as dress and figure, appropriate thoughts naturally arising from the description, have been ventured, to increase the interest of the picture; and it is hoped that the effect will not be lessened by their being clothed in verse. In this respect, the desire to please will, perhaps, awaken indulgence, if it cannot excite praise.' We confess we like our author's prose better than his poetry; but the embellishments, (which are the principal features of the work,) are of sufficient merit to compensate for any defects of style in the poetical part of the work.

The island of Madeira is a valuable possession of the kingdom of Portugal, in the Atlantic Ocean, and has belonged to that power ever since its first discovery. The island displays the figure of an irregular quadrangle, and is formed of lofty mountains, hills, and fruitful valleys. Its more elevated parts generally rise in a gradual ascent, the highest point of land being a mile and a-half above the level of the sea. The island

presents, in some places, the most enchanting scenery, abounding with all the softer pictures of natural beauty; while in others, huge rocks, lofty precipices, deep valleys, and rushing torrents, combine the most awful and charming examples of the sublime and beautiful, with their accessory features in the landscape of nature; uniting the delights of Arcadia with Alpine magnificence.

Although Madeira is, by some writers, said to have been known to the ancient geographers, and its discovery is, by others, attributed to John Gonsalvo and Tristram, navigators employed or at least encouraged by Henry, Infant of Portugal, yet the most concurrent testimony attributes it to an English gentleman, of the name of Robert Machin, who, in the reign of Edward the Third, was shipwrecked on the island. The story of Machin, though wearing much of the air of romance, is believed in the outline to be founded in truth.

Machin was much enamoured of a young lady, whose name was D'Arfet or D'Orset; but her parents forced her contrary to her wishes, to marry a nobleman of high rank, Machin being thrown into prison until the odious marriage was accomplished. When released, he determined to carry off the bride, and succeeded; he then embarked with her in a small vessel at Bristol, and set sail for France; but tempestuous weather drove them into the main ocean, and the first land they made was the then undiscovered Island of Madeira. Here they landed; but, before they had removed any of the ship's contents on shore for their immediate accommodation, the vessel was driven out to sea, and it was supposed lost. This preyed so much on the mind of the lady, that she shortly expired in the arms of her distracted lover:—

'He could not sustain the shock of this overwhelming loss, and lived but a few days to lament her. This sad interval he employed in erecting a memorial to perpetuate his fidelity, affection, and misfortunes:

'He laid her in the earth,
Himself scarce living; and, upon her tomb,

Beneath the heauteous tree where they reclined,
Plac'd the last tribute of his earthly love.

'In the last cruel moments of his expiring life, Machin implored his friends to consign his remains to the same grave which contained those of his beloved Anna, who had sacrificed so much for him. This request was religiously fulfilled at the foot of an altar, erected under a tree of wide-spreading beauty, against whose stupendous stem was placed a large cross of cedar, which time seems to have venerated, as it still remains to excite the sympathizing feelings of those who visit the spot. Near this sacred emblem, was an inscription dictated by the dying lover, containing his sad history, and which concluded with a pious request, that if any Christians should, at some future period, form a settlement in that island, they would there erect a church, and consecrate it to the Redeemer of Mankind;—a devout hope, which, in the providential course of human events, has been since fulfilled.'

The distressed followers of Machin embarked in a boat or canoe, which they had either made or preserved, and put to sea. They were driven to the coast of Barbary, and there made captives. While at Morocco, they communicated their adventure to a fellow-slave, a Spaniard, of the name of Juande Morales, who was soon after ransomed. On his return to Spain, he was taken prisoner off the coast of Algarve, and carried into Lisbon by Gonsalvez Zarco, a celebrated Portuguese navigator, to whom he related the curious and extraordinary narrative of his English companions at Morocco. Zarco communicated the intelligence to his sovereign, who immediately ordered a ship to be fitted out, the command of which he gave to him, with a view to the discovery of the island. Zarco sailed for Algarve on the 1st of June, 1419, and made the eastern-most point of the island on the 14th of the same month. Zarco disembarked on the 2nd of July, and paid a pious visit to the sepulchre of the two lovers. Mass was celebrated, and the service for the dead, according to the Romish ritual, was performed over the tomb of Machin and his lady; and the ceremony was concluded by laying the first stone of a

small church, which was afterwards completed of wood, and dedicated, according to Machin's last wish—to the Redeemer of the World.

The navigators saw no human inhabitants on the island, nor any ferocious animals or poisonous reptiles; but numerous flocks of birds of the most beautiful plumage. It abounded with wood, and the ground was covered with odoriferous herbs. When it was determined to convert it into a Portuguese colony, the immense woods were set on fire, and the conflagration is said to have lasted during several years. Zarco was appointed governor of the island, and three young Portuguese noblemen married his daughters, and had ample grants of land, and from them are descended the principal families of Madeira.

We have already mentioned the climate of Madeira, which is indebted for its boasted salubrity to the uniformity of its temperature; the soil is most fertile, and is capable of producing the fruits and vegetables of almost every quarter of the globe. Not only the tropical fruits, but even those of the north arrive here at the utmost perfection:—

'This island lays claim to its having been the first situation in the western world, where the *arundo saccharifera*, or the sugar-cane, was cultivated. It most probably was introduced from the east soon after the island was discovered; but at what particular period, there are no existing means of ascertaining. From hence it was transplanted to the Brazils, and it is said to be owing to a most destructive blight that it ceased, in a great measure, to be cultivated here, when the vine succeeded, and has continued to form the wealth of the island; but the small quantity of the sugar that is still produced is uncommonly fine, and is said to emit an odour similar to that of the violet. Another account mentions, that when the island was first colonized, Prince Henry of Portugal caused the sugar-cane to be transplanted thither from Sicily; and that at one time there were forty sugar-mills on the island, that article then forming the staple commodity. Now there is only one mill remaining; but in this description the excellence of the sugar and its odoriferous quality is confirmed.'

Madeira has long been celebrated for its grapes, of which it produces almost every variety, in great perfection:—

'The vine was introduced into Madeira from the island of Cyprus, but at what period rests upon very dubious conjecture. It is not easy to reconcile the character of Chaptal for accuracy in his philosophical inquiries, when he mentions that, in the year 1420, vines were

already planted in this island. At all events, there must be a confusion in the dates, as the island itself, according to the Portuguese historians, had been discovered only in the preceding year; and, if so, there could scarcely be a sufficient quantity of land cleared away to produce the common necessities of life, much less to plant vineyards; and if a conflagration of the woods which overspread the country, and lasted several years, as is generally related, was necessary to prepare the island for cultivation, a much later period must be referred to for introducing this fortunate plant into Madeira.'

From the variety of grapes grown in this island, it might be concluded, that each could be made to produce wine of its own specific character:—

'But, in general, the different grapes are all mixed together in making that wine which exclusively bears the name of the island, except the Malmsey and Sercial grapes; the former affording a wine superior to any sweet wine, and the latter another superior to any dry wine. The Tinto grape also gives a wine which has the flavour of Burgundy, but is commonly mixed with the other wines. There is one extraordinary kind, which is merely used as a desert fruit, about the size of a muscle-plum, and the clusters are so large as sometimes to weigh twenty pounds.

'The vines run on trellises of cane-work, about three feet from the ground, and the vintage begins early in the month of September; when the singular precaution is necessary to tie up all the dogs to prevent their getting at the grapes, of which those animals are voraciously fond. The rats, lizards, and wasps are also great enemies to the ripened clusters.

'The process of making the wine is very simple. The grapes, when cut, are immediately consigned to the press, which is a large wooden trough, not unlike the cider-press in England, over which is a large clumsy lever, connected with other machinery. When the trough is nearly filled, the due number of bare-legged peasants appointed for the purpose, enter the machine, and by the active tread of their feet, press out the juice, which runs into a vessel beneath. The husks or stalks are then collected and pressed with the lever, which pressure is occasionally extended to the fourth time. The best wine is said to be produced on the south side of the island, and when first made is as deep-coloured as port. It ferments for about six weeks after it is made.

'There is some difference in the accounts given of the quantity of wine made in Madeira; but the most authentic average appears to be, from twenty-five to thirty thousand pipes, the greater part of which is exported, and the rest is consumed in the island. It does not, however, attain its due state of perfection till it has acquired a certain age in Madeira, or been transported to a warmer climate,

and deposited there for a longer or shorter period. Hence has arisen the practice of sending such wines as are intended for British consumption, a voyage to the West Indies, or round the East Indies, China, and the Brazils; which experience has determined to be essential to their excellence.'

The land owners of Madeira do not manage their farms, but appoint certain portions to be cultivated, for which they give the tenant one half of the produce. Of the people of Madeira we are told,—

'The native inhabitants, more particularly the labouring classes, are of a more dark and swarthy complexion than those of the colder climates of Europe; for which, it is probable, they may be indebted to a Mulatto or Moorish origin, in common with the natives of the parent branch of the peninsula, from which they are derived. It is only a few of the first families who bear any the least resemblance in complexion, to the fair inhabitants of northern Europe; and this difference may be traced to a superior extraction. These islanders are generally of a middle stature, but athletic, well-limbed, active, and of great muscular strength, which renders them capable of sustaining the greatest fatigue; so much so, that they are often reduced to an emaciation of body, and debility of constitution, which brings on premature old age; though long life appears to be, otherwise, among the privileges which nature seems disposed to confer on them. The peasantry are sober, economical, and not merely inoffensive in their manners, but of dispositions the most courteous towards strangers, as among themselves. When they meet one of the latter, [former] they take off their cap, and "hope the Lord will prosper him;" and when they meet each other, they stand cap in hand, with common politeness, though under a perpendicular sun, and the reflected heat of a rock, till they have satisfied each other as to the welfare of their wives, children, relatives, acquaintance, cattle, domestic animals, &c.; and it is a point of economy not immediately to be settled, which of the friendly social party shall first return the cap to its appropriate situation.

'The higher classes, on the contrary, are inclined to corpulence, as they are inactive and indolent, which may be one cause of it; and this disposition is attended with a temper somewhat morose, and a tendency to melancholy. Though violent in respect to their libations to Bacchus, the presiding divinity of the island, they frequently indulge their appetite to excess in the luxury of the table. From this circumstance, with the sedentary life to which they habituate themselves, they become subject to chronic diseases, which are followed by the termination of premature old age.

'The youth, or at least the blooming

gaiety of female life, is also greatly shortened, by early marriages and a numerous offspring. The mothers have often from six to twelve children, whom they generally suckle; a duty which they often protract beyond the period that nature requires, even for two or three years.

Funchal, the capital of Madeira, contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, which is considered as the fifth part of the population of the island. It is situated at the foot of a lofty range of mountains, forming a magnificent amphitheatre:—

'In a corner of the Franciscan convent, is a small chamber, which, though, from its dismal furniture, it may not invite a visit from the gay or the cheerful, may induce the curious to examine such an arrangement of mortality. Its ceilings and walls are completely covered with human skulls and thigh bones, placed in such a manner as to form a kind of triangle, with a skull fixed in the points. A figure of St. Francis is represented as balancing a saint and a sinner, to ascertain which is the heaviest. From the ceiling is suspended a small lamp, calculated to give sufficient light to display a scene which might as well be consigned to utter darkness. The number of these bones is calculated at upwards of three thousand. For what rational purpose they are thus curiously preserved, it is idle to inquire; and what object of superstition, none but the superstitious will pretend to determine.'

Intending to divide our notice of this interesting and elegant volume, we shall, for the present, only detach one or two passages:—

Superstition.—About three miles from the town, up the country, is a very handsome church, called Nosa Senhora do Monte, in which are some scripture paintings, and a fine organ, with other decorations suited to the character of the place. The image of the patron saint is preserved with the most devout care, in a glass case, on the great altar. She is about two feet in height, dressed in a flaxen wig, and decorated with a profusion of gold chains and precious stones, which, at different periods, have been the pious offerings of wealthy devotees.

'After the destructive flood in the year 1803, this image was brought into the town, with the greatest possible pomp and solemnity, being attended by the principal clergy, the military, in their best array, and the civil authorities, as there was no doubt of her presence proving a certain, and, indeed, providential protection against any further deluge; and, after being received with the celebration of all due honours, and remaining some months in the cathedral, she was returned to her own altar, with all the solemnity with which she had been consecrated to the city; as the church dedicated to her was built on the spot where, according to the monkish legends, she

was originally found, soon after the first discovery of the island.

'Pilgrimages are daily made to her shrine; and the sailor, who is accustomed to danger, and laughs at fear, is seen to ask for added security against the perils of the sea, which he devoutly believes that she can afford him. It is the custom for sailors, after they have landed safely on the island, to go about the streets begging alms, in order to pay the clergy for saying masses in their behalf, at her altar. An entire crew, headed by their captain, are to be seen trudging barefoot up the steep road that leads to the church of Nosa Senhora do Monte, carrying their top-sails with them in procession, accompanied by an appraiser, who, in the presence of some priest belonging to the church, affixes a value on the sails; the value, being thus determined, is paid into the hands of the holy man, to defray the expense of celebrating masses, in favour of the vessel to which the sails belong, at the shrine of the saint.'

Funerals.—It is the custom here to bury the dead within twenty-four hours after their demise. They bear the body on an open bier to the place of interment, with the face and arms exposed to full view, attended by a concourse of priests and friars, chanting a funeral dirge; then follow the friends of the deceased; and the procession is closed by a motley tribe of beggars, bearing torches. When the body is consigned to the grave, a quantity of lime and vinegar is thrown in to consume it, in order to make room for others, as the church itself is the exclusive place of interment. If relatives were to attend funerals, it would be considered as a mark of indifference; and widows, in the higher stations of life, never cross the threshold for twelve months after the death of their husbands. It is only since the year 1770, that the Portuguese have withdrawn their uncharitable regulations relative to the burial of Protestants. Previous to that period, their dead bodies were thrown into the sea.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Expedience; a Satire. By Julius. Book I. 8vo. pp. 95. London, 1821.

If our readers are not absolutely con-jurers, we suspect there is not one of them will guess the subject of this satire by its title, for surely never were title and subject more at variance. Who, except 'Julius,' would ever dream of calling a coarse attack on the Queen, now that the grave has closed upon her—'Expedience'? Is it expedient to insult the memory of the dead, and to abuse every nobleman who dared to defend an injured woman while groaning under an oppressive prosecution? Surely not, and we envy not the feelings of the man who is ca-

pable of such malignity, nor his sense, when he can call it *expedience*; and, as for the nobles thus abused, they may truly say with Sir William Davenant, it is a—

'Libel of such weak fancy and composure, That we do all esteem it a greater wrong To have our names extant in such paltry Rhyme, than in the slanderous sense.'

Objecting, as we do, to the title and subject of this satire, we seek for some atoning, if not redeeming, quality in its merits; but we seek in vain, and we unhesitatingly proclaim that it has not one single feature to recommend it. Perhaps we shall be told we are severe; let then our readers judge for themselves, in the following passage, which relates to a meeting of the county of York, where Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Grantham, and the Black Dwarf, are the *dramatis personæ*. The Dwarf is exclaiming,—

"Who calls me coward—tho' of regal note, He, a false villain! lieth in his throat! I'd brave—!" A shriek convulsive spoke the rest.

With brandish'd horsewhip Gr^{nth}'m stood—

—confess'd, Prone at his feet the Dwarf persists to screech, Thump after thump resounds upon his breech; Ten thousand murders peonally he squeals— Bellowing in tears, to F^{tz}'s friend, appeals. The courtiers holla— F^{tz}'s! defend him, F^{tz}!

Faith! have you lost your valour or your wits!"

Would't a fac-simile of F^{tz}'s face, Its then surpassing glories of grimace; What time at mirror thy devours are made, A lump of alum 'twixt thy teeth be laid.

'Then Gr^{nth}'m—"Roptile; mark this whip as eke

This whip hath marked thee; now truly speak, What brought thee here?"—"My lord! my lord! my lord!

What, what! your lordship,—there he is my lord."

Like a stuck pig, Lord Gr^{nth}'m star'd, and fair,

Thinking he lied—had whipp'd the Dwarf again.

When lo! a power unseen arrests his clench,— In gath, oh! tell it not—the pow'r of stench. To cork his nostrils firm was Gr^{nth}'m right, Nor lag'd the court to hold their noses tight. "Within there! ho!" unanimous they shout, Pastsils to perfume—tongs to take him out! Loiter the servants, loath to have the job, And consequently exclaim—a snob! Stretching at arms length, fix the forpses fast, Pinch him; then, mock-bepitying, gaze aghast. He, like a Savoy monkey, against its chain, When tugg'd by stranger, tugg'd and screech'd again.

Pinch follows gibe, and gibe succeeds to pinch, The court, loud-laughing—"O Man, what makes you finch?"

We can assure our readers that this is a fair specimen of 'Expedience, a Satire, by Julius,' of the merits of which we leave them to judge.

The Retrospective Review. No. VII.

THE last number of this popular and ably conducted review, justifies the hopes that we're first entertained of it, and fully maintains the high character which it has gained among its contemporary periodicals. To the lovers of early English literature, the *Retrospective Review*, by pointing out the stores and selecting some of its gems, must afford a rich treat; and even those who may not be anxious to hold converse with the dead through the medium of their works, will scarcely fail of gratification, in the interesting extracts which it gives from books of approved merit, interspersed with acute critical remarks and ingenious reflections.

The seventh number, published on the 1st of August, contains ten articles, namely, 'The Life of Cellini,'—The Poetical Literature of Spain,—Dryden's Prose Works,—Lawrence's *Arncliffe and Lucena*,—Ascham's *Toxophilus*,—Davenport's *King John* and *Matilda*,—Andrew Fletcher's Political Works,—Loveless's *Lucasta*,—Wynne's History of the Gwerllir Family; and, lastly, The Early English Drama.

The first article is a good but brief analysis of the life of that ingenious artist and entertaining auto-biographer, Benvenuto Cellini, 'a man of great genius and uncommon versatility of talents: caressed alike by kings, popes, and dignitaries of the church of Rome; esteemed by men of learning; lauded by the most eminent artists of his time, and beloved by his acquaintance.'

From the account of the poetical literature of Spain, which is a well-written article, we shall quote an extract. It is a sonnet from a MS. volume of verse, written on occasion of the death of the Queen of Charles II. and shows the ingenious trifling of some of the Spanish poets. It is as follows:

O D eidad que sin llegar A aconectu D
O O Cloto cogerte en tu veid O R
N o el Nacer Reyna tu tempra N a flor
A leonaz A hacer etetu A tu salud
M ira el M auo des M ayó en ataud
A romas A un ex A la su vapor
R egia Pyra R ub R ica dento ardor
I enta la m eor L a; no su virtu
A hento el A ur A fué de su vivir
L ofatal entre fL ores L eve huella
U igne det U hermosura U é morir
U nfr det U ble dolor pens I on de bella
S u S pende lya flora este S entir
A spira A Elixio campos a cogel A.

Not having indulged in attempts of this kind, we were not a little surprised at the facility with which, in twenty minutes,

the following imitation of the above sonnet was produced. If, in our not very manageable language—at least in versification—such attempts are so little laborious, in an idiom so full of vowel terminations as the Spanish, the effort would be much less tedious than we had imagined.

'L ady! in whom the fairest graces dwell
A W a ke to breathe the morning's fragrant A L R
D escent D and charm our solitary D ell,—
Y on star Y dew invite thee, lad Y fair!
M any A m elody sweetly Mingles there,
A nd streams, A nd songs, A nd flowers of
sweetest smell

R ound the gay banks R es R up their citadel
I n proud secur I ty, as tho' they were
Appointed guardi A s a o'er A scene so sweet;
L ady! all nature L ooks out L ovely now;
U ncounted beaU ties, tho' U ghts most ex-
quisite.

I n hol I est union blend; a liv I ng glow
Seem S to pervade the world, A nd welcome thee;
A ll, all is brightness now o'er heaven, eArth,
and sea.'

We pass on to the review of the poems of the unfortunate Colonel Lovelace, who was 'an instance of one of the most melancholy reverses of fortune to be found in the annals of a set of men, the early poets of England, distinguished for the calamitous variety of their adventures;' a gentleman who was remarkable for the beauty of his person and the elegant endowments of his mind; one of the most gay and sprightly courtiers of Charles I. but who, for his attachment to his sovereign, was so involved and so persecuted, that, says Anthony Wood, 'he became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes, (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants.' The 'polished Lovelace' died at a wretched lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, and was buried at the west end of St. Bride's Church, among 'surfeit-slain fools, the common dung of the soil.' Lovelace was a charming poet, and, we think, deserves a higher praise than our critic awards him; we, however, agree with him fully as to the short poem which we shall quote, when he says,—

'The song called the *Scrutiny* is a most delightful piece of male coquetry. It is written in the happiest vein of the times. A declaration of infidelity so impudent yet so ingenious, so cruel yet so easy and good humoured, so saucy and vain yet with such apparent good grounds for confidence, that even the deserted lady would instantly resign herself to the conviction that no chains, however binding, no charms, however powerful, could detain so inconstant a gallant:—

'Why should you swear I am forsworn?
Since time I vow'd to be;
Ladly, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

'Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space!
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

'Not but all joy in thy brown hair,
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists, that sound
For treasure in unprov'd-up ground.

'Then, if when I have lov'd my sound,
Thou prov'st the pleasantest;
With spoils of moaner beauties crown'd,
I haften will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with variety.'

'Wynne's History of the Gwerllir Family,' is chiefly interesting from the clear and comprehensive view which it exhibits of the manners of the Welsh at a time when they were little better than barbarians. The following extracts give a singular picture of the Cambro-Britons about the middle of the fifteenth century:—

'The beginning of the quarrel and unkindness between Jevan ab Robert and Howel ab Rice ab Howel Vaughan, grew in this sort. Jevan ab Robert, after his sister's death, upon some mislike, left the company of Howel ab Rice, and accompanied John ab Meredith, his nephew, and his children, who were at continual feud with Howel ab Rice. The fashion was, in those days, that the gentlemen and their retainers met commonly every day, to shoote matches and maeltries; there was no gentleman of worth in the country but had a wine cellar of his own, which wine was sold to his profit; thither came his friends to meete him, and there spent the day in shooting, wrestling, throwing the sledge, and other acts of activitie, and drinking very moderately wihall, not according to *haudding* and gluttonous manner of our days.

Howel ab Rice ab Howel did draw a draught upon Jevan ab Robert ab Meredith, and sent a brother of his to lodge over night at his house of Kewegedarch, to understand which way Jevan ab Robert ab Meredith meant to goe the next day, who was determined to shoote a match with John ab Meredith's children at Llaniwhangel y Pennant, not farre from John ab Meredith's house. This being understood, the spie (Howel ab Rice's brother) slips away in the night to his brother, and lets him know where he should lay for him. Now had Howel ab Rice provided a butcher for the purpose, that should have murdered him; for he had directed by Howel to keepe himselfe free, and not to undertake any of the company until he

• That is—drinking of healths.

† This is a phrase frequently used by our author, and implies drawing a plan, or setting a scheme.

saw them in a medley, and every man fighting. Then was his charge to come behind the tallest man in the company, (for otherwise he knew him not, being a stranger,) and to knock him down; for Howel ab Rice said,—"Thou shalt soon discern him from the rest by his stature, and he will make way before him." There is a foster-brother of his, one Robin ab Inko, a little fellow, that useth to watch him behind; take heed of him; for, be the encounter never so hotte, his eye is ever on his foster-brother." Jevan ab Robert, according as he was appointed, went that morning with his ordinary company towards Llanfihangel to meete John ab Meredith. You are to understand, that in those dayes, and in that wilde worlde, every man stood upon his guard, and went not abroad but in sort and soe armed, as if he went to the field to encounter with his enemies. Howel ab Rice ab Howel Vaughan's sister, being Jevan ab Robert's wife, went a mile, or thereabout, with her husband and the company, talking with them, and soe parted with them; and in her way homewards, she met her brother a horseback, with a great company of people armed, and riding after her husband as fast as they could. On this, she cried out upon her brother, and desired him, for the love of God, not to harme her husband, that meant him noe harme; and withall steps to his horse, meaning to have caught him by the bridle, which he seeing, turned his horse about. She then caught the horse by the tail, hanging upon him soe long, and crying upon her brother, that, in the end, he drew out his short-sword, and strucke at her arme, which she perceiving, was faine to lett slippe her hold, and running before him to a narrow passage, whereby he must pass through a brooke, where there was a foot-bridge, near the ford. She then steps to the foot-bridge, and takes away the *cantlaw* or hand-stay of the bridge, and with the same lets fire at her brother, and, if he had not avoyded the blow, she had strucke him downe from his horse.

—Furor arma ministrat.—

Howel ab Rice and his company, within a while, overtook Jevan ab Robert and his followers, who turned head upon him, though greatlie overmatched. The bickering grew very hotte, and many were knocked downe on either side. In the end, when that should be performed which he came for, the murthering butcher having not stracke one stroke all day, not watching opportunity, and finding the company more scattered than at first from Jevan ab Robert, thrust himselfe among Jevan ab Robert's people behind, and making a blow at him, was prevented by Robin ab Inko, his foster-brother, and knocked downe; God bringing upon his head the destruction that he meant for another; which Howel ab Rice perceiving, cried to his people, "Let us away and begone, for I had given charge that Robin ab Inko should have been better

looked unto." And soe that bickering brake, with the hurt of many, and the death of that one man.

It fortuned anon after, that the parson of Llanvrothen* took a child of Jevan ab Robert's to foster, whose sore grieved Howel Vaughan's wife, her husband having then more land in that parish than Jevan ab Robert had; in revenge whereof she plotted the death of the said parson in this manner. She sent a woman to aske lodgings of the parson, who used not to deny any. The woman being in bed, after midnight, began to strike and to rave; whereupon the parson, thinking that she had been distracted, awakening out of his sleepe, and wondering at so suddaine a crie in the night, made towards her and his household also; then she said that he would have ravished her, and soe got out of doores, threatening revenge to the parson. This woman had for her brethren, three notable rogues of the damnd crewe, fit for any mischief, being followers of Howel ab Rice. In a morning, these brethren watched the parson, as he went to looke to his cattle, in a place in that parish called Gogo yr Llechwin, being now a tenement of mine, and there murthered him; and two of them fled to Chirkland in Denbighshire, to some of the Trevors, who were friends or kinne to Howel ab Rice or his wife. It was the manner in those dayes, that the murtherer onely, and he that gave the death's wound, should flye, and he was called in Wales a *lawrudd*, which is a red hand, because he had blouded his hand; the accessories and abettors to the murtherers were never hearken'd after.

The notice of the 'Early English Drama' is the last of a series of articles on the subject which have appeared in the 'Retrospective Review,' and is confined to an examination of the works of Marlow, whose genius and talents are very fairly estimated.

CULINARY CURIOSITIES.*

The following specimen of the unaccountably whimsical harlequinade of foreign kitchens, is from 'La Chapelle' Nouveau Cuisinier, Paris, 1748.

'A turkey,' in the shape of 'a football,' or 'a hedge-hog.'—'A shoulder of mutton,' in the shape of a 'bee-hive.'—'A tree of pigeons,' in the form of a 'spider,' or sun-fashion, or 'in the form of a frog,' or 'in the form of the moon.'—Or, 'to make a pig taste like a wild boar.'—'Take a living pig, and let him swallow the following drink, viz. boil together in vinegar and water, some rosemary, thyme,

* Llanvrothen is a small village near the sea-side, in Merionethshire.

We extract this curious article from that excellent *Vade Mecum* for all good housekeepers and epicures, the 'Cook's Oracle,' a work which we shall notice more at length in a week or two; when we can sit down with a good appetite to digest it.—Ed.

sweet basil, bay-leaves, and sage; when you have let him swallow this, immediately whip him to death, and roast him forthwith. How 'to still a cocke for a weake bodie that is consumed; 'take a red cocke that is not too olde, and beate him to death.'—See the Booke of Cookrye, very necessary for all such as defight therein.—Gathered by A. W. 1591, 12mo. p. 12. How to Roast a pound of BUTTER, curiously and well; and to force (the culinary technical for to stuff) a boiled leg of lamb with red herrings and garlick; with many other receipts of as high a relish, and of as easy digestion as the Devil's version, i. e. a roasted tiger stuffed with tenpenney nails, or the 'Boone Bouche,' the rarest rownskinowmowsky, offered to Baron Munchausen 'a fricassee of pistols, with gunpowder and alcohol sauce,'—see the Adventures of Baron Munchausen, 12mo. 1729, p. 200.—and the horrible but authentic account of Ardesoif, in Moubray's Treatise on Poultry, 8vo. 1816, p. 18.

But the most extraordinary of all the culinary receipts that have been under my eye, is the following diabolically cruel directions of Mizal's, 'How to roast and eat a goose alive.'—Take a goose, or a duck, or some such freely creature, (but a goose is best of all for this purpose,) pull off all her feathers, only the head and neck must be spared: then make a fire round about her, not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape free: within the circle of the fire let there be set small cups and pots full of water, wherein salt and honey are mingled; and let there be set also chargers full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The goose must be all larded, and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better: put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste, when as you see her begin to roast; for, by walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire that stops her way out, the unwearied goose is kept in; she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst, and cool her heart, and all her body, and the apple sauce will make her dung, and cleanse and empty her. And when she roasteth and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead: it is mighty pleasant to behold!—See Wecker's Secrets of Nature, in folio, London, 1660, pp. 148, 309. We suppose Mr. Mizal stole this receipt from the kitchen of his infernal majesty; probably it might have been one of the dishes the devil ordered when he invited Nero and Caligula to a feast.—A. C. Jun.

This is also related in Baptista Porta's *Natural Magicæ*, fol. 1058, p. 321. This very curious (but not scarce) book contains, among other strange tricks and fancies of 'the Olden Time,' directions 'how to roast and boil a fowl at the same time, so that one half shall be roasted—and the other boiled';—and 'if you have a lacke of cooks—how to persuade a goose—to roast himselfe!'"

Many articles were in vogue in the 14th century which are now obsolete—we add the following specimens of the Culinary Affairs of Days of Yore.

Sauce for a Goose, A. D. 1351.

'Take a faire panne, and set hit under the goose whill she rostes;—and kepe clene the gres that droppes thereof, and put thereto a godele (good deal) of wyn, and a litel vyuegur, and verjus, and onyons mynced, or garlek; then take the gottes (gut) of the goose and slitte hom, and scrape hom clene in watur and salt, and so wash hom, and back hom small, then do all this togedur in a piffent (pipkin) and do thereto raisins of corance, and powder of pepur and of ginger, and of canell, and hole clowes and mace, and let hit boyle and serve hit forth.'

'That unwieldy marine animal, the rompus, was dressed in a variety of modes, salted, roasted, stewed, &c. Our ancestors were not singular in their partiality to it; I find, from an ingenious friend of mine, that it is even now, A. D. 1790, sold in the markets of most towns in Portugal—the flesh of it is intolerably hard and rancid.'—Warner's *Antiq. Cul.* 4to, p. 15.

This swan * was also a dish of state, and in high fashion when the elegance of the feast was estimated by the magnitude of the articles of which it was composed; the number consumed at Earl of Northumberland's table, A. D. 1512, amounted to twenty.—Northumberland's Household Book, p. 108.

The CRANE was a darling dainty in William the Conqueror's time, and so partial was that monarch to it, that when his prime favourite, William Fitz Osburne, the steward of the household, served him with a crane scarcely half roasted, the king was so highly exasperated, that he lifted up his fist, and would have stricken him, had not *Eads* (appointed *Dapifer* immediately after) warded off the blow.'—Warner's *Antiq. Cul.* p. 12.

SEALS, CURLEWS, HERONS, BITTERNS, and the PEACOCK—these noble bird, 'the food of lovers and the meat of lords'—was also at this time in high fashion—when the baronial entertainments were characterized by a grandeur and pompous ceremonial, approaching nearly to the magnificence of royalty; there was scarcely any royal or noble feast without peacocks, which were stuffed with spices and sweet-

* It is a curious illustration of the *de gustibus non est disputandum*, that the ancients considered the swan as a high delicacy, and abstained from the flesh of the goose as impure and indigestible.—Moubray on Poultry, p. 36.

herbs, roasted and served up whole, and covered after dressing with the skin and feathers—the beak and comb gilt, and the tail spread—and some instead of the feathers, covered it with leaf-gold:—it was a common dish on grand occasions—and continued to adorn the English table till the beginning of the 17th century.

In Massinger's play of 'the City Madam,' Holford exclaiming against city luxury, says, 'three fat wethers bruised, to make sauce for a slugpeacock.'

The bird is one of those luxuries which were often sought, because they were seldom found: its scarcity and external appearance is its only recommendation—the meat of it is tough and tasteless.

Another favourite dish at the tables of our forefathers was a pye of stupendous magnitude, out of which, on its being opened, a flock of living birds flew forth to the no small surprise and amusement of the guests.

'Four-and-twenty blackbirds bak'd in a pye; When the pye was open'd the birds began to sing—

Oh! what a dainty dish—'tis fit for any king.'

This was a common joke at an old English feast. These animated pies were often introduced 'to set on,' as Hamlet says, 'a quantity of barren spectators to laugh,'—there is an instance of a dwarf undergoing such an incrustation.—About the year 1630, King Charles and his Queen were entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, at Burleigh on the Hill, on which occasion, JEFFREY HUDSON, the Dwarf, was served up in a cold pye.—See Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. ii, p. 14.

The BARON or BEEF was another favourite and substantial support of old English hospitality.

Among the most polished nations of the 15th and 16th centuries, the powdered (salted) horse seems to have been a dish in some esteem: *Grimaldus* herself could not escape the undistinguishing fury of the cook. Don Anthony, of Guevera, the Chronicler to Charles V., gives the following account of a feast at which he was present. 'I will tell you no lie, I saw such kinds of meats eaten, as are wont to be sene, but not eaten—as a horse roasted—a cat in gely—LYZARDS in hot broth, FROGGS fried, &c.'

While we are thus considering the curious dishes of olden times, we will cursorily mention the singular diet of two or three nations of antiquity, noted by Herodotus, L. 4. The Androphagi (the cannibals of the ancient world) greedily devoured the carcases of their fellow creatures; while the inoffensive Cabri (a Scythian tribe) found both food and drink in the agreeable nut of the ponic tree. The Lotophagi lived entirely on the fruit of the lotus tree. The savage Troglodyte esteemed a living serpent the most delicate of all morsels; while the capricious palate of the Zyguntini preferred the ape to every thing.—Vide Warner's *Antiq. Cul.* p. 135.

The Romans, in the luxurious period of their empire, took five meals a-day; a breakfast (*jentaculum*), a dinner, which was a light meal without any formal preparation (*prandium*); a kind of tea, as we could call it, between dinner and supper (*merenda*); a supper (*cæna*), which was their great meal, and commonly consisted of two courses; the first of meats—the second, what we call a desert:—and a posset, or something delicious after supper (*comissatio*).—Adams's *Rom. Antiq.* p. 434 and 447.

The Romans usually began their entertainments with eggs, and ended with fruits; hence AN OVO USQUE AD MALA, from the beginning to the end of supper, Horat. Sat. i. 3. 6.; Cic. Fam. ix. 20.

The dishes (*edulia*) held in the highest estimation by the Romans are enumerated, Gell. vii. 16.; Macrobi. Sat. ii. 9.; Martial v. 79. ix. 48. xi. 53., &c. a peacock (Pavo, v. us), Horat. Sat. ii. 2. 2.; Juvenal i. 143., first used by Horatius, the orator, at a supper, which he gave when admitted into the college of priests (*collegium sacerdotum*), Plin. x. 20. 1. 23., a pheasant (PHASIANUS, ex Phasi Calchidis Juvoni), Martial. vii. 58. xii. 72. Senec. ad Helv. 9., Petron. 79. Mart. v. 378., a bird called *Attinga* velina, from Ionia or Phrygia, Horat. Epod. ii. 54., Martial. xlii. 61., a guinea-fowl (*avis Africa*, Horat. libid., *Gallina Numidia vel Africana*, Juvenal, i. 142., Martial. xii. 73.) a Melian crane; an Ambracian kid; nightingales, *lusciniæ*; thrushes (*ardæ*); ducks, geese, &c. TOMACULUM (*a tomæ vel isicium (ob insecro)*, sausages or puddings, Juvenal, x. 355., Martial. i. 45., A. Petron. 31.—See Adams's *Roman Antiquities*, 8d Edition, 6vo. 1793, p. 447.

That the English reader may be enabled to form some idea of the heterogeneous messes with which the Roman palate was delighted, I introduce the following receipt from *Apicius*:—

'THICK SAUCE FOR A BOILED CHICKEN.'—Put the following ingredients into 1 mortar;—onion, dried mint, and later root, (similar to asafetida); cover them with vinegar.—Add dates; pour in li-quamen, oil, and a small quantity of mustard seeds—reduce all to a proper thickness with Port wine warmed; and then pour this same over your chicken, which should previously be boiled in *Ausececi* water.

The *Liquamen* and *Garnæ* were synonymous terms for the same thing; the former adopted in the room of the latter about the age of *Aurelianus*. It was a liquid, and thus prepared:—The guts of large fish and a variety of small fish, were put into a vessel and well mixed, and then exposed to the sun till they became putrid. A liquor was produced in a short time, which being strained off, was the *Liquamen*.—Vide *Literæ in Apicius*, p. 16. notes.

Essence of Anchovy, as it is usually made for sale, when it has been opened about ten days, is not much unlike the

Roman *liquamen*. Some suppose it was the same thing as the Russian *caviar*, which is prepared from the roe of the sturgeon.

The BLACK BROTH of *Lacedæmon* will long continue to excite the wonder of the philosopher and the disgust of the epicure. What the ingredients of this sabbath composition were, we cannot exactly ascertain. Jul. Pollux says, the Lacedæmonian Black Broth was blood, thickened in a certain way: Dr. Lister (*in Apicius*) supposes it to have been *hog's blood*; if so, this celebrated Spartan dish bore no very distant resemblance to the black puddings of our days. It could not be a very *affuring* mess, since a citizen of *Sybaris* having tasted it, declared it was no longer a matter of astonishment with him, why the *Spartans* were so fearless of death, since any one in his senses would much rather die, than exist on such execrable food.—Vide *Athenæum*, L. iv. c. 3. When Dionysius, the Tyrant, had tasted the *Black Broth*, he exclaimed against it as miserable stuff; the cook replied,—‘it was no wonder, for the sauce was wanting.’ ‘What sauce?’ says Dionysius. The answer was,—‘labour and exercise, hunger and thirst, these are the sauces we Lacedæmonians use,’ and they make the coarsest fare agreeable.—*Cicero*, 3 *Tuscul*.

Original Communications.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Conformably with the intention I intimated in my last communication, I now send you a few examples of ‘Literary Coincidences’ to be found in the expressions of eminent writers; and I leave it to your readers to determine how far some of them are to be set down as plagiarisms. But certainly this cannot be said of the whole.

My first instance shall be drawn from classical lore. *Cicero*, in one of his orations, has the following passage:—

‘Quid est, quod, in hoc tam exiguo vitæ circulo et tam brevi, tantis nos in laboribus exercemus?’

This sentiment, so beautifully amplified by Tully, we find thus more concisely expressed in one of the Odes of *Horace*:—

‘Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa?’

Yet nothing was more natural, than that the poet and orator should have expressed themselves alike upon this occasion. The thought is perfectly natural; and, besides, plagiarism was not in fashion in those days.

There is a passage in ‘*King Lear*’ which bears a strong resemblance to one in *Lucretius*; yet no one will ac-

cuse our great bard of having pilfered from the philosophical Roman. I shall transcribe the two passages, and leave the reader to form his own conclusion:

Shakespeare.

‘Thou must be patient, we came crying hither;

Thou know’st the first time that we smell the air,

We wail and cry—

When we were born, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools.’

Lucretius.

‘Vagiteque locum lugubri complet, at æquum est,

Cui tantum in vitâ restet transire maiorum.’

In Fenton’s tragedy of *Marianne*, are to be found these lines,—

‘Awhile she stood,

Transform’d from grief to marble, and appear’d
Her own pale monument,’

which seem to have been, for the most part, literally translated from the following passage of *Cyprian*:—

‘Stetit ipsa sepulchrum,

‘Ipsaque imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans.’

It is not improbable, after all, however, that Fenton may never have read *Cyprian*.

Yet, whatever may be said of the foregoing examples, the one I shall next cite must, I fear, be set down as a plagiarism; though no one will think the worse of it on that account. I allude to the beautiful line with which *Gray*’s *Elegy* commences,—

‘The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,’ which is obviously borrowed from *Dante*. The following is the passage in *Mr. Cary*’s translation:—

‘And pilgrim, newly on his road, with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.’

And what makes it more probable that *Gray* committed a petty larceny on this occasion is, that the sweet expression of ‘trembling hope,’ in the same delightful poem, also occurs in *Dante*.

Before I quit *Gray*, let me also notice, that his thought,—

‘And leaves the world to darkness and to me,’ is to be found likewise in the ‘*Beggar’s Petition*,’ where we have—

‘And leaves the world to wretchedness and me
one obviously a parody of the other.

Every reader of English poetry recollects the beautiful yet simple expression of *Goldsmith*, in his ‘*Edwin and Angelina*,’—

‘And tears began to flow.’

Goldsmith, however, was not the first to use it. It occurs in *Dryden*’s ‘*Alexander’s Feast*,’ and in the ‘*Essay on Criticism*’ of *Pope*; and, last of all, it is to be found in *Chatterton*’s poem,

entitled ‘*The Death of Sir Charles Bowdin*.’ This and similar instances of plagiarism on the part of *Chatterton*, by the by, are among the strongest proofs of the spuriousness of ‘*Rowley’s Poems*,’ which, whatever be the present ephemeral taste in poetical matters, will be regarded by posterity, I think, as the noblest monument of the genius of modern times. It is hardly too much to say that, when *Chatterton* died, the *Shakespeare* of the eighteenth century was no more.

But to return; or, as the French have it, ‘*à nos moutons*,’—the following line in *Pope*’s ‘*Eloisa to Abeldar*,’—

‘I have not yet forgot myself to alone,’ is evidently borrowed from a similar expression of *Milton*,—

‘Forget thyself to marble.’

Milton has also,

‘Caverns shagg’d with horrid thorn,’

which *Pope* adopts in the same poem. Other ‘coincidences’ between him and our great epic bard, are likewise to be traced, which justify the inference, that the ‘*Twickenham bee*’ had, just before the composition of ‘*Eloisa to Abeldar*, been ‘drinking deep’ of the honied stores of his illustrious predecessor.

It would be easy to swell this list of examples; but I shall confine myself to one other, and that other *Blair*, who, in his ‘*Grave*,’ has favoured us with abundant instances of these ‘literary coincidences,’ which, it is much to be feared, however, the reader will hardly regard as accidental. Among the number, the following will be recognized as having its prototype in *Pope*’s ‘*Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*.’ I shall transcribe the two passages:—

Blair,

‘Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves.’

Pope,

‘Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres.’

Several other ‘coincidences,’ with *Shakespeare*, *Addison*, and some of our most eminent poets, are to be found in the ‘*Grave*’; but, as my paper is out, as well, I fear, as your patience, I must refer the curious reader to the poem itself, where the instances are too obvious to be missed. ORDOVEX.

London, Sept. 5, 1821.

LITERARY INQUIRIES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Perhaps it will be filling up your columns with what will be neither useful nor interesting to any person except myself, but I should feel

much gratified if any of your correspondents would answer me two questions; first, whether the poem of Mr. Coleridge's friend, mentioned in his 'Sibylline Leaves,' was ever published, and if so, who was the publisher? A word respecting the measure and the merits would be very acceptable, as I have for some time been engaged in the composition of a poem on a similar subject, in ignorance of its having been before touched upon. Secondly, whether the 'Shah Neimah' of 'Ferdusi' has been ever translated into English, and if so, whether in prose or verse? the last question, if not the first, will appear to shew singular ignorance, but I have been inquiring until I am weary, without any satisfaction as to one or the other. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

AN ADMIRER

Of your impartial Criticisms.

THE FEMALE HEAD IN QUEEN STREET.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—For the satisfaction of your correspondent *ANTIG.*, respecting the female head in front of some of the houses in Queen Street, Cheapside, I can inform him that it is the head of our maiden Queen Elizabeth, who, I presume, patronized or made some grant to the Mercers' Company, it being the mark affixed to their estates. Not having immediate access to a survey of London or memoirs of the company, you will excuse this brief answer.

With respect, yours, &c.

17th Sept.

O. F.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—One of the articles in a newspaper which always attracts the most notice, is that headed *Accidents and Offences*; why these words have so long been united has always surprised me, for I could never, since the days of my boyhood, discover any affinity between them; at that period, indeed, it was different; my schoolmaster used to punish all accidents as offences, and I exercised all my logic to prove my offences were only accidents. I have, to be sure, seen the same logic used by adults, and, by the common consent of newspaper editors, it seems to be established as a law, which, like that of the Medes and Persians, altereth not, that accidents and offences are to be considered always together, as being twenty different gradations of the same

thing: so that it seems clearly proved, that it is an offence to happen with an accident, and an accident to be guilty of an offence. I am, &c.

AN ACCIDENTAL OFFENDER*.

ANECDOTES OF NONCONFORMISTS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

MR. JOHN HOOK says, 'that an hypocrite is in the worst condition of any man upon earth, for he is hated of the world because of his profession, and hated of God because he has no more than a profession.'

Mr. John Haddesley, A. M.—'was so excessively modest, as to be under some awe when his brethren were present at any of his performances, though they were much his inferiors.'

Mr. Cuff—was a person 'who took great liberty to jest in the pulpit.'

Mr. John Farroll, A. M.—His enemies said that they would not send him to prison again, because he lived better there than at home.'

Mr. N. Stevens, M. A.—One that was then well acquainted with him, relates the following instance of his pleasantry:—'He went with a friend to his house, and knocked at the door, when, none of the family being at hand, he called to them to come in, and asked them whether, of the two, they would have had opened the door for them, the blind or the lame? His wife being blind, and he so lame as not to be able to rise out of his chair without help.' He would often tell a story of what happened when he was young, in the west, where he was born: 'A clergyman coming into the church, went up to the chancel to bow to the altar. It so happened, that there was no altar there, but the communion-table stood against the east wall, and a boy sat upon it. The boy seeing the priest coming towards him, slipped down, and stood before the table.' At length the priest made a low bow, and the poor boy, thinking it was to him that the respect was paid, bowed as low to him again; and the bows were repeated three times on each side; the boy being surprised at the priest's wonderful civility. In this case,' said Mr. Stevens, 'the boy knew well enough who it was he bowed to: but whether or not it was so as to the priest, is questionable.'

Mr. Lee.—He was an intimate friend

* Should our correspondents ever have the misfortune to be classed in the list of offenders in a newspaper, we suspect he will then learn the difference between accidents and offences.—*Ed.*

of Colonel King's, who was the first in the House of Commons that moved for King Charles's restoration. He was so far from owing the preceding powers, that he never paid any tax for twelve years together.

Mr. H. Vaughan.—Once he very narrowly escaped great trouble. As he was reading in a bookseller's shop in London, with his back towards the door, a pursuivant came in and told the bookseller, that he and three more had spent four days in searching after one Vaughan, but said they could not find him, and he escaped. He was ultimately committed to the goal in Grantham, called the Old Shop, for not reading the Common Prayer.

Mr. Ed. Reyner, M. A.—The opportunity of friends prevailed with him to accept the bishop's present of a prebend, but when he came next morning seriously to reflect upon the necessary attendants and consequences of this his new preferment, he was much dissatisfied, for he found he could not keep it with a safe and quiet conscience. Hereupon he prevailed with the Lady Armine, to go to the bishop to mollify the offence, and obtain a quietus. The bishop pleasantly told the lady—'I have had many countesses, ladies, and others, that have been suitors to me to get preferments for their friends; but you are the first that ever came to take away a preferment, and that from one that I bestowed it so with my own hands.'

Mr. Geo. Boheme, Steward Clerk.—A worthy person writes, 'that pretty country church hath not had a settled minister in it for sixty years, in his knowledge; and adds, he supposes not of sixty more before that; because it was so destitute of any maintenance till the late Sir John Brownlow settled 10l. a year upon it, for which there is a sermon preached once a fortnight.'

Mr. John Richardson.—He was a loyal subject, and one of those who greatly desired the restoration of King Charles II. and concurred heartily in it, saying to a friend of his, when discoursing about it, 'First justice ad rectum.'—'Ruit Caelum,' said his friend to him again, when he first saw him after Bartholomew, 1662. He was a man of unparalleled temperance in the whole course of his life. Being to preach once at St. Paul's Cross, and, as was usual, a glass of sack being offered him before he went into the pulpit, he refused it, and pleasantly said, 'he did not chuse to preach by the spirit of sack.'—*J. B. P.*

THE MUSK-OX AND POLAR BEAR.

AMONG the many novelties which have recently been added to that grand national repository, the *British Museum*, the musk-ox and the Polar bear are not the least interesting. They are some of the fruits of the two last expeditions to discover a North-West Passage.

The *Polar Bear*, the *Ursus Marinus* of Linnaeus, now placed on the landing of the staircase in the British Museum, was killed during Captain Ross's voyage, in lat. $70^{\circ} 40' N.$, and long. $68^{\circ} 00' W.$ It is, in length, about eight or nine feet, and about three feet and a half high. It has a long head and neck, and round ears; the end of the nose is black, the teeth large; the hair long and white, tinged in some parts with yellow; and the limbs are of great size and strength, although it is by no means one of the largest of its species.

This animal is confined to the coldest part of the globe; it has been found as far north as navigators have penetrated, at least above lat. 80° . The frigid climates alone seem adapted to its nature. The north of Norway, and the country of Mesen, in the north of Russia, are destitute of them; but they are met with again in great abundance in Nova Zembla, and from the river Ob, along the Siberian coast, to the mouths of Jenesei and Lena, but are never seen far inland, unless they lose their way in mists; none are found in Kamtschatka or its islands. They have been seen as far south as Newfoundland; but they are not natives of that country, being only brought there accidentally on the islands of ice.

During summer, the white bears are either resident on islands of ice or passing from one to another; they swim admirably, and can continue that exercise a distance of six or seven leagues; they also divide with great agility. They bring two young at a time; and the affection between the parents and them is so strong, that they would die rather than desert one another. Of this affection, several instances are recorded, but we shall only select two. While the Carcase, one of the ships in Captain Phipps's voyage of discovery to the North Pole, was locked in the ice, early one morning, the man at the mast head gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the frozen ocean, and were directing their course towards the ship. They had, no doubt, been invited by the scent of

some blubber of a sea horse, which the crew had killed a few days before, which had been set on fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the adult. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and eat it voraciously. The crew of the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse which they had still left, upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away singly, laying every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and dividing it, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead, and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but the most unfeeling, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor animal in the dying moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had just fetched away, as she had done the others, tore it in pieces, and laid it down before them: when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up, making, at the same time, the most pitiable moans. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when she had got at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their faces. She went off a second time, as before, and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them anew, and with signs of inexpressible fondness went round them, pawing them successively. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled a curse upon the destroyers, which they returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

A Greenland bear, with two cubs under its protection, was pursued across a field of ice by a party of armed sailors. At first she seemed to urge the young ones to an increase of speed, by running before them, turning round, and manifesting by a peculiar action

and voice, her anxiety for their progress; but finding her pursuers gaining upon them, she carried, or pushed, or pitched them alternately forward, until she effected their escape. In throwing them before her, the little creatures are said to have placed themselves across her path to receive the impulse, and when projected some yards in advance, they ran onwards until she overtook them, when they alternately adjusted themselves for another throw.

Their winter retreats are under the snow, in which they form dens, supported by pillars of snow; or else under some great eminence beneath the fixed ice of the frozen sea. They feed on fish, seals, and the carcases of whales; and on human bodies, which they will greedily disinter; they seem very fond of human blood, and are so fearless as to attack companies of armed men, or even to board small vessels. When on land they live on birds and their eggs; and, allured by the scent of the seals' flesh, often break into and plunder the houses of the Greenlanders. Their greatest enemy in the brute creation, is the morse*, with which they have terrible conflicts, but are generally worsted, the vast teeth of the morse giving it a superiority.

The flesh of the Polar bear is white, and is said to taste like mutton; the fat is melted for train oil, and that of the feet used in medicine; but the liver is very unwholesome, as three of Barentz's sailors experienced, who fell dangerously ill on eating some of it boiled.

One of this species was brought over to England a few years ago; it was very furious, almost always in motion, roared aloud, and seemed very uneasy, except when cooled by having pailfull of water poured over it.

Callixenus Rhodius, in his description of the pompous procession of Ptolemæus Philadelphus, at Alexandria, speaks of one great white bear, among other wild beasts, that graced the show; but, from the local situation of this animal, at present, it can scarcely be supposed to have been of the same species, though Pennant is inclined to believe that it was.

The *Musk-ox*, which is also placed on the staircase, was killed during the expedition of Captain Parry, and, as we gave a particular account of it in No. 103 of the *Literary Chronicle*, we shall now merely add a few general remarks.

* The Arctic walrus, or sea-horse.

The musk-ox is quite a local animal; it appears first above Churchill River, on the western side of Hudson's Bay, and is to be found very plentiful between lat. 66 and 73 north. The musk oxen go in herds of twenty or thirty, delight in barren and rocky mountains, and run nimbly. They are very active in climbing the rocks, seldom frequent the woody parts, and are shot by the Indians for the sake of the skins, which make the best and warmest blankets. They are found again among the Cris, or Cristinaux, and the Assiniboues, and among the Attimousiquis; are continued from these countries as low as the provinces of Nievra and Libola.

A part of this species has been found in the north of Asia, the head of one having been discovered in Siberia, on the Arctic mossy flats, near the mouth of the Oby. Dr. Pallas, who states this fact, does not speak of the kind as being fossil, but suspects that the whole carcass was brought on floating ice from America, and deposited where the skull was found. If this be certain, it proves that these animals spread quite across the continent of America, from Hudson's Bay to the Asiatic seas.

LIFE,

AS DISPLAYED IN THE SOJOURNINGS OF
LOFTUS GREY.

Collected, Methodized, and Conglomerated,
By W. B. L.

CHAP. III.

THE proficiency that I made in all my academic studies soon satisfied my father as to the benefits which were likely to result from the 'expediency' of a public school. My expertise in the lighter branches of education, such as bruising, robbing orchards, disturbing apple-stalls, and assisting the venders, tricks upon tell-tale cobblers, and some few dozens of etceteras beside, was really wonderful; and, although such early signs of precocity could of course afford nothing less than the highest possible gratification to all whom it concerned, it was, nevertheless, deemed that the administration of a few lessons or so, of a soberer kind of science, might probably be so far advantageous, as slightly to check that exuberance of genius, which,—much to the annoyance of saucy, dull and uncivilized folks, whose ideas never soared beyond the boundaries of quiet and decorum,—I was so everlastingly exhibiting. I was, therefore, in the fitting season, gently removed, with as much dispatch as

might be, to the distant residence of a clergyman, whose Herculean might, in matters of wisdom, had been as fully amplified as possible; there to abide until my mental and bodily qualifications were something softened down to the A. B. C. occupations of ordinary life.

He was one of those extraordinary individuals, who, to the profound erudition of a minister of the church, (doing duty once a fortnight,) added every possible acquirement which the skull of man could compass or the brain conceive. He was, indeed, a sapient soul; a living encyclopedia of learning, to which you have but to refer, and the hidden mystery of things are exposed unto your astounded sense—a positive circle of the sciences. There was nothing in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, but he was as familiar with it as a bosom-friend. He knew all about the 'anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,' and had some considerable smattering of the principles of divination. He knew as much of chemical philosophy as of legal proprieties; and of erology as of either. He had a good deal to say upon the Linnæan system; and many doubts had occurred to him as to the Newtonian philosophy. He would offer some sagacious reasoning touching the growth of potatoes, and could draw a plausible parallel between Raphaël and his master, Da Vinci (whose name, he would tell you, was to be pronounced Viachi, and not Vinci, as the vulgar have it). He would discourse excellently well upon the cartoons of either, but had a slight objection to the drapery in the Transfiguration; this he would explain. He had a singular talent for painting himself, and could dance, solve Euclid, poetize, or preach the gospel most felicitously. He was a perfect mineralogist, and played Kaufferbankerbum's sonata on the violoncello delightfully. It did men's hearts good only to read his prospectus. His pupils were select and limited; yet, through some fortunate and unaccountable mischance, there was always a vacancy for one. All they did, and were to do, was executed according to the most approved rules. They ate their dinners by the systematic rules of logic as laid down by Obediah M'Creeker, gentleman and logician; and went to bed *secundum artem*. They were allowed to speak just so many words within the hour, and arranged their habiliments with

mathematical precision. In short, the spheres were not better arranged than were our manners and our modes; and, although, perhaps, I was not a bona fide Ciceronian, under the tuition of such a *sejanus* I could not fall far short.

And here were spent some of the happiest days in all my life; days that flew along in luxurious ease and undisturbed contentment; that came with honied sweeteners, and passed away with sorrow for their shortness; that left naught behind but the delightful remembrance of their pleasures; oh! how pleasant was that time; even now, when age has saddened the scenes of life, when changes and vicissitudes have intervened, and when sober feelings have supplanted that enthusiasm which gives such a brilliant colouring to all around,—still, even now, I can recur to that happy period of my life, and dwell with renewing fondness on the recollection of its bliss. For, oh! Mary, my long-loved Mary, here, here it was that first I saw thee. Beloved spirit! if thou hast seen from thy high abode all the troubles of my chequered life; if thou hast watched all the ills and evils I have borne; if thou hast marked all my sins and grievous misdoings;—oh! Mary, remember me in heaven!

The little village of Bishopscote was situated in a retired and beautiful valley in the west of England, bordering the Bristol channel. It was rather a cluster of detached irregular cottages, built after the fashion of the fens, and so as most conveniently to command the view of such parts of the surrounding scenery as were most congenial to the owner's taste. It was, indeed, a lovely spot—a spot that poets might have chosen for their sylvan scenes; where gay green fields spread themselves beneath the high sun, and lofty trees threw the shadows of their bright foliage for rustic shelter and repose; where silver brooks babbled out their music through dew-dappled meadows, and young birds piped out their wild melody in the woods. How often have I, reclining with book in hand upon some bank, or perched among the branches of some widely-spreading oak tree, gazed upon the varied charms of that sweet place! How often have I listened to the tripping song of some innocent villager, loitering along his happy paths, and hymning unnumbered praises to the great Giver of all! Half a dozen words would set all this into jingling rhyme; and yet it is the literal flow of the remembrance. I

could not speak of those enchanting scenes after the manner of prosing confabulation, and I even think of it poetically, and almost in numbers! But it was not in the power of these unaided, nor of all the picturesque and blooming scenery in the world, that could have given me a chastened pleasure, or have tamed my ungovernable spirit into quiet:—it was for thee, my blessed Mary, for thee reserved, to curb the headstrong passions of youth, and to check the ebullition of my will.

One lovely summer's evening I had sauntered into the uplands with Osian in my hand, and lay extended in the shadow of a pleasant hedge, poring over 'a tale of the times of old—the days of other years;' my dog Nero (no relation to the gentleman who fiddled) was sporting with the gnats which buzzed about him, and barking at the white butterflies, as they led him on to a distant and fruitless pursuit:—I had thus lain for at least a full hour, when, as I listlessly moved from my recumbent posture, I unconsciously exclaimed, 'Why tarries my love on the hill—fair-haired daughter of storms, white-bosomed Braxela come!'—If thou speakest of a dog, and that dog be thine, I can tell thee—said a soft voice behind me. I started from my seat, and stood before one of the sweetest girls that ever was formed by the hand of Heaven. She was a Quaker maiden, and her neat costume well accorded with her angelic face. 'If the dog be thine,' she continued, 'come with me and I will take thee to him, for he needeth thine assistance; he lieth lame and in much pain yonder; I would have taken him to my home, but that he is large and defileth my strength.' I was upon the point of striking out into some cloudy compliment, and of swearing that I could go with her the world over, 'spite of all the dogs and cats in Christendom, but her modest mien and placid eye rebuked all folly. I followed her quick footsteps as she led the way to the spot where poor Nero lay in all the anguish which a dog usually feels that has trodden on a thorn. I sprang forward, and soon discovered the cause of his suffering. My fair conductress stood by, and watched my proceedings with much and evident anxiety, whilst I extracted the thorn from the dog's paw. 'Poor animal,' said she, 'poor animal, what he must have felt, and how gratefully dost thou lick the hand which relieves thee.' I took my handkerchief so wrap round it, but the thick fold-

ings of the silk made but an awkward bandage. 'Oh,' cried the kind maiden, with a look which well bespoke the humanity of her heart, 'I do intreat of thee to take mine; it is far fitter for thy purpose I do believe, and thou canst return it to me when next we meet.' And when may that be, my sweet young lady, said I; 'when may I renew the thanks which are so well due to your kindness.' 'Surely, I require no thanks for doing assistance to a poor and helpless brute,' replied she; 'surely if a thorn had pierced my foot, thou wouldst have done the same by me, albeit a stranger.'—'By heaven, I would have gone to the world's end to have assisted so much sweetness, although, by doing so, a thorn had pierced my heart.'—'There would be little need of going so far, I do think,' she retorted, 'for assistance or a thorn, when this wood aboundeth with both the one and the other; but how the heart may receive a thorn I understand not.' I know not how or in which way I explained the difficulty, so earnestly was I gazing on the young creature before me; her age could not have exceeded sixteen, but her loveliness seemed perfect and mature; her complexion was beautifully fair, and her blue ethereal eyes spoke to the heart in a palpable discourse; her fair light hair, simply parted over her high and polished forehead, gave a witching symmetry to the contour of her sweet face; her mouth—oh! what a delicious mouth! made but to speak unearthly purity and tell of holy and heavenly things. She was a human creature; but, oh! she was the extreme of loveliness; she seemed to exceed man's dream of beauty; she was a being who brought to the heart the real presence of its brightest visions. Almighty heaven! I think I see her now!

(To be continued.)

Poetical Portraits,

No. IV.

HIS MAJESTY GEORGE IV.

'You are guarded
With such a general loyalty in subjects,
That if you slept among the multitude,
Even when some rage possessed them, undetected
With any arms, but that, th' imperfect slumber
Need not to be broken with a fear.'

Nab's Unfortunate Mother.

R. D. M.—N, Esq. M. P.
'I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.

Shakespeare.

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ. THE YOUNGER.

'A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal;
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and valuable is his discourse.'

Loce's Labour Lost.

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

'How few, like thee, that inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity;
Like thee, reserve their miment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix their pitying tears with those that weep.'

Rove.

P. M.—N, Esq. M. P.

'The tartness of his face seems ripe grapes.
When he walks he moves like an engine, and
The ground shrinks before his treading—talis
like a knell, and his hum is a battery.

Shakespeare.

J. H.—N, Esq. M. P.

'Free from gross passion, or of mirth of anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
Not working with the ear but with the eye,
And not in pang'd judgment trusting either.'

Ibid.

R. W. EL.—N, Esq.

'See the players well bestow'd! let them be
well us'd; for they are the abstract and brief
chronicle of the time. After your death, you
were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill
report while you liv'd.'

Ibid.

J. G. L.—N, Esq. M. P.

'Seem not too conscious of thy worth; nor be
The first that knows thy own sufficiency.'

Rendolph.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

'His learning savours not the school-boy's gloss
That most consists in echoing words and terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name;
Nor only long or far-fetched circumstance,
Wrapp'd in the curious generalities of arts;
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.'

Johnson's Postscript.

WILLIAM GODWIN, ESQ.

'He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.'

Shakespeare.

SIR W. C.—N, BART.

'Men may talk of country Christmasen, and
Court glutony; their thirty pound butter'd
eggs;

Their pies of carp's tongues; their pheasants
drench'd with
Ambergis; the carcases of three fat
Weathers bruist for gravity, to make sauce for
A single peacock; yet their feasts were fasts
Compared with the city's.'

Manning's City Modern.

THE BOTANIC GARDENS OF EUROPE.

BOTANIC gardens are a source of riches, not only to the country in which they are established, but they are of universal benefit to society. The plants peculiar to one garden are soon transmitted to all the others, and interesting varieties produced either by chance or cultivation are thus easily propagated. Such establishments, if protected by the fostering hand of government, would ultimately naturalize in every civilized country those useful fruits and vegetables, against which the difference of climate does not oppose an invincible obstacle.

Although the ancients have written many volumes on the history of plants, and have ascribed most astonishing virtues to some of them, still they never thought of having botanic gardens. Pliny informs us that Anthony Castor, one of the learned physicians of Rome, was the first who made the attempt: but his collection consisted merely of medicinal plants, and it does not appear that their cultivation was continued after his death.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, some persons fond of botany, collected the most interesting plants in one spot. Curcius Cordus, at Erfurt, Nordecus, at Cassel, and Gaspard de Gabriel, at Padua, established their botanic gardens about the year 1525. The celebrated Conrad Gesner began soon after to cultivate the plants which he wanted to study and to describe; and collected in his garden, at Zurich, all those he could procure by means of his numerous exertions and extensive correspondence. A taste for botany spread all over Germany, Switzerland, and France. The same Gesner wrote, in the year 1560, that these countries possessed, at that period, more than fifty botanic gardens. But he says almost nothing of those of the Netherlands, where even under the Dukes of Burgundy, and at the time of the crusades, they had imported and cultivated many plants of the east; several of their botanic gardens were, however, abandoned or destroyed during the civil wars. Lobel, in his preface to the new edition of his History of Plants, published in 1576, enumerates the most considerable gardens of the low countries.

Those which enjoyed the greatest reputation in the other parts of Europe were:—

At Venice, the garden belonging to the Senator Jerome Corner, who had

sent for plants from Egypt and the Levant. At Milan, that of Scipio Simonetta, of which Tugio has given a description and the catalogue. At Lucia, that of Vincent de Monte Cattino, which Belon mentions with praise. At Rome, the gardens of some convents, and chiefly the Récottes near the Capitol. At Naples, that of John Vincent Pinelli, where Bartholom Maranta perfected himself in botany, and composed his *Methodus Cognoscendorum Simplicium*, published at Venice, in 1559.

In Germany and Switzerland the gardens of several apothecaries and clergymen; at Augsburg in particular, that of the Fuggers.

In France, that of René du Bellay, Bishop of Mans, who had sent the celebrated Belon to the east to make researches relative to the study of natural history.

The works of Lobel, L'Ecluse, Dodons, and Gesner, mention the gardens that existed in 1560. Those of Camerarius, at Nuremberg, and of the Landgrave William, at Cassel, appear to have been posterior to this time.

These were the principal private botanical gardens, anterior to the establishment of public ones, which first commenced about the middle of the sixteenth century. The most ancient of the public gardens, devoted to the improvement of Botanical knowledge, is that of Pisa, founded in 1544, by Cosmo de Medicis, first Grand Duke of Florence. The garden of Padua, which enjoyed a great reputation in the sixteenth century, was founded in 1546. That of Boulogne, dates from the year 1568. The garden of Florence was first established in 1556, and restored with renovated splendour in 1718. The garden of the Vatican, at Rome, is of nearly the same antiquity as that of Bologna. Holland very early followed the example of Italy. The Botanic garden of Leyden was established in 1577, and its management confided to Theod. Aug. Cluyt.

In Germany, the Elector of Saxony established a public botanic garden at Leipzig, in the year 1580. That of the university of Giessen was founded in 1605. The magistrates of Nuremberg were, in 1625, the founders of the Botanic garden at Altorf, which, under the direction of Jungermann, soon became the most celebrated of all Germany. That of Rinteln, which was four years older, shared its celebrity; and the origin of the Botanic gardens at Ulm and Ratisbon ascends

nearly to the same period. The university of Jena founded her's in 1629, and intrusted it to the management of Rolfin, who has left a curious work on vegetables, in which he has introduced the history of the public botanic gardens of his time.

In France, it was Henry IV., who, in 1597, founded the botanic garden at Montpellier, which gave a new splendour to the university of that town. The Medicinal School, of Paris, planted a botanic garden nearly about the same time, but, as it was very small, and limited to useful plants, the science derived little benefit from its establishment. But the garden which Louis XIII. established at Paris, in 1626, soon rose superior to all the other botanic gardens of Europe.

Among the public botanic gardens posterior to that of Paris, the principal are—that of Messina, founded in 1636; that of Copenhagen, established some time before the year 1640; that of Upsal, which owes its origin to the Swedish king, Charles Gustavus, in 1657: but after the conflagration of the town, in 1702, this garden continued in a deplorable state until the year 1740, when its walls were rebuilt. In 1742, the professorship of botany, at Upsal, was given to Linnaeus, and the botanic garden acquired, under the care of this great man, a deserved celebrity.

In Holland, the gardens of Amsterdam and Groeningen became the most famous, next to the botanic garden of Leyden. The first dates from the year 1684, and is remarkable for having cultivated the first coffee-plant that was brought to Europe. The botanic garden of Groeningen was established by Henry Munting, in 1641.

Prior to the foundation of public botanic gardens in England, there were several private ones belonging to botanists: as those of John Gess, of the two Tradescants, and the garden at Chelsea, which belonged to Sir Hans Sloane, and which he left to the London Corporation of Apothecaries.

The botanic garden of the University of Oxford, founded about the year 1640, was inconsiderable before the addition of that which two brothers of the name of Sherard presented at Blenheim, in 1684.

Madrid was without a botanic garden until the year 1753. That which was established at Coimbra, in 1774, has procured us many plants from the Brazils. The garden of the University of Bnt., independently of the public

botanic gardens, and of the pleasure gardens of many princes and great lords in Italy and Germany, Europe and, at the end of the sixteenth century, a considerable number of gardens destined only to introduce, to naturalize, and to disseminate exotic plants.

L'Ecluse, who devoted his whole life to botany, cultivated, at Vienna, at Frankfurt, and at Leyden, a great number of plants, of which he wrote the history. Maximilian II. who sat on the Imperial throne of Germany, from the year 1564 to 1576, founded a magnificent garden at Vienna, of which he gave L'Ecluse the management.

In Spain and Portugal, some botanists, like Monardes and Simon de Jovar, cultivated the plants brought from the two Indies.

John Gerard had a botanic garden near London, the catalogue of which he published in 1596; and it appears from the *Hortus Kewensis*, that England has been indebted to him for many exotic plants.

At Florence, the Senator Nicholas Gaddi was one of the first who got plants from Egypt and the east. At Rome, Cardinal Farnese collected a considerable number of plants, of which Aldini published the history in 1626. But, of all private botanic gardens, known at this period, the most celebrated was that of Conrad von Gemmingen, Bishop of Eichstadt, founded near his palace towards the close of the sixteenth century. John Robin cultivated, about the same time, a private botanic garden at Paris, of which he published the catalogue in 1601.

Next to John Gerard's garden, that of John Tradescant is the most ancient in England: it was planted about the year 1630. King Charles I. and the gentlemen of his court, who often visited this garden, acquired a taste for the cultivation of exotic trees, and several plants introduced by Tradescant, were named after him as *Aster Tradescanti* *Ephemeron Tradescanti*.

Henry Compton, Bishop of London, in 1675, collected, at Fulham, a great number of exotic trees which had never before been seen in Europe.

Collinson's garden, at Mill Hill, near London, was remarkable for a large collection of American plants; Mr. Salisbury, who purchased it a few years since, has particularly restored it to botany.

J. F. Mauroceni had a private botanic garden at Padua, of which Antho-

ny Tita published the catalogue in 1713. Prince Frederick of Wirtemberg had one at Montbelliard; Gaspard Rose, at Leipsic; the Prince of Baden Durlach established one at Carlsruhe, in 1715; and the Swedish Senator, Count de la Gardie, had one at Jacobbadal, near Stockholm.

Of the numerous private botanic gardens in Holland, the most celebrated for the richness of its collection, and for the description which Linnaeus published of it, in 1737, is that which Clifford had at Hartecamp, three miles from Harlem and nine from Leyden.

In the Austrian monarchy there are, at present, twenty-three botanical gardens.

The palace of Schoenbrunn, near Vienna, had scarcely been begun in 1763, when the Emperor, Francis I. destined part of his garden to the cultivation of exotic plants. This is become one of the most deservedly celebrated in Europe. Its hot-houses being the most extensive that ever were built, tropical trees display their branches at liberty; they produce both flowers and fruit, and birds of Africa and America fly about amidst the trees of the native country. The King's garden at Kew, possesses, however, more varieties, and is more particularly devoted to the progress of botany.

Demidow's garden, at Moscow, is the most considerable botanic garden that ever belonged to a private individual. The catalogue of his plants, which he published in 1786, contains four thousand three hundred and sixty-three notable species, five hundred and seventy-two varieties of fruit-trees, six hundred varieties of flowers, and two thousand species of plants, which had not yet flowered.

The only remarkable private botanic garden in France is that of Malmaison, formed by the Empress Josephine. Mr. Ventenat has described the new plants which have flowered in this garden. There is another at Gand, which, since the year 1799, is become a public one; it counts already more than three thousand species.

Of the Botanic gardens out of Europe, which are destined to receive the plants collected by botanical travellers in the adjacent countries, the principal are:—That of Teneriffe. That of the Society of Sciences at Calcutta, where Sir William Jones has cultivated the most celebrated plants of the Indies; that of Jamaica, under the care of Dr.

Clarke. That of Cayenne, founded by the Chevalier Turgot. Those which André Michaux has established at New York and at Charleston. That of Mexico, of which Professor Cervantes is the manager. That which Dr. Osack has planted at Elgin, in America, in 1804; and, lastly, that which was founded by subscription, at Charleston, in 1803, under the sanction of the American legislative body.

THE ECCENTRIC JOSEPH SANFORD, B.D.

WHAT is called 'a classical anecdote,' has lately appeared in most of the London and in several of the provincial papers. The name of the ingenious student who made the replies was Joseph Sanford. He was originally a member of Exeter College, whence he was elected Fellow of Balliol. His rooms at Balliol were in the middle staircase, on the east side of the quadrangle; he used to read at the end of a gallery, without fire, in the coldest weather. On every Friday, in all weathers, he never missed walking to some house, four or five miles from Oxford, on the banks of the Cherwell, where he used to dine on fish*. On his application to the bishop for ordination, he was introduced to the chaplain, to whom he was a stranger, and who, as usual, told him he must examine him; and the first question proposed was '*Quid fides?*' to which Sanford replied, in a loud voice, and increasing it at each answer, '*Quod non videt*'. The second question was '*Quid spes?*' to which Sanford answered, '*Futura res*'. The third was, '*Quid caritas?*' to which he roared out, '*In mundo raritas*'. Upon which the chaplain, finding that he had an extraordinary character to deal with, left him, and went to inform the bishop what had passed below, with a person he knew not what to make of, who had given in his name, Joseph Sanford, of Balliol; this made the bishop laugh, and exclaim, 'You examine him? Why he is able to examine you and our whole bench! Pray desire him to walk up;' when the bishop made an apology for the chaplain, and said he was sorry Mr. Sanford had not applied to him in the first instance. In an evening it was his constant practice to walk his mile up and down Mr. Fletcher's shop†, after

* Mr. Bishop, of Godstow, who lately died at a very advanced age, informed the editor that he knew Mr. Sanford, who often took fish at his house, which is on the banks of the Isis.
† Now Mr. Parker's in the town; Mr.

* For some account of this garden, see *Literary Chronicle*, No. 101.

he had taken tea at Horseman's coffee-house, where he met Mr. Cracherode, Dr. Smallwell, (afterwards Bishop of Oxford,) and other Christ Church men, who used to accompany him to the Turle. He was a profound scholar, and rendered Dr. Kennicott much assistance in his great work,—the Hebrew Bible. His extensive library he gave to Exeter College, by a nuncupative will, witnessed by Mr. Fletcher. Dr. Eveleigh, the late provost of Oriel, who married a daughter of his nephew, Dr. Sanford, formerly Fellow of All Souls, presented a portrait of him to Exeter College; he is represented with a folio under his arm, which is the first edition of the Hebrew Bible, a book of the greatest rarity, which he bought for a trifle of David Wilson, a bookseller in the Strand; and as soon as he had ascertained his treasure, he never laid the book down, but took it himself to his lodging, and the next morning set off for Oxford, although he had not finished the business which brought him to London, and kept the book in his hands the whole journey, until he had safely lodged it in his room at Balliol. He was so much pleased with this acquisition, that, on Mr. Fletcher's next visit to London, he sent a guinea by him to the bookseller, in addition to what he had first paid him. He died September 25th, 1774, aged 84 years, and was buried in the middle aisle of the parish church of St. Mary Magdalen, Oxford, in which church a monument, with an inscription, has been raised to his memory. He was equally well known for his learning, extensive library, and singularity in dress.—*Oxford Herald*.

FRENCH FLATTERY.

THE following Address to Louis XV. after the campaign of 1745, will show that French adulation did not take its rise in the present day:—

'The conquests of your Majesty are so rapid, that we think it absolutely necessary that future historians should be cautious in their relation, lest posterity should consider them as fables unworthy of belief. Yet they must be told an undoubted fact, that your Majesty was the father of our venerable elderman of that name.

† This circumstance was told to the editor of the *Herald* by Mr. Fletcher, whose character stood so highly in the university, that his assertion was of Mr. Sanford's having repeatedly told him it was his intention to give his books to the library of Exeter College, had the full effect of a will regularly signed and sealed.

jesty, when at the head of your army, wrote yourself an account of your exploits, having no other table but a drum. The most distant ages must learn that the English, those fierce and audacious enemies, jealous of your Majesty's fame, were compelled to yield to your prowess the palace of glory. Their allies were only so many witnesses of their shame, and hastened to join their standards only to become the spectators of your Majesty's triumph. We venture to tell your Majesty, that whatever may be the love you bear your subjects, there is still one way to add to our felicity, by curbing the high courage which you possess, and which would cost us too many tears, if it exposed to the certain danger of war, your Majesty's precious life, or that of the young hero, the object of our fondest hopes!

Original Poetry.

WHAT THO' ZULEIKA'S EYES BE DARK TO *****

WHAT tho' Zuleika's eyes be dark
As those of the gazelle,
What tho' they shed a brighter spark,
Or more of passion tell
Than thine;—I deem them not so true,
All lovely as they seem,
As those of heaven's clearest blue,
Of heaven's softest beam.
Tho' sweet they are to gaze upon,
They wander like the light
That fits when evening's gleam is gone
Before the traveller's sight.
When in his path deep marshes lie,
And distant is his home;
But there's a light within thine eye
That tells me 'twill not roam.

SAM SPRITAIL.

'VELVETEEN,' A FACETIOUS COVE.

WHEN the coach and four arrive
At the Peacock, Ballington;
'Velveteen' is all alive
Till coachmen mount, all right! and groan:
Horses reeking, bugles squeaking,
Boxes, passengers, and haste;
Friends are greeting, lovers meeting,
And the generous nobly treating
Those who liquors taste.

—Who's for Manchester?

'Velveteen!' is all the go;
In his mouth a sprig he keeps,
And his eyes are tutored so,
One opens while the other peeps;
Ever squinting, like wit hinting,
For a pleasant thought or two,—
Time's engraver merrily noting,
Wrinkles on his forehead, printing
Periods not a few.

—Here! a coach! a coach!

On his face the purple glows;
Ruddier than the luscious grape,
Hoping to his bottle nose
Like Job's, which potsherd vied to scrape:
Pigtail chewing, quids renewing,
Joking with a turkey's snoko,

Snarling, sneering, queering, brewing,
Business still full drive pursuing,
Peace and jobs to make.

'Going down to-day, Mem.'

Quick,—the mails are driving up
With a fine and glorious speed,
'Twixt the hour we tea and sup,
Take a glass or papers read:
—All is dunning, bellowing, stunning,
'Velveteen!' is on his way;
Wits are loitering, quizzing, punning—
Life, like wheels to coaches running,
Hurries through the day.

'York mail! York mail! run
Sept. 1, 1821. J. R. P.'

AIR.—DELIA.

THO', like the bee from sweet to sweet,
I stray to every fragrant flow'r,
Each simple bud elate to greet,
Unmindful of the clinging hour;
Yet think not I am careless too,
As I meet on its airy rove;
No! Delia fair, believe me true,
I only wish to live and love: HAT.

AFFECTION.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

SOST as the wind that whistles thro' the trees,
When evening spreads around her cooling
breath,
Where no harsh sound or roar assails the ear,
But all is sweet and calm, serene and clear,
Such and so soft's the parent's purring sigh,
So sweet is his life. Before it dawns to day,
He to his daughter turns his stiff young gaze,
Big tears flow down the furrows of his face:
He chaps his daughter in his last embrace!
Then, on her weeping face he weeps his tears,
Her arms surround his neck, and his arms round
Life soon forsakes his form, and dies to wait
Man tastes of joy for ever freed from care.
She feels he breathes not;—no! dread of
breath,
She clasps a parent—fore'd from her by Death.
The weeping sufferer, stricken with her woes,
Upon the clay-cold come her tears heave;
Shrieks rend the air—'the soul's awning wing
Conquers her hopes and dries the starting tear;
She starts—a pale and trembling with the
stands,

A victim to Affection's stern demand!
She stands as breathless—now her panting
eye

Owens no soft tear, but from it flashes fire,
Of and despair, of grief, of woe, and death,
And then the maiden answers her parent's sigh,
No tender sigh steal on the attentive ear,
She stands like hebenstatues firm'd for Fate;
With haggard looks and eyes of sad despair,
Her sunken eyes once more attempt to pour,
And the cold form a moment she surveys!
Sad task for tender virtue to perform—
To face despair—nor heed the passion's flame.
On the pale face she casts her quivering eye,
Swift thro' her soul affection's terror fly,
Totters her limbs—her trembling hands give
way,

She senseless falls and clasps her parent's day,
Lost in insensibility, her soul is free
From every woe—of and anxiety.
How short the joy, for soon returning death
Swift thro' her languid soul stealing death,
She wakes from joy to feel the weight of woe,
Which scarce can bear of human nature leave
That face to man which made his joy so true,
Which all his happiness and hope destroy.

Which 'twines around compassionate men's
minds,
And in his frenzied heart secure asylum finds;
In her reviving breast its seeds are sown,—
Joy from her soul for ever far has flown;
The brightness of her eyes now swiftly fades,
And woe bestows instead its sickly shades;
Her beauty's bloom, her rosy tender cheek,
Lose all their charms, and serve her woes to
speak;
Her thoughts are placed upon that endless state
Which forms a part the last to this world's fate,
Lives but to feel affection's tender woe;
And far affection bids her soft tears flow;
Thinks on the pleasures which she once enjoyed,
And how those pleasures were by death de-
stroyed,—
Forms all her thoughts for that glad hour to
come,
Which hurries resignation to the tomb;
In heaven she hopes for bliss, and hopes to
meet
That being who made her youthful hours so
sweet;
Flies from a world where misery holds her
court,
Where virtue's sold, and where distress is
bought,—
The land of woe, where man from happiness
flies—
Where, clogged with sin, too soon his spirit
dies. J.P.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—After the *Coronation*, which was exhibited for the forty-second time on Thursday night, a new farce was produced, called *Monsieur Tonson*. It is founded on the very well-known tale of that name, by Mr. Taylor, though with considerable additions, a love story being grafted upon it. There is nothing very striking either in the plot, incidents, or dialogue of the piece; and it owes the success which it met with to the performers, particularly Mr. Cooper and Mr. Gattie. The farce, though tedious and very deficient in humour, was well received.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new comedy in three acts, entitled *Match Breaking, or a Prince's Present*, was acted for the first time on Thursday night. It is from the pen of Mr. Keany, the author of *The World, Raising the Wind*, and several other successful dramatic pieces. *Match Breaking* is, however, not only of a very different character from any of the former productions of the author, but is also out of the common walk of the legitimate drama. The scene of the piece is laid in one of the petty states of Germany; and the following is a brief outline of the story:—

The German family of De Stronberg, who are rather disloyal in their conversation and sentiments, have betrothed their niece Emma, of Lowenstorp, (Mrs. Chat-

terley), to Edgar Rosenheim (De Camp), a captain in the Prince's Guard. Edgar, however, has great reason to be jealous of the prince himself (Mr. Terry), who had been his protector and friend, who comes into the family in the disguise of his relation, Hoffman, a professor of philosophy. At the moment of signing the contract, the supposed professor suggests the necessity of the prince's written consent to the marriage, but the baroness and the three brothers De Stronberg, in a lofty and satirical assertion of their independence, spurn the idea, and insist on proceeding. At the critical moment, a present arrives from the prince, conveyed by one of his pages, to Emma, with a complimentary inscription—this produces a sudden change. The family are astonished, the contract is suspended, and the Stronbergs are suddenly seized with the hope of marrying Emma to the prince himself. The younger brother, Solomon (Jones), an empty self-sufficient coxcomb, who is constantly buzzing about the court, with an affectation of despising it, is sent in search of information. The professor, Hoffman, has written against the prince, and to the supposed professor, Solomon is very free of his satire and invectives against government. The prince, who has, in fact, been struck with a passionate admiration of Emma, becomes, in the course of his visits, *incognito*, still more enamoured of the simplicity and purity of her heart, and the jealousy of Edgar is exasperated to the highest degree. Every appearance increases the hopes of the family. The prince sends notice of a public visit; at this moment an officer arrives in the family to arrest the supposed professor for his writings against the prince. The family are in the greatest alarm, and immediately determine on turning the professor out, that he may not be found in their house. The prince's arrival is announced, and at the moment they should welcome, they are bent on removing him in his assumed character. At this point he discovers himself, joins the lovers, expresses a good-humoured re-
bort on the apostate miscontents, whom he freely forgives, and the curtain falls.

It will be seen there is much improbability in the story, for the circumstance of a prince assuming a mask, and throwing himself into situations where his feelings must unavoidably be wounded, merely to ascertain the propriety of a matrimonial union projected by an officer of his guards, is as extraordinary as it is novel; but there is also another objection to this piece,—the false picture it gives of the virtues of a court, and its contemptuous sneer at every thing like political opposition or manly independence. Three characters in the piece are, however, admirably drawn; that of the Prince, ably sustained by Terry, who preserves the dignity of his rank in situations and

equivokes the most embarrassing; Solomon, too, a sort of vapouring political coxcomb, who is perpetually boasting of his own importance, his secret information, and his acute discrimination, in the hands of Jones, drew down great applause; and the interviews between him and the prince, while under the disguise of Professor Hoffman, were extremely well managed. The character of Emma is particularly amiable,—a lovely woman, in the bloom of youth and beauty, preserving her constancy amidst all the temptations which a sovereign can offer, and the persuasions of importunate friends, could not fail of giving a powerful support to any piece when sustained by Mrs. Chatterley. Much as we admire this lady, we never saw her to more advantage, and by her exertion she proved that she is as well qualified for scenes of pathetic tenderness as for those of spirit and vivacity. The character of Edgar was by no means happily sketched; and where the author was deficient, Mr. De Camp certainly did not prove an *aid de Camp*. All the other characters were too unimportant in the drama to intitle them to notice, if we except Miss Corri, who sang some simple airs very prettily. The piece was completely successful, and announced for repetition every evening, without a dissentient voice.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Egerton, the active manager of this theatre, closed it for the season on Tuesday night, when he delivered a modest and appropriate address.

Literature and Science.

Magnetism.—The Baron de Humboldt has discovered that there exists a singular analogy between the distribution of the magnetic powers and that of heat, and that they may equally be traced on the map of the two hemispheres, by curves, which indicate the degree of their intensity. These lines shew how, by the influence of great geological causes, the temperature varies in points situate under the same parallel, and how it is identical on points of different degrees of latitude. The laws of this derivation are deduced in a very luminous manner by M. de Humboldt; and we hope shortly to give a careful abstract of so important and curious a theory.

Tannin.—Several experiments have recently been made in France, on the various vegetables which yield tannin in greater quantity than oak bark.

The root of septfoil, (*tormentilla sylvestris*), found in sundry wet and poor lands and woods, and the male cornel tree, (*cornus*), a shrub that grows in all woods and hedges, where it is sown by birds, afford one third more tannin than oak-bark. The bark of the *abus*, which grows with astonishing rapidity in all wet places; the weeping willow; the service tree, (*serbubus foliis primatis utriusque glabris*), cultivated by seed, shoots, and grafting, is the hardiest of all known trees, and furnishes the greatest quantity of tannin.

Properties of Sound.—Mr. Haldat, of the Royal Society of Nancy, recently read a memoir on the laws of the propagation of sound; the influence of the wind particularly struck his attention, and he seems to have pursued his subject with as much attention as if it had never been treated before. He is evidently ignorant of all the experiments on sound made in England since the time of Derham, for the following are all the conclusions he arrives at:—1. The wind exerts a real influence on the propagation of sound; 2. That its propagation is impeded and diminished against the wind, and augmented when going with it or against the wind; 3. That the increase and decrease are equal; 4. That the limit of propagation is very little altered in crossing the currents of the wind; 5. That the voice of an adult, speaking in a moderate tone, may be heard sixty-five paces, but that this distance is diminished or increased, according as it is against or with the wind, in the ratio of its rapidity.

The Bee.

—*Floriferis at apes in sulcibus omnia limant,
Omnis nos titulum depascitur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIUS.

It is, perhaps, known to but few people, that there lives still on the frontiers of Transylvania, a Roman colony, which has preserved its language almost pure, and is proud of its descent. When any member of this colony enlists into the Austrian service, he answers to the usual question, 'whence he comes?' I am a Roman (*Romansum*.)

A barrister being 'at the point of death, made his will, and left all his fortune to a lunatic hospital: on being asked why he did so, 'he replied 'I wish my property to return to those who gave it me.'

Anecdote of his late Majesty.—When his late Majesty was residing at the palace of Kew, the Princess Charlotte,

then a little girl, was staying with the King; and it was his delight to take her out with him in his morning and evening walks: On one occasion, as she was going out into the garden from the White Horse at Kew, his Majesty said to the pages who were standing in the hall, 'Make way for this poor child.' On this the young princess remarked, 'I am not a poor child, grandpapa—indeed I am not.'—'Yes my dear, answered the king, 'you are, and I will tell you why. You are kept by the whole nation, and that makes you poor indeed; and as to the crown, I assure you it sits not light on the heads of those that wear it!' A fine method this of conveying an instructive moral to her mind; and of teaching, much more forcibly than a long didactic discourse could have done, the grace and humility on the one hand, and the virtue and gratitude on the other, of a princess to the subject.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

* Critique on Sir Walter Scott's Remarks on Novelists and Dramatists, 'The Death of Aguirre,' Y. F.'s Sonnet, 'Ancient and Modern Placards,' and 'Reconciliation,' in our next. The 'Praise of Poetry,' in an early number.

Errata: p. 540, col. 2, l. 6, for 'domus' read 'domus'; p. 584, col. 3, l. 20, from bottom, for 'mighty' read 'nightly.' In part of our impression, p. 586, col. 2, l. 1, for 'indestructible warrior' read 'indestructible warrior.'

Advertisements.

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East India Register,

Corrected to the 25th of August, 1841.

This day was published, price 3s. 6d. sewed.

THE EAST INDIA REGISTER

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A complete List of the Proprietors of East India Stock qualified to Vote at General Meetings—Complete Lists of the Company's Servants, at home and abroad, Civil, Military, and Marine, with their respective Appointments; with Indexes to the same, and Lists of Candidates during the last Year.—Lists of the European, Maritime, &c. &c. not in the Service of the East India Company.—List of Private Vessels, licensed by the Company under the late Act of Parliament; and of Merchant Vessels employed in the Country Trade in India—Applications and Instructions respecting the Appointment of Writers, Cadets, and Assistant Surgeons.—Rules and Regulations of the Civil, Military, and Marine Funds, connected with the Company's Service. With a variety of other useful information.—Compiled, by permission of the Hon. East India Company, from the Official Returns received at the East India House, by

A. W. MASON, G. OWEN, & G. H. BROWN,

Of the Secretary's Office, East India House.

Second Edition, corrected to 25th Aug. 1841.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

An Account of the Interior of Ceylon and of its Inhabitants. With Travels in that Island. By John Davy, M. D., F. R. S. 4to. pp. 530. London, 1821.

Few works of the present day can lay so strong a claim to originality as the one before us, for, with the exception of the 'Historical Relation of the Island of Ceylon,' by Robert Knox, an English seaman, who was wrecked on the coast in 1660, and suffered twenty years' captivity, there is not a single volume in existence on the subject. Knox's history has always been popular, on account of its simplicity of style and narrative, and the good sense and good feelings of the author; but his sphere of observation was necessarily limited, and the period of one hundred and forty years, which has elapsed since its publication, and the vast interest which the subject has acquired since Ceylon has become a British province, have rendered an account of it one of the most acceptable works that could be offered to the public.

The subject has fallen into excellent hands, and Ceylon has found, in Dr. Davy, an historian, who has made ample amends for the neglect which it has hitherto experienced. The work is compiled from original materials, collected in Ceylon during a four years' residence of the author, who was on the medical staff of the army. He has received the assistance of every one who was capable of aiding him in the information, and hence the work is enriched by many valuable contributions. It gives a full account of the history, geography, and geology of the island; its population, laws, language, and religion; the state of the arts and sciences, the domestic habits and manners of the inhabitants, &c. A work of this nature, written with the ability which Dr. Davy has displayed, cannot fail of exciting great interest, and therefore we propose making our readers somewhat extensively acquainted with its contents.

Vol. III.

The Island of Ceylon is in the tropic of Cancer, situated nearly between the parallel of 6° and 10° north latitude, and between 80° and 82° east longitude; that is at the western entrance of the Bay of Bengal, and off the coast of Coromandel. It is almost two thirds of the size of Ireland, containing altogether a surface of 27,770 square miles, and a population of about 800,000 souls, which is in the proportion of about thirty-eight only to a square mile. The old kingdom of Kandy, now called the Kandyan Provinces, occupies the whole middle of the island, and a great portion of the southern extremity; their superficial contents are estimated at 12,360 square miles. The character of the interior, as to surface, greatly varies, and may be divided into flat country, hilly, and mountainous; the latter district, in perpendicular elevation above the sea, varies from eight hundred to three thousand, and even to four and five thousand feet. There are no lakes, not even a single stagnant pool among the mountains. Uniformity of formation is the most remarkable feature in the geological character of Ceylon, the whole of which, with very few exceptions, consists of primitive rock, the prevailing species of which is granite or gneiss.

The mineralogy of Ceylon is singular and curious; it is remarkable for its richness in gems, and its poverty in the useful metals. It is remarkable, too, for the number of rare minerals that it affords, and for the small variety of the ordinary species; thus, in its mineralogical character, quite oriental, better fitted for show than utility—for pomp than profit. The principal gems found in Ceylon are the ruby, garnet, topaz, amethyst, sapphire, and rock crystal.

The soil of the island is generally poor, but it abounds in rivers and springs; the proportion of rain that falls in it is very great, exceeding what falls in England three or four times. In respect to heat or temperature, no tropical country is, perhaps, more favoured than Ceylon; its hottest wea-

ther being temperate in comparison with the summer heats of most parts of the continent of India; and, generally speaking, the climate is salubrious.

Although Dr. Davy does not give any account of the plants of Ceylon, and treats very briefly of its animals, (which do not differ from those on the adjoining continent of India,) yet he has paid particular attention to the snakes of the island, which are neither so numerous nor so dangerous as they have been represented. Our author collected twenty different species of snakes, of which sixteen were harmless. Of those that are poisonous, the pimpler is the most remarkable. It is characterised by its great size, and by a couple of horny probosces, in form and curvature not unlike the spurs of the common fowl; the base of the spur is attached to a small bone, with a minute head, which is received into the glenoid cavity of a thin long bone, that terminates in a tapering cartilaginous process. These horny spurs are useful in enabling the snake to climb trees and hold fast its prey:—

'This snake is the largest species in Ceylon; and, indeed, is the only one that grows to a great size. I have seen a specimen of it about seventeen feet long, and proportionately thick.' It is said by the natives to attain a much greater magnitude, and to be found occasionally twenty-five and thirty feet long, and of the thickness of a common-sized man. The colour of different specimens that I have seen has varied a little: it is generally a mixture of brown and yellow; the back and sides are strongly and rather handsomely marked with irregular patches of dark brown, with dark margins. The jaws are powerful, and capable of great dilatation; and they are armed with large strong sharp teeth, reclining backwards. As the muscular strength of this snake is immense, and its activity and courage considerable, it may be credited that it will occasionally attack man; there can be no doubt that it overpowers deer, and swallows them entire.

The natives have many ridiculous stories respecting this snake. They say, that when young, it is a polonga, and provided with poisonous fangs; and that when of a certain age and size it loses these fangs, acquires spurs, and becomes a pimpler.

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berah. They suppose its spurs are poisonous, and that the animal uses them in striking and killing its prey. They imagine that parturition is always fatal to the female, owing to the abdomen bursting on the occasion; and that the males, aware of this circumstance, out of regard for the females of their species, avoid them, and choose for their mates female noyas.

The most common of the poisonous snakes of Ceylon, is the naya or hooded snake of the English, and coluber naja of Linnaeus. The natives rather venerate this snake than dread it, and will not even kill it when found in their houses:—

Frequent exhibitions are made of this snake in Ceylon, as well as on the continent of India, by men called snake-charmers. The exhibition is rather a curious one, and not a little amusing to those that can calmly contemplate it. The charmer irritates the snake by striking it, and by rapid threatening motions of his hand; and appeases it by his voice, by gentle circular movements of his hand, and by stroking it gently. He avoids, with great agility, the attacks of the animal when enraged, and plays with it and handles it only when pacified, when he will bring the mouth of the animal in contact with his forehead, and draw it over his face. The ignorant and vulgar believe that these men really possess a charm by which they thus play without dread and with impunity without danger. The more enlightened, laughing at this idea, consider the men impostors, and that in playing their tricks there is no danger to be avoided, it being removed by the extraction of the poison-fangs. The enlightened in this instance are mistaken, and the vulgar are nearer the truth in their opinion. I have examined the snakes I have seen exhibited, and have found the poison-fangs in and uninjured. These men do possess a charm, though not a supernatural one, viz. that of confidence and courage; acquainted with the habits and disposition of the snake, they know how averse it is to use the fatal weapon nature has given it for its defence in extreme danger, and that it never bites without much preparatory threatening. Any one possessing the confidence and agility of these men, may irritate them, and I have made the trial more than once. They will play their tricks with any hooded snake, whether just taken or long in confinement, but with no other kind of poisonous snake.

Dr. Dyer made several experiments on the poison of the snakes, whence he infers, that there are only two snakes at Ceylon, the hooded snake and the tie-polouga, whose bite is likely to prove fatal to man. There is another animal in Ceylon, less dreaded but much more troublesome, and the cause

of the loss of more lives than the snakes. This is the Ceylon leech:—

'This animal varies much in its dimensions; the largest are seldom more than half an inch long, in a state of rest; the smallest are minute indeed. It is broadest behind, and tapers towards the forepart; above, it is roundish; below, flat. Its colour varies from brown to light brown; it is more generally the latter, and rarely dark brown. It is marked with three longitudinal light yellow lines, extending from one extremity to the other; one dorsal and central, two others lateral. The substance of the animal is nearly semi-transparent, and, in consequence, its internal structure may be seen pretty distinctly. A canal appears to extend centrally the whole length of the body, arising from a crucial mouth at the smaller extremity, and terminating in a small circular anus at the broader extremity, on each side of which are two light spots.

'This leech is a very active animal; it moves with considerable rapidity; and it is said occasionally to spring. Its powers of contraction and extension are very great; when fully extended, it is like a fine cord, and its point is so sharp, that it readily makes its way through very small openings. It is supposed to have an acute sense of smelling, for no sooner does a person stop where leeches abound, than they appear to crowd eagerly to the spot from all quarters.

'This animal is peculiar to those parts of Ceylon which are subject to frequent showers; and, consequently, it is unknown in those districts that have a long dry season. It is most abundant among the mountains,—not on the highest ranges, where the temperature appears to be too low for it, but on those not exceeding two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It delights in shady damp places, and is to be seen on moist leaves and stones more frequently than in water. In dry weather it retires into the close damp jungle, and only in rainy weather quits its cover, and infests the pathways and roads, and open parts of the country.

'Whether it is found in any other country than Ceylon is not quite certain; perhaps the leech of the mountainous parts of Sumatra, noticed in Mr. Marsden's history of that island, is similar to it; and it is not unlikely, that it occurs amongst the damp and wooded hills of the south of India. Those who have had no experience of these animals,—of their immense numbers in their favourite haunts,—of their activity, keen appetite, and love of blood, can have no idea of the kind and extent of annoyance they are to travellers in the interior, of which they may be truly said to be the plague. In rainy weather, it is almost shocking to see the legs of men on a long march, thickly beset with them gorged with blood, and the blood trickling down in streams. It might be supposed that there would be little difficulty in keeping them off; this is a very mistaken notion, for they crowd to the at-

tack, and fasten on, quicker than they can be removed. I do not exaggerate when I say, that I have occasionally seen at least fifty on a person at a time. Their bites, too, are much more troublesome than could be imagined, being very apt to fester and become sores; and, in persons of a bad habit of body, to degenerate into extensive ulcers, that in too many instances have occasioned the loss of limbs, and even of life.'

We have already stated the population of Ceylon; it is divided into two great classes,—the aborigines of the country and foreigners naturalized; the former are the Singalese, and the latter chiefly Malabars and Moors. The Singalese are completely Indians in person, language, manners, customs, religion, and government. Their average height is five feet four or five inches, and they are well made; the colour of their skin varies, from light brown to black:—

'The Singalese women are generally well made and well looking, and often handsome. Their countrymen, who are great connoisseurs of the charms of the sex, and who have books on the subject, and rules to aid the judgment, would not allow a woman to be a perfect belle, unless of the following character, the particulars of which I shall give in detail, as they were enumerated to me by a Kandyan courtier, well versed and deeply read in such matters:—"Her hair should be voluminous, like the tail of the peacock; long, reaching to the knees, and terminating in graceful curls; her eyebrows should resemble the rainbow; her eyes, the blue sapphire and the petals of the blue manilla flower. Her nose should be like the bill of the hawk; her lips should be bright and red, like coral on the young leaf of the iron-tree. Her teeth should be small, regular, and closely set, and like jessamine buds. Her neck should be large and round, resembling the berrigadea. Her chest should be capacious; her breasts, firm and conical, like the yellow cocoa-nut, and her waist almost small enough to be clasped by the hand. Her hips should be wide; her limbs tapering; the soles of her feet without any hollow, and the surface of her body in general soft, delicate, smooth, and rounded, without the appearance of projecting bones and sinews."

The remarkable feature of Indian society, distinction of castes, prevails among the Singalese, as well as the Hindoos, though to a less extent and with less effect on the minds of the people. The principal caste is the Gowanne, a privileged people, who monopolize all the honours of church and state, and possess all the highest rank in the country:—

'The common dress of these people and which may be considered as the

tional dress, is extremely simple, and not unbecoming. The dress of the men consists of a handkerchief about the head like a turban, leaving the top of the head exposed; and of a long cloth of two breadths, called *topetty*, wrapped about the loins, and reaching as low as the ankles. The material of the women's dress is very similar; they leave the head uncovered, and wear a long cloth, of a single breadth, called *hala*, wrapped round their loins, and thrown over their left shoulder. On occasions of ceremony, when full dressed, the men cover the body with a short jacket, and those who have the privilege lay aside the handkerchief for a cap, and decorate themselves with gold chains and girdles.

To this caste belong that singular and savage people, the Weddahs, who inhabit the extensive forests on the south-eastern side of the island. They are divided into the village Weddahs and the forest Weddahs. The village Weddahs live in huts, made of the bark of trees; their food is the flesh of deer, elk, the wild hog, and the inguana, with a little Indian corn, the wild yam and the roots of some water lilies:—

“Few traces of even incipient civilization can be observed amongst them. Though living together, they seem to be ignorant of all social rites, and strangers to almost every circumstance that ennobles man and distinguishes him from the brute. To procure a wife, the Weddah does not commence a process of courtship; but goes immediately to the parent, asks their consent to have their single daughter, and if the first to ask is never refused. They appear to be without names. A Weddah interrogated on the subject, said, “I am called a man; when young I was called a little man; and when old, I shall be called the old man.” It could hardly be expected that such a people would have any burial rites; they do not even bury their dead; but as soon as the body has expired, throw it into the jungle. They appear to be ignorant of every art, excepting such as hardly deserve the name, and without which they could not exist, such as making a bow, an arrow, a cord from tough fibrous plants, scratching the ground and sowing a few seeds, and so forth. The bit of cloth they wear, and the iron heads of their arrows, they obtain by barter, receiving them in exchange for their dried venison, the skins of deer, or for honey and wax.

“They have hardly any knowledge of numbers, and cannot count above five; they have no knowledge of medicinal plants, and only the grossest and simplest, superstitious notions. They believe in the existence of evil demons, and make offerings to them when labouring under sickness or any great misfortune. They have no idea of a supreme and beneficent God, or of a state of future exist-

ence, or of a system of rewards and punishments.”

There is one caste, or rather out-cast, the Rhodées, who are considered as the vilest of the vile, and live in the most wretched state of degradation:—

“They are not allowed to live in houses of the common construction, but only in the innermost sheds, commonly opened on one side. In carrying a pingo*, they are permitted to load it at one end only; and they are not only shunned by, but are required to avoid others. When a Rhodia sees a Geowanse, he must salute him with hands uplifted and joined, and must move out of the way; or if the pali be narrow, not affording room for both to pass at a distance, he must go back. But it is not true, as has been asserted, that on such an occasion he must prostrate himself for the Geowanse to walk over his body; indeed, such a practice would be incompatible with the notion of impurity attached to their touch, and which is so firmly impressed on the minds of the Singalese, that they have been known to refuse to obey the orders of our government, to make prisoners certain Rhodées, suspected of a murder, saying, “they could not pollute themselves by seizing them, but they would willingly shoot them at a distance.” Wretched as is the condition of the Rhodées, they are said to be a robust race, and their women particularly handsome. On account of the beauty of the latter, and the art of fortune-telling which they possess, they are less shunned than the men. When rambling about the country, practising their idle art, to attract attention they balance a brass plate on a finger, and holding it on high, twirl it round with surprising dexterity. The analogy between these people and the gypsies, in many points, is obvious; but, in all probability, it is merely incidental.

The Singalese have no notion of any species of government, excepting the pure monarchical; and they say that a king is so essential, that without him there would be neither harmony nor order, but confusion and dissension, which would soon prove fatal to society. The throne was strictly hereditary, and the rights and functions of the king were of the highest and most extensive nature; yet he was not perfectly absolute and without check. On ascending the throne, he had to consider himself under certain restrictions; he was expected to follow the example of good princes, observe the customs of the country, and attend to the written rules handed down for the direction of kings. Of these rules, the following are the principal: they are

* A pingo is an elastic stick, about five feet long, loaded at both ends and poised on the shoulder; it is generally used in Ceylon for carrying burdens.

translated from the Pali, in which they are expressed in verse:—

‘*Sattara sangraha wastoo.*

- ‘1. Be willingly charitable to the deserving.
- ‘2. Be mild of speech.
- ‘3. Let your conduct and actions be such as to conduce to the good of your people.
- ‘4. Let the love of your people equal the love of yourself.

‘*Sattara agati.*

- ‘1. Favour no one to the injury of another.
- ‘2. Injure no one to benefit another.
- ‘3. Let not fear prevent your doing justice.

- ‘4. Avoid doing evil through ignorance, or the want of correct information.

‘*Dasa rajah dharmia.*

- ‘1. Be munificent.
- ‘2. Strictly follow the rules of your religion.
- ‘3. Remunerate the deserving.
- ‘4. Let your conduct be upright.
- ‘5. Let you conduct be mild.
- ‘6. Be patient.
- ‘7. Be without malice.
- ‘8. Inflict not torture.
- ‘9. Be merciful.
- ‘10. Attend to good counsel.’

We thank Dr. Davy for giving us these excellent maxims for a king. We would have them translated into every living language, made the basis of every prince's education, and so familiar to every monarch in Christendom, that he should ‘wear them in his heart's core, ay, in his heart of heart.’ Dr. Davy adds,—

‘Should a king act directly contrary to these rules, contrary to the example of good princes, and in opposition to the customs of the country, he would be reckoned a tyrant, and the people would consider themselves justified in opposing him, and in rising up in mass and de-throning him; nor are there wanting instances in extreme cases of oppression, of their acting on this principle, and successfully redressing their wrongs.’

In no court, perhaps, was there ever a greater display of pomp, or greater respect shown to a monarch, than in the court of Kandy, before it was overturned by the British:—

‘The royal throne was of plated gold, ornamented with precious stones. When the king appeared on state occasions, he was either dressed in the most magnificent robes, loaded with a profusion of jewellery, or in complete armour of gold, ornamented with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. To make the scene more impressive, and add to its solemnity, night was the favourite time for giving audience and transacting business.

‘The marks of respect required and shown to the Kandyan monarch were so unbounded, that one would suppose they

were intended rather for a god than a man. The chiefs never approached the king without prostrating before him; and, in addressing him, Dewo (God) was an expression that they commonly used. His own proclamations were very characteristic:—"The most wealthy, the protector of religion, whose fame is infinite and universally spread, and of surpassing excellence, exceeding the moon, the unexpanded jessamine-buds, the heavenly river, the white chanks, and the stars;—whose feet are as fragrant to the noses of other kings as flowers to bees;—our most noble patron and god by custom,—like Sakreea, who subdued the Assooriabs, sitting on the precious throne of the magnificent, and prosperous city of Singadagalla, that possesses the beauty and wealth of all kingdoms, and is like the heavenly kingdom of Sakreea.—Ordered, &c."

Thus commenced a deed of gift of the late king, in which he assigned certain confiscated lands to one of his ministers, as a reward for his fidelity and good conduct; and, as we can scarcely finish better, here we leave off for the present.

(To be continued.)

St. George and St. Denys; a Dialogue. By Hugh Melros. 8vo. pp. 113. London, 1821.

THIS is one of those productions on which it is difficult to offer a decided opinion. Its merits are certainly too low for a high praise, too small for a great praise; but if it affords little to praise, it contains nothing to condemn. The author, with the feeling of Goldsmith, whom he considers as possessing 'more practical policy than a whole privy council of men merely versed in the routine of office,' laments, in terms somewhat laconic, the decline of the peasantry, and the rise of speculators and monopolists. The following extract, contrasting present and former times, is one of the best passages in the poem:—

'Our foolish fathers sowed and planted
Tree, which they never used nor wanted
In hope, with them when all was dark,
Their children's children here might breathe;
Carve future Sylvan on their bark,
Quaff future vintages beneath;
With billets from their giant boughs,
Might cheer their halls cereal too,
Or shape them into future ploughs,
To cut the valleys where they grew.
And hoply philosophic pride
Might muse where centuries broke their rage,
And rosy infans run and hide
Beneath their hollows, scooped by age.
But we, their sons, a wiser race,
Bequeath to those who take our place,
Nor tree, nor branch, nor trunk, nor root,
Nor seed, nor sapling, graft, nor shoot,
Enjoying still—we fill our dish
With blades before they swell to corn,

With spawn, before it grows to fish.

With eggs unbatch'd, with calves unborn;
Devour, with gusto, glee, and laughter,

The present, past, and coming fruits,—
Bequeathing, to the times hereafter,

Our empty casks and faded mits.

These games and gambols, past believing,
Our dull and sombre souls call "thieving."

But we, who play these jovial pranks,
(Praise to our fertile wit, and thanks!)

To hush complaint and stifle groans,
Refine them down to "raising loams."

In a note of considerable length, the author pursues the subject, and projects (for what is an author without a project!), a plan of relief for the distressed peasantry. He proposes that all the waste lands, when inclosed and brought into cultivation, should be divided among those who possess nothing, in parcels of from four to five acres for each family. The advantages arising from this plan, he says, would be that,—

'Besides the amelioration of character to the man, the land would pass from the rudest agriculture into a state of horticulture in its minutest detail. Instead of curious instruments and refinements, manual labour would force the soil to do its duty.

'Were a considerable proportion of the labourers proprietors, the price of labour could not be fixed by the party whose interest it is to undervalue it. The concurrence of the employed would be necessary to sanction the terms proposed by the employer.—Again, the occasional avocation of the peasant to cultivate his own estate would enhance the value of his services; he would gradually be accessible to a feeling of pride; and when once that feeling was awakened in him, his advance in decency and honesty would be rapid.

'I have heard some persons approve of a little plot of land to employ the labourer after his working hours, in what they are pleased to call his spare time. His working hours, I reply, are already too many for his strength; and his return from them should be greeted by a nutritive meat supper, the conversation of his family, and rest. A mere garden (fastidiously cultivated, as the peasants usually keep their gardens) is yet totally inadequate to giving them any importance, or securing to them those comforts, without which human nature sinks and is undone.'

There is a good deal of benevolence in the author's project, and it would certainly do much good, but it would not be a panacea to heal all the real and imaginary evils which he, with microscopic eye, sees overwhelming poor old England. Something, however, might certainly be done to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry, and we know nothing so likely to facilitate this object as giving them small farms or plots of ground for individual cultivation.

The History of Madeira.

(Concluded from p. 558.)

THE portion of this beautifully embellished work which we have reserved for our present notice, has an immediate reference to the engravings, which are, both in point of design and colouring, of a very superior description; they give a very striking and familiar view of the 'costume, manners, and occupations of the inhabitants;' and, with the aid of the letter-press, render the natives of Madeira and their varied pursuits almost as familiar to us as our fellow countrymen. From the description the author gives of the several classes of the inhabitants and their peculiarities, we shall make a few extracts; and, first, of the 'county's pride,' the peasantry:—

'The cottages in Madeira, the habitations of the labouring peasantry, are built of stone, with roofs composed of thatch, which are annually thickened with the same material, in order to render them more impervious to the heavy rains of the winter season. They consist, generally, of one room, which is subservient to every domestic purpose. Here the victuals are cooked, and the household occupations pursued during the day; while, at night, it is divided by a curtain or straw mat, to answer the purpose of sleep. Their ordinary furniture seems to be confined to a very few articles. The principal of these is a large iron pot, in which their food is prepared, which does not offer any abundant variety, as it consists chiefly of a kind of porridge, composed of rice and Indian corn. Sometimes, indeed, though it is considered as a luxury, not being often seen on the cottage table, the rich people enjoy a meal of salt pork or salted fish.

'Religious duties occupy much, if not the greater part, of the leisure that labour can spare them. The picture of their tutelary saint is seen in a conspicuous part of their dwelling, and to gain whose protecting favour their prayers are seldom omitted, when the opportunity offers to repeat them. The rosary is also a constant associate of their intervals from labour, and the more public exercises, as demanded by the church, are constant objects of habitual devotion.'

There is a beautiful engraving, entitled 'Rural Toil.' It represents an old woman sitting under a banana-tree, winding thread from a reel, while a young woman near her, is engaged in spinning from the distaff, which is usually employed in warm countries, as it is not confined, like the spinning wheel, to a sedentary situation, but may be exercised either standing or walking.

One of the singularities in the tail of the Madeira peasant, consists in his

carrying every thing on his head, without the least assistance from the shoulders. The unequal surface that prevails through the island, renders the use of the plough impracticable, as it equally forbids the use of animal labour; cultivation is, therefore, principally produced by manual labour. Spades are not in use, but the instrument employed in breaking up the ground is a kind of long pointed hoe. Indian corn is ground by a stone in the open air, principally by women. Of the costumes of the natives, we are told that,

'There is a manifest difference between the southern and western natives of the island of Madeira. It is not necessary to attempt a philosophical inquiry into the causes of this variety. It is sufficient for these pages merely to state its existence. Those of the western side lay claim to, as they indeed possess, a decided superiority over those of the southern part of the island. Their manners and habits are more simple and natural; their figures present a more regular proportion, and their skin a finer complexion. They are described, also, as remarkable for the brightness of their eyes, the growth of their hair, and the beauty of their teeth. They frequently go barefoot; but when their feet are clad, they wear boots made of goat-skins, which are light and durable, and being white, have a pretty appearance. The whole dress of both sexes has a picturesque character, both as to shape and variety of colour. For its materials, the wearers are solely indebted to their own domestic manufacture, in which the female hands are more particularly employed.'

Itinerant musicians are common in Madeira:—

'It may be naturally expected, in a country where the love of music and the practice of it is so universal, from rank and opulence to the lowest classes of every denomination, that there would be such a profession as that which the plate so characteristically displays. These itinerant musicians assist at the religious festivals and the private entertainments of the capital, while they entertain the more humble audience of the village. Indeed, as they travel from one end of the island to the other, they may be considered as occasionally enlivening and delighting the whole of it. To the song and the instrument they add the dance. They excel also in extemporaneous compositions. Their music is suited to the occasion; and their dancing is not devoid of grace, but slow in its movements. Their occupation is to afford pleasure to others; but, as they are in continual motion, and never stationary, their's is a life of no common labour. They are represented as sleeping little, and eating less; but, though they support their fatigue chiefly by drinking, they are never seen to indulge in it to excess.'

The inhabitants of Madeira are generally stout, but more particularly so the dignitaries of the Romish church, who appear to fatten abundantly on the good things of this island. One engraving represents a prior of the order of St. Francis, with that kind of bulk which monastic fasting and prayer does not always discourage. He is as jolly as Falstaff, and forms a striking contrast to the lean and lugubrious lay brother by the side of him. In another engraving there is a brother of the same order, (not a lay brother, but one fast enough to be a prior,) collecting donations for his convent. He appears surrounded with luxuries, and is receiving a loaf from a beautiful female who is kneeling. The friar looks very amorous, and is patting the cheek of the fair damsel. All the orders of St. Francis are mendicant; that is, they are not allowed to possess any property beyond the walls of their cloister:—

'The community, which is numerous, is entirely supported by charitable contributions. There are three branches of the principal institution at Funchal, which are settled in different parts of the island, to collect support from the country people, particularly at the time of the vintage. The charity thus obtained consists generally of a loaf of bread, or other article of sustenance, with some small piece of money, for which the mendicant friar returns his holy benediction. No place escapes their solicitation, which assumes a different form, according to the character of those to whom the eleemosynary applicant addresses himself. Places of refreshment are very numerous in different parts of the town as well as of the country, where stalls present bread, fruit, and wine for sale, as represented in the plate. These never escape the friar's application, and as seldom fail of adding to the contents of the conventual sack.'

The nunneries of the island of Madeira are confined to Funchal, and consist of four conventual establishments for females:—

'One of them is formed upon the same system as that of La Trappe, in Normandy, as it existed previous to the French revolution. Among other rigorous and unusual regulations, these cloistered ladies are not only forbidden the use of speech themselves, but even of hearing that of others. All conversation, therefore, is prohibited when the gates of this silent mansion are once closed upon them. It is presumed, that there never was another institution of this character for the female religious, under any regulation, or in any jurisdiction of the church of Rome.

'The independent nunneries here have

but moderate revenues; and the poorer ones are maintained by the ingenious industry of their inhabitants in making artificial flowers, which they do with great taste and imitative power. They also excel in preserving fruits, and various branches of confectionery.'

The Portuguese ladies of Madeira very seldom walk out but to attend their devotions: when they visit one another, it is usually in a palanquin. Its only furniture is a cushion, with a silk or chintz curtain. But,—

'The palanquin, which is the common conveyance of the town, is too weighty to be carried with equal ease over the rugged unequal roads, that form the communication from one part of the country to the other. For this purpose a hammock is employed, made of strong net-work, fastened at each end to a considerable length of bamboo, which is capable of bearing such a weight as the design intends to express. In this way the country parties are formed; nor is sleep refused in the passage, to which the posture is peculiarly inviting; the gentlemen also frequently prefer it to riding. Porters follow the hammocks with the necessary baggage.

'The travelling bearers of these machines possess not only the strength adequate to the load, but display all the agility which the unequal surface of the roads requires, as well as a curious expertise in shifting the bamboo from one shoulder to the other, in order to relieve themselves, without any risk to the persons whom they carry, or causing the least apprehension for their security. Indeed, accidents of any kind are altogether unheard of in this mode of travelling.'

To what we have already said in praise of this work, we shall add nothing further than recommending it as a necessary and elegant appendage to every good library.

A Supplement to the Pharmacopœia; being a Treatise on Pharmacology in general: including not only the Drugs and Compounds which are used by Practitioners of Medicine, but also those which are sold by Chemists, Druggists, &c. for other purposes. Together with a Collection of the most useful Medical Formule; an Explanation of the Contractions used by Physicians, &c. &c. &c. A New and improved Edition, considerably enlarged. By Samuel Frederick Gray, Lecturer on the Materia Medica, &c. 8vo, pp. 480. London, 1821.

This work, though under the modest title of a 'Supplement' to the Pharmacopœia, is of more general and extensive utility than the Pharmacopœia it-

self. Its object, says Mr. Gray in his preface, 'is to give a concise account of the actual state of our knowledge of drugs in general, using that term in its most extensive signification, as including not only those natural substances and compounds which are employed by physicians or private practitioners in the practice of medicine, but those other substances and compounds which, from their analogy to these, are usually sold by the same retailers as sell medicines for the purpose of being used as dyes, paints, perfumes, cosmetics, liqueurs, &c.; and upon this account the work appears under the title of 'Supplement to the Pharmacopœia,' as that book contains only the medicines which are at present most generally used by the physicians of London and its environs. Still, however, the medicines form the greater bulk of the work.'

We shall not follow the author in his division of medicines into *empirica*, *officials*, and *nostrums*; but on this point shall merely observe, that the subjects of the volume are all systematically and scientifically arranged, and so accompanied with explanations as to render them easily understood by those who are out of the profession; and though no medical student should be without this supplement, yet Mr. Gray contemplated a more extensive field of usefulness than merely writing for the initiated.

In addition to the many thousand recipes which the work contains, including almost every species of compound, infusions, decoctions, emulsions, syrups, varnishes, tinctures, powders, pills, plasters, patent medicines, &c. &c. &c. there is a variety of other useful information, 'too tedious to mention.' The last branch of the work is by no means the least interesting: it contains an account of apparatus and materials for a medicine chest; a list of the contractions used by physicians and druggists; the college list of medicines, with the usual doses in which they are administered; and a list of native British plants, arranged according to the use to which they are applied.—From a volume which embraces a field so ample, we shall content ourselves with one extract, for the benefit of our botanical readers. It is directions for preparing dried plants for a *herbarium siccum*:—

'The plants being laid down in their natural position as far as possible, upon some sheets of blotting paper, are then to be covered with two or more sheets of the

same, and a board being laid upon the whole, to prevent the leaves, &c. from curling up, weights are put upon the board, and the whole exposed to the air in a dry place. If the stalks or other parts of the plants are very thick, the lower part may be pared, so as to lay the whole as flat as possible. The paper should be changed every two or three days, and the weights increased until the plants are thoroughly dry. A number of plants may be submitted to the same press at once, placed one upon another, with two or three sheets of blotting paper between them.

'A still better way is to have a box the size of a sheet of paper, and about nine inches or a foot deep, then strew some sand about an inch thick at the bottom, over which place a sheet of blotting paper, and upon this, as many of the plants as will conveniently lie upon it, carefully expanding and smoothing them; then put a sheet of blotting paper over them, and the thickness of about half an inch of sand, upon which another sheet of paper, another layer of plants, paper, and sand may be placed, thus continuing till the stock of plants is exhausted, or the box filled, observing to have a layer of sand at the top; the box is then to be put into a dry airy place, or near a common fire, till the drying is complete; when the plants are dried, they may either be pasted down on sheets of paper, or otherwise fastened by thread, or slips of paper pasted through slits in the sheet.

'Instead of flattening the plants for the purpose of placing them in books, they are sometimes dried in their natural form, by suspending them in a tin-box of sufficient depth, then carefully filling the box with sand, and placing it in a warm dry place for a few days; after which the sand is to be taken out carefully, and the dry plants may be either made into nosegays and covered with a glass case, or stuck in pots, and scented with a few drops of a proper essential oil; even mushrooms may be dried under sand in a similar manner. The sand should be rather coarse, that the moisture may breathe out the more freely.'

Mr. Gray's preface, which is by no means the least interesting part of his work, contains a retrospective view of the medical profession, with some judicious reflections on the inutility of the late Apothecaries' Act. With a strong feeling in favour of the profession, he points out the fatuity of attempting to protect or even assist it by severe enactments, which do not prevent empiricism, and often oppress deserving individuals. On this subject we perfectly agree with him in the following remarks:—

'But in respect to the cant, for no other name can be given to it, of the danger of permitting home-bred and even unlearned empirics to practise medicine, it may

be remarked, that as the higher classes of society require their usual medical adviser to possess their manners, so do the lowest; and although the poor may accept of the advice and medicines given them by practitioners who rank above them in society, yet they do it with a latent suspicion that they are made the subjects of experiments, and never cordially bestow their confidence but upon those of their own rank; nor is this peculiar to the poor in civil life, for Hamilton, in his *Regimental Surgeon*, mentions the reluctance with which soldiers report themselves sick, and accept the proffered aid of their medical officers, choosing rather to purchase medicines out of their scanty allowance, and follow empirical advice, until overpowered by disease, and no longer able to conceal it.

As to the power of suppressing home-bred or even unlearned empirics altogether, the trouble and expense of lawsuit, and the obloquy that attends those who attempt to deprive a man of the fruits of his industry and skill through the want of technical formalities, are so great, that it is only the strongest stimulus of personal enmity, or a feeling that their own interest is deeply involved in getting rid of a more popular neighbour, that would originate a prosecution; hence, while the grossest ignorance and real unskillfulness would escape, by being clothed in the garb of poverty, especially considering the facility with which the poor slip from the fangs of the law by changing their residence, as it would never be worth while in such a case to hunt them out, even if it were possible, it is only the active and intelligent practitioner, like Sutton the inoculator, that would be prosecuted, because by his neighbourhood all *old* could be prosecuted or injured, or from him *else* could they look for a reimbursement of any portion of the expenses that must be incurred; and here the protection would, as in Sutton's case, have to counter every discouragement that could be put upon the affair, and have to fight their way through all the mazes and intricacies that the law could interpose, with a court and jury decidedly hostile to their claim, and requiring the most positive enactments and evidence in their favour; and the want of success in any lawsuit, or even the expenses of three or four, if so many were required, although they were successful, would outweigh any possible injury that could arise from letting the matter rest as it was.

Moreover, as to the real justice of attempting the forcible suppression of empirics, however mortifying it must be to the pride of the philosopher or the intense labours of the scholar, truth will oblige the historian of the practice of medicine to confess, with a sigh over the vanity of human learning, that our choicest remedies, and our most approved modes of cure, are generally, if not universally, derived from empirics, and those whom unlearned; and that, however the meth-

dicts have laboured to explain the modes of action, and the reasons for the effects produced, they have done little or nothing towards the improvement of the practice.

Again,—

'The real enemies of the fair practitioner, whether empiric or methodic, are those persons generally educated in what is called the regular method, who, disdaining the slow and gradual progress of industry and attention to business, endeavour to trample down their brethren, and thrust themselves forward to public notice in advertisements, under real or fictitious names and titles, and thus make a great noise in the world, although, from the heavy expense of advertising, it is doubtful whether they really get as much money as they might obtain by pursuing the usual course; and still more those persons who, impelled by a commercial rather than a philosophic spirit, become nostrum-mongers, and frequently, in defiance of their better knowledge, recommend, in pompous terms, some inert or dangerous medicine to the notice of the sick, and thus encourage them to practise upon themselves. The most hazardous of all experiments, to which the rash trials of the most ignorant village empiric, who derives the whole of his book-learning from a well-thumbed copy of some old black-letter herbal, are comparatively safe; since, in the latter case, there is some chance that his experience may enable him to perceive his error in time to retrieve it, and at the worst a salutary caution would be inculcated, and a repetition of the trial avoided.

The true method of combating this is not by soliciting harsh penal laws against practitioners who have not studied at certain schools, or who have not been devoted to medicine by their parents. For as the sick, disregarding the existing differences between the several ranks of the medical profession, will solicit the advice of those persons in whose knowledge they place confidence, the attempt only leads both practitioners and patients to invent modes of evasion, and widens the breach between the different branches of the profession. It would be better to throw the portals of the college and the medical schools wider open, and by rendering instruction cheap, invite the poorest descendant of Apollo and Esculapius to join the aids of science to his long-cherished secrets, and seat himself among his more fortunate brethren. Unless this be done, the only method is to let things take their own course, and rest content with simply securing their proper distinctions to those who have gone through the trouble of obtaining them, and, on the other hand, bestowing these distinctions only on those who merit them, leaving the sick and their friends perfectly at liberty to search for relief wherever they think it most likely to be found; thus creating an honourable competition and rivalry, instead of that continual bickering which at present per-

vades the different branches of the medical profession, as they may be well assured that the mass of mankind are not so blind as to be incapable of judging in a matter that so nearly concerns them as their health, or so inattentive to their own interest, as not to prefer those practitioners whose success in practice shall attest their skill.'

We shall say nothing further in praise of this work, to what we stated at the commencement of our review; the rapidity with which the first edition was sold, is a proof that our opinion respecting its merits is that of the public; it is, however, but justice to observe, that the second edition has been considerably improved.

Original Communications.

CRITIQUE ON

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S REMARKS
ON NOVELISTS AND DRAMATISTS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

THERE is a phenomenon, which has long been observed to take place in our literary system, and the observation has been so repeatedly confirmed by experience, that we are fully justified in accounting it an effect of the pre-established order of things, rather than an occurrence of a casual nature. It is this: the failure of the novelist in the drama. Though I had frequently observed this in the course of my reading, yet I never considered it in the light of a general law of our nature, till I saw it proposed as such by an eminent author, in an extract taken from his edition of the Novelist's Library, which appeared in No. 121 of the *Literary Chronicle*. To account for this phenomenon, i. e. to show, why from the condition and nature of the human mind, a novelist should most probably fail in drama, is an undertaking which may afford both instruction and amusement, as it introduces speculative philosophy into an agreeable subject. I would, therefore, beg the assistance of any correspondent whose taste may lie in such investigations, if he thinks he can either point out or correct any error in what I shall propose to his examination, or throw any new light on it by way of illustration or addition. I would gladly, by proposing such questions to the consideration of young essayists, induce them to give a little of their attention to such speculations, so that they might learn to combine reflection with imagination, to be more solicitous about their thoughts than is the custom of the present race of polite

authors, who are such thorough Dellacrusians in the choice of their language, that they have engaged the whole nation in the same pursuit, and diverted our minds from the search of knowledge; for we have come to pay such a slavish obedience to the equipage of a glittering phraseology, though containing no real authority within, that we are rather servants of a verbal despotism, than freemen of an intellectual commonwealth; and while we follow the pageantry of the former, desert the advancements of the latter. But to return to our subject.

It will first be necessary, as the account given of this phenomenon by the above author might seem to render this investigation superfluous, to state my objections to his solution. The editor of the Novelist's Library is an author and a critic so justly celebrated, that it is with some diffidence I venture, even in the cause of truth, to dissent from his opinions; but in such a cause, we are recommended even to confront the devil to his beard, and, therefore, (not meaning any particular similitude) why not face a mortal? My first objection, then, is that he has treated this subject poetically, and not philosophically, as it demanded.

I am always sorry when I see a philosophical question treated poetically, and that for two reasons; first, because there is little doubt, but that if the author chose to exert what he has of reasoning faculty (and some, I contend; he must have to be a *real poet*) in the investigation of the true answer, without incurring and obscuring it with the technical imagery and phrase of his profession, he would find it out at the last; and, secondly, because by the same means he not only deceives himself, but his readers also; who, receiving his *dicta* as if they flowed from an inspired tongue, though all the time they may be little better than so many lying oracles, are convinced by a specious reasoning, though without any satisfactory perception of its conclusiveness; and when they quit the subject, (if, indeed, they have any notion at all of what they were engaged in,) it is either totally erroneous, or vague and indeterminate at best.

The solution given of the above question, by the editor of the Novelist's Library, is an instance of this. His reasoning is so enveloped in poetical language, and his arguments so disjointed, and scattered in such graceful negligence over the face of his pages, so mingled and metaphorical, that I

defy him to be satisfied of their conclusiveness himself, much less to conceive them satisfactory to others. I am no enemy to the application of poetical language to abstract subjects under proper regulations.—say, I think the combination of poetical language and strict argument, such as is seen in the works of my Lord Verulam, necessary to the perfect consummation of philosophy; but not in the way it is here attempted, where the investigation of the question is made a mere stalking-horse for the display of the splendid trappings of written rhetoric. I am not so dry a school-man either, that I can relish nothing but rigorous argumentation; let the subject run the poet's gauntlet through all the flowers and confusion of images he chooses, but if it be a philosophical one, let him treat it also in philosophical language, that our reason may be satisfied, as well as our fancy titillated; he is an impotent trifler else.

However, let us extract his arguments as well as we can from the confusion in which they lie, and examine both them and the theory founded upon them. The editor had, most probably, a vague notion of the true solution of the question, and has accordingly made use of two or three expressions, which seem to touch upon it, but all the arguments I can collect, which he lays any stress upon, are three; which, stripped of the imposing vestures in which he has clothed them, and exhibited in their naked strength, are, in substance, as follows:—The powers of description and narration are essential to a novelist; therefore, unfit him for the drama. The chief talent of a novelist lies in addressing the imagination, therefore he is unfit for the drama. The dramatist is copartner with the actor in the production of his work, the novelist stands alone, therefore the latter is unfit for the drama. These include, as far as I can see, the whole of the editor's arguments upon the subject, and I assure my reader, however he may have felt when he perused the original from whence they are taken, what with my own stupidity and their obscurity, I found not a little difficulty in making out even these; it was like a blind man in a labyrinth, who has not only the intricacies of the place to contend with in finding the proper clues, but his own incapacity. However, now we have them, let us see what they are.

The most unfortunate predicament in which an argument can stand is,

1st, when it is false; 2nd, when, though true, it is nothing to the purpose for which it was intended; and, 3rd, when it not only proves nothing to the purpose, but proves the very opposite to that which it was brought to prove. This is certainly the most lamentable predicament which the perverse influence of the stars could possibly invent to hamper an argumentator; a man who has fallen into a dilemma, may be likened to one in a company of *sealers*, but a man bringing an argument to defeat himself, commits nothing short of a logical suicide.

Now, in such a predicament do I conceive the above three arguments to stand, precisely. I think a little consideration will show us that they are every one of them false, either in their premises or their conclusion; that they are inconclusive, and nothing to the question in hand; and, moreover, that they are contra-conclusive, if I may use that word to express a mode of reasoning, which proves the very opposite to that which was intended by it. If I can do this, I shall look upon myself as having performed a real service to the cause of polite literature, for it will show us the necessity of introducing a little more accuracy into our reasonings upon this species of writing, when we see a man of such genius and abilities as the editor fall into these egregious mistakes through neglect of it.

1st. They are false. It by no means follows, that because the powers of description and narration are essential to a novelist, they unfit him for the drama. This would be to say, that to be a dramatist, you must want these faculties; which, few who have read Shakespeare, will be ready to admit; Dover cliff and Othello's defence are instances of description and narration, not to speak of numberless others in that immortal author, which are set in the very gap of such an admission. Few who have read Ivanhoe, with all their reverence for the author, will allow descriptive and narrative powers to be incompatible with dramatical; look at the Tournament, Rebecca's account of the Siege, and the dramatical dialogues of the Outlaws, scarcely inferior to those of divine Shakespeare, and who will dare to say, the eloquent editor is not himself the overthrow of his own assertion? no one will attempt thus to unfit the triple crown, whereby he is stamped the present sovereign of our literary dominions, which yet must be done if we allow this critical argument

of his to be conclusive. We must, positively, either unlure him or convict him of a false argument; many voices would be required to effect the former; for the latter, I am satisfied with his own. The truth is, there is nothing in the descriptive faculty, taken generally, repulsive of the dramatical; and, unless this can be shewn, it is no argument because the novelist possesses one more faculty than is absolutely requisite to fit him for a dramatist, that he is therefore unfit; and in like manner of the narrative power. But it will be said, the editor does not assert that the power of description is incompatible with the dramatical; it is the perpetual tendency towards description which is essential to a novelist, that he asserts to be injurious to the dramatist.

The answer to this objection is contained in the proof of the falsity of his second argument, which, if it means any thing different from the first, means this: a novelist's chief talent lies in addressing the imagination, or, in other words, a perpetual use of description and narration are essential to a novelist, and, therefore, unfit him for the execution of a work where little of either is admissible. Now, in order to see whether this argument be true or false, let us first understand the precise meaning of the words contained in it; and first of description. Does he mean *scenic* description or description of *acts*? If the former, I take it upon myself to prove, that his assertion of this kind of description being essential to a novel, is, in matter of fact, not true. Of the six great novelists, Fielding, Richardson, Smollet, Le Sage, Cervantes, and Scott, the four first are not at all remarkable for their skill in scenic description, or their tendency to address the imagination by it; if the latter, I do not see how the ability to imagine acts and describe them for a novel, can be brought to prove the inability to imagine acts and develop them for the stage. So that thus far his argument appears to me to be false, either in its premise or its conclusion, according as he means scenic description or description of acts.

We must now distinguish narration from description. Narration is the telling *what*, description, the telling *how*, things were seen or done. Narration, in both these provinces, is certainly essential to a novel, and is mostly out of place in a drama; whether the conclusion drawn from these premises by the editor, viz. that the habit

of narrating renders a novelist unfit for the drama, be true or not, remains to be considered. Now, so far from the habit of narrating having this effect, in my opinion, it has just the opposite tendency. For, the narrator must have a complete idea of, and acquaintance with, his personages, and the things seen and done by them, before he can tell of them; hence one would be apt to conclude that this perfect knowledge must assist him greatly, if he chose to introduce them on the stage, performing what he can describe so well. In order that a habit of doing one thing should render the doing another difficult, these two things must be of the same kind; thus, as the editor says, the artist who has dedicated himself to the use of water-colours in painting, renders the attainment of excellence in oils more difficult than it would otherwise have been; but, as poetry and shoe-making, for instance, have little in common, there is no reason but that a poet might make a very tolerable shoe-maker if it had first come in his way. But if together, with being of the same kind, the qualities requisite to effect the one, are all to be found in those necessary for the other, the habit of doing the latter, can cause no difficulty in the former, unless the supernumerary qualities forbid it, which the editor has failed in showing to be the case in the writing of a novel and a drama. In fact, it requires some ingenuity to show how, from the vivacity of a novelist's imagination, whereby he is able so clearly to portray his characters, that they shall be conceived by his readers without the help of any material representative, he becomes unfitted to exhibit them when he has this assistance.

The editor's third argument is drawn from the copartnership of the dramatist and the actor. The dramatist has 'to fit his sentiments, actions, &c. to real persons, not to ideal, as the novelist'; this is his third foundation for concluding a novelist to be unfit for the drama. First let us examine this foundation; and then see how the conclusion bottoms itself upon it. And here the learned editor seems to me to mislead himself by the words 'real and ideal.' To make his assertion, that a dramatist has to fit his sentiments, &c. to real persons; true, a real person must receive a character which is possible to be, or to exist in some real capacity, and cannot at all mean what the editor supposes it to mean, viz. Kemble or Siddons. So that it is here evident he

mistakes *real* for *living*. In a very few instances, and with a very few characters, a dramatist may have written expressly for a particular actor, but I cannot persuade myself to believe that any one ever consulted the muster-roll of the green-room, and adapted his sentiments, &c. to all the performers, from the king to the foot-boy. This being understood, it follows that the dramatist is limited to put together such ideas as might be conceived really to exist in *rerum natura*; whilst the novelist is not specifically so restrained; but who could ever conclude from this, that a novelist cannot write a drama? it is a new kind of logic which proves that, because one object may be more difficult to be obtained than another, the former is, therefore, unattainable by him who has attained the latter. I would ask the editor also, what does this argument of the difficulty of suiting sentiments to real persons, even supposing that real means some particular living persons, put in the way of a novelist, more than of any other literary profession? How does it exclude a novelist from the drama, more than a parliament orator or a poetical parson? Here I am again met with the old answer of habit: but the habit of drawing ideal characters can have nothing to do with increasing the difficulty of drawing real ones, unless the former be all chimerical, and merely fantastical; if they be not wholly out of nature, this practice, instead of increasing, must diminish the difficulty. Were it shewn that the drawing of real characters and ideal, required opposite and repulsive qualifications, there indeed would the argument be conclusive, but till that be done, it is puerile and nugatory, and no more proves a novelist no dramatist, than it does a crocodile no hypocrite.

2nd. These arguments, even supposing them true, are nothing to the purpose. For they all, o to prove that a novelist cannot write an *acting* drama. Now, this has nothing at all to do with the question under consideration. The true question is the phenomenon of a novelist's failure in the composition of a *reading* dramatical. Fielding's, Smollet's, Le Sage's plays are all bad in the closet, and this is the phenomenon to be accounted for. It is no more a phenomenon that Fielding wrote a bad acting play, than that Milton did; but it is a phenomenon that a novelist, who possesses so many qualifications for the drama, should, at the same time, be the author of an ex-

cellent novel, and an utterly bad play, without a single trace that would lead us to suppose the existence of such qualifications in a writer we yet know to possess them. Milton possessed as many qualifications for the drama as ever Fielding did, and yet his *Comus* or *Sampson* is no phenomenon, though not tolerable in the performance; and why? simply because they are inspired, though more faintly, by the same breath that blew such tremendous blasts through the vaults of hell; that filled such a clangorous tribe in the battle of the Angels, whose echoes were nursed to that terrible night in the grottoes of Sabrina, and whose thunder began its roll even at the gates of Gaza. Had Fielding written a good reading play, had it been ever so full of description and narration, so as they partook of the same excellence we see in his *Jones* or his *Andrews*, their inaptitude for the stage would never have caused any surprise, nor have given this occasion to the editor, of sending his philosophy a-begging to his poetry. And that this is the true question, further appears from the editor's own expressions when proposing it, where he speaks of 'the dullness which pervades Fielding's plays, &c.' plainly alluding to the reading, and not to the acting of them. Moreover, a good acting play depends on a certain choice of effective points and attitudes, beside an adaptation to the humour of the audience, in which it is no more a phenomenon that a novelist should fail, than a preacher-monkey in the conversion of a Jew; the choice of such circumstances being as much out of the line of the former, as salvation is out of the power of the latter, at least of such of them as have tails, and no caucuses to hide them. It is more than probable that Sophocles himself would not please an English audience; Racine or Voltaire certainly would not; hence, then, there is nothing strange in Fielding's or Smollet's failure; as certainly neither of them had more of what we call abstract dramatical genius, than the three above-mentioned.

3rd. I am to prove these three arguments contra-conclusive, that is, that the conclusion rightly following from their premises, is the very opposite to that which the editor proposed to draw from them. And here I cannot help noticing my surprise, that the learned editor did not see that he was, all the time the pseudo-philosophizing fit was on him; labouring to prove the *converse* of the question only, and not the ques-

tion itself; by heaping up all those difficulties on the side of a novel, instead of proving that a novelist would probably fail in the drama, he proves only that a dramatist would fail in a novel. For, the whole scope of his argument lies in showing that there are certain faculties, descriptive and imaginative, which are essential to a novelist, and a certain freedom and boundlessness in the draughts of his pencil much beyond the laborious and artificial touching requisite for a true copy of original life, the drama being, according to him, a mere mimicry of the acts of real persons. From all these, the only conclusion which can be fairly drawn is, that a person may write a very good play, and yet fail in a novel. Yet they do not even this completely, but contingently; for this founding conclusion can be drawn only when the dramatist happens to want these faculties, which I have shewn, is by no means a matter of necessity, or when, by a habit of contracting his powers to the delineation of real persons, he has cramped or clipped the wings of his fancy.

But this is not all; these arguments not only prove the converse, but the reverse, the very opposite of what they were brought to uphold. For they prove that a novelist must possess all the qualities of a dramatist at least, whatever he may have of his own, over and above. The novelist, to describe and narrate, must have a full and perfect knowledge of his characters, and unless they are mere chimeras, must have frequent practice in drawing after life; all which are so many proofs, of what the editor would as soon see them prove, as an Athanasian would see his reason, proving that three was not one, viz. the very contrary to what he believes.

CALAMUS.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TYTLER'S ELEMENTS OF GENERAL HISTORY. MARSHAL BRUNE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Wishing a young friend, who has but little patience or application, to be acquainted with the outlines of general history, I procured for her Mr. Tytler's *Elements of General History*, on the merits of which the public has stamped the seal of approbation; its popularity is merited in many respects, and I dare say the first edition runs free from many errors to be found in the seventh. I do not know in what year the first appeared, but cer-

tain it is, that the fate of Europe has undergone considerable changes since, without the publishers giving themselves any trouble to make the necessary alterations to exhibit the present state of either political or social Europe, save in a chronological table, full of inaccuracies. I will point out the most important, because it is connected with an event, or rather a series of events, which will probably influence the future destinies of France. It is stated, anno 1815, 'Marshal Brune shot himself, at Avignon.' It is presenting falsehood in its most cruel shape, to accuse a man of suicide in a work destined for posterity, who was basely assassinated by an infuriated mob of royalists, his body hacked in pieces, dragged through the streets amidst the triumphant yells of those demons, and then thrown into the Rhone; these facts, Sir, are known to all Europe, save the editor of the seventh edition of Tytler's *Elements of General History*.

The marshal's widow has sued in vain for justice on the known assassins of her husband, but their protectors are too near the throne for them to fear punishment. What was the crime of Marshal Brune? he had defeated the Duke of York at the Helder; he had always served his country with glory, but, alas, he was weak enough and wicked enough to admire the Emperor Napoleon! hence his fate*.

I am, &c. Z.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHARISEES

'This is the excellent foppery of the world!'
LEAR.

Through all the various periods of history, no persons have made themselves so injurious yet so successful in society, as the Pharisees; as if hypocrisy were as essential to existence as the vital air, and ceremonial rites equal to the true devotion of the heart. There were, in ancient days, seven sorts of Pharisees, and, at this enlightened time, they might be increased, without deviating from truth, to seventy! But as this calculation would be more tedious than instructive, let a few instances be sufficient for the present purpose and opinion, formed from individual contrast. The first sort of the ancient Pharisees was *Phariseus Sichemeta*: he turned Pharisee for gain, and was, therefore, like the Sichemites, more eligible to derive ceremonial advan-

* For an authentic account of the murder of Marshal Brune, see *Literary Chronicle*, No. 66.—Ed.

tages from a compliance with the Jewish law. This Pharisee has descended legitimately through every generation, and 'increased and multiplied' a thousand fold. He is to be found as the main pillar of the church, chapel, and meeting-house; and his principle being formed to gain, he always finds his interest increase in proportion to the apparent substance of his principle. He sacrifices every other object to promote his interest, seeing 'that in godliness there is great gain.'

The second was called *Phariseus Truacatus*, as if he had no feet, because he would scarcely lift them from the ground when he walked, to cause the greater opinion of his meditation. How frequently this character is recognized under a clerical hat, a broad-brim, a silk bonnet, and even the nodding plume. He is often present at the grave of a rich relative, and, like Richard, the Duke of Gloster, with the Bible in his hands, on the eve of a destructive enterprise. When the eye of observation is turned towards him, his external deportment is strikingly expressive of what ought to be his real meditation.

The third is *Phariseus Impingens*, because he would shut his eyes when he walked abroad, to avoid the sight of women, inasmuch, that he dashed his head against the walls, that the blood gushed out!! I know of none who represent this modestly unnatural stoicism so well as the immaculate scholars of Brazen-nose College. And yet there is a great deal of dashing of brainless puppies and unmeaning loggerheads, against the populous walls, but, principally, to avoid their wives and mothers-in-law.

The fourth, *Phariseus quid debro facere, et facium illud*; for he was used to say, 'What ought I to do? and I will do it.' The man in the gospel seems to have been identified here, who came to Christ, saying, 'Good master! what shall I do?' and at last replied, 'All these have I done from my youth up.' It may be observed, that too many ask with their lips what they ought to do, when on the sickly couch or overwhelmed in woe; but the performance of their good deeds seldom or never comes. And how many christian professors walk in the courts of religion year after year, even till their dying day, yet never exercise the virtues of christianity, nor disseminate one iota of that benevolence and reward, of which they have partaken large a share.

The fifth, *Phariseus Mortarius*—he was so called, because he wore a hat something like a deep mortar, such as is used to pound spice in, inasmuch that he could not look up, nor on either side, only downward on the ground, and straight forward. What sublime rejection of the world, and its beauties and deformities! What an admirable character for a godfather! He was, surely, the highest of the pharisaical coterie. Let us imagine a dozen such as this mortar-headed christian, occupying their wonted space in Broad Street or the Mall, in a sunny afternoon; see what crowds of the contrasted rotaries of pleasure would surround them. This antique novelty would certainly give life to a new race in the haunt-ton. Qy. But are not the various of the dandyan exquisites, of the mortar order?

The sixth, *Phariseus ex amore*, such a one as obeyed the law for the love of virtue. Of this class our country can most unequivocally boast; and our kings, queens, princes, dukes, prelates, and advocates, have been prime ornaments of their literal descent; not to select particularly those for whom we are bound in our sanctuaries to pray.

The seventh, *Phariseus ex timore*—because he obeyed the law for fear of punishment. He that conformed for fear, had respect chiefly to the negative commandments; but he that conformed for love, especially respected the affirmative. Most of the Pharisees of this country conform to what is called law, and are so apprehensive of punishment, that they contribute annually to the supporting of military idlers, merely to shoulder arms and fix bayonets now and then, to keep their own turbulent spirits in order; for John Bull's enthusiasm is so strong in the support of liberty, that he is ever talking of her name, and comparatively never enjoying her society. CANTAB.

THE SHAH NEMEH OF FERDOSI. To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SER.—In answer to one of the inquiries made by a correspondent in your last number, I beg to state for his information, that the Persian-Hind, the Shah Nemeh of Ferdosi, has been translated into English verse. It was published in the year 1790, by Cadell, under the title of "Poems by Ferdosi, translated from the Persian, by Joseph Champion, Esq." It is now many years since I read the work, but, so far

as my recollection assists me, its merits were not such as to render a new translation, if executed with spirit, unacceptable to the public.

Sept. 23. I am, &c. &c. X.

COOKE'S FOLLY.

On the summit of St. Vincent's rocks, in the neighbourhood of Clifton, looking on the Avon, as it rolls its lazy course towards the Bristol Channel, stands an edifice, known by the name of 'Cooke's Folly.' It consists of a single round tower, and appears at a distance rather as the remnant of some extensive building than a complete and perfect edifice, as it now exists. It was built more than two centuries ago, by a man named Maurice Cooke—not indeed as a strong hold from the arms of a mortal enemy, but as a refuge from the evils of destiny. He was the proprietor of extensive estates in the neighbourhood; and while his lady was pregnant with her first child, as she was one evening walking in their domain, she encountered a strange-looking gipsy, who, pestering her for alms, received but a small sum. The man turned over the coin in his hand, and implored a larger gift. 'That,' said the lady, 'will buy you food for the present.'

'Lady,' said the man, 'it is not food for this wretched body I require; the herbs of the field and the waters of the ditch are good enough for that. I asked your alms for higher purposes. Do not distrust me if my bearing be prouder than my garments; do not doubt the strength of my sunken eye, when I tell you that I can read the skies as they relate the fates of men. Not more familiar is his horn-book to the scholar than are the heavens to my knowledge.'

'What, thou art an astrologer!' 'Aye, lady! my fathers were so before me, even in the times when our people had a home amidst the pyramids of the mighty—in the times when you are told the mightier prophets of the Israelites put the soothsayers of Egypt to confusion; idle tales! but if true, all reckless now. Judah's scattered sons are now destitute as ourselves; but they bend and bow to the laws and ways of other lands—we remain in the stern steadfastness of our own.'—'If, then, I give thee more money, how will it be applied?'—'That is not a courteous question, but I'll answer it. The most cunning craftsman cannot work without his tools, and some of mine are broken, which I seek to re-

pair—another crown will be enough.' The lady put the required sum in his hand, and, at the same time, intimated her desire of having a specimen of his art. 'Oh! to what purpose should that be? Why, why seek to know the course of futurity?—Destiny runs on in a sweeping and resistless tide. Inquire not what rocks await your bark: the knowledge cannot avail you, for caution is useless against stern necessity.'—'Truly, you are not likely to get rich by your trade, if you thus deter customers.'—'It is not for wealth I labour. I am alone on earth, and have none to love. I will not mix with the world, lest I should learn to hate. This present is nothing to me. It is in communion with the spirits who have lived in the times that are past, and with the stars, those historians of the times to come, that I feel ought of joy. Fools sometimes demand the exertions of my powers, and sometimes I gratify their childish curiosity.'—'Notwithstanding I lie under the imputation of folly, I beg that you will predict unto me the fate of the child which I shall bear.'—'Well, you have obliged me, and I will comply. Note the precise moment at which it enters the world, and soon after you shall see me again.' Within a week the birth of an heir awoke the clamorous joy of the vassals, and summoned the strange gipsy to ascertain the necessary points. These learnt, he returned home; and the next day presented Sir Maurice with a scroll, containing the following words:—

'Twenty times shall Avon's tide
In chains of glistering ice be tied—
Twenty times the woods of Leigh
Shall wave their branches merrily,
In spring burst forth in mantle gay,
And dance in summer's scorching ray:
Twenty times shall Autumn's frown
Wither all their green to brown—
And still the child of yesterday
Shall laugh the happy hours away.
That period past, another sun
Shall not his annual journey run,
Before a secret silent foe
Shall strike that boy a deadly blow.
Such and sure his fate shall be:
Seek not to change his destiny.'

The knight read it; and in that age, when astrology was considered a science as unerring as holy prophecies, it would have been little less than infidelity to have doubted the truth of the prediction. Sir Maurice, however, was wise enough to withhold the paper from his lady, and in answer to her inquiries, continually asserted that the gipsy was an impostor, and that the object of his assuming the character of

an astrologer was merely to increase her alms. The child grew in health and beauty; and as we are most usually the more strongly attached to pleasures in proportion to the brevity of their continuance, so did the melancholy fate of his son more firmly fix him in the heart of Sir Maurice. Often did the wondering lady observe the countenance of her husband with surprise, as watching the endearing sportiveness of the boy, his countenance, at first brightened by the smile of paternal love, gradually darkened to the deepest grief, till, unable to suppress his tears, he would cover the child with caresses, and rush from the room. To all inquiries Sir Maurice was silent, or returned evasive answers. We shall pass over the infancy of young Walter, and resume the narrative at the period in which he entered into his twentieth year. His mother was now dead, and had left two other children, both girls, who, however, shared little of their father's love, which was almost exclusively fixed on Walter, and appeared to increase in strength as the fatal time grew near.

It is not to be supposed that he took no precautions against the predicted event. Sometimes hopes suggested that a mistake might have been made in the horoscope, or that the astrologer might have overlooked some sign which made the circumstance conditional; and in union with the latter idea he determined to erect a strong building, where, during the year in which his doom was to be consummated, Walter might remain in solitude. He accordingly gave directions for raising a single tower, peculiarly formed, to prevent ingress, except by permission of its inhabitants.—The purpose of this strange building, however, he kept secret; and his neighbours, after numerous vain conjectures, gave it the name of 'Cooke's Folly.' Walter himself was kept entirely ignorant on the subject, and all his inquiries were answered with tears. At length, the tower was completed, and furnished with all things necessary for comfort and convenience; and on the eve of Walter's completing his twentieth year, Sir Maurice showed him the gipsy's scroll, and intreated him to make use of the retreat prepared for him till the year expired. Walter at first treated the matter lightly, laughed at the prophecy, and declared he would not lose a year's liberty if all the astrologers in the world were to croak their ridiculous prophecies against him. See-

ing, however, his father so earnestly bent on the matter, his resolution began to give way, and at length he consented to the arrangement. At six, the following morning, therefore, Walter entered the tower, which he fastened within as strongly as iron bars would admit, and which was secured outside in a manner equally firm. He took possession of his voluntary prison with melancholy feelings, rather occasioned by the loss of present pleasure than the fear of future pain. He sighed as he looked upon the wide domain before him, and thought how sad would it be to hear the joyous horn summoning his companions to the chase, and find himself prevented from attending it—to hear the winter wind howling round his tower, and rushing between the rocks beneath him, and miss the cheerful song and merry jest, which were wont to make even the blast a pleasant sound. Certainly his time passed as pleasantly as circumstances permitted. He drew up in a basket, at his meal-hours, every luxury which the season produced. His father and sisters daily conversed with him from below, for a considerable time; and the morris dancers often raised his laughter by their grotesque movements. Weeks and months thus passed, and Walter still was well and cheerful. His own and his sister's hopes grew more lively, but Sir Maurice's anxiety increased. The day drew near which was to restore his son to his arms in confident security, or to fulfil the prediction which left him without an heir to his name and honours. On the preceding afternoon Walter continually endeavoured to cheer his parent, by speaking of what he would do on the morrow—desired his sisters to send round to all their friends, that he might stretch his limbs once more in the merry dance—and continued to talk of the future with such confidence, that even Sir Maurice caught a spark of hope from the fiery spirits of the youth. As the night drew on, and his sisters were about to leave him, promising to wake him at six by a song, in answer to their usual inquiry if he wanted any thing more that night, 'nothing,' said he, 'and yet the night feels chilly, and I have little fuel left—send me one more fagot.' This was sent him, and, as he drew it up, 'this,' said he, 'is the last time I shall have to dip for my wants, like old women for their water: thank God! for it's well-time work to the arm.' Sir Maurice still lingered under the window in con-

versation with his son, who, at length, complained of being cold and drowsy. 'Mark!' said he, as he closed the window, 'mark, father, Mars, the star of my fate, looks smilingly to-night,—all will be well.' Sir Maurice looked up—a dark cloud-spot suddenly crossed the planet, and he shuddered at the omen.

The anxious father could not leave the spot. Sleep he knew it was in vain to court, and he therefore determined to remain where he was. The reflections that occupied his mind continually varied:—at one time he painted to himself the proud career of his high-spirited boy, known and admired among the mighty of his time; a moment after he saw the prediction verified, and the child of his love lying in the tomb. Who can conceive his feelings as hour dragged after hour, while he walked to and fro, watching the blaze of the fire in the tower as it brightened and sunk again—now pacing the court with hasty steps, and now praying fervently for the preservation of his son!—The hour came. The cathedral-bell struck heavy on the father's heart, which was not to be lightened by the cheerful voices of his daughters, who came running full of hope to the foot of the tower. They looked up, but Walter was not there;—they called his name—he answered not.—'Nay,' said the youngest, 'this is only a jest; he thinks to frighten us, but I know he is safe.' A servant had brought a ladder, which he ascended, and looked in at the window. Sir Maurice stood immovable and silent—he looked up, and the man answered the anxious expression of his eyes. 'He is asleep,' said he. 'He is dead!' murmured the father.

The servant broke a pane of the window, and opening the casement, entered the room. The father, changing his gloomy steadfastness for frenzied anxiety, rushed up the ladder. The servant had thrown aside the curtains and the clothes, and displayed to the eyes of Sir Maurice his son lying dead—a serpent twisted round his arm—and his throat covered with blood. The reptile had crept from the fagot last sent him, and fulfilled the prophecy.

Original Poetry.

SONNET.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

DEAR SIR,—The following 'Sonnet,' (if worthy to be so called,) was brought forth in an attempt to produce fourteen lines uniform in their terminations; and, although some of the

rhymes will not bear close examination, you may, perhaps, deem the attempt sufficiently curious for insertion in the *Literary Chronicle*.

Your obliged servant, Y. F.
Queen Street, 13th Sept. 1821.

My art, I guess thy malady is love,
For oft I find that gaze is fix'd above,
On twinkling stars, and clouds that idly rove.
In cheerful beauty thro' heaven's blue above!
And oft I find thee in the lonely grove,
Pensive and sad as maimed turtle-dove,
Clothing in melody sweet thoughts, that prove
Some untold passion must thy bosom move!
Oft, too, thou dost the gentle noan reprove,
Praying she will the veil from him remove,
Who blindly round thy heart the snare hath wove;

Yet still thy gaudiest lies unclaim'd.—By Jove!
'Tis I, perchance, should seize the golden glove!
Am I awake? I am; thy speaking eyes approve.

THE RECONCILIATION.

By J. D. NEWMAN.

Emma, brush away that tear,
On thy cheek it shall not linger,
Trace of it must not appear,
Crush the trembler with thy finger;
Let us not occasion woe,
Let us not ally with sorrow,
But that pleasure only know
We can from each other borrow.
Come, my Emma, smooth thy brow,
We perchance are both in error:
On my life it must be so,
When discord holds its court of terror;
Come, my love, and fondly rest,
Where affection true is beating,
On that faithful tender breast
Which can thro' at every meeting.
Let us then no more dispute,
Let thy lip no more be pointing,
On that faithful tender breast
Of lowlier discord—greater doubting!
But for ever let us bow
To the wishes of each other;
On us then will pleasure flow,
O'er us then will gladness hover.

TO —

No kiss! no dear embrace,
Till war's alarm is o'er;
Yet grieve not, soon in holy place
We'll kneel: the priest before
Fair Ariadne shall thy sister be,
So playful, kind, and true,—
Her love shall seem as mine to thee,
Her soft eyes beaming through;
Her voice so soothing—innocent—
Shall seem my inmost vow
To thee, from battle-hove sent,
As link on neck I know.
Her song shall haunt thy dreams,
As some heaven-breathing air,
Till scarce the ravish'd spirit seems
A portioner of care.
When, o'er the sea victorious,
Along the road I see,
With wreaths and garlands glorious,
The maidens all in glee,
To deck with fume's applauding
The victor's throbbing brow;
Full many a bosom gladdening
With joy unknown till now.
Ah! then, while sad and far away,
Where war's red terror low's,
To grace our happy meeting day,
Keep fresh the sweetest flowers!

No kiss, no dear embrace,
Till war's alarm is o'er;
Yet grieve not, soon in holy place
We'll kneel: the priest before. Mac.

THE DEATH OF AGUIRRE*.

DAMNED by the partners of his crimes,
The dark adherents of more prosperous times,
Aguirre the blood-stain'd stands!—besitting
fate!
'Tis just that he should be thus desolate,
Whose only aim, while triumph could be
found,
Was to spread desolating death around!
Ravage his end, and massacre his means,
The tyrant-planner of terrific scenes;
Even now, although the arm of power is fled,
And the stern heart has long lain with the
dead,
Even now, as old tradition wildly tells,
Here the form wanders the freed spirit dwells,
Shrieks in the cave, or thunders in the wood,
Or hovers darkly o'er some ancient food
Which erst it tinctor'd with the victim's
blood!

Girt by strong foes, and left by guilty friends
Who served him but to forward selfish ends,
Aguirre the murderer stands; and one alone
Of all his band—some faithful Marañone,
Shares in the savage terrors of that hour,
When lawless might must crouch to loftier
power:

Bold in his crimes, but in his friendship true,
He dares to die with the sore lord he knew.
Too faithful villain! deep immersed in guilt,
Whose hands are purged with the blood
they've spilt;

Led by an instinct I may not controul,
Must I admire thy loftiness of soul,
Must this one virtue make me half forgot
Dark deeds *New Andalusia* curses yet?

'Llamas,' said the chief, 'why art thou here,
Where there is naught to gain, and all to
fear—'

Thy craven-comrades crouch them to the
king—

Bend thy proud crest—the deed will pardon
bring—

—And leave thee singly to endure the scathe
Of changeful fortune and thy foe-man's wrath!
No! I was true in life, and will in death
Not shrink to yield with thine my latest
breath!

Aguirre feels not, or does not seem to feel
Llamas's love and self devoted zeal,
But from him turns and goes straight way to
seek

His daughter, who, with terror pale and weak,
Awaits the coming of a phrenzied sire,
Who dooms his child to death, but not in ire.
'Say thy prayers, child, for I must see thee
die!'

She looks, and, scarcely conscious, mutters
'why?—'

'Because thou may'st not live to be revild,
And scorn'd hereafter as a traitor's child!'

Vain was the pleading of her eyes,
Vain her bent knee and her imploring sighs:

Paternal tenderness was wholly gone—
There stood Aguirre the murderer alone!

The feelings of the father were forgot,
He thought of pride and of her future lot—

To meet the ready weapons of his foe
With breast as willing; never martyr

* See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 122.

Went with calmer eye or spirit more unban,
To brave an undeserved but glorious punishment!

All hope was gone, and all resistance vain,
Yet did the chieftain's pride its sway maintain:
He would not yield himself, save to the hands
Of one allowed to issue holy commands;
And when the conquerors glorying in their
prize,

Exclaimed, 'behold, Aguirre our captive lies!'
His soul spoke through his eyes of untamed
pride,

While haughtily and briefly he replied,
'Aguirre bows not to slaves so vile as ye,
Though chance for once gives you the mas-
tery!—'

Then came his death-blow!—and the felon-
arm

Then rear'd to work the warrior's latest harm:—
A few hours back, and it had wrought his skill!
However stern, with eager strength and will,
But now it seems to lack the steady power
That used to guide it in the battle hour;
And the first shot scarce wounds the destin'd
one,

Who calmly whispers, 'that was badly done!'
The second fire, more deadly, aim'd more true,
Reaches his heart, 'but this,' he cries, 'will
do!'

And, sinking on the earth, no more remain'd
Of Andalusia's scourge, Aguirre the murder-
stain'd!

J. W. DALRY.

Sept. 17th, 1821.

Fine Arts.

His Majesty, immediately after his coronation, commissioned Sir T. Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, to paint a new portrait of him in his coronation robes, and seated in St. Edward's chair, with the crown of England upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand, as he appeared enthroned in the Abbey. The picture, which is of great magnitude to admit the various concomitants, is already far advanced, and probably will be the most successful from the pencil of the president. It promises far to excel in magnificence and splendour the famous picture of the pope, by the same artist, belonging to his Majesty. When finished, it is the intention of his Majesty to present duplicates of it to various corporation halls in the united kingdom.

It is well known that pictures of any considerable interest are not to be bought, except by mere chance, and at enormous prices. A hundred years ago, the little Correggio, at Dresden, a picture not twelve inches square, was sold for 13,000 gold ducats; and when a certain powerful monarch told the Duke of Tuscany that he would give him 8000 crowns for the *Madonna della Seggiola*, at Florence, the duke replied, that for another such picture, he would give his majesty 80,000. The

small picture of Acteon, belonging to the late Mr. West, and ascribed to Titian, sold for 2000*l.*, while Mr. West refused 10,000*l.* for his own last picture but one.

It is reported that the Royal Academicians have liberally determined to form a collection of the finest works of the old masters, which are to be placed in the painting-room of the Royal Academy, for the improvement of the students.

The Royal Irish Institution has offered a premium of five hundred guineas for the best picture of the landing of his Majesty in Ireland.

The celebrated painting of Moses touching the Rock, by Murillo, which is placed in one of the hospitals in Seville, is likely to be transferred to this country: the enormous sum of four thousand guineas having been offered for it by a noble amateur, which, it is thought, will be accepted.

M. Stefano Barezzi, of Milan, has discovered a process for transposing paintings in fresco from one wall to another without injuring them. He covers the picture with a prepared canvass, which detaches the whole of the painting from the wall. The canvass is then applied to another wall, to which the picture attaches without the least trait being lost. M. Barezzi is now engaged in removing a large picture of Marco d'Oggione, in the Church della Pace, at Rome, and it is hoped that by this process he will be able to rescue from the ravages of time the beautiful remains of the *Cæna* of Leonardo da Vinci.—*Paris paper.*

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The new farce of *Monsieur Tonson*, which is from the pen of Mr. Moncrief, having undergone some judicious curtailments, continues to be played every evening with applause. The monotony, however, which reigns at this theatre, cannot last long, unless the manager prefers empty benches, with a trifling expenditure, to active exertions and good houses. It was, we believe, intended that the *Coronation* should not have been exhibited after Monday last, but it still continues; Mr. Elliston probably thinking it as attractive as any thing he has at present to offer in its stead. We trust that the parsimonious system on which the management of this theatre is conducted, will not be continued much longer; if it is, there

can be no difficulty in foretelling the consequences—a degraded theatre and an empty treasury.

COVENT GARDEN.—The opening of the winter theatres used formerly to be considered as an interesting epoch in the annals of fashion; and even now, when the recess is so comparatively short, and the 'great lessee' has had no recess at all, the commencement of the season at this theatre was not a little gratifying to the public. The short period that has elapsed since the season closed, has been well employed;—the interior of the house has been repainted, and the gilding new burnished, which gives it a chaste and harmonious effect. The play selected for the opening was the tragedy of *Hamlet*; and the great attraction of the evening was the appearance of Mr. Young, as the royal Dane, after an absence of three years. In the present state of the stage, the loss of a gentleman of Mr. Young's talents from the metropolis, could not but be felt with regret; he has now, however, returned to fill that station which has remained void ever since he quitted it. The character of *Hamlet* is one peculiarly suited to the powers of Mr. Young, and he is the only person on the stage who plays it with effect. It was in this character that he first made his great impression on the public, many years since, at the Haymarket; and it was also in *Hamlet* that he took leave of the London stage three seasons ago. His re-appearance on Monday night, must have been highly gratifying to him. His entrance called forth the warmest transports of joy; the acclamations, loud and long, continued from all parts of the house, and the pit simultaneously rose, waving hats and handkerchiefs in congratulations of his return. Mr. Young, we are happy to say, looks extremely well, and though it was scarcely to be expected that he should have improved, yet we do not think his powers have suffered any diminution during his absence. He displayed all that energy, acuteness, and discrimination, which so peculiarly mark his portrait of *Hamlet*; in the soliloquies he displayed his declamatory talents to great advantage; and in many parts, particularly the closet scene, he was powerfully effective. Mr. Young is a very equal performer; he does not startle his audience by sudden bursts, but wins their applause by his chasteness of style and judicious conception of his author. There was nothing new in the other parts of the play; it was well cast,

and afforded a rich treat to a very crowded and elegant audience.

On Wednesday night, Mr. Young appeared in another of his favourite characters—*Rolla*, in *Pizarro*. This play has been one of the most successful of its kind ever produced on the stage; there were, however, many circumstances which tended to give it popularity when first produced, the most important of which were the political situations in which the country was placed, and which the dramatist turned to very good advantage in the sentiments which he conveyed through the play. With the exception of John Kemble, the Peruvian hero never had a better representative than in Mr. Young, and he sustained it on Wednesday with as much effect as we ever witnessed. In his scenes with Cora and Elvira, he was particularly happy, and in the last act, the wondrous indignation which he felt at the perfidy of the Spanish commander, his noble efforts to save the child, and the manner in which he restored it to Cora, elicited the loudest acclamations. Mrs. Faucit as Elvira, and Miss Foote as Cora, gave much interest to their characters; and the Alonzo of Abbott, the Las Casas of Yates, and the Blind-man of Blanchard, were all highly respectable.

In the farce of the *Irish Widow*, (not played for the last twenty years), which followed, a young lady made her first appearance, on any stage, in the character of the Widow Brady. This young lady is a neat *petite* figure, with an agreeable and animated countenance. Her voice is rather too feeble for so large a house; and we suspect she would be more at home in a less bustling character. She was, however, well received, and the farce, with the aid of Farren in Kecksey; Emery in Whittle; and Connor in Sir Patrick, went off with much applause.

Among the new engagements at this theatre, we find the name of Mr. Drinkwater Meadows, who is a comic performer of considerable promise, and of great provincial celebrity.

HAYMARKET.—The success of Mr. Kenney's new comedy of *Match-breaking* (for it is decidedly successful) appears to us quite a phenomenon in the history of the drama. We stated our objections to it in our last, which have not been removed, in witnessing the comedy a second and a third time. With an improbable story, trite sentiments, party feelings, and a total absence of wit, this comedy, by a sort of harmony in its incidents, keeps the in-

ferest of the audience on the alert to the end, although the *denouement* may be foretold in the first act. The character of Solomon, so admirably sustained by Jones, has now devolved on Oxberry. Any performer succeeding to the character after so able a representative as it at first boasted, must appear to disadvantage; but, although Oxberry was rather an unpolished courtier, yet he played with great spirit, and was much applauded.

The comedy was, on Wednesday night, preceded by *Tom Thumb*, in which J. Russell played the character of King Arthur, admirably; indeed, we have seldom seen this actor to more advantage. We cannot say much in praise of Tayleure's Lord Grizzle; there was too much buffoonery in it.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This house closed for the season on Thursday night. Although no manager ever presented more novelties in the time, every one of which were successful, yet we fear the season has been far from being a profitable one. The fever in which the town was kept in the early part of the season by the coronation, was unfavourable to the drama; and the production of the pageant at the two great theatres, one of which has been open all the time, presented a novelty too attractive for the chaste performances of the English Opera to cope with. We must, however, confess, that the neglect of this theatre is neither creditable to English taste nor to English feeling. The encroachments of the larger houses were alluded to in the farewell address, which was well delivered by Mr. Bartley. It is as follows:—

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Our short season is this evening brought to a close. The aggressions of the large establishments have this year reached their climax, since Drury Lane Theatre has continued open during the whole of the limited period allotted to our performances, and thereby deprived us even of the slender harvest which, on former occasions, we had been allowed to reap. How far the wisdom of government may deem it fit to allow of these gradual encroachments on the summer theatres, or may condescend to take an interest in those public amusements, is beyond our power at present to ascertain; though, under all the circumstances, we may be allowed to indulge a reasonable hope of speedy and effectual relief.

The proprietor, Ladies and Gentlemen, begs leave to offer, through me, his grateful acknowledgments for the share of patronage he has received. It has been far greater than, under the oppressive difficulties he has had to contend with, he could reasonably have hoped for; and it

will not, he trusts, be deemed an idle boast, when he reminds you of the great and flattering success which has attended every novelty, without exception, that has been brought forward for your entertainment. Our exertions, Ladies and Gentlemen, will be redoubled to ensure a continuance of your favour when we are permitted to meet again; and, in the mean time, in the name of the proprietor, and of all the performers, and in my own, I respectfully thank and bid you farewell.'

Literature and Science.

The alabaster sarcophagus, found in the newly discovered tomb, at Thebes, was deposited in the British Museum on Wednesday last, by order of Mr. Salt, his Majesty's Consul-General in Egypt.

New Expeditions to Africa.—His Majesty, who takes every opportunity of promoting the interests of science and of art, expressed his desire, a short time since, that an expedition should be formed to explore certain parts of Africa, which border upon Egypt. The idea was suggested in consequence of the successful researches of M. Belzoni in the latter country; but the object of the present expedition is of a different character from the pursuits of that gentleman, inasmuch as it is the discovery, not of the ponderous monuments of Egyptian labour, but of the remains of Greek and Roman edifices, which it is conjectured are scattered in different parts of Libya,—a country which those celebrated nations visited, and in which they established colonies at several different periods, but which it is supposed no Europeans have since explored.

The gentleman who has been chosen by government, with the approbation of his Majesty, to superintend this expedition, is Mr. Beechey, many years secretary to Mr. Salt, the English consul to Egypt, and the constant companion to M. Belzoni, in his late indefatigable researches. The lords of the Admiralty have also afforded every assistance in their power to advance the object of this expedition, by fitting out a small vessel with a complement of men, and entrusting the command to Lieutenant Hoppner, who was engaged under Captain Parry in the last northern expedition, and from whose drawings were executed the engravings that embellish the account of that voyage.

Libya, the country about to be explored by our adventurous countrymen, is that which in ancient times

contained the two countries of Cyrenaica and Marmarica. The former was called Pentapolis; from the five great cities which it contained; one of which was Berenice, or Hesperis, now Bernic, the spot where the celebrated gardens of the Hesperides are generally supposed to have existed. Not far distant was Barca or Baca, and Ptolemais, now Tolometa. To the east of the extreme northern point of the coast, called Thycus Promontorium, now Cape Rasat, was Apollonia, now Marza Susa, or Sosush, formerly the port of Cyrene, that city being situated on a little island; it was founded by Battus, who led thither a Lacedæmonian colony from Thera, one of the Cyclades; and the kingdom was afterwards bequeathed to the Romans by the last of the Ptolemies, surnamed Apton, and was formed by that nation into a province with Crete. The expedition will explore the vestiges of it, which are supposed still to remain under the name of Curia; to the east of this stood the fifth city of ancient Cyrenaica, called Darnie, now Derna.

South of Marmarica, (before mentioned,) which our countrymen will visit, and in the midst of the sands of Libyan desert, was a small and beautiful spot, refreshed by streams and luxuriant with verdure, in which stood the temple, so celebrated in antiquity, of Jupiter Ammon, said to have been founded by Bacchus, in gratitude to his father Jupiter, who appeared to him, when perishing with thirst, in the form of a ram, and showed him a fountain. Here was the Fons Solis, whose waters were cold at noon and hot at night. Here also the celebrated ancient Oracle, so difficult of access through the Libyan Deserts, and which was consulted by Alexander the Great after a memorable and dangerous journey, the token of which, transmitted to posterity, is the ram's horn upon the head of that conqueror, on numerous medals.

The expedition will, in all probability, be engaged three or four years.

Another expedition is about to proceed to the interior of Africa, on that hitherto fatal enterprize, the discovery of the course and termination of the River Niger. It consists of Dr. Woodney, Lieut. Clapperton, of the royal navy, and Lieut. Denham, of the army. They will proceed from Tripoli to Mourzook, and thence endeavour to reach Tombuctoo or Bornou.

Discoveries in Egypt.—A young

Englishman of the name of Waddington, who has lately arrived in Rome, has penetrated upwards of six hundred leagues above the level of the second cataract, in following the army of the Pacha of Egypt. In the whole of the way he fell in with only a few small Egyptian monuments, in isolated situations, and of no very remote date; but on his arrival at Schayni, where the Pacha encamped, he discovered thirty-five pyramids, of from fifty to one hundred and twenty feet in height, but in a very ruinous state. He also saw seven or eight temples, of which one, (upwards of three hundred feet in length,) was covered with hieroglyphics. It is probably in the neighbourhood of these ruins that search should be made for Nabatha, and not the Meroe of the ancients. This traveller has copied some very curious Greek inscriptions. He assures us that he has seen nothing in his travels comparable to the monuments of Nubia, and that he considers that province as the cradle of the arts in Egypt.

The Bee.

*Florisferis ut apes in salubris omnia linunt,
Omnia nos liden despectu aures dicta.*

LUCRETIVS

It is said that Bonaparte died worth three hundred millions of francs, which is 12,500,000*l.*

Chant—of divers kinds. 1. *Chant Ambrosio*, established by St. Ambrose; 2. *Chant Gregorian*, introduced by Pope IX. the Great, who established schools of chanters, and corrected the church music. This, at first, was called the *Roman song*; afterwards the *plain song*; as the choir and people sing in unison.

Immediately after the execution of Louis XVI. a Venetian democrat, on hearing that Monsieur had assumed the title of Louis XVIII. waited on his majesty, and commenced his address of *congratulation* in the following couplet:—

*'Thou unhappy King of no land,
More wretched than the King of Poland.'*

The admirers of fine writing, and particularly of that new species of beauty called Alliteration, now so much used by orators, will be pleased with the following character of a young lady, from an old *Newcastle Journal*:

—Died in the flower of her age, Miss Mary Harrison, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Harrison, of Wheldon Bridge House.—[If boundless experience be the basis of beatitude, and harmless humility the harbinger of a

hallowed heart; these Christian coconuts composed her characteristic, and conciliated the esteem of her contemporary acquaintances, who mean to model their manners by the mould of their meritorious monitor.—There are but two instances, at least, in our present recollection, which approach near to the above: the one is, *'Henry Hallam, latter, hostler, and haberdasher, at Holborn Bridge, Hatton Garden'*; the other, *'Benjamin Bell, brown bread and biscuit baker, near Battersea Bridge.'*

Dr. Donne was allowed to be one of the most witty and eloquent divines of his day. Whether, as Chaucer says, of selfish priests—

*'He sette his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To taken him a chanterie for soules.'*

or not, I do not pretend to say. But the following anecdote is not a little singular:—The deanery of St. Paul's becoming vacant, King James sent for the doctor, and ordered him to attend him the next day at dinner. When his majesty was sat down, before he had ate any meat, he said, 'Doctor Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for, knowing you live London, I do therefore make you Dean of St. Paul's; and, when I have dined, do you take your beloved dish home to your study; say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you.'

To a Snuff taker.

*If so weak to suppose
I'll be 'twit'ch'd by the nose,
By your 'blackguards,' you're silly enough;
I'll not 'sniff' a grain,
To tempt me to vain,
Friend 'snuffy,' I am yours,
Up to Snuff!*

Maxims of George I.—Never to forsake a friend; to endeavour to do justice to every person; and not to fear any one.

A whimsical couplet from the writer of it to a Welsh squire, who had promised a hare:—

*'Tell me, thou son of great Cadwallader!
Hast sent the hare? or hast thou swallowed her.'*

As a whimsical couplet, this can be equalled only by the following, from the 'poem of a young tradesman':—

*'No more will I endure love's pleasing pain,
Or round my heart's leg tie his gallant chain.'*

Lord North, during a severe illness, said to his physician, 'Doctor, I am obliged to you for introducing me to some old acquaintance that I have not

met with for many years!'—'Who are these, my lord?' said the doctor, 'My ribs,' replied his lordship, 'which I have not felt for many years until now.'

A Frenchman very gravely observed, that if Adam had had the good sense to have purchased the office of king's secretary, we should all have been nobles.

Taxing Costs.

Clients, in days of yore, as sage men say,
Were proud an honest lawyer's bill to pay;
(But now, alas, as knaves and rogues grow faster,

Each lawyer's bill must see the taxing master)
In those blest times, a farmer came to town
To pay his bill of costs in *specie* down;
But first he wished to have some explanation,
And thus, in country style, made this objection:—

*'I'm woom, you zek, to pay your small account,
Coota want you zut a receipt for the amount;
But, zur, I zee that you have charged me her
For an attendance in the Borough, where
No lands or bus'ness o' mine e'er laid,
Or cash o' mine was e'er received or paid;
I, therefore, hope ye will not take't amiss,
If I, friend Latip, inquire as to this—
'How this small charge arose I'll quickly tell'
Replied the honest man: 'You know full well
At Christmas time you never fail to send
A turkey or a goose, my worthy friend;
This six and eight-pence, therefore, is her
charge,*

(Tis customary, and should be enlarged.)
For trouble in attending to receive
What you, my friend, so liberally give.
Long time with anxious eye the coach I
watch'd—
The turkey goes—a finer ne'er was tasted.' J.P.

In the times of Queen Elizabeth, when persons demanded passports with the design of travelling on the Continent, they were usually questioned respecting their object by Lord Burleigh or his secretaries. If business or health called them away; passports were for those reasons given them; but if it was a mere curiosity to see the world, as it is called, that moved them, a desire of becoming acquainted with the manners, customs, arts, and antiquities of our neighbours, they were strictly questioned respecting their knowledge of those things in their own country, and if found ignorant, they were told to travel first at home, there being as much to be known in England as elsewhere, and it being disgraceful to the nation that persons unacquainted with their native country should expose themselves in foreign nations.

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Review of New Books.

The Village Minstrel, and other Poems.

By John Clare, and the Northamptonshire Peasant. 2 Vols. 12mo. pp. 427. London, 1821.

EVERY circumstance that transpires relating to the character and conduct of the Northamptonshire Peasant, tends to justify the assertion of a critic in the *Quarterly Review*, that he furnishes one of the most striking instances 'of patient and persevering talent, existing and enduring in the most forlorn and seemingly hopeless condition, that literature has at any time exhibited.' The two volumes before us, though produced under circumstances of less difficulty than his first production, have still been written at intervals snatched from the labours of husbandry, to which he is still doomed, to maintain his afflicted parents and his wife and child.—It may be asked, has the knowledge of his genius and his miseries obtained nothing for him? Yes; a few noble individuals have come to his aid, —the Marquis of Exeter allows him an annuity of fifteen guineas per annum, and Earl Spencer one of ten pounds, Earl Fitzwilliam has presented him with 100l.; and his publishers have added another 100l. to it. These sums, with some smaller contributions, altogether yield him forty-five pounds a-year; a sum which, though insufficient for the support of his family, must afford him considerable relief, and for which he seems truly grateful.

When, about eighteen months ago, we noticed Clare's first work, we gave some account of his life; his struggles to obtain a smattering of education by the few halfpence which he earned by extra-labour as a plough-boy; when two months' labour were required to pay for one month's schooling; and three years of toil did nothing more for him than to enable him to read the Bible. We stated the rapture with which he hailed the purchase of Thomson's Seasons, the very thoughts of which produced the first effort of his muse. In the introduction to the vo-

lumes before us, there are some further interesting particulars respecting this untutored child of the muses. It was in the summer of 1817 that Clare first thought of offering a small volume of poems to the public by subscription. He consulted a printer, who told him that the expense of three hundred copies of a prospectus would cost one pound, and he set himself resolutely to work to obtain that sum. But the story is best told in his own simple words:—

“At the latter end of the year I left Casterton and went to Pickworth, a hamlet, which seems by its large stretch of old foundations and ruins to have been a town of some magnitude in past times, though it is now nothing more than a half solitude of huts, and odd farm-houses, scattered about, some forlorns asunder: the marks of the ruins may be traced two miles further, from beginning to end. Here, by hard working, day and night, I at last got my one pound saved, for the printing of the proposals, which I never lost sight of; and having written many more poems, 'excited by a change of scenery, and being over head and ears in love,—above all, having the most urgent propensity to scribbling, and considering my latter materials much better than my former, which no doubt was the case,—I considered myself more qualified for the undertaking: so I wrote a letter from this place immediately to Henson, of Market Deeping, wishing him to begin the proposals and address the public himself, urging that he could do it far better than I could, but his answer was that I must do it. After this, I made some attempts, but not having a fit place for doing any thing of that kind, from lodging at a public-house, and being pestered with many inconveniences, I could not suit myself by doing it immediately, so from time to time it was put off. At last I determined, good or bad, to produce something, and as we had another limekiln at Ryhall, about three miles from Pickworth, [Clare was at this time employed in lime-burning,] I often went there to work myself, where I had leisure to study over such things on my journeys of going and returning. On these walks, morning and night, have dropped down, five or six times, to plan an Address, &c. In one of these musings, my prose thoughts lost themselves in rhyme. Taking a view, as

I sat beneath the shelter of a woodland hedge, of my parents' distresses at home, of my labouring so hard and so vainly to get out of debt, and of my still added perplexities of ill-timed love,—striving to remedy all, and all to no purpose,—I burst out into an exclamation of distress, “What is life!” and instantly recollecting that such a subject would be a good one for a poem, I hastily scratched down the two first verses of it, as it stands, as the beginning of the plan which I intended to adopt, and continued my journey to work. But when I got to the kiln I could not work for thinking about what I had so long been trying at; so I sat me down on a lime-skuttle, and out with my pencil for an address of some sort, which, good or bad, I determined to send off that day; and for that purpose, when it was finished, I started to Stamford with it, about three miles off: still, along the road, I was in a hundred minds whether I should throw up all thoughts about the matter, or stay till a fitter opportunity, to have the advice of some friend or other; but, on turning it over in my mind again, a second thought informed me that I had no friend; I was turned adrift on the broad ocean of life, and must either sink or swim: so I weighed matters on both sides, and fancied, let what bad would come, it could but balance with the former: if my hopes of the poems failed, I should not be a pin worse than usual; I could but work then as I did already: nay, I considered that I should reap benefit from the disappointment; the downfall of my hopes would free my mind, and let me know that I had nothing to trust to but work. So with this favourable idea I pursued my intention, dropping down on a stone-heap before I entered the town, to give it a second reading, and correct what I thought amiss.”

In the prospectus, a copy of which is inserted in the introduction, Clare proposed publishing his poems at three shillings and sixpence, if three hundred subscribers could be obtained; he wrote a modest address to the public, and inserted his sonnet to the *Settling Sun*, printed in the former collection. All his Prospectuses were distributed, but, alas! he could only obtain the names of seven subscribers. One of these subscribers, however, was the means of recommending Clare to better patrons, and had the honour of

first introducing his talents to the knowledge of the world.

When we saw two new volumes of poems, by Clare, announced, within so short a period since his first collection was published, we acknowledge we were afraid that his friends were drawing too freely on his genius, and forcing him before the public somewhat too hastily; we must, however, confess, that this is not the case, and numerous as are the pieces in these volumes, there are scarcely any that we would have wished to be withheld. The whole of these poems, with the exception of about a dozen pieces (some of which are his earliest productions), have been written since his former volume went to press. The principal poem, the 'Village Minstrel,' was begun in the autumn of 1819, and finished soon after the former volume made its appearance. Clare is himself the hero of his poem, and paints, with glowing vigour, the misery in which he then was, and his anxiety for his future fate. It is a fine picture of rural life, and the author luxuriates in his love of natural objects and his description of rustic sports and village scenes, notwithstanding the melancholy reflections and forebodings with which they are accompanied. A few stanzas will justify our remark. The author is describing his own feelings and character:—

'And dear to him the rural sports of May,
When each cot-threshold mounts its halting
bough,
And ruddy milk-maids weave their garlands
gay,
Upon the green to crown the earliest cow;
When mirth and pleasure wade a joyful
brow,
And join the tumult with unbounded glee
The humble tenants of the pail and plough:
He lov'd "old sports," by them reviv'd, to
see,
But never car'd to join in their rude revelry.
O'er brook-banks stretching, on the pasture-
ward
He gaz'd, far distant from the jocund crew;
'Twas but their feats that claim'd a slight re-
gard;
'Twas his, his pastimes lonely to pursue—
Wild blossoms creeping in the grass to view,
Scarce peeping up the tiny bent as high,
Beting'd with glossy yellow, red, or blue,
Unnam'd, unnoticed but by Lubin's eye,
That like low genius strung to bloom their day
and die.
'O, who can tell the sweets of May-day's
morn;
To waken rapture in a felling mind,
When the gilt east unveils her dappled
down,
And the gay woodlark has its nest resign'd
As slow the sun creeps up the hill behind;
Morn redd'n'g round, and daylight's spot-
less hue,
As seemingly with rose and lily lin'd;

While all the prospect round beams fair to
view,
Like a sweet opening flower with its unan-
sullied
dew.
'Ah, often brushing through the dripping
grass,
Has he been seen to catch this early charm,
Lest'ning the "love song" of the healthy lass
Passing with milk-pail on her well-tur'd
arm;
Or meeting objects from the rousing farm;
The jingling plough-teams driving down the
steep,
Waggon and cart—and shepherd-dogs'
alarm.
Raising the bleatings of unfolding sheep,
As o'er the mountain top the red sun 'gins to
peep.
'Nor could the day's decline escape his gaze;
He lov'd the closing as the rising day,
And oft would stand to catch the setting
rays,
Whose last beams stole not unperceiv'd
away;
When, hesitating like a stag at bay,
The bright unwearied sun seem'd loth to
drop,
Till clads' night-hounds hurried him away,
And drove him headlong from the mountain-
top,
And shut the lovely scene, and bade all nature
stop.
* * * * *
'It might be curious here to hint the lad,
How in his earliest days he did appear;
Mean was the dress in which the boy was
clad,
His friends so poor, and clothes excessive
dear,
They oft were foil'd to rig him once a year;
And housewife's care in many a patch was
seen;
Much industry 'gainst want did persevere:
His friends tried all to keep him neat and
clean,
Though care has often fail'd, and shatter'd be
has been.
'Yet oft fair prospects cheer'd his parent's
dreams,
Who had on Lubin founded many a joy;
But pinching want soon baffled all their
schemes,
And dragg'd him from the school a hopeless
boy,
To shrink unbecked under hard employ;
When struggling efforts warm'd him up the
white,
'To keep the little toil could not destroy;
And oft with books spare hours he would be-
guile,
And blunder off with joy round Crusoe's lonely
tale.
The description of harvest home—
its sports—the amusements of the vil-
lage feast, are full of truth and nature,
and intermingled with passages of great
beauty and the most delicate senti-
ment; of which the following is a
pleasing instance:—
'O rural love! as spotless as the dove's;
No wealth gives fuel to a borrow'd flame,
To tempt the shepherd where to chase his
love,
And go a forger of that sacred name;
Both hearts in unison here beat the same;
Here nature makes the choice which love
inspires:

Far from the wedded lord and laughing dame
This boon of heavenly happiness rears,
Not fella-like law-bound, but wedded in de-
sires.'

There is much force in the author's
lament for those restraints, which the
hands of power are putting on the
pleasures of the humble peasant; he
contrasts, with much feeling and re-
gret, the state of the village green ere—
'— civil wars 'gainst nature's peace com-
bin'd,
And desolation struck her deadly blow,'
With its appearance,—
'When ploughs destroy'd the green, when
groves of willows fell.'
But he shall speak for himself:—
'There once were springs, when daisies il-
ver studs
Like sheets of snow on every pasture sward;
There once were summers, when the eve-
flower buds
Like golden sunbeams brightest lustre shed;
And trees grew once that shelter'd Lubin's
head;
There once were brooks sweet whispering
down the vale:
The brooks no more—kingcrop and day
fled;
Their fast fallen tree the naked moonbeams,
And scarce a bush is left to tell the mould-
ering
'Yon shaggy tufts, and many a rusty nail
Existing still in spite of spade and plough,
As seeming fond and loth to leave the spot,
Tell where was once the green—browsed
lows now,
Where Lubin often turns a saddler'd horse,
Marks the stopt brook, and mourns oppres-
sion's power;
And thinks how once he waded in such
sloughs,
To crop the yellow "horse-blob" only
flower,
Or catch the "miller's-thumb" in meadow's
sultry hour.
'There once were days, the woodman knows
it well,
When shades e'en echoed with the singing
thrush;
There once were hours, the ploughman's tale
can tell,
When morning's beauty wore its earliest
blush,
How woodlarks carol'd from each thorny
bush;
Lubin himself has mark'd them seat and
sing:
The thorns are gone, the woodlark's song is
hush,
Spring more remembers winter now than
spring,
The shades are banish'd all—the birds have
took to wing.
There once were lanes in nature's freedom
dropt,
There once were paths that every daily
wound,—
Inclosure came, and every path was stopp'd;
Each tyrant fix'd his sign where paths were
found,
To hint a trespass now who cou'd find
the ground:
Justice is made to speak its own continu-
ance
The high road now must be each wheel
bound;—

Incluse, thou'rt a curse upon the land,
And tattlest was the wretch who thy existence
plann'd.

O England! boasted land of liberty,
With strangers still thou may'st thy title
own,

But thy poor slaves the alteration see,
With many a loss to them the truth is known:
Like emigrating bird thy freedom's flown;
While mongrel clowns, low as their rooting
plough,

Dreadn't thy laws to put in force their own;
And every village owns its tyrants now,
And parish slaves must live as parish kings al-
low.

This is the last extract which we
shall make from the 'Village Minstrel',
a poem which of itself would justify all
the praise that has been bestowed on
John Clare, who, in vivid descriptions of
rural scenery, in originality of ob-
servation and strength of feeling, rich-
ness of style and delicacy of sentiment,
may rank with the best of poets of
the day, though a humble and untutored
peasant.

Among the minor poems in these
volumes, we have been much pleased
with 'Autumn,' 'Cowan Green,' 'Song
of Praise,' and some of the pastorals,
a style in which Clare would have been
successful, had he not abandoned it
early in his poetic career. The songs
and sonnets are many of them very
pretty, and some of them possess con-
siderable merit. We shall enrich our
present article with a few of these
pieces. The first is a sweet ballad:—

I love thee, sweet Mary, but love thee in fear;
Were I but the morning breeze, healthily
and airy,
As thou goest a walking I'd breathe in thine
ear,
And whisper and sigh how I love thee, my
Mary!

I wish but to touch thee, but wish it in vain;
Wert thou but a streamlet, a winding so
clearly,
And I little globules of soft dropping rain,
How fond would I press thy white bosom,
my Mary!

I would steal a kiss, but I dare not presume;
Wert thou but a rose in thy garden, sweet
fairly,
And I a bold bee for to rifle its bloom,
A whole summer's day would I kiss thee,
my Mary!

I long to be with thee, but cannot tell how;
Wert thou but the elder that grows by thy
dairy,

And I the blest woodbine, to twine on the
hoop,
To embrace thee and cling to thee ever, my
Mary!

THESE are the songs.

There was a time when love's young flowers
With many a joy upon his bosom grew;
Sweet hours of bliss—his shirt was roses;
Those hours are fled—and I'm a distress.
I would not wish, in reason's spite;
I would not wish with new joy to grieve;
I only wish for one delight,—
To see those hours of bliss again.

There was a day when love was young,
And nought but bliss did there belong;
When blackbirds nestling o'er us sung,
Ah me! what sweetest wail'd his song,
I wish not springs for ever fled;
I wish not birds' forgotten strain;
I only wish for feelings dead
To warm and wake, and feel again.

But ah! what once was joy is pain;
The time's gone by; the day and hour
Are whirling sped on trouble's blast.—
As winter nips the summer flower.
A shadow is but left the mind,
Of joys that once were real to view;
An echo only fills the wind
With mocking sounds, that once were true.

Though there is no species of poetry
more common than the sonnet, yet
there are few who succeed in it. Clare
has indulged in it largely, and given us
no less than sixty specimens of his ta-
lents in this species of composition, in
which we think him very successful.
We quote three of them:—

A WISH.
'Be where I may, when death brings in his
bill,

Demanding payment for life's long-ling'ring debt,
Or in my native village peasting still,
Or tracing scenes I've never known as yet,
O let one wish, go where I will, be mine,—
To turn me back and wander home to die,
'Mong nearest friends my latest breath resign,
And in a church-yard with my kindred lie,
'Neath the thick-shaded sycamore's decay,
Its broad leaves trembling to the breeze of day;
To see its shadow o'er my ashes wave,
How soothing will it be, while hovering near,
My unscen spirit haunts its dusky grave,
Pausing on scenes in life once lov'd so dear!

TO TIME.
'In Fancy's eye, what an extended span,
Time, hoary herald, has been stretch'd by
thee:
Vain to conceive where thy dark burst began,
Thou birthless, boundless, vast immensity!
Vain all conceptions of weak-minded man
Thee to unravel from thy mystery!
In mortal wisdom, thou't already ran
A circl'd travel of eternity;
Still, but a moment of thy mighty plan
Seems yet unwound, from what thy age shall
see,
Consuming tyrant of all mortal kind!

And what thou art, and what thou art to be,
Is known to none, but that Immortal Mind
Who reigns alone superior to thee.'

TO AUTUMN.
'Come, pensive Autumn, with thy clouds and
storms,
And falling leaves, and pastures lost to
flowers;
A hush'd charm hangs on thy faded forms,
More sweet than summer in her loveliest
hours,
Who, in her blooming uniform of green,
Delights with samely and continued joy;
But give me, Autumn, where thy hand hath
been,

For there is wildness that can never cloy,—
The russet hue of fields left bare, and all
The tints of leaves and blossoms are they fall.
In thy dull days of clouds a pleasure comes,
Wild music softness in thy hollow winds;
And in thy fading woods a beauty blooms,
That's more than dear to melancholy minds.'

With all our predilections for the first
fruits of natural genius, we must ad-
mit that Clare has improved by cul-
tivation; and though some of his earlier
productions are striking from their
neatness and simplicity, yet his more
matured efforts, though not deficient
in this respect, have a refinement of
language and a correctness of style,
which give them an increased value.
Should these new volumes extend the
public patronage sufficiently to relieve
him from that oppressive anxiety which
still bears him down, we may fairly ex-
pect the poet to take a loftier and more
extensive range of subject, and to add
new claims to those he already possesses
as a man of genius; though stronger
claims to public sympathy and public
support no one can present, than the
poor Northamptonshire peasant; and
with all the warmth of admiration for
his talents, and sympathy for his mis-
eries, we recommend him and his works
to the public.

An Account of the Interior of Ceylon
and of its Inhabitants. By John
Davy, M. D., F. R. S.

(Continued from p. 610.)

ALTHOUGH the succession to the throne
of Kandy was hereditary, yet it had
much of the form of an elective mo-
narchy; and the consent of the people
was required before a successor could
be declared. When it was publicly
announced that the king was dead,
which was not until his successor had
been chosen,—

A tent was pitched before the hall of
audience, in which, on a piece of iron,
and a basin of mixed metal, a man stood
by the side of a heap of paddy, and beat
the mourning tom-tom—the public signal
of the event, warning the chiefs to dress
themselves in black, and authorizing the
people to give vent to their grief, and cry,
and lament aloud.

'Till the body of the deceased mo-
narch was consumed, it was contrary to
custom for the prince to take any refresh-
ment. The corpse, inclosed in a coffin,
was carried in a palanquin to the Awa-
dana-madoowe, or royal burying-ground,
attended by the chiefs, their wives, and
daughters. As the funeral procession
moved on, two women, standing on a
platform, carried by four men, thrice
over the coffin. The priests of the dif-
ferent temples of bloodho were assem-
bled at the burying-ground, and having
offered up the proper prayer for the hap-
piness of the deceased monarch in his
metempsychosis, were presented with
cloths that were laid on the coffin, to be
given them for discharging their pious
office. The coffin was now placed in a
kind of wooden cage, and was surrounded

with wood; a person broke its lid with an axe, and a relation of the deceased set fire to the pile, which was fed with oil and pitch, and sandal wood, and various perfumes. When the whole was enveloped in flame, the chiefs retired, went to the great square, and informing the prince that the body was burnt, were ordered by him to go to their houses and purify themselves.

'The morning tom-tom was sounded, and the funeral fire was kept alive till the eleventh day, when the chiefs proceeded to the burying ground with offerings of betel, areka nut, and such articles of diet as might be pre-ented to the king with propriety. The fire was now extinguished, by pouring on it milk and cocoa-nut water; some of the calcined bones were put into a pot or urn of earthenware, and covered and sealed, whilst the rest of the bones and ashes were collected and deposited in a grave with the presents brought for the deceased king.

'The urn was placed on the head of a man masked, and covered all over with black, who, holding a sword in his hand, and mounted on an elephant or horse, and attended by the chiefs, proceeded to the Mahawellé ganga. At the ferry called Katagastotta, two small canoes, male of the Kakoonza, were prepared, lashed together, and covered with boughs, in the form of a bower. The masked bearer entering the canoe, was drawn towards the mid-channel of the river, by two men swimming: who, when they approached the deepest part of the stream, pushed the canoe forward and hastily retreated. Now the mask having reached the proper station, with the sword in one hand and the urn in the other, divided the urn with the sword, and in the act plunged into the stream, and diving, came up as far as possible below, and landing on the opposite side, disappeared. The canoes were allowed to float down the river; the horse or elephant was carried across, and left to graze at large, never to be used any more; and the women who threw the rice over the coffin, with the men who carried them, were also transported to the other side of the river, under the strict prohibition of re-crossing. The chiefs returned to the great square, informed the prince that the ceremony was ended, and were again ordered to purify themselves.'

'Another ceremony remained to be performed before the prince could be considered completely king—that was choosing a name and putting on the royal sword, for which a fortunate day and a fortunate name were fixed by the royal astrologers. Coronation is not one of the ceremonies of the Kandyan monarchy, though a very rich crown belonged to the kings of Kandy. The marriage ceremony of the king was long, complicated, and expensive, and, as will appear by the following part of it, somewhat disgusting. The

day after the marriage rites were completed.—

'The king and queen amused themselves with throwing perfumed balls, and with squirting scented water at each other,—a diversion to which the wives of the chiefs were admitted, and of which they were allowed to partake, being quite at liberty to pelt and bespatter even royalty itself as much as they pleased. When the king was tired of the exercise, he retired to an apartment overlooking an adjoining room, in which vessels of scented water, and small copper cups were prepared for use, and in which the chiefs were assembled, only waiting for the appearance of the king, to deluge each other with sweets.'

A banquet followed in the evening, in which there were two or three hundred different kind of curries, the drink being milk, or a beverage resembling lemonade. Dancing and singing extended the feast until day-break. We pass over the account of their national festivals, which are somewhat tedious, and quote the ceremony of receiving ambassadors by the old court of Kandy:—

'The king held his court in the hall of audience, and transacted all business with his officers seated on the throne. Behind the throne there was a secret door, by which his majesty passed unobserved; and before it seven curtains, which were not drawn up till the king was seated and composed, and in perfect readiness to appear. On ordinary occasions, all the curtains were raised at once; and after the chiefs had prostrated three times, they were desired to be at their ease, which was resting on their knees, and on which, when the business was over, they left the hall backward, his majesty remaining till all had departed. On the presentation of ambassadors, extraordinary pomp and ceremony were observed. A great concourse of people was assembled; the royal elephants were drawn out; all the guards were on duty, and the approaches to the hall were illuminated. On entering the hall, the chiefs and ambassadors had to prostrate before the curtains, which were now managed with peculiar finesse: they were all suddenly drawn up, and as suddenly let down, affording, at first, only a momentary glimpse of his majesty: after a pause, they were slowly drawn up, one after another, a certain number of prostrations being required for each, till the throne was disclosed, and the king exposed to view: then the ambassador, actually crawling, was led to the foot of the throne by the ministers, walking in the most submissive attitude; and having delivered his letters, he had the troublesome task to perform of crawling backward.'

'The judicial and legislative, as well as the executive power, formerly centered in the king; but all officers, from

the king downwards, exercised judicial powers, more or less; appeals laying from an inferior to a superior, till it reached the king himself, whose sentence was in all cases decisive. No one but the king had the power of passing sentence of death; for murder, it was carried into effect by hanging; but for high treason, the only capital crime besides, the sword was used instead of the halter, and the criminal was decapitated. Robbery was punished by fine, imprisonment, and branding:—

'The crime of adultery, by the Singalese, was punished in a very summary manner. The injured husband did not institute a suit at law to recover damages; if he caught the adulterer in his house, he might beat him soundly, or even cut off his hair and ears, or have him flogged in public, and his wife flogged in the royal store-house, the place of punishment for women; after which, by his own *ipse dixit*, he might divorce her, and in disgrace send her home to her family.'

The cruel punishment for insolvency among the Singalese, forms a strong contrast to the mildness of their laws, in regard to offences. The creditor proving his debt, and the debtor acknowledging his incapacity to pay it, he and his family become slaves to the creditor, who retains them and their offspring till payment of the debt is made.

The religion of the Singalese is that of the Buddhists; they do not believe in the existence of a supreme Being, the creator and preserver of the universe, but are materialists in the strictest sense of the term. Their opinions of heaven and hell bear some affinity to those of the Hindoos, of which we gave an account in our review of Mr. Ward's valuable work in our last year's volume.

The language of Ceylon, the Singalese, is distinct and peculiar, and is considered of so much consequence, that it is almost the only subject that is studied. Very many of the natives are grammatically acquainted with it; and reading and writing are almost in general amongst the male part of the population as in England:—

'The Singalese write very neatly and expeditiously, with a sharp-pointed iron style; and they colour the characters they have scratched by nibbling them with ink made of lampblack and a solution of gum. Their books are all manuscript, and actually formed of leaves of trees, and confined by boards. The leaf most used, as best adapted to the purpose, is the immense leaf of the talipot-plant, occasionally nearly thirty feet in diameter.

ence. It is well and slowly dried in the shade, rubbed with an oil, and cut into pieces of suitable dimensions, the length of which always greatly exceeds the width; near the two extremities each piece is perforated, that they may be connected by means of a coril, to which the boards are also attached, to form a book. The boards are generally neatly painted and decorated. Occasionally, but rarely, their books are made of thin copper-plates.

The subjects of their writing are various; chiefly theology, history, medicine, astrology, and poetry:—

‘Almost every Singalese is more or less a poet; or at least can compose what they call poetry. Love is not their great inspiring theme, but interest:—a young Kandyan does not indite a ditty to his mistress’s eyebrows; the bearded chief is the favourite of his muse, to whom he sings his petition in verse, whether it be to ask a favour or beg an indulgence. All their poetry is sung or recited; they have seven tunes by which they are modulated. Their most admired tune is called “The Horse-trot:” from the resemblance which it bears to the sound of the trotting of a horse. Of their music, which is extremely simple, they are very fond, and prefer it greatly to ours, which they say they do not understand.’

The Singalese tunes are seven in number; and they have also seven musical instruments, on which they are most commonly played; these, of which Dr. Davy has given drawings, are principally of the drum kind; there is one made of brass, somewhat like a symbol, which is beat with a stick, a second in the shape of a clarinet, and a third of the violin order.

The sciences can scarcely be said to exist among the Singalese. Of mathematics and geometry they are entirely ignorant, and even of arithmetic their knowledge is very limited. They have no figures of their own to represent numbers, and, according to their own method, they are obliged to use letters; they have lately adopted the Malabar or Tamul figures, with their tables of multiplication and subtraction. Their weights and measures are necessarily very defective. They are ignorant of astronomy, but greatly addicted to astrology; their knowledge of medicine is extremely superficial; of anatomy they are quite ignorant, and of chemistry their knowledge does not extend beyond distillation, which is principally used for extracting an ardent spirit from the fermented juice of the cocoa-nut tree. Their skill in pharmacy, surgery, and pathology, is in a very rude state.

In the arts, the Singalese have made more progress than in the sciences; particularly in some of the ornamental or fine arts. Of these, painting is the least advanced. They are unacquainted with perspective, or with the effect of light and shade in colouring. All their paintings are mixed with gum, and of oil painting they are entirely ignorant. Lacker painting is an art much in use among the Singalese, and of which they are very fond, and which they perform with a good deal of skill and taste. It is chiefly used to ornament bows and arrows, spears, sticks, ivory boxes, priest’s screens or fans, and wooden pillars. Their lacker is obtained from a shrub called *kapitia* (*crocum lacciferum*), very common in most parts of Ceylon. In statuary the Singalese have been more successful than in painting; religion affords the most common subject; and artists are instructed in their designs to three postures, the standing, sitting, and recumbent, and to the priestly costume, no one venturing the slightest innovation. The statues are always coloured. The art of casting is not behind that of sculpture, and there is now at Kandy a figure of Boodhoo, in copper, as large as life, which Dr. Davy says is so well done that it would be admired even in Europe.

In architecture the Singalese have not any peculiar or national style; but they execute work in gold and silver for jewelry with great taste and dexterity, and this with very few tools; the best artist only requiring the following:—

‘A low earthen pot full of chaff or saw-dust, on which he makes a little charcoal fire; a small bamboo blow-pipe, about six inches long, with which he excites the fire; a short earthen tube or nozzle, the extremity of which is placed at the bottom of the fire, and through which the artist directs the blast of the blow-pipe; two or three small crucibles, made of the fine clay of ant-hills; a pair of tongs; an anvil; two or three small hammers; a file; and, to conclude, the last, a few small bars of iron and brass, about two inches long, differently pointed, for different kinds of work. It is astonishing what an intense little fire, more than sufficiently strong to melt silver and gold, can be kindled in a few minutes in the way just described. Such a simple portable forge deserves to be better known; it is, perhaps, even deserving the attention of the scientific experimenter, and may be useful to him when he wishes to excite a small fire, larger than can be procured by the common blow-pipe, and he has not a forge to command.’

Gardening is hardly known as an art

in Ceylon, but the inhabitants are not unskilful in agriculture.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent. By Alexander de Humboldt and Aimé Boupland.

(Concluded from p. 452.)

We concluded our former notice of this valuable work with a description of the caoutchouc and the process of preparing it, and we now give an account of the Indian poison, which is fabricated at Esmeralda, a most solitary Christian mission of about eighty inhabitants, on the Upper Oranoko. This active poison is employed in war, in the chase, and, what is more singular, as a remedy for gastric obstructions. M. Humboldt says,—

‘The poison of the ticusas of the Amazon, the upas-ticus of Java, and the curare of Guyana, are the most deleterious substances that are known. Raleigh, toward the end of the sixteenth century, had heard the name of *urari* pronounced as being a vegetable substance, with which arrows were envenomed; yet no fixed notions of this poison had reached Europe. The missionaries, Gumilla and Gili, had not been able to penetrate into the country where the curare is manufactured. Gumilla asserts, “that this preparation was enveloped in great mystery; that its principal ingredient was furnished by a subterranean plant, by a tuberoso root, which never puts forth leaves, and which is called the root, by way of eminence, *raiz de si misma*; that the venomous exhalations which arise from the pots, cause the old women (the most useless) to perish, who are chosen to watch over this operation; finally, that these vegetable juices never appear sufficiently concentrated, till a few drops produce, at a distance, a repulsive action on the blood. An Indian wounds himself slightly; and a dart dipped in the liquid curare is held near the wound. If it make the blood return to the vessels without having been brought into contact with them, the poison is judged to be sufficiently concentrated.” I shall not stop to refute these popular tales collected by Father Gumilla.

‘When we arrived at Esmeralda, the greater part of the Indians were returning from an excursion which they had made to the east, beyond the Rio Paclamo, to gather *jujivas*, or the fruit of the *bertiollita*, and the *liana* which yields the curare. Their return was celebrated by a festival, which is called in the mission, *la fiesta de las jujivas*, and which resembles our harvest homes and vintage feasts. The women had prepared a quantity of fermented liquor, and during two days the Indians were in a state of intoxication. Among nations that attach

great importance to the fruits of the palmtree, and of some others useful for the nourishment of man, the period when these fruits are gathered is marked by public rejoicings, and time is divided according to these festivals, which succeed one another in a course invariably the same. We were fortunate enough to find an old Indian less drunk than the rest, who was employed in preparing the curare poison from freshly gathered plants. He was the chemist of the place. We found at his dwelling, large earthen pots for boiling the vegetable juice, shallower vessels to favour the evaporation by a larger surface, and leaves of the plaintain-tree rolled up in the shape of our filters, and used to filtrate the liquids, more or less loaded with fibrous matter. The greatest order and neatness prevailed in this hut, which was transformed into a chemical laboratory. The Indian who was to instruct us, is known throughout the mission by the name of the *master of poison*, (*amo del curare*) he had that self-sufficient air and tone of pedantry, of which the pharmacopologists of Europe were formerly accused. "I know," said he, "that the whites have the secret of fabricating soap, and that black powder, which has the effect of making a noise, and killing animals when they are wanted. The curare, which we prepare from father to son, is superior to any thing you can make down yonder (beyond sea). It is the juice of an herb which kills silently (without any one knowing whence the stroke comes)."

"This chemical operation, to which the master of the curare attached so much importance, appears to us extremely simple. The *liana*, (*beyuca*), which is used at Esmeralda for the preparation of the poison, bears the same name as in the forests of Jaraita. It is the *beyuca de macacure*, which is gathered in abundance east of the mission, on the left bank of the Oronoko, beyond the Rio Amaguaca, in the mountainous and granitic lands of Guayana and Yumariquin.

"The juice of the *liana*, when it has been recently gathered, is not regarded as poisonous; perhaps it acts in a sensible manner only when it is strongly concentrated. It is the bark and a part of the albumen which contains this terrible poison. Branches of the *macacure*, four or five lines in diameter, are scraped with a knife: and the bark that comes off is bruised, and reduced into very thin filaments, on the stone employed for grinding cassava. The venomous juice being yellow, the whole fibrous mass takes this colour. It is thrown into a funnel nine inches high, with an opening four inches wide. This funnel was, of all the instruments of the Indian laboratory, that of which the *master of poison* seemed to be most proud. He asked us repeatedly if *por allá* (down yonder, that is in Europe), we had ever seen any thing to be compared to his *empedado*. It was a leaf of the plaintain tree rolled up in the form of

a cone, and placed in another stronger cone, made of the leaves of the palm-tree. The whole of this apparatus was supported by slight frame-work, made of the petioles and ribs of palm leaves. A cold infusion is first prepared by pouring water on the fibrous matter, which is the ground bark of the *macacure*. A yellowish water filters during several hours, drop by drop, through the leafy funnel. This filtered water is the venomous liquor, but it acquires strength only when it is concentrated by evaporation, like molasses, in a large earthen pot. The Indian, from time to time, invited us to taste the liquid; its taste, more or less bitter, decides when the concentration by fire has been carried sufficiently far. There is no danger in this operation, the curare being deleterious only when it comes into immediate contact with the blood. The vapours, therefore, that are disengaged from the pans, are not hurtful, notwithstanding what has been asserted on this point by the missionaries of the Oronoko. Fontana, in his false experiments on the poison of the *ticunas* of the river of Amazons, long ago proved, that the vapours rising from this poison, when thrown on burning charcoal, may be inhaled without apprehension; and that it is false as M. de La Condamine has announced, that Indian women, when condemned to death, have been killed by the vapours of the poison of the *ticunas*."

When the darts are touched with this juice, which is mixed with a glutinous substance, in order to make it stick, they are mortal; large birds, when wounded with one of these arrows in the thigh, perish in two or three minutes; but it is often ten or twelve before a pig or a peccary expires. Our author is not acquainted with any antidote for this poison. Among uncivilized nations, various things are resorted to for a covering, but it is the Indians of the Oronoko alone who are so amply provided for by nature, as to furnish them with shirts ready made. Mr. H. says,—

"We saw on the slope of the Cerra Duida, *shirt-trees*, fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces, two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment, which resembles sacks of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of *marima* in the rainy season; they have the form of the *ponchos* and *ruanas* of cotton, which are so common in New Grenada, at Quito, and in Peru. As in these climates the riches and beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary causes of the indolence of the inhabitants, the missionaries do not fail to say in showing the shirts of *marima*, "in the forests

of the Oronoko garments are found ready made on the trees."

In addition to the ready-made shirts, the spathes of certain palm-trees furnish pointed caps, which resemble coarse net-work. M. Humboldt refutes the ancient traditions respecting the dwarf and fair Indians said to be near the sources of the Oronoko. Proceeding down this great river, he came to the cavern of Atarupe, which he thus describes.—

"We soon reckoned in this tomb of a whole extinct tribe near six hundred skeletons well preserved, and so regularly placed, that it would have been difficult to make an error in their number. Every skeleton reposes in a sort of basket, made of the petioles of the palm-tree. These baskets, which the natives call *mapires*, have the form of a square bag. Their size is proportioned to the age of the dead; there are some for infants cut off at the moment of their birth. We saw them from ten inches to three feet four inches long, the skeletons in them being bent together. They are all ranged near each other, and are so entire, that not a rib or a phalanx is wanting. The bones have been prepared in three different manners, either whitened in the air and the sun; dyed red with *onoto*, a colouring matter extracted from the *bixa orellana*; or, like real mummies, varnished with odiferous resins, and enveloped in leaves of the *heliconia* or of the plaintain tree. The Indians related to us, that the fresh corpse is placed in damp ground, in order that the flesh may be consumed by degrees; some months after, it is taken out, and the flesh remaining on the bones is scraped off with sharp stones. Several hordes in Guyana still observe this custom. Earthen vases half-baked are found near the *mapires*, or baskets. They appear to contain the bones of the same family. The largest of these vases or funeral urns, are three feet high, and five feet and a-half long. Their colour is greenish grey; and their oval form is sufficiently pleasing to the eye. The handles are made in the shape of crocodiles or serpents; the edge is bordered with meanders, labyrinths, and real *grotesques*, in straight lines variously combined. Such paintings are found in every zone, among nations the most remote from each other, either with respect to the spot which they occupy on the globe, or to the degree of civilization which they have attained. The inhabitants of the little mission of Mapyures, still execute them on their commonest pottery; they decorate the bucklers of the Otahitians, the fishing implements of the Eskimoes, the walls of the Mexican Palace of Mitla, and the vases of ancient Greece. Every where a rhythmic repetition of the same forms flatters the eye, as the cadenced repetition of sounds soothes the ear. Analogies founded on the internal nature of our feelings,

on the natural dispositions of our intellect, are not calculated to throw light on the filiation and the ancient connections of nations.

'We could not acquire any precise idea of the period to which the origin of the *mapires* and the painted vases, contained in the ossuary cavern of Atarupe, can be traced. The greater part seemed not to be more than a century old; but it may be supposed, that, sheltered from all humidity, under the influence of a uniform temperature, the preservation of these articles would be no less perfect if it dated from a period far more remote. A tradition circulates among the Guahiboes, that the warlike Atures, pursued by the Caribbees, escaped to the rocks that rise in the middle of the great cataracts; and there that nation, heretofore so numerous, became gradually extinct, as well as its language. The last family of the Atures still existed in 1767, in the time of the missionary Gili. At the period of our voyage, an old parrot was shown at Maypures, of which the inhabitants related, and the fact is worthy of observation, that, "they did not understand what it said, because it spoke the language of the Atures."

M. Humboldt and his companion opened several of these *mapires* or baskets, in order to examine attentively the form of the skulls, all of which displayed the characteristics of the American race, except two or three which approached to the Caucasian. Our travellers having some of the skulls and skeletons, loaded a mule with them, but, says M. H.—

'Unfortunately for us, the penetration of the Indians, and the extreme quickness of their senses, rendered all our precautions useless. Wherever we stopped, in the missions of the Caribbees, amid the Llanos, between Angostura and Nueva Barcelona, the natives assembled round our mules to admire the monkeys which we had purchased at Oroonoko. These good people had scarcely touched our baggage, when they announced the approaching death of the beast of burden, "that carried the dead." In vain we told them that they were deceived in their conjectures, and that the baskets contained the bones of crocodiles and manatees; they persisted in repeating, that they smelt the resin that surrounded the skeletons, and "that they were their old relations." We were obliged to make the monks interpose their authority, in order to conquer the aversion of the natives, and procure for us a change of mules.

'One of the skulls, which we took from the cavern of Atarupe, has appeared in the fine work published by my old master, Blumenbach, on the varieties of the human species. The skeletons of the Indians were lost on the coast of Africa, together with a considerable part of our collections, in a shipwreck, in which perished our friend and fellow-traveller,

Fray Juan Gonzales, a young monk of the order of St. Francis.

'We withdrew in silence from the cavern of Atarupe. It was one of those calm and serene nights, which are so common in the torrid zone. The stars shone with a mild and planetary light. Their scintillation was scarcely sensible at the horizon, which seemed illumined by the great nebulae of the southern hemisphere. An innumerable multitude of insects spread a reddish light on the ground, loaded with plants, and resplendent with these living and moving fires, as if the stars of the firmament had sunk down on the Savannah. On quitting the cavern, we stopped several times to admire the beauty of this singular scene. The odoriferous vanilla, and festoons of bignonia, decorated the entrance; and above, on the summit of the hill, the arrowy branches of the palm-trees waved murmuring in the air.'

M. Humboldt has some very curious observations on the earth-eaters, which are not only to be found on the Oroonoko, but among the negroes on the coast of Guinea, the savage inhabitants of New Caledonia, in the Pacific Ocean, and the Javanese. We shall, however, only quote the facts as they relate to the Otomacs of the Oroonoko:—

'The inhabitants of Urtana belong to those nations of the savannah, (*Indios andantes*), who, more difficult to civilize than the nations of the forest, (*Indios del monte*), have a decided aversion to cultivate the land, and live almost exclusively on hunting and fishing. They are men of a very robust constitution; but ugly, savage, vindictive, and passionately fond of fermented liquors. They are omnivorous animals in the highest degree; and, therefore, the other Indians, who consider them as barbarians, have a common saying, "nothing is so disgusting that an Otomac will not eat it." While the waters of the Oroonoko and its tributary streams are low, the Otomacs subsist on fish and turtles. The former they kill with surprising dexterity, by shooting them with an arrow, when they appear at the surface of the water. When the rivers swell, which in South America, as well as in Egypt and Nubia, is erroneously attributed to the melting of the snows, and which occurs periodically in every part of the torrid zone, fishing almost entirely ceases. It is then as difficult to procure fish in the rivers which are become deeper, as when you are sailing on the open sea. It often falls the poor missionaries, on fast-days as well as flesh-days, though all the young Indians are under the obligation of "fishing for the convent." At the period of these inundations, which last two or three months, the Otomacs swallow a prodigious quantity of earth. We found heaps of balls in their huts, piled up in pyramids three or

four feet high. These balls were five or six inches in diameter. The earth which the Otomacs eat is a very fine and untenuous clay, of a yellowish grey colour; and, being slightly baked in the fire, the hardened crust has a tint inclining to red, owing to the oxide of iron which is mingled with it. We brought away some of this earth, which we took from the winter provision of the Indians; and it is absolutely false that it is stercoritic, and contains magnesia. Mr. Vauquelin did not discover any traces of this earth in it; but he found that it contained more silica than alumina, and three or four per cent. of lime.

'The Otomacs do not eat every kind of clay indifferently; they choose the alluvial beds, or strata that contain the most unctuous earth, and the smoothest to the feel. I inquired of the missionary, whether the moistened clay were made to undergo, as Father Gumilla asserts, that peculiar decomposition, which is indicated by a disengagement of carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, and which is designated in every language by the term of *putrefaction*; but he assured us, that the natives neither cause the clay to rot, nor do they mingle it with flour of maize, oil of turtle's eggs, or fat of the crocodile. We ourselves examined, both at the Oroonoko and after our return to Paris, the balls of earth which we brought away with us, and found no trace of the mixture of any organic substance, whether oily or farinaceous. The savage regards every thing as nourishing that appeases hunger; when, therefore, you inquire of an Otomac on what he subsists during the two months when the river is the highest, he shows you his balls of clayey earth. This he calls his principal food; for at this period he can seldom procure a lizard, a root of fern, or a dead fish swimming at the surface of the water. If the Indian eat earth from want during two months, (and from three quarters to five quarters of a pound in twenty-four hours), he does not the less regale himself with it during the rest of the year. Every day in the season of drought, when fishing is most abundant, he scrapes his balls of *peya*, and mingles a little clay with his other aliment. What is most surprising is, that the Otomacs do not become lean by swallowing such quantities of earth; they are, on the contrary, extremely robust, and far from having the belly tense and puffed up. The missionary, Fray Ramon Bueno, asserts, that he never remarked any alteration in the health of the natives at the period of the great risings of the Oroonoko.

'The following are the facts, in all their simplicity, which we are able to verify. The Otomacs, during some months, eat daily three quarters of a pound of clay, slightly hardened by fire, without their health being sensibly affected by it. They moisten the earth afresh when they are going to swallow it. It has not been possible to verify, hitherto, with precision, how much nutritious vegetable or animal

matter the Indians take in a week at the same time; but it is certain that they attribute the sensation of satiety which they feel, to the clay, and not to the wretched aliments which they take with it occasionally. No physiological phenomenon being entirely insulated, it may be interesting to examine several analogous phenomena which I have been able to collect.

I observed every where within the torrid zone, in a great number of individuals, children, women, and sometimes even full-grown men, an inordinate and almost irresistible desire of swallowing earth; not an alkaline or calcareous earth, to neutralize, (as it is vulgarly said,) acid juices, but a fat clay, unctuous and exhaling a strong smell. It is often found necessary to tie the children's hands, or to confine them, to prevent their eating earth, when the rain ceases to fall. At the village of Blanco, on the bank of the river Magdalena, I saw the Indian women who make pottery, continually swallowing great pieces of clay.

From various experiments that have been made by M. Humboldt, as well as other physiologists, it is found that there are some species of earths which may be taken in considerable quantities without injury to the health; and that although the Otonacs in America, and the inhabitants of New Caledonia, eat earth from want and to appease hunger, there are tribes in other countries that eat it from choice.

M. Humboldt is an author so deservedly popular, and his works are so highly interesting, that to recommend it is only necessary to quote them. This we have already done, and we now take our leave.

THE WILD ASS*.

The sun was just rising over the summits of the eastern mountains, when my greyhound, Cooley, suddenly darted off in pursuit of an animal, which my Persians said, from the glimpse they had of it, was an antelope. I instantly put spurs to my horse, and, followed by Sedak Beg and Mehmander, followed the chase. After an unrestrained gallop of full three miles, we came up with the dog, who was then within a short stretch of the creature he pursued; and, to my surprise, and at first vexation, I saw it to be an ass. But, on a moment's reflection, judging from its fleetness it must be a wild one, a species little known in Europe, but which the Persians prize above all

other animals as an object of chase, I determined to approach as near to it as the very swift Arab I was on would carry me. But the single instant of checking my horse to consider, had given our game such a head of us, that, notwithstanding all our speed, we could not recover our ground on him. I, however, happened to be considerably before my companions, when, at a certain distance, the animal in its turn made a pause, and allowed me to approach within pistol-shot of him. He then darted off again with the quickness of thought; capering, kicking, and sporting in his flight, as if he were not blown in the least, and the chase was his pastime.

He appeared to me about ten or twelve hands high; the skin smooth, like a deer's, and of a reddish colour; the belly and hinder parts partaking of silvery grey; his neck was finer than that of a common ass, being longer, and bending like a stag's, and his legs beautifully slender; the head and ears seemed large in proportion to the gracefulness of these forms, and by them I first recognized that the object of my chase was of the ass tribe. The mane was short and black, as was also a tuft which terminated his tail. No line whatever ran along his back or crossed his shoulders, as are seen on the tame species with us. When my followers of the country came up, they regretted I had not shot the creature when he was so within my aim, telling me his flesh is one of the greatest delicacies in Persia; but it would not have been to eat him that I should have been glad to have had him in my possession. The prodigious swiftness and peculiar manner with which he fled across the plain, coincided exactly with the description that Xenophon gives of the same animal in Arabia, (vide Anabasis, b. 1.) But, above all, it reminded me of the striking portrait drawn by the author of the book of Job. I shall venture to repeat it, since the words will give life and action to the sketch that is to accompany these pages.

Who hath loosed the bonds of the wild ass? whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings! He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. The range of the mountain is his pasture.

I was informed by the Mehmander, who had been in the desert when making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ali, that the wild ass of Irak Arabi differs in nothing from the one I had just seen.

He had observed them often, for a short time, in the possession of the Arabs, who told him the creature was perfectly untameable. A few days after this discussion, we saw another of these animals, and, pursuing it determinately, had the good fortune, after a hard chase, to kill it and bring it to our quarters. From it I completed my sketch. The Honourable Mount Stuart Elphinstone, in his most admirable account of the kingdom of Cabul, mentions this highly picturesque creature, under the name of Goorkhur; describing it as an inhabitant of the desert between India and Afghanistan, or Caubul. It is called gaur by the Persians, and is usually seen in herds, though often single, straying away, as the one I first saw, in the wantonness of liberty. By the national passion for hunting so wild an object, Persia lost one of its most estimable monarchs, Bahram, surnamed Gour, from his fondness for the sport, and general success in the pursuit of an animal almost as fleet as the wind. The scene of this chase was a fine open vale, near to Shiraz, but which had the inconvenience of being intersected by a variety of springs, forming themselves into exceedingly deep ponds, covered at the bottom, by nature, to an extent under ground not to be traced. While the King was in the heat of pursuit, his horse came suddenly to the brink of one of these pieces of water, and, tumbling headlong, both horse and rider disappeared. The pond was immediately explored to the utmost of their ability in those days, but the body of the King could not be found. Hence it is supposed that it must have been driven by the stream into one of the subterraneous channels, and there found a watery grave. This event happened fourteen hundred years ago, and it yet forms an interesting tale in the memories of the natives about, to relate to the traveller passing that way.

Original Communications.

CRITIQUE ON

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S REMARKS ON NOVELISTS AND DRAMATISTS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

(Concluded from p. 616.)

I HAVE now laid before the reader the whole of this critic's reasoning, and, I think, sufficiently proved its fallacy and inconclusiveness. I am, indeed, astonished that the learned editor himself did not feel he was treading on

* From Sir Robert Ker Porter's Travels in Persia.

false ground, for if he had ever paid due attention to his own words, he would have perceived them constantly betraying uncertainty and contradiction. One of his sentences runs thus: 'It *must*, therefore, frequently happen that the author best qualified for a province in which all depends on the communication of his own ideas and feelings to the reader, without any intervening medium, may fall short.' Now, does not the evident incongruity of the words *must* and *may*, show that the writer had no clear notions of what he was endeavouring to prove? if the premises from whence he drew this tremulous conclusion, had any thing of energy and fixedness in them, instead of allowing it to vacillate between certainty and possibility, he would have boldly said, *shall or will*, and not *may*; but they had no such force, and, therefore, he found himself obliged to put us off with this lame account of the matter, that a novelist may not be a good dramatist, which nobody disputed. Again, he says, speaking of an acting drama written in the manner of a novel, 'there is an immediate failure, though it may be the failure of a man of genius.' Would not one have thought this was sufficient to have shown him, he was labouring to prove what was nothing to the purpose? for Fielding's plays are not what can be called honourable failures, which he speaks of above; they are utterly bad, and this is the phenomenon to be accounted for. But, in order to show that his whole manner of reasoning tends to prove the very opposite of what he wished, though he was not conscious of it, let the reader look at the following sentences. After having enumerated several qualifications which the novelist and dramatist must possess in common, and which appear to comprehend the sum of those necessary in both their arts, he says, 'he (i. e. the novelist) must not only tell what the characters actually said, in which his task is the same as that of the dramatic author.' Hence a good acting play may be made by selecting a plot and characters from a novel, by contracting the events within the space necessary for representation, and by discarding from the dialogue whatever is redundant.' Now, here we have his own words, that the novelist has all the requisites for a dramatist, that one department of the former is to do what includes the whole art of the latter, viz. 'to tell what the characters actually said,' and that a well-educated tai-

lor might cut out a play from a novel, yet we find him concluding from all this, that a novelist is no dramatist! Is it not a natural question, why the novelist himself might not lop off the redundancies and select the characters, as well as the tailor, and so give us a good play? unless, perhaps, the editor may set about proving, in the face of our milliners, that a writer of novels cannot handle a pair of scissors.

But the solution of this latter phenomenon, that an able critic and author should fall into such contradictions and absurdities, which is to the full as wonderful as the former, is that he treated his subject as he would his mistress, as a trifle to play elegant tricks upon, to mumble sweet phrases over, and to keep him in poetical wind. It is impossible, but that if he had taken the pains to look through the tinsel and drapery of his language, at the inward substance of his arguments, he would have seen their weakness and instability. This, however, would be too much to expect in this age of wordy literature, where the ghost of an argument is scarcely to be detected amidst the clouds and confusion of magnificent sequipedals, headlong metaphors, and images swoln out of all natural figure.

Let me not be accused of an envious wish to detract from the gratefulness of good language, because I may be deficient in it myself; sound has its sense to please, as well as argument its faculty. Neither do I object to the introduction of poetical language into subjects, whose objects are professedly philosophical;—but this I object to: the utter disregard of every thing but fine words; or if we do admit something bordering upon reason into our compositions, making it mere wire or cat-gut to hold the fringe together. What I require is merely this: that before he adjusts his ornaments, the argumentator would make a clean draught of the line of his argument, that he may know where he is going, and then he may paint it in what colour he pleases, so as he leaves it visible to his followers; but it is a contemptible office, a kind of dressing of the dead, to spend our time in heaping a profusion of flowers and beautiful weeds on a senseless counterfeited real energy.

I have devoted the chief part of this essay to the demonstration of the falsity of a particular theory; but whether the editor's account of the phenomenon be true or not, is a secondary consideration. I come not for the invidi-

ous purpose of detecting the errors of a man so much my superior in mental qualifications, but to show the dangerous tendency of the present rage for voluble eloquence: this makes a man of sense and abilities, involve and bewilder himself in most palpable contradictions; this makes a coxcomb, whose sagacity ends where reason begins, viz. at the extremity of animal instinct, provided he can fill his own mouth and our ears with grammatical breath and sorrows, pass for a man of genius and wisdom amongst us, when his proper office should be, making wooden cuckoos or whistle trumpets, for children and idiots.

With this warning before our eyes, let us now turn to the investigation of the question itself. It is much easier to overturn a theory, than to establish one permanently, and, therefore, though I am pretty certain the above solution of the proposed phenomenon is not the true one, I am by no means as sure, that I am about offering, may not meet similar treatment from some abler inquisitor, which, however, I by no means deprecate, but on the contrary request, as I had much rather be convicted of an error than remain in it. I shall also have the satisfaction of knowing, that if I do fail, it is not for want of using all diligence to prevent it; that I attempted the question with a serious design to solve it, and for no latent purpose, such as carrying off the wits of my readers on the current of my voluminous fluency, or stupifying them with a breathless succession of fleeting imagery. I attempt it for itself, else I would not attempt it at all. If my object was only to expose my poetical faculties, I would keep to poetical subjects.

The primary error in the theory we have just overturned, seems to me to lie in the attributing the cause of the phenomenon to habit. This was the first principle the editor set out with, though by a poetical licence (which I suppose means, a neglect of every thing like reason and propriety) he leaves the connexion between it and the arguments he has brought to prove it, as difficult to be made out as the phenomenon itself. Indeed, he says no more about it, but having first made it the head of his hypothesis, and given us a few disjointed members to clap up a body, he has left it to us to make it a tail. But as the head and tail of an hypothesis are the same thing, namely, the hypothesis itself, and as the members are the arguments which

support it, I suppose if we can knock the hypothesis on the head, we may send the tail, &c. a-begging. Now, what is the fact? Fielding wrote his novels after his plays; so that the habit of writing in the style of a novel, could have no effect on his plays, which were written already. Is it not singular the biographical critic should never have considered this, though he mentions it a few lines afterwards? but, poetry, all along of poetry! it is impossible to see a plain matter of fact through the mist which a poetical fancy casts before the mind. But, though this alone puts the hypothesis to flight without farther trouble, the reader may like to see a speculative proof of the same thing. To this end, I will beg leave to introduce a rule invented by Sir Isaac Newton, to my reader's notice, which, although used heretofore only in purely scientific subjects, may yet be applied here with great propriety and effect. It is this: *no cause of any phenomenon is to be admitted, but what is true, and sufficient to account for the phenomenon.* Now, though in the present case, the truth, i.e. the existence, of habit as an efficient cause to work many wonders, cannot be denied, yet it is wholly insufficient; which is plain from what I have brought forward above, concerning the habit of imagining and describing.

We must look to a more remote cause for this phenomenon, than habit. And to me it appears to be this. There are some men of a vast and magnificent turn of mind, who cannot bring themselves to dwell upon any thing minute or particular. On the other hand, there are those of an accurate and curious disposition, who delight in examining closely the several differences and particles of things, and have no capacity of taking in general views. Now, according to my notion, a dramatist is of the former class, a novelist of the latter; and this not only accounts thus simply for the proposed question, but also for another, viz. why a dramatist would most probably fail in a novel; which is a conjecture of mine I leave to be determined by experience. For, a dramatist is obliged, by the necessity of contracting his work to the measure of a few pages, to develop his characters in the great, to let us into their dispositions and designs immediately; consequently, he must choose their prominent and decisive characteristics, and by a general and comprehensive

view of his subject, give us a determinate outline at once. On the contrary, a novelist has what waste of paper he chooses to travel over, and, therefore, we expect a minute account of every thing; consequently, he works by piecemeal, he makes out his characters by little and little, and by exhibiting all the individual traits of his personages, gives us at last a finished and accurate picture of them. If this be the case, the man of the first class, which contains those of a vast and comprehensive mind, will succeed in the drama, and fail in a novel on account of his deficiency in minute knowledge; on the other hand, the man of the second class, which contains those of an accurate and curious disposition, will succeed in a novel, and fail in the drama on account of his deficiency in seizing general points, and developing instantaneously. Hence we see that the faculties of description and imagination, which otherwise would make the novelist a dramatist, are rendered useless by this deficiency.

The only difficulty I can see in this theory is the following: how does it agree with the fact that Cervantes and Scott, two of our greatest novelists, are yet authors of most comprehensive and stupendous imaginations, especially the latter? I answer; we must distinguish between a novelist and romancer; besides it is the querist's assertion, not mine, that all men of genius are of one or other class above-mentioned. There may be men who have both a comprehensive and an accurate genius, though, perhaps, not of the first degree in either, and such would write a drama as well as a novel. A novel then seems to be distinguished from a romance in this, that the former is a narration of what men might probably say and do in life, the latter of what would not probably happen, and hence the author of a romance should have a noble imagination and somewhat dramatical, as the language of a romance is above the common-place strain of a novel. But it will be said, which is Cervantes, a novelist or a romancer? which is Scott? This is the very point I want to come to. I answer, both. As far as they relate things probable they are novelists. As far as they relate things not probable they are romancers. And mark how well this agrees with my theory: this mixture of novel and romance shows a genius in the author at once accurate and comprehensive; therefore he belongs to both the above classes; there-

fore he should write a good play as well as a good novel; and what is the fact? Cervantes was a dramatist considerably above mediocrity, and I have as little doubt that the author of the Scotch novels is the writer of those excellent dramatical mottoes he has prefixed to his chapters, as that Scott is the author of the novels themselves.

However this may be, let the author of these novels, whoever he is, attempt a drama, either tragedy or comedy, and if he fails, I am content to give up my theory, and, what is more, to embrace that I have just overturned!

CALAMUS.

CROSS READINGS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Your readers will recollect the amusing articles under the titles of 'Cross Readings, Ship News, and Mistakes of the Press,' and they will doubtless be delighted to discover a new source of amusement of this kind; it will cost them no trouble, which is always a great drawback on pleasure: they have only to take Levisac's Grammar and read the exercises exactly as they are printed: as a specimen, I will give you one taken at random.

'Was not Virgil born at Mantua?' it is from that poisoned source that have arisen all the cruel wars that have desolated the universe: the fable says, that as soon as Hercules had cut off the heads of the hydra, others sprang up, while their united flocks fed on the tender and flowery grass.' Exercises on the verb *naltre*, p. 193, Paris Edition. No Quiz.

THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. PANCRAS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—According to Vitruvius, three things ought to be considered in every fabric, without which no edifice will deserve to be commended; and these are, utility or convenience, duration, and beauty.

If population increase, and a desire to be instructed in the established rules of divine worship prevail, then the edifice which is now erecting in the New Road, will add much to the convenience of its local and social circle. Hence, the first thing will be accomplished, in part, though convenience is not always studied upon a general principle, the rich being more usually furnished with crimson curtains, large prayer-books, and hassocks, while the poor are only adorned with the 'hearing ear,' the standing posture, and the

avenue draught, which confirms a rheumatism or inoculates a disease. This is a hint for the architect and his associates, because the grant for the building of churches is given with a view of the poor being accommodated on a Sunday.

Duration being the second thing worthy of consideration, I make a remark or two. In Andrea Palladio's time, architecture was noble, because of its durability; exalted, from its spacious elements; and grand, on account of the vast stores of science and wealth bestowed on it. Greece, Rome, and Egypt were spots which exhibited their orders, arches, flights of steps, staircases, pillars, and monuments, to the most elevated and sublime conceptions, suitable for sepulture, festive honours, victorious celebrations, baths, holy ablations, and the most sacred consecrations of their mystic or more simple devotions. In this country, Wren's name is immortal, for his works are erected as specimens of immortality, the essence of duration. But it is not fashionable for modern architects to study a guide of so recent a period as Wren; and, therefore, churches, like Manchester calicos or Birmingham wares, are built only to suit the taste or caprice of interested and time—not eternity—serving individuals or parochial junks. Places of worship ought to resemble the simplicity of the heart, and be dedicated wholly and solely to the Eternal Architect; but, it is evident from the exterior of this new church, what might be anticipated of its interior,—a mere superficial edifice, whose beauty will pass away with the generation of its structure, and the next century show its waste and cankered decay. Had this been the mode of building after the fire of London, when so many churches were built, into what vast expenses would the parishes of London now be thrown; but, fortunately for the epoch of 1821, it was otherwise.

I do not object to ornament and decoration where it arises from a pure cause, and is used to add to excellence; sculpture and painting, emanating from skillful pencils and discriminating chisels, are the very graces of religion; but I do object, most strongly, against churches, either exteriorly or interiorly, having the air, in part, of theatrical illusion. But, to my third point;—it is very difficult yet to speak of the beauty of this new church. Viewed afar, it appears that it will maintain its command at a respectful

distance from its sister saints and brethren of all denominations, from the Small-Pox Hospital to St. Paul's. As yet, it looks a very slight superstructure, and evinces an ornamental fancy, which, as I have previously hinted, will accord with the lighter fancies of the new-road and square-whippers. An idea struck me, and forcibly too, of an unfortunate association. I mean the shell-work over the altar-end of the church; it looks as a caricature likeness of our esteemed monarch, or the host which a Catholic priest holds up to his congregation at mass. I speak it with reverence and regret, because I fear it will give room for worse construction and allusion than what I unwillingly make, and before the church be finished might be removed for a more unequivocal device.

Peals of bells being excluded from our new churches or chapels of ease, ringers will, in course of years, like old *grandvires*, become extinct. This I am sorry for, good ringing being a healthful exercise, and of later periods full of harmony and deep science in numbers. It is very pleasant too, on royal occasions, public anniversaries, light-hearted weddings, and liberal exhibitions of joy, to hear their playfulness dissolve in air. ANAC.

P. S. The house, however elegant, previously to the erecting of the above church, which stands by its side, must be removed, whatever convenience and expense will be sacrificed.

STATISTICS OF PARIS.

THE Compté Chabrol Prefect of the department of the Seine, has recently published a work from official documents, containing some interesting particulars on the state of Paris. The following extracts will afford a curious comparison with the state of London:—

On the 1st of January, 1819, there were registered in Paris, 1171 cabriolets de place (on the stand), of which 765 were for the streets and 406 for the environs.

106 Messageries and voitures for fixed destinations, not included in those for the vicinity of Paris.

489 Coaches of remise,

318 Cabriolets, ditto.

4804 Private cabriolets.

9080 Carts.

495 Voitures à loyer, drawn by one horse.

843 Ditto, ditto, drawn by hand.

Of private voitures, drawn by two or

more horses, not subject to take a number, the administration can give no precise account.

1600 Horses are generally kept in Paris, exclusive of those brought thither by strangers.

An eighth part of the paving of Paris is renewed annually, during seven months of the best season.

The streets, bridges, and public squares are lighted by 4553 lanterns, which consume annually 606,397 lbs. of oil.

In the public establishments, 483 lanterns consume 31,734 lbs. of oil.

The ordinary watering and clearing of the streets is done by the inhabitants; that of the bridges, quays, gates, and squares, employs from the 1st March to the 31st October 116 men; and during the other four months 250 men.

The clearing away of dust, &c. during eight months, requires 140 men and 210 horses; in the winter months, 220 men are required, and 330 horses.

The corn market can contain 400,000 sacks.

In ordinary years, there are consumed in Paris,—

718,000 Hectolires of wine, including about 450,000 bottles (13,966,842 wine gallons).

24,350 Ditto of cider (539,154 wine gallons).

77,000 Ditto of beer (3,034,263 wine gallons).

13,600 Ditto of vinegar (259,298 wine gallons).

71,750 Bullocks.

8,500 Cows.

76,500 Calves.

339,650 Sheep.

70,500 Hogs.

981,000 Pigeons.

174,000 Ducks.

1,239,000 Chickens.

251,000 Capons or poulets.

549,000 Turkey.

328,000 Geese.

131,000 Partridges.

177,000 Rabbits.

28,000 Hares.

Butter and eggs cost annually

10,348,800 francs.

Oysters cost 599,600 francs.

Sea-fish, 3,417,600 francs.

Fresh water fish, 333,400 francs.

The receipts of the twelve theatres, including the Cirque Olympique, may be valued, one year with another, at 5,590,000 francs, of which they give 500,000 for the use of the poor.

10,000 persons daily frequent the Spectacles, of whom 7000 pay, and 3000 have free admissions.

The receipt of the minor spectacles, balls, gardens, concerts, coffee-houses, à seoirs amusantes, curiosities, &c. may be estimated at 1,000,000 francs, of which 100,000 go to the poor.

So that public amusements produce above 6,000,000 francs, which is above 16,000 per day, not including the expense of refreshments and of gaming, which pay separately.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE population of Great Britain, at the census in 1811, was 11,800,000, exclusive of the army and navy, then about 500,000. From the returns, so far as published, under the present census, it appears, the increase is about 15 per cent. This will make the population of Great Britain at present to be 14,000,000 of souls. Ireland contains about 6,500,000 people, making the population of the British dominions in Europe 20,500,000. The population of our North American possessions cannot be less than 1,500,000; the population of the West Indian colonies, 900,000; Africa about 130,000; in the Mediterranean, 150,000; colonies and dependencies in Asia, 2,040,000; and in our extensive territories in the East Indies, perhaps 70,000,000 of souls. The whole population of the British empire will, at that rate, contain 95,320,000 of souls.—The Russian, the next highest in the scale of civilized nations, contains 80,000,000; France, 30,000,000; and Austria an equal number. The Roman empire, in all its glory, contained 120,000,000, one half of whom were slaves. When we compare its situation with that of the British empire, in power, wealth, resources, and industry; the arts, sciences, commerce, and agriculture, the preponderance of the latter in the scale of nations and of empires, is great and most remarkable. The tonnage employed in the merchant service is about 2,640,000 tons, for Great Britain; the exports, 51,000,000 (including 11,000,000 foreign and colonial); and imports, 36,000,000. The navy, during the last war, consisted of 1000 ships of war; the seamen at present in the merchant service are about 174,000: the net revenue of the state, 57,000,000l. sterling. The capital of the empire contains 1,200,000 persons, the same number which Rome contained in the days of her greatest strength. The value of fixed or landed property in Great Britain, as calculated by Mr. Pitt, in 1797, was 1,600,000,000l. and it may now be fairly taken at 2,000,000,000l. The cotton manufactures of the country are immense, and reach, in the exports, to 80,000,000l. or one half of the whole. In short, taking every thing into consideration, the British empire, in power and strength, may be stated as the greatest that ever existed on earth, as it far surpasses them all in knowledge, moral character, and worth. On her dominions the

sun never sets; before his evening rays leave the spires of Quebec, his morning beams have shone three hours on Port Jackson, and while sinking from the waters of Lake Superior, his eye opens upon the mouth of the Ganges.

REFINEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

[The people of the United States boast a high degree of civilization, and a very fine taste for the drama; so much so that they affected to despise the splendid talents of Kean, and the journalists loaded him with abuse more befitting the purloins of St. Giles's or Billingsgate, than the editors of periodical journals. In order that our readers may judge of the weight of their pretensions, we quote, from a recent number of the *National Intelligencer*, published in the capital of the United States; the following article. Smoking and drinking spirits in a theatre have not, we believe, been known in this country for above a century and a half; and yet they are now prevalent in that transatlantic Athens—the city of Washington:—Eo.

WASHINGTON THEATRE.

It is with much pleasure the writer of this understands that the new theatre is on the eve of being opened by a detachment of Messrs. Warren and Wood's company, from Philadelphia. A well-conducted theatre is at all times not only an evidence of public taste, but an auxiliary in behalf of the public morals, because it allures the young and the gay from amusement often fatal to character, fortune, and health. In order to answer the end intended, it is absolutely essential that a rigid internal police be established for the purpose of preserving order and decorum in the audience. Anxious that this should be attained, I beg leave to recommend that the managers, or whoever have the superintendence of the performances, establish and enforce something like the following regulations.—Without something of the kind, all theatres are bear-gardens, instead of places of polite recreation:—

1st. No person to be allowed to smoke within the walls of the theatre during the play nights. This will add to the security of the building by taking away one cause of fire.

2nd. No person allowed to sell intoxicating liquors within the walls of the theatre, a tavern being near, where they can drink and smoke without offending decency or annoying ladies.

3rd. No person, on any pretence, allowed to stand up on the box-benches, or cover them with dirt, and impede the sight of others.

Ladies who come without a proper attendant, to be confined to the upper row; and on no occasion, to be suffered to intrude into the lower boxes.

5th. If any gentleman choose to talk loud, quarrel, or fight, they are to retire to some spot where they cannot disturb the audience.—The watch-house or penitentiary is a very convenient place.

6th. All tipsy gentlemen to be positively refused admittance, unless they will promise to go quietly to sleep in a corner of a box.

7th. No actor shall presume to give additional point or force to an equivocal passage or 'double entendre,' by either leering, winking, or the like, upon pain of being bisected off the stage.

With these or similar rules, a theatre may be made a school of refinement, elegance, and morality. Without them it is but a rendezvous for vulgar profligates, men without shame, and women without virtue. Should my worthy old friend Wood think proper to attend to these hints, he will see me and my family frequently at the theatre. But he will certainly not see us if my wife and daughters are to sit down where fashionable bucks have just had their feet, and, for aught I know, by the side of a prostitute, and be smoked with tobacco, while their ears are assailed by the ribaldry of half-bred gentlemen, who have no other way of attracting notice except by making themselves offensive.

A FATHER OF A FAMILY.

N. B. Two or three resolute port officers, acting as door and box-keepers, will be sufficient for all the purposes of order and decorum.—*National Intelligencer*.

Original Poetry.

A PRAISE OF POESY.

'Oh Poesy, for thee I hold my pen,
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven.'—KEATS.

What hand shall imply wings in thine
flight

From this low earth to an immortal height,
Till I have travelled up within the reach
And bearing of heaven's ministers—all their
speech

Sounds audible, and near as mine own voice!
And who breathe words of blame at my fond
choice?

Be thou my guide—thou, heaven's faithful Post,
And fit my spirit for discovery
Of unknown worlds of thought! Teach me
to shape

Thy course aright, that I may touch your eye
Shall be unmet by any bark but mine,
And I will land thee long with many a lyre
divine.

Yet there are some (oh shamelessness!) who slight

There, Poets, and care not in thy sight
To be found gracious; who full highly weigh
Thy glorious gift to few as one that may
All easily be won; but soulless shapes are
they;

Earth grovellers and grubs—creatures without
knees,

Who cannot worship wisdom, yet will stoop
Lower than lilies when in death they bane;
So they may grasp the gold that is their bane;
And these shall be as they had never been;
Whatever now their undeserved degrees
In worldly honours, precedence, and fame,—
Forgotten in the memory of Time their name,
And vain and wretched doings. Beneath thy
fane,

Divinest Poetry, I would be found
A worshipper. Let not thy mysteries astound
My feeble sense; but lend me a clear light,
To lead my spirit, if it err, aright!
So will I honour thee with every rite
Which graceful poets use in praise, and prove
Not undeserving of thy dearer love.

Ye who have never heard her voice, nor tasted
The wine of Helicon; ye who have wasted
Long nights in fruitless orisons to her,
And, for she listened not your feeble prayer
For inspiration, hate her from despair
That she will ne'er instruct your souls to
breathe

A lyric hymn for great Apollo's bearing,
Or teach your hands one coronal to wreath,
Worthy the honour of Apollo's wearing,
Despite his rage—for she of holy Heaven
Was born and taught; it may not be forgiven!

Her brow is crowned with glory, and its ring-
lets

Also golden yellow, and brighter than the wing-
lets

Of rainbow-tinted dove, and beautiful
As those thin-streaming threads the gossamer
Lays loose unto the many-winded air,
To thrall the fays who come at dusk, to cull
The violet's dew, to bathe Titania fair.

Wild creatures tame at her meek innocent
look,

And plays round her feet as summer brook
—And round the lilies which, like Dian's maids,
Lave their white limbs in the cool-watered
slade.

The fery lion will crouch down in meekness,
While her hand smooths his rough mane to the
sleepiness*

Of her own golden hair and silken lashes;
And yet her eye sometimes its anger flashes,
When fools deny her wisdom, and despise
Her revelations and deep mysteries.

Who that beholds her may refrain adoring,
When upward-looking as an eagle soaring,
She holds divine communion with the skies,
And walks the uncertain waters as they rush

At her headlong course, who suddenly bust
At her smooth song, mellifluous as the lay
Piped by the early-singing birds, when Day
Comes grandly in his car; or that at noon
Of night thick-veiled to the moon,

Walking in loveliness, and silently
Sorrowing, to see Endymion lie,
Cold to love, with slumber-sealed eye.
And she is fair as that pale nightly rover;
Tender as Venus of her wounded lover;

Harmless as Love when Psyche hid his arrows;
Gentle as Lærbia fondling tame sparrows;

* Poetry and Music are here considered as
one and the same.

Sweet-voiced as whispered words of passionate
wooers;

Quiet as murmuring of those happy coveys,
The amorous doves; soothing as the bee's
Faint drowsy hum, when nestling on a flower,
And surfeiting on sweetness. The loitering
breeze,

That whispers with the leaves in lady's bower,
Is noisy in its stillness to't. 'Twill be
Awful more ravelling than airs of Italy;

Then subtle and lofty as discharge
Of the thunder-clouds, when at some mountain-
targe

Their crushing bolt is levelled; then terrible,
Being moved, as the deep groan of painful
bell,

The roar of raging seas, or boisterous breath
Of the storm-wind, which speaks the wrath of
death.

Ah, how may I by my rough lines express
Her grace, her meekness, and sweet winning-
ness;

And how repeat the music of her sighs,
Which scarce would wait the light down when
it lies,

Windfalls, upon a motionless flower's head;
How tell one thing that she hath done or said;
How paint her eloquent look; and the bright
meaning

Of her sweet smile, that cheers one like the
greening
Of the spring meadows, seen through melting
snows;

How tell the kindness, the sweet dispose,
The sympathy withal, of her fine heart,
That weeps for sorrow of another's woe,
And smarts for pity of another's smart;

How tell in sandy deserts if she roam,
Trees bloom in bowers, drest in May's sweet
bloom;

And sudden as shot stars, flowers from verdant
beds
Spring up alert with youth, and bow their
heads,

Like worshipping Persians at their god's new
rise,
Doing her homage in most reverent wise;

And waters at her wish, as Eden's sheen,
About her feet gush coolingly, and run
Like beamy light new bursting from the sun;

And nothing else but beauty soon is seen,
Where freshness, fragrance, and green life had
never been.

The lowly and the mean her still small whis-
pering
Voice have heard in loneliness, much wonder-
ing

Whence such sweet sounds might come. The
nobiest men

Of the o'erpass'd time, like meek awe'd children,
Have sat attentive to her high discourse,
That drew their souls from earth to where her
song had source.

And hope-dلف spirits have unwearingly kept
Long lonely vigils, while the unthoughted slept,
Waiting and watching her approach. Their feet
Have tracked her to her secret retreat,
And trod where none but poets dare to tread.

The crown that circled sacredly each head
By her bestowed, by her was gather'd
From heaven's immortal bowers these angels
wreathed

And fragrant made, for on them they had
breathed.

Oh! great reward of their ambitious toil,
That labour might not weary—danger foil,
These men are deathless now—eternal heirs
Of an eternal heritage; and their's

An ever-during crown of gems and gold,
And orient glory. Oh! might proud kings be
told

Of these rich crowns, that nor unrest nor pain
Cost them that wear, nor seas of blood to gain,
Nor kingdoms wreck and ravage to maintain,
Sure they would meek and lowly grow, and
spurn

Their bubble sceptre of a day, and yearn
To pass the portal of a poet's grave,
So they might win a wise renewer, and have
Their deaths lamented, and a hallow'd name

Synonymous with virtue—old as fame;
Then, durable as the stars, their body names
Would live in heaven, when the bolt smother-
ing flames

Of its volcanic bosom have calcined
This poor, and proud, and perishable world,
With all its quenchless waters, gathered and
curled,

And dried like shrivelled scrolls, and to the
wind

In ashes from the Almighty hand loose hurl'd.

Then mock not poetry. Oh! to be dumb,
Tongueless, and mouth-shut as the silent tomb,
Were better than such babbling! The stern and
rude

Inhabiter of rudest climes is learned
In this most learned lore. 'Tis understood
Of wisdom, and hath had his praise—not
earned

Easily, nor oft. Believe it is the soul's
Untutor'd language, which pedantry controls
No more than doth the wind the giant sea,
Who most opposed is strongest, and speaks
most angrily.

Oh, ever-eloquent poetry! wreather
Of fair and deathless flowers—continual
breather

Of songs which never die—no new inspire
To tell, in smiling verse, of when thy lyre
Was heard in heaven, how the stern godhead
smiled

At its new voice, and by it was beguiled
Of his just wrath against that sinful twin
From Paradise out-driven, never again
To wander their birth-bower. How, swift as
thought,

The priceliest angels, soon as their ears caught
Thy fainting feelings, fluttered fast around,
And drank its vast varieties of sound
In silence solemn wrapt, and listening,

And on thy voice as on th' Almighty's hung.
How Gabriel awhile did stand astounded,
His earnest eyes with a mixed rapture glitten-
ing,—

(Excessive rapture, sister to sad Pain),
Till, with a gentle glance of self-disdain,
Far down into the depths of space he flung
That startling trumpet, which had frequent rung
Alarm through farthest heaven, when angels
warred

Madly and wickedly with their liege Lord;
But were soon quailed, and conquered to be
spared

And Justice's sword suddenly sheathed as barred;
How him, rebellious then, since God exiled,
Melted in rage, and, like a toward child,
Stood proud-subdued and weeping, was for-
given;

And with heaven's shouts the clouds shook
under heaven,
And the huge hearth, with its surrounding sea,
Roll'd in its trembling orbit giddily.

'Twas then, proud Poetry, that tears like rain
(The first by angels wept, and not for pain,
But joy,) watered the everlasting throe.
That day is yet a jubilee. 'Tis known

The souls of God's and nature's poets? then
Were flamed—the pride of heaven, and there,
and men!

These high and holy themes may not be sung
By lump faint-voiced as mine, and loosely
strung
O, pardon my mad spirit, which would dare
To soar thy giddy heights, and beat the air
That swims serene round heaven with wings
profane!

And pardon my rash tongue, too weak and vain
To win thy judging ear! I did but rave
Like to a petted child, for things I may not
have.

My soul is fever'd with its restless rage,
And thirsts for glory, which will ne'er assume
Till a soft-gushing rill, fresh from the clear
Sweet fount of Helicon, flow coolingly between
Me and my green resolve, and medicine
My warring mind to peace, now nothing spent
With its determined toil; nor shall it rest
With indolent ease on her calm couch, content
To live with her, and do as should her guest,
Till Fame's own crown is won and safe pos-
sessed.

Ere this great gain be mine, much I must toil,
And waste the sap of youth with midnight oil,
Working unseen, uncheered, as miners toil,
Yet come at last in presence of the sun,
And show the labours they untask'd have done,
By the all-buying wealth which they have won.
So I must labour in the mines' mines,
And delve for wit—the diamond that shines
Brilliantly ever; and thought—the golden ore
That maketh the soul rich. Oh! never more
Shall my soul faint in its brave task; but I,
Like warrior doomed, who knoweth his must
die

In th' imminent breach, yet enters gallantly,
Will wage this hopeful, doubtful, studious
strife,
That works out fame eternal, but wears out life.
1817. C. W.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—*Geraldi Duval*, the *Coronation*, and *Monsieur Tonson*, still reign at this theatre, and still bring good houses. On two or three evenings lately, the pit has been so crowded, that upwards of two hundred persons got upon the platform leading across it to the stage, and were only prevailed upon to quit it by being accommodated with room in the upper boxes. The *Coronation* has now been exhibited fifty successive evenings, a circumstance almost unprecedented in this age of spectacle. Wearied as we are of the monotony which prevails at this theatre, we are happy to find that some novelties are forthcoming, among which are a new comedy; and report adds, a grand spectacle, in which forty horses will be introduced on the stage, representing the principal events of his Majesty's visit to Ireland. This is a somewhat questionable subject; and, when we consider that a piece founded

• Milton and Shakespeare.

upon it was condemned the first night at Astley's, (where it is very unusual to damn any piece,) we hope Mr. Elliston will pause before he incurs so heavy an expense as it must necessarily create. We do not hear any thing of Mr. Kem's engagement at this theatre, for the season; indeed, at present, there is nothing for him to do. Mr. Walluck, we understand, has gone to America. Munden, it is said, has renewed his engagement with Mr. Elliston. We are glad of it, for these are not the times in which we can spare him from the stage.

COVENT GARDEN.—Farquhar's excellent comedy of the *Beaux Stratagem*, was performed at this theatre on Friday night, when Mr. Drinkwater Meadows made his first appearance on the London boards, in the character of Scrub. Mr. Meadows is the son of a comic performer, who was for many years a great favourite in the northern counties; he is young, well made, and has an expressive countenance. With these qualifications, and others of a higher cast, a good knowledge of the stage, and a correct conception of his character, he played the part of Scrub with great success. Unlike too many of our modern comedians, (and tragedians too,) he does not seek to create effect by artificial means, but trusts to a faithful portrait of his author; grimace forms no part of his acting, which is chaste without tameness, and humorous without extravagance. His rustic imitations of Archer were admirable, and close even to minuteness; but the scene with the thieves was the best; and the manner in which he rushed in on the alarm being that 'the honest gentlemen were robbing the house,' was quite in character; and, between his efforts to huddle on his clothes, and his blustering timidity to escort the persons out, he elicited shouts of laughter and applause. The *début* of Mr. Meadows was completely successful, and if he continues to study English comedy, and not English comedians, he will rise to the very summit of his profession; even now he is a very valuable accession to this already powerful company. Jones, in *Archer*, is so gay, lively, and genteel a footman, that we do not wonder that, even in the disguise of a servant, he is a great favourite with the ladies. Emery, as the Hounslow Captain, Gilbert, gave a most accurate and forcible delineation of the character; his face, figure, dress, and demeanour, all combined to

give fidelity to the portrait. Mr. Abbott, in *Aimwell*, made a polite and gallant beau; and Connor's Foulard is one of his best characters. His unruffled firmness, when, in a brogue that would betray him to all the world, he declared himself to be a French priest, was highly ludicrous. Yates, with all his artificial stuffing, made but a very indifferent Boniface; the rich humour and joviality of this prince of publicans is not to be conveyed or expressed by a mere unkindness of person, though Mr. Yates seemed to think that therein lay the powerful merit. Blanchard, (though no man has less sensibility in his character,) played the character of Sullen to the life. Mr. Davison presented an excellent picture of his discontented lady. Mr. Davenport did all that Lady Bonifield had to do, as well as it could be done; and Miss Foote was charming in Cherry. We wish we could speak favourably of Miss Beaumont, in *Donada*; but really, a pretty person and a pretty voice are all the pretty things we can say about her. The comedy, thus strongly cast and ably supported in all its principal characters, with its own intrinsic merits, could not fail of ensuring much applause, which it certainly obtained.

On Wednesday night, the opening of *Rob Roy Macgregor* attracted a very crowded and elegant audience. During the absence of Mr. Macready from town, the part of Rob Roy was sustained by Mr. Yates, who seems to be a sort of dramatic at-all, or actor of all work. This gentleman is not without some talents, but they are not to be found in such characters as 'the Macgregor,' and we are sorry he does not consult his theatrical reputation more than to attempt them. Miss Halliday appeared, for the first time, as *Diana Vernon*, and added new claims to that approbation which she had previously obtained. Liston, as the *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*, in appearing for the first time this season, was most heartily welcomed. The rich humour which Liston throws into this character, makes it one of the most attractive in the opera, and it is a treat of which we never get weary. There was no novelty in the cast of the remaining characters, which are all familiar to the public.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The manager of this theatre 'holds on the tenor of his way,' in giving us other popular new pieces or good old comedies. The genuine—the elegant drama reigns at this theatre, and reigns

successfully amid all the spectacular attractions of larger houses. Whether the taste for the drama may or may not be on the decline, we will not pretend to determine, but we were always of the opinion (and the success of this house confirms it) that the legitimate drama, if performed in theatres of proper dimensions, would insure patronage enough to render it ultimately more advantageous to the proprietors of theatres than the splendid pageants which they exhibit at so much expense.

We might say something of the difference between encouraging a taste for the genuine drama, and vitiating it, but that would have little influence where money-making is the sole object of theatrical speculation.

On Tuesday night, the comedy of *The Jealous Wife* was performed, for the first time at the New Haymarket Theatre. The character of Mrs. Oakley, a finished picture of female weakness and want of temper, was sustained with great force and effect by Mrs. Johnson. She developed the alarming progress of jealousy, from the little leaven of suspicion to the tortures of conviction, with fearful reality. Her over-bearing rage, impatience of control, and fretfulness of disposition, were given with all the force and truth of nature. Mr. Conway, though not so good an Oakley as we have seen, played the character very respectably. Terry, as his brother, the Major, taught him how to 'rule a wife' with great confidence, and gave full force to a bachelor's invectives against the lovely sex. De Camp's Lord Trunket was by no means good. Williams bustled through Russet pretty well, and was quite as hasty and passionate as the character required. Oxberry's Sir Harry Beagle was tolerable, but Lucy's Charles execrable. Miss Boyce very agreeably disappointed us in Lady Freelove, which she played with much discrimination; and, in the scene in which she feeds the jealousy of Mrs. Oakley, she displayed considerable ingenuity. The comedy was received with much applause by a crowded audience.

ADRIANUS THEATRE.—This lively little theatre, which has been renovated and decorated with much taste and brilliancy of effect, opened for the season, on Monday night, with a new comic burlesque, called *Capers at Canterbury*. It is a lively bustling piece, in which there was much good acting by Wrench (who is engaged at this theatre), Wilkinson, and some others of the

favourites of last season, among whom we noticed Mr. Callaghan, who, as Brian O'Boggie, is a very amusing Irishman. *Half an Hour's Courtship*, in which Mr. Watkins Burroughs is the hero of the piece, and the favourite pantomime of the *Fairy of the North Star* (which has been revived), finished the evening's amusement, much to the satisfaction of a very crowded house.

Literature and Science.

Bonaparte's Memoirs.—Counts Bertrand and Montholon have stated, through the public journals, that the 'Manuscript venu de St. Helene,' 'Des Pensées,' 'Maximes,' 'Sentences,' 'Memoires Secret,' 'Napoleon peint par lui même,' 'Chagrins Domestiques,' 'Vers,' &c. &c. published or announced as the productions of the Emperor Napoleon, are not by him, and that his MSS. have not been communicated to any person. They also state, that the memoirs announced under their names are not by them.

Night Clocks.—The west dial of the Tron Church, at Glasgow, has been illuminated at night with complete success. The apparatus consists of a No. 1 Argand burner, placed a few feet out from the top of the dial, and inclosed in a newly hemispherical lantern, the front of which is glazed. The back forms a parabolical reflector; the dial receives not only the direct, but also a continual stream of reflected rays; and is thus so brilliantly illuminated, that the hours and hands can be seen with nearly the same distinctness at a distance as during the day-time. By a simple contrivance, the clock disengages, about sun-rise, a small detent, somewhat similar to the larum in wooden clocks, which shuts the gas-cock, and so instantly extinguishes the light.

A subscription has been opened for a whole length marble statue of the late Sir Joseph Banks, to be executed by Chantry, and to be placed in the hall of the British Museum. More than 2000*l.* was subscribed in a few days towards this object, which is a just tribute to the zeal of the late president of the Royal Society.

The Latitude.—The *Annales Maritimes* report the discovery of a new method to determine the latitude, by a single non-meridian height, deduced from two other heights, taken in a very short space of time.

Mr. Ryan, the author of the 'Worthies of Ireland,' has in the press, *Eight Ballads on the Fictions of the Ancient*

Irish, and several miscellaneous poems, and is also preparing for publication, a catalogue of works, in various languages, relative to the history, antiquities, and language of the Irish; with remarks, critical and biographical.

Height of Mountains.—Mr. J. G. Jackson, who has published descriptive works of Southern and Western Barbary, and who has more than once crossed the chain of Mount Atlas, has published an observation which calls for an accurate investigation. From observations made by Mr. Colebrook, in India, on the heights of Mount Himala, his calculation is that, from some of the crests of that enormous range being visible at the distance of two hundred and eleven English miles, their elevation should be twenty-eight thousand feet above the sea. Mr. Jackson has applied this rule to measure the height of certain elevated points of Atlas, on the eastern side of Morocco, which are visible at sea twenty miles from the coast, westerly, and in the direction of Mogadore. Hence it will follow that the elevation of these heights would be more than twenty-nine thousand English feet above the level of the Atlantic, and, of course, the highest on the globe, as to any known measurement.

New Russian Voyage of Discovery.—Early last year, the foreign journals announced an expedition fitting out by the Russian government, to explore the coasts of Siberia and Asia, and to get further information of three newly discovered islands in the Glacial Ocean*. These islands lie opposite the mouth of the river Jana, and have received the collective name of New Siberia. A letter from Dr. Erdmann, professor in the University of Dorpt, communicates some details relative to this enterprise.

It has long been known to the neighbouring inhabitants and the hunters of Terra Firma, who had made excursions in that quarter, that there existed an unknown country which had been noticed in several maps; but its extent remained unknown, till an inhabitant

* Accounts from Captain Billingshausen, commander in the Russian Voyage of Discovery in the Atlantic seas, (as received at Petersburg from Botany Bay, his letter dated May 1850, report that he had discovered the islands covered with snow and ice, on one of which was a volcano, lat. 50° south. He announces that there is no southern continent, or should there be one, it must be inaccessible from being covered with perpetual snow, ice, &c.

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Review of New Books.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

The Third Report of the Committee of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, and for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders. With an Appendix. 8vo. pp. 212. London, 1821.

Among the numerous societies which this country may justly boast, formed "to inquire the wretched out, and court the offices of soft humanity," there is not one calculated to render such great and important services to society, as that which has been formed for the improvement of prison discipline. For all the philanthropic Howard long ago laid open the secrets of the prison-house, and exhibited many affecting scenes of human misery, yet his researches were chiefly directed to the removal of such diseases as were incidental to prisons, and the alleviation of bodily suffering. The moral evils of imprisonment, its unavoidable tendency to corrupt, as well as the means by which it might be rendered instrumental to reclaim, were subjects which had not become the topic of direct investigation, and in which public feeling had been very little interested. It was reserved for the present day, and for the present society, whose Report is now before us, to investigate the actual tendency of punishments, the true ends to which they ought alone to be directed, and to render prisons places for moral discipline as well as salutary restraint. In this work of beneficence, to the eternal honour of the sex, a female was the first to lead the way.

When Mrs. Fry first visited the prison at Newgate, she found nearly three hundred women sent there for every gradation of crime; some untried, and others under sentence of death, all crowded together; their ferocious manners and expressions towards each other were horrible, and such a den of iniquity was witnessed as might have appalled the stoutest heart, and cooled the zeal of the most ardent enthusiast. One year's unceasing labour of Mrs.

Fry, however, quite changed the scene. Riot, licentiousness, and filth, were exchanged for order, sobriety, and comparative neatness, in the chamber, the apparel, and the persons of the prisoners. There was no longer to be seen an assemblage of abandoned and shameless creatures, half-naked and half-drunk. The prison no longer resounded with obscenity, imprecations, and licentious songs. To use the strong but just expression of one who knew the prison well, "this hell upon earth exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory or a well regulated family." The magistrates visiting the prison, soon became sensible of the valuable services Mrs. Fry rendered to the wretched victims of crime and misery, and the Grand Jury of London, in February, 1818, declared, that "if the principles which govern her regulations were adopted towards the males as well as females, it would be the means of converting a prison into a school of reform; and, instead of sending criminals back into the world, (as is now too generally the case,) hardened in vice and depravity, they would be restored to it repentant, and probably become useful members of society."

We have deemed it necessary to state these facts, to show what has been done; for the improvement of prison discipline is not a chimerical project or a fanciful theory, but is really practicable. But to return to the Report. The committee have, in the course of their labours, ascertained the highly important fact, that a well-regulated system of prison discipline represses crime; and that the dread of it is such, that few prisoners, after their discharge from a good gaol, return to it, while the number of re-committals to a bad prison is generally considerable. It has been discovered, that since Mrs. Fry began to visit the prison, the number of re-committals have diminished forty per cent. One of the most important features in prison discipline is the employment of the prisoners, which, we are happy to find, has now been introduced into se-

veral gaols, where there was nothing but idleness. Constant labour, the classification of prisoners, the establishment of schools, and a well-regulated system of religious instruction, whenever introduced into a gaol, have never failed in effectuating the most salutary reform. This has been proved not only in the London prisons, but in those in the country, in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. In the last-mentioned country, the Dublin Association, for the improvement of prisons, have been very active, and with great success. The condition of almost every gaol has been ascertained:—

"This investigation has given publicity to many scenes of suffering. Of one gaol, the committee write, "We found some of the prisoners lying on straw. In one cell, seven and a-half feet by seven feet, three men slept every night. In every part the dirt was most disgusting. The want of classification is horrible in its effects. The worst felons are mixed with those guilty, and even accused only of petty misdemeanours. Great numbers must have passed through this gaol within the last few years; each man forced into temporary contact with vice, in its most abandoned form, and then sent home to spread the pollution through his family and neighbourhood."

"Of another prison, they say, "It is scarcely possible to conceive a combination of causes less calculated to correct, and more liable to corrupt both body and mind, than that which this gaol exhibits. Committal to it inflicts an immediate and a heavy punishment, which, through disease, may amount to actual privation of life."

"Adverting to another gaol, it is remarked, "Beyond locking up the prisoners in their sleeping cells, no means of separation are afforded for either males or females, debtors or felons, old or young, tried or untried; and the melancholy effects are daily visible in corrupting the innocent, and hardening the criminal. Instances are by no means rare, of persons committed for venial misdemeanours, when turned out, becoming confirmed offenders."

Now "let us look on this picture and on that:—

"At Sligo, it is stated, that "the labours of the visiting committee have greatly

prospered; the conduct of the prisoners has been wonderfully improved, and the greatest decorum now prevails in every part of the building.

During the last year, the number of commitments was less than one-half that of former years, and not one of those who received instruction has been re-committed for any offence. Several depraved females, it is known, have returned to the paths of virtue and industry, in consequence of the humane exertions of ladies visiting this prison.

At Kilmainham, not one of the prisoners who were the subjects of the committee's labours, have been re-committed to it since their discharge; though in every other class of prisoners, where their time is devoted to idleness and guilt, frequent and melancholy instances have occurred of their return into confinement, under fresh and aggravated charges.

There is another object in which this society in England has laboured with equal zeal, if not with equal success—the reformation of juvenile offenders. From the investigations of the committee, they have ascertained, with some degree of certainty, that there are upwards of eight thousand boys in the metropolis, who subsist in a material degree by depredations on the public. A great proportion of these boys are passing constantly through the prisons, thus ripening into the most atrocious offenders; and on their release they are industriously engaged in spreading the knowledge and practice of crime. Some of these have not distress to plead on their behalf, and have friends earnestly desirous to assist them; the greatest portion, however, are nursed in depravity and tutored in crime. At an early age they are turned into the streets, and dare not return to their homes without a certain sum, the fruits of mendicancy or theft. The committee, in visiting the several prisons of the metropolis, found many cases of boys who were quite friendless, and who, on their discharge from confinement, literally knew not where to lay their heads. In order to assist such, a temporary refuge has been instituted, which has had the good effect of reclaiming and providing for many youthful victims of crime. The committee attribute much of juvenile delinquency to the number of fairs in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and recommend their abolition by the legislature.

The example that has been so gloriously set in this country for the improvement of prison discipline, has been followed in many foreign countries, particularly France, Russia, and Swe-

den. In Russia, a prison discipline society was formed by the indefatigable exertions of a valuable member of the committee in England, Mr. Walter Venning. This gentleman sacrificed health, interest, comfort, and society, to encounter vice, misery, disease, and even death. Like Howard, he was devoted to the task of assuaging the miseries and promoting the improvement of his fellow creatures, and, like him, fell a victim to his exertions:—

Assiduously engaged in visiting one of the prisons in St. Petersburg, Mr. Venning contracted a fever, which terminated his existence on the 10th January last.

Soon after the formation of the Society, Mr. Venning joined the committee, and very essentially contributed, by his exertions, to the success of their labours. He was indefatigable in visiting the goals of the metropolis, and ever earnest in his endeavours to restore the criminal, but especially the youthful offender, to the paths of religion and virtue. During his late residence in Russia, a period of nearly four years, his time has been unceasingly devoted to the amelioration of the goals in that country. He presented to the Emperor Alexander a memorial, forcibly pointing out the great national advantages that result from the improvement of prison discipline, and the wisdom and practicability of rendering punishment the instrument of reformation. The justice of these views was acknowledged, and to carry them into effect, an association was formed at St. Petersburg, under the imperial sanction. This association has been productive of extensive good, by introducing improvements in the construction of places of confinement, and regulations calculated to preserve the health, and promote the moral and religious interests of the criminal. It is needless to add, that in these philanthropic labours Mr. Venning eminently shared; and long, very long, will the wretched and the guilty confined in the prisons of the Russian empire, have reason to revere his name and bless his memory.

The Appendix to the Report contains numerous extracts from the correspondence of the committee, which give an interesting account of the principal goals in the united kingdom. In most of those where labour is introduced, the prisoners are not only reformed, but the expenses of the establishments are essentially relieved. At the general Penitentiary, at Millbank, the earnings of the prisoners are upwards of 4000l. annually, and the expenses of the establishment 25,000l. The dietary of this establishment is as follows:—

For breakfast, one pint of hot gruel or porridge.

For dinner on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, six ounces of clod, stickings, or other coarse pieces of beef, (without bone, and after boiling,) with half a pint of the broth made therefrom, and one pound of boiled potatoes. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, one quart of broth for the males, and one pint for the females, thickened with Scotch barley, rice, potatoes, or peas, with the addition of cabbages, turnips, and other cheap vegetables.

For supper, one pint of hot gruel or porridge; also every day one-half pound of bread, made of such meal as the committee may direct, for every male prisoner under the age of eighteen years, and one pound for every other prisoner. But the boys under eighteen years may have the full allowance of bread, if the chaplains and governor shall certify that their conduct has been meritorious during the week preceding.

The expense of food alone per week, is stated in evidence before the Lords' Committee on Goals, to be 4s. 9d. each male prisoner, and 6d. less for the females. The expense of food at Deane's House of Correction, is 2s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. per week; that at Preston, (both prisons being in full work,) is stated, for the year ending 2d May last, to be 2s. 1d. If the cost of the Millbank dietary were reduced 1s. viz. to 3s. 9d. per head, for five hundred and fifty prisoners, more than 1400l. per annum might be saved. It is much to be desired, for the credit of the Penitentiary system, that this institution should be regulated with as strict regard to economy as is consistent with the objects of the establishment.

From the account of a visit to the prisons in France, made in December, 1820, we make one extract, from which it would appear, that juvenile delinquency is by no means uncommon in France; but we shudder at the idea of consigning a child of seven years old to any prison, and that too for a period of a dozen years. Our extract relates to the prisons in the department of the Upper Rhine:—

Colmar Prison.—This is a wretched place, constructed out of an ancient convent. It contained seventy-seven prisoners, seven of whom were galleyers. The prison was calculated to hold one hundred and fifty, but five hundred have occasionally been put into it. There was no employment and no instruction. The men prisoners, except the galleyers, were all together. Two boys, one about ten years old, who had stolen a child's chair, appeared to be hardened thieves. The galleyers were locked up when they were not walking in the court, which they are allowed for four hours a-day. The women also had this permission. The prison was well ventilated. No clothing is allowed. The sick are sent to a neighbouring hospital. An addition is now making to the buildings of this prison.

'Ensisheim Maison Centrale de Detention.—This is a depot for prisoners convicted and sentenced to more than a year's confinement, and many are sentenced for life. This depot is for eight departments, Haut Rhin, Bas Rhin, Moselle, Meurthe, Vosges, Haut Soane, Doubs, and Jura. There are now in it six hundred and fifty prisoners, but it is capable of containing a larger number. It is divided into classes for men and women, correctional and criminal; there are also courts for the sick; making in all six courts. The young have also a sort of separation, but it is little more than nominal. There was one boy who had been sentenced for stealing at seven and-a-half years of age, and who is to remain till he is twenty years old. The boys have some instruction given them. The number of women was about two hundred and seventy. The prisoners were all at work picking cotton, by which they get from five to six francs per week; of this, one-sixth goes to the entrepreneur, one-sixth to the governor, one-third to the prisoners weekly, and one-third on his discharge. The entrepreneur is a sort of merchant, who supplies all, and pays for the work at a rate fixed, every quarter, by the society of arts and manufactures at Mulhausen. The prisoners have two hours per day allowed for exercise and meals; the rest of the day they are obliged to work. Their allowance of food is 1½ lbs of bread, ½ wheat, and ½ barley, each day; besides potatoes or peas, and rice, with meat, the first Sunday in the month. This house was built for a *Maison de Mendicité*; it is not calculated for a prison, as it admits of no inspection. Instruction is very incomplete, and there seemed a considerable want of discipline.'

In the Report on the State of Prisons in Switzerland, we find that the untried prisoners are by far the most hardly dealt with:—

'Not only are they in general very long in being brought to trial, but their places of confinement are most cruel. One or two cases will serve to illustrate this. A man was found shut up in a tower situated in the middle of a river. He was its only human inhabitant. His gaoler came three times a-day in a boat to examine his chain and bring him food, and his judges from time to time, as they proceeded in his examination. He was chained to his bed, from which he could not move far, and had no chair or table, nor fire, instruction, or comfort, but a few old books. He could indeed see the sky, but that only. He had been in this situation for twelve months, and even then it was not determined whether he was guilty or not. In the same tower was a room about sixteen feet square, without light altogether, or air, except what passed through a narrow funnel. In this place they told me that a man had been on one occasion confined eleven months. In another prison, a large apartment in the tow-

er of an ancient convent, a man was found who had been taken up on suspicion, and had been confined forty-eight days. The window was unglazed, but not large enough to admit light. The room was very cold. The straw on which the prisoner lay was almost black with use, and his clothes had not been changed since his confinement. He was, he said, covered with vermin. These are, it is to be hoped, singular cases, yet it is the general treatment of untried prisoners in this country.'

The prisons in Italy are generally ill constructed and badly regulated; but this country can boast of a female who, following the example of our distinguished countrywoman, 'seeks the wretched out.' After describing the state of the prison at Turin, where, out of twenty-four women, eight were sick, we are told, that,—

'Although these poor women were in so wretched a state, their situation was better in other respects, for they were all decently clothed, and employed in different works. I afterwards learned that they were indebted for this to the kindness and generosity of a lady, equally distinguished by her rank and piety, who had been exiled to this work by the accounts she had heard of Newgate, and who, not finding other help, herself did the whole work of a committee, relieving their necessities, giving them work, reading to them and instructing them in their duties, and preventing, in some measure, the evil which must have resulted both in this world and another, from their confinement in this miserable place.

'Prison at Villa Franca.

'This prison is for the reception of the Galley-slaves, as they are called. It is situated near the port, where a considerable number of the slaves are conducted to work, during the day. Others, convicted of lesser offences, are allowed to walk out, chained two together, accompanied by a guard. These wear the prison dress, upon which the word "Galereen" is marked on their back. Parties of them were almost daily to be seen in the streets of Nice, offering for sale various useful articles and trinkets of their own manufacture in prison; they appeared to behave with great submission; and, as long as they conduct themselves quietly, they are not interfered with by their guard, who closely follows them, and stops with them, whenever they like to offer their goods. Others, who are committed for life, were not suffered to partake of this indulgence.'

In a letter from Mr. Venning, (whose death we have already noticed,) giving an account of the prisons of Russia, we have the following interesting details:—

'In consulting the annals of Russia, which you will perceive has been done by the interesting details contained in the

pamphlets of the proceedings of our committee, you will find that works of love and mercy always did, and do still, constitute a distinct characteristic of this nation.

'As these pamphlets are in the Russian language, the following extract from one of them, perhaps, may not be uninteresting:—

"Makrius, who, in former times, was metropolitan of all Russia, at the marriage of the Czar Ivan Vassilovitch with the Czarina Anastasia, in his speech to him, said, among other things, 'act towards the needy with mercy; protect the widows, the orphans, and the injured; and visit those who are confined in prison.' In those times, Boyarin Sheremetoff was also well known by his works of mercy. He gave away his fortune. When asked by the emperor, 'where have you spent your property?' he answered, '*I spent it with the poor of this world.*' The Czar Mechila Federovitch regularly furnished all the needy exiles to Siberia with money from his own private funds, to assist them on their long journey. The Czar Alexey Mechalovitch (father of Peter the Great) visited the prisons once every year in plain attire, pardoned trivial offenders, and sent all the prisoners bread from his own table. His two wives followed the example of the philanthropic emperor. The first, Czarina Maria Ilenekna, appropriated great sums to the liberation of prisoners; and Czarina Natalia Kirilovna satisfied all the wants of the prisons and the hospitals by her presents, visited them during the night, and with her own hands distributed clothes to the indigent."

'And it is added, and I believe with justice too, that in general with difficulty will the man be found in this empire who would not by some means, however inconsiderable, testify his commiseration for the unfortunate in prison.

'I have again the painful task of announcing to you that the Ladies' Committee have sustained a very severe loss in the decease of their president, her Excellency Mrs. Kazadavleff. I shall not soon forget her kindness to the prisoners, or the friendship with which she honoured me. One of the last instances of her kindness which I witnessed was towards a poor female prisoner, a native of Little Russia, who, after having received part of her punishment, was to be exiled to Siberia for life, but she was too weak to go far; the guard had not conducted her out of the city, before she fell down in the street through extreme weakness, and they were obliged to bring her back to the prison, where we found her in a most miserable condition: her deplorable state immediately attracted the attention of Mrs. Kazadavleff, who made herself acquainted with all her wants, and instantly supplied some of them: but her kindness did not stop here: she succeeded in her application that she might not be sent off till she was perfectly recovered. A comfortable bed was provided for her in the

hospital of the town prison, to which she was removed, and where, by attention and care, her life was for some time prolonged; and, although she did not recover, she had the consolation of knowing that she had in her last illness a true, a disinterested and sympathizing friend, in this lady. Her Excellency Mrs. Tolstoy, daughter of Field Marshal Koutsoff, has been appointed president of the Ladies' Committee. A temporary building has been granted to the Ladies' Committee, until the new prison be erected for the female prisoners, almost adjoining the town prison. The plans are nearly ready. Separate dormitories are to be made for debtors as well as for criminals. There are some doubts entertained how the sleeping cells are to be sufficiently heated by warm air, and I will thank you to give me information on this subject, as the plans now drawing, are principally under my direction.

The Prince Galitzin, in his address at the Annual Meeting of the General Committee of the St. Petersburg Prison Society, in January, 1820, pays an elegant tribute to the memory of Mr. Venning, whom he calls a second Howard. He says,—

"Since the year 1817, Mr. Venning had resided in Russia, and though little, or rather altogether unknown at first, it may be said that he himself then performed the work of a whole society. With the highest permission granted to him, he examined the state of the prisons, houses of correction, and poor houses in St. Petersburg, Iver, and Moscow. Many reforms and improvements were made according to his suggestions, and a particular attention was thereby excited towards this department.

"His indefatigable exertions to promote the establishment of a *Tutel Society* for the prisoners here, were at last crowned with the desired success. On the 19th of July, 1819, his Imperial Majesty was pleased to give his sanction to such a society; and the act declaring its formation testifies, that Mr. Venning was the first person who suggested the idea among us, of such a beneficent institution. His joy and delight at this event, so much desired for by him, seemed to make a deep impression on his mind, and from that period, a kind of sacred bond seemed to unite him to Russia. Last year, he was a co-operator in the establishment of a Prison Committee at Cronstadt, and though his active love for suffering humanity excited him subsequently to resolve on visiting England and other places, where he expected to exert himself in a new sphere of usefulness, yet he always proposed in his mind to return to Russia. At last, he took his departure for Denmark, with a view to form a Prison Society there; but it is well known, that by the ship being wrecked in a storm, his voyage was prevented, and it was only by a special act of a gracious Providence that he was saved

from the most imminent danger, and brought back again to St. Petersburg. After this, notwithstanding the shock which his health had received, he ceased not, during the autumn, to look out for a fit opportunity to depart, but adverse winds obliged him to remain here.

"Thus, the Almighty disposer of events ordained that he should lay down the frail tabernacle of his body here, in order to be clothed with an "eternal one not made with hands;" that he should here finish his earthly career, in order to commence another in our Father's kingdom which is on high.

"Out of love and sincere esteem for the memory of our deceased colleague, I have a proposal to make, to which you will doubtless all accede, that you allow me to communicate the decease of Mr. Venning to his Imperial Majesty, and to ask the gracious permission of his majesty to erect on the spot, where the mortal remains of this friend of mankind rest, a humble, yet becoming monument, in testimony of the meek Christian qualities and labours of the deceased; and of the esteem of the members of the St. Petersburg Committee of the *Tutel Society* for prisoners, for his memory, towards the establishment of which society he was the most active instrument. Not splendour, nor vain show, nor empty eulogy, ought to constitute the symbols and ornaments of this monument, but a simplicity which shall speak to the heart, and excite to pious reflection. While Russia has to shew near one frontier the ashes of his countryman, who marked the first traces of amelioration in the condition of prisoners, and of the sick and the suffering, let her also show another monument of a second Howard."

To the friends of humanity, the Third Report of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline must be highly gratifying, as it not only shews that a great deal of good has been done, but points out an ample field for future exertions.

LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

Parts II. and III.

WHEN we noticed the first part of this elegant little work, we spoke very decisively as to what we deemed its merits—the originality of the memoirs, the elegance with which many of them were written, and the spirit of impartiality and free inquiry which distinguished the whole: these, it will be allowed, are strong recommendations to any work, particularly to a biographical one; but strong as they are, the two subsequent parts do not render it necessary that we should qualify them. One thing we certainly must regret, the want of regularity in the publication. The first part, we believe, appeared on the first of May, to be suc-

ceeded by one monthly. Six parts are now due, but three only have appeared; a fourth is, however, promised for the first of next month. Whether this delay is of a temporary or a permanent nature, we know not, but however injurious we think the want of punctuality may be to a periodical (and we think it highly so), yet even this is much better than that the work should suffer by haste; and it is, perhaps, due to the editor and publisher of the "Lives of Eminent Scotsmen," to attribute the delay to their anxiety to do the work ample justice.

The second and third parts, now before us, contain twenty-two memoirs, including the lives of James the Fifth and Sixth, Henry the Minstrel, Sir David Lindsay, the Earl of Stirling, Alexander Barclay, Dr. Armstrong, Thomson, Macpherson, &c. The life of one of the most amiable of the Stewarts, James the Fifth, is well written; and justice is done to the memory of this "King of the Poor," in the following estimate of his character:—

"The mere narrative of such a life as James's, makes any summary of his character unnecessary: there are no incongruities to reconcile, no great faults to be put in proper balance; it is throughout vigorous, splendid, and consistent. It still remains, however, to fill up the sketch, which a feeble hand has attempted to present, of the leading events of his history, with some traits, which, though not less interesting, rest, as it were, in shadow. It has been seen how indefatigable James was in the administration of justice, but it has yet to be told, that he was the first of the Scottish monarchs who took care to make known to the people what their rights were. In 1540, he ordered the whole Acts of Parliament of his reign to be printed in the vulgar tongue; a measure quite as hostile to the abridgement of the feudal barons, as the more recent translation of the Scriptures into the same tongue was to the exclusive pretensions of the Romish clergy. It cannot be said that James gave encouragement to the latter; but he set an example which essentially prepared the way for it. Although not possessed of any of that religious fervour which began to distinguish the age in which he lived, and apparently little sensible of the importance of religious liberty to the spread of knowledge, James was ardently desirous for the information of his subjects in all other respects. Of the elegant and useful art, and of all branches of what was called profane learning, he was a liberal patron and active promoter. "He furnished the country," says Pitcott, "a writer not the most charitable to his memory," "with all kinds of craftsmen, silk as Frenchmen, Spainiards, and Dutchmen, quill

ever was the finest of their profession that could be had; quill brought the country to great police." Lindsay, Buchanan, Bellenden, Maitland, Montgomerie, Henryson, and many others of inferior fame, were among the men of letters who contributed to shed a lustre on his reign, and who, in an age when there was no reading public, could live on the patronage of the court alone. Bellenden he employed to translate, into the Scottish tongue, the History of Scotland, by Hector Boethius, an author to whom Dr. Johnson has done the justice of saying, that he "may be justly revered as one of the revivers of elegant learning;" and, subsequently, he gave the same author a commission to execute a translation of Livy, the first of Roman historians*. In a poetical prologue which Bellenden has prefixed to the latter version, he pays a just tribute of praise to James for his encouragement of our native literature, and farther speaks of him, as being himself distinguished for his literary productions.

If the editor of this work did not, in almost every line of his work, prove that he was a true Scot, we should have suspected him to be of the sister kingdom, on account of a *bull*, which occurs in a note to this memoir. He tells us that James kept his court at his castle of Caithly, since called *Cowdail*, a name given to it in consequence of the last lord having, every day at his table, a *bullock* dressed entire.

It is generally known that Alexander Barclay, the translator of the 'Ship of Fools,' has been claimed by both England and Scotland; the question appears to be set at rest by the editor of this work, who adduces pretty decisive evidence that he was a Scotsman.

In the life of Thomson, which is one of the next in these volumes, the editor corrects an error into which Johnson has fallen in his 'Lives of the Poets,' when he states that Thomson's 'first want was a pair of shoes,' and that, 'for the support of all his necessities, his whole fund was his "Winter."' It appears, from a letter written by Thomson at the time, and which the editor has discovered and printed, that Thomson, though not rich, was unembarrassed, and far from wanting a pair of shoes. The literary part of this letter (which is addressed to Dr. Cranstoun) establishes a fact of some interest to the curious in poetical history, the source from which he derived the idea of his admirable poem of 'Winter.' The editor ridicules the idea of Murdoch and others, that the distin-

guishing qualities of Thomson's mind and heart are best discovered from his works; that those who inferred from his poems that he was a 'great lover, a great swimmer, and rigorously abstinent,' might, from the same source, have proved that he was an early riser, since he reprobated the bed of sloth most eloquently. The last memoir in the second part is that of John Oswald, who, under the name of Silvester Otway, contributed several poetical effusions to the London newspapers in 1788 or 1789. Oswald had been an officer in the army, and is better known as a politician than a poet. At the commencement of the French revolution, he warmly espoused its principles, and went to Paris, where he became a very active member of the Jacobin Club:—

'The influence which Mr. Oswald had acquired in the Jacobin Club, gave him a corresponding influence with the government of the day, over which that club, as every body knows, exercised for some time a most pernicious control. The first of Anglo-Jacobins was not to be required by any inferior appointment; they at once nominated him to the command of a regiment of infantry. The corps is said, however, not to have been of the best description, being composed of the refuse of Paris and the departments.

'Mr. Oswald had, previously to this appointment, been joined by his two sons; but true to the principle of equality, which he professed, he only made them drummers in the regiment of which he was colonel.

'The bad character of the men whom Colonel Oswald commanded, obliged him to have recourse to a system of severity in disciplining them, which, while it made them good soldiers, there is every reason to believe made him in every one a personal enemy. In the outset of his command he committed a sort of national blunder, which added nothing to his popularity. Knowing what feats his own countrymen had performed at the point of the bayonet; convinced from experience and observation that there was in a charge of cold steel something more appalling than in a hundred volleys of musketry—he conceived the notion that a regiment trained to depend entirely on the charge would be one of powerful efficiency, and certain to acquire great distinction. He proposed, therefore, to lay aside the musket in his regiment, and to substitute a pike of superior construction. The directory approved his suggestion, and the experiment was made. The men, however, could not be persuaded to view the innovation in the same light as their English colouel. They were Frenchmen, and decided upon it with French feeling. For light warfare—the brisk fire—quick retreat—and as quick return—the French

soldiery have no superiors; but in that cool intrepidity which can make and sustain a charge, they have never been able to compete with the soldiers of many other countries—the Scots, the Muscovites, the Swedes, and even the Hollanders. Colonel Oswald saw, when too late to repair a bad impression, that he had mistaken the national character; he was obliged to throw away his pikes, because his men absolutely refused to be trained to the use of them.

'When the war in La Vendee broke out, Colonel Oswald's corps was one of those selected to proceed against the rebels, a distinction which it no doubt owed to having a foreign commander, who might be supposed to have fewer scruples than a native in acting against natives. In the first encounter, however, which they had with the Vendeeans, Oswald's men are generally understood to have taken advantage of the confusion of the fight to rid themselves of this advantage; they are said to have not only dispatched the father, but his two sons, youths of a most interesting character, and another English gentleman, whom Oswald had selected as worthy to share his fortunes. It is, at all events, certain that the four Englishmen fell in the fight; and whether in consequence of their own forward bravery or of the treachery of their French comrades, will probably ever remain a mystery.

'Mr. Oswald was about the common stature, but of a very commanding appearance. I have heard that, when in Paris, he affected the Roman costume; wore his collar open, and his hair *à la Brutus*.'

In the memoir of James the Sixth, the author takes a full and comprehensive view of the life, conduct, and policy of that weak but tyrannical monarch. The events of his reign are too well known to admit much in the way of novelty, but some of the most prominent are reprehended with just severity. The writer, after noticing the persecuting spirit of this king, in sending men to the stake for what he deemed heresy, justly observes, that—

'The history of James's life in England was stained by but too many similar acts of arbitrary cruelty. The whole of his internal government consisted, indeed, of little else than acts of aggression on the rights and liberties of his people, frequently aggravated by peculiar features of wantonness and rigour. The murder of Sir Walter Raleigh, the glory of his age and nation, to please the court of Spain; the pardon of his Majesty's favourite, the Duke of Somerset, and his lady, for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury, after having invoked, on his knees, the vengeance of heaven on himself and his posterity, if he did not yield them up to justice; the imprisonment of the Earl of Northumberland for fourteen years, in addition to an

* Only five books of this translation were completed, and they still remain in MS.

exaction of thirty thousand pounds, on a mere suspicion, unsupported by the least proof, of his being privy to the gunpowder-plot; the committal to the Tower of several members of the House of Commons, and the banishment of others for presuming to assert that the people of England possessed any right which did not flow entirely from the grace and favour of their sovereigns: gave a few of those acts which gave a character of oppression and profligacy to the domestic administration of James, seldom before exceeded in the history of England.

‘Nor did James confine himself to conduct, the evil of which might perish with him. In the sufficiency of his self-conceit, he must needs become a legislator, and confer on England a law, which was to do the work of ignorance and inhumanity long after he should be no more. It is painful to be obliged to speak thus severely of a prince of our native line; but, can less be said of that law which first made witchcraft a crime in England, and has been the cause of consigning hundreds and thousands to an ignominious death, for an impossible offence? James had before leaving Scotland, written and published a “Treatise on Demonologie,” in which he had endeavoured, with great show of learning, to “resolve the doubting hearts of many,” as to the “fearful abounding of those detestable slaves of the devil, witches or enchanters,” and established, to his own satisfaction, that “witches ought to be put to death according to the law of God, the civil and imperial law, and the municipal law of all christian nations.” He now resolved to let his English subjects have the benefit of this sensible discovery; and found the Parliament foolish enough to concur with him in passing that law, on which so many capital convictions have taken place for witchcraft, and which remained, for upwards of a century, a disgrace to the statute-book, and to the national character.

A tyrant at home, James was a truckler abroad; and though England enjoyed an unwanted length of peace during his reign, it was a blessing gained by a sacrifice of character and advantages, for which it ill compensated. He had scarcely seized the sceptre, when he gave peace to Spain without being asked for it; and thus lost, as Cornwallis, the ambassador whom he sent to Madrid, says in a letter to Cecil, “such an opportunity of winning honour and wealth,” as England never before possessed. He afterwards allowed the Spaniards, whom he had thus foolishly favoured, to ill-treat, defraud, and even massacre British subjects with impunity. He beheld his son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, and in him the protestant cause,

about to be overwhelmed by a coalition of enemies; and to save both, sent over—an aid of one regiment of foot! He saw the Palatinate lost through his pusillanimity, and then weakly imagined that he could reason princes, flushed with victory, out of their conquest. He allowed his unfortunate daughter, her husband, and her children, to drag out a long exile in a foreign land, without affording them any of those helps which duty and humanity required at his hands. He suffered the British flag, which had never before known dishonour, to be grossly insulted, and our merchant-ships to be pillaged by the Dutch; contenting himself with sending a remonstrance, which the Dutch, viewing it as it deserved, passed over unheeded. Nay, as if there had been no fitter way for an independent prince to resent injuries, than to heap favours on his enemies; notwithstanding all the Dutch had done, he consented to deliver up to them the cautionary towns which they had deposited in the hands of Queen Elizabeth, on their paying five millions less than the sum for which they stood pledged; and thus relieved them besides from that state of dependence on Britain, which had been hitherto regarded as the right arm of our continental policy. The massacre at Amboyna was now all that was wanted to place beyond doubt, whether it was possible to rouse a spark of the man or sovereign in him. He submitted to this unexampled injury, even without requiring satisfaction, and contented himself with whiningly telling the Dutch ambassador, “that he had never heard nor read a more cruel and impious act than that of Amboyna. But,” continued he, “I do forgive them, and I hope God will; but my son’s son* shall revenge this blood, and punish this horrid massacre.”

‘Need we be surprised that such a course of conduct should have made James an object of ridicule among foreign nations, and of contempt with his own? All over the continent, caricatures of him were to be seen, exhibiting him in the most ludicrous situations. In one place, he was represented with a scabbard without a sword; in another, with a sword stuck so fast in the scabbard, that nobody could draw it; and in a third, carrying a cradle after his poor daughter, the Electress Palatine, who, with dishevelled hair and tattered garments, was trudging along with a child on her back. The French had their epigram, too, on the occasion, the point of which is, with some loss of elegance, preserved in the following old version:—

‘While Elizabeth was England’s king,
That dreadful name through Spain did ring;
How alter’d is the case—aid me I
These judging days of gude Queen Jamie.’

‘James proved a false prophet. It was left to Cromwell to obtain satisfaction for this, as well as other wrongs, which Britain had endured during the reigns of his legitimate predecessors.

There are several memoirs in this part on which we would dwell, but our limits preclude it. In the life of Macpherson, the author expresses himself decidedly that ‘he was all but the sole author of the poems which he ascribed to Ossian.’ It is one of the features of this work to rescue from oblivion the names of several men of genius who had been ‘born to blush unseen.’ Among those must be ranked the unfortunate Charles Salmon, a journeyman printer of Edinburgh. He was zealous in the cause of the Pretender, and was the author of some Jacobite songs, and ‘An Elegy written in the Abbey Church, Edinburgh,’ Salmon was a dissipated young man:—

‘At the suggestion of some of the more prudent of his gay companions, Salmon issued proposals for publishing a collection of his poetical effusions, under the modest title of “Poems by a Printer.” From the misfortunes which afterwards befel him, this collection never saw the light; but there is reason to believe that he had accumulated a sufficient number of poems to have formed a very respectable volume. Several of them had appeared in Ruddiman’s Magazine and in the Dumfriess Weekly Magazine, established by Mr. Jackson, on a similar plan, and may, perhaps, still be traced. The friend to whom the writer of this memoir is indebted for such information as it contains of Salmon, remembers to have heard him recite two imitations, or rather parodies, of the Deserted Village and Splendid Shilling, as parts of his intended publication. The subject of the former was “Auld Reikie,” and of the latter, “The Threadbare Coat.” There were also a variety of occasional pieces, addressed to the friends with whom he associated, including some names which would have vouched for the regard in which, though poor and humble, Charlie Salmon was held by individuals of the first respectability.

‘Whatever prospects of poetical renown Salmon may have formed, one night of fatal dissipation came and destroyed them all. In a fit of intoxication, he fell into the company of a recruiting sergeant, and the same friend who had last seen him with a white cockade in a paper cap, working a press to the song of “The Crown is Charlie’s right, is it no? is it no?” saw him next morning enlisted under the black cockade, or, as Salmon was wont with other Jacobites to call it, the curse of God. Poor Salmon! When asked by one of his friends how he could have been so misled, he answered, with a smile at his own simplicity, “I listed for a lieutenant.”

‘The regiment in which he had enlisted was the Seaforth Highlanders, and without waiting to excite what he dreaded more than the bitterest reproach, the

‘Sir Walter Raleigh speaks of it as a known fact, that “the Spaniards murdered twenty-six Englishmen, tying them back to back, and then cutting their throats, when they had truded with them a whole month, and came to them on the land without so much as one sword.”’

commiseration of pretended friends, he hastened to join it. In the memorable mutiny which some time afterwards broke out in this regiment at Edinburgh, when they seized possession of Arthur's Seat, and set the power of government at defiance, Salmon is said to have been called upon, in consequence of his knowledge of English, and superior address, to take the management for his comrades of the negotiation which ensued for their return to duty. The regiment was ultimately embarked for India, and Salmon was heard of no more.

Of the merits of a writer of whose works we know so little, it would be rash to form any conclusive judgment. The pieces which have happened to survive the general fate of his productions, may, perhaps, be those which were least entitled to have any influence on the decision. He appears to have been rather a writer who promised much, than who had realized much.

These two parts are, like their predecessor, each embellished with a group of fine portraits, elegantly engraved.

An Account of the Interior of Ceylon and of its Inhabitants. By John Davy, M. D., F. R. S.

(Concluded from p. 627.)

THE Singalese have, from time immemorial, indulged in that preference so natural and common to an agricultural people, of living either in very small villages, consisting of a few houses, or detached habitations, separated from each other only by the extent of land occupied by each individual. Their dwellings are generally in low and sheltered situations. The economy of a Singalese family is very simple; they have about them, and in their neighbourhood, almost every thing they require, and the occupations of the different members of the family are well defined. The more laborious operations of agriculture, as ploughing, embanking, &c. fall to the lot of the men; and the lighter, as weeding and assisting in reaping, to the women. The care of the house and the management of the household affairs belong almost exclusively to the latter, and constitute their peculiar duties. The Singalese rise at dawn of day, and retire to rest about nine or ten o'clock at night. They sleep on mats, either on the floor or on couches, with a fire generally in the room. Their principal meal is at noon, and consists of rice and curry, which is generally composed of red pepper, salt, lime-juice, and the dried skin of the gorka. Their meals are short and unsocial; the master of the house, the father of the

family, is first served; at his solitary repast, he is waited on by his wife, who helps him and supplies him with what he wants. The turn of the mistress of the house is next, and of the younger children who cannot help themselves without a mother's care; the rest of the family eat last, and their portion is what remains. Among poor people, these distinctions are little attended to, and the family all eat together. Though not a convivial, the Singalese are a social people, great gossip, and when not seriously occupied, visiting and conversation are their principal amusements. On such occasions, the men and women form their respective circles, and are never seen mixed in society. Old bachelors and old maids are rarely to be seen among the Singalese; almost every man marries, and marries young, and the preliminaries of the union are settled by the parents:—

'When a young man has reached the age of eighteen or twenty, he is considered marriageable, and it is the duty of his father to provide him with a proper wife. The father having selected a family of his own caste and rank, pays the master of it a visit, and if the information he receives respecting the lady's dower be satisfactory, he formally proposes his son. Soon after the father of the lady returns the visit, to learn the circumstances of the young man, the establishment he is to have, and his prospects in life. If both parties are so far satisfied, the father of the young man makes another visit to his friend, to see the lady, and inquire respecting her qualifications, age, and disposition. He is contented if she is younger than his son, in good health, free from ulcers and corporal blemishes, possessed of a pretty good disposition, and acquainted with the ordinary duties of a housewife. On his return home, he desires his son to go clandestinely and see her; if the young man enter the house, it is under a feigned name; and if he see his intended he must not address her. The day of the marriage being fixed, and the hour determined by an astrologer, the bridegroom and his family, their relations and friends, proceed to the house of the bride, accompanied by people carrying provisions, and by four men in particular, bearing a large pingo, laden not only with all sorts of provisions, but likewise with a piece of white cloth, and with jewels and ornaments, varying in number and richness, according to the means of the individual. The party set out in time to arrive towards evening; they find a mandoo (a temporary building) prepared for their reception, a feast in readiness, and the friends of the lady assembled to meet them. In the middle of the mandoo, which is covered with mats, the men of both parties seat themselves round a large

pile of rice, placed on fresh plantain leaves, and garnished with berries of different kinds; the ladies do the same, collected within the house. Both parties help themselves with their hands, and eat from the common pile. This mode of eating, peculiar to the marriage feast, is esteemed proof of good fellowship, and should any one hesitate to partake, he would be considered an enemy, and be driven away. After the repast, the bridegroom enters the house, meets the bride attended by her friends; they exchange balls, made of rice and cocoa-nut milk; and he presents her with the piece of white cloth and with the jewels and ornaments he has brought. All this having been transacted in silence, he retires, and he returns to the mandoo. The night is passed by the company in telling stories and in conversation; the next morning, the bride, led by the bridegroom, and accompanied by all their friends, is conducted to his father's house, where the ceremony is concluded with another feast, similar to the preceding. The woman's dower generally consists of household goods and cattle, but rarely of land.'

Though polygamy and concubinage are contrary to the religion of the Singalese, yet they indulge in both, particularly the former, and it is remarkable that in the Kandyan territory, as in Tibet, a plurality of husbands is much more common than of wives. One woman has frequently two husbands, and Dr. Davy says he has heard of one case, where a woman had as many as seven.

We pass over the history of Ceylon, as one of the least interesting chapters of the volume, and proceed to Dr. Davy's travels in the island, from which we shall make a few extracts, and first of Adam's Peak, which is an immense mountain, of a conical form, rising rapidly and majestically to a point:—

'Near the summit, the ascent is so precipitous, that were it not for iron chains fixed to the rocks, small indeed would be the number of those who would complete their pilgrimage; even with the help of these chains, accidents occasionally occur, and lives are lost; only a fortnight before (we were told) two natives perished here; looking down, they became giddy and frightened, fell, and were dashed to pieces.

'We arrived at the top of the mountain a little after three o'clock. The magnificent views of the surrounding scenery amply repaid us for a laborious march, and all the little difficulties we had to contend with.

'From the surrounding scenery our curiosity soon led us to examine the summit of the mountain, and the object which induces thousands annually to undertake

this weary pilgrimage. The summit is very small; according to the measurement made by Lieut. Malcolm (the first European who ascended the peak), its area is seventy-four feet by twenty-four. It is surrounded by a stone wall five feet high, built in some places on the brink of the precipice. The apex of the mountain is a rock, which stands in the middle of the inclosure, about six or eight feet above the level ground. On its top is the object of worship of the natives, the Sreepada,—the sacred impression, as they imagine, of the foot of Boodhoo, which he stamped on his first visit to the island. It is a superficial hollow, five feet three inches and three-quarters long, and between two feet seven inches and two feet five inches wide. It is ornamented with a margin of brass, studded with a few gems, of little value: it is covered with a roof, which is fastened to the rock by four iron chains, and supported by four pillars; and it is surrounded by a low wall. The roof was lined with coloured cloth, and its margin being decked with flowers and streamers, it made a very gay appearance. The cavity certainly bears a coarse resemblance to the figure of the human foot: were it really an impression, it is not a very flattering one, or the encomiums which are lavished on the beauty of the feet of Boodhoo are very improperly bestowed. It is hardly worth inquiring how it was formed, and whether it is entirely or only partly artificial. From its appearance and other circumstances, I believe it to be partly natural and partly artificial. There are little raised partitions to represent the interstices between the toes; these are certainly artificial; for a minute portion, which I secretly detached, was a mixture of sand and lime, similar to common cement, and altogether different from the rock itself. Lower down, on the same rock, there is a little niche of masonry, dedicated to Samen, who is also worshipped on the Peak, being considered the guardian god of the mountain. Within the inclosure is a small house of one room, the residence of the officiating priest; and this and two small huts outside the parapet, is all the shelter that the mountain affords. There is nothing else on the summit deserving of notice, that I am aware of, excepting a grove of *Rhododendrons* (*rhododendron arboreum*), which, studded with large red flowers, made a very handsome appearance. It is situated on the east and north-east side of the mountain, immediately outside the parapet, and is considered sacred. This shrub, or rather tree, the natives say was planted by Samen, immediately after the departure of Boodhoo, and that it is peculiar to the peak, and found in no other part of the island. The latter assertion I have since ascertained to be quite erroneous; the tree is common on all the higher mountains of the interior, and it occasionally makes its appearance at elevations little exceeding two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

'We passed the night on the mountains; and it was the first night, since I had entered the tropics, that I had occasion to complain of cold. There was no moon; the sky was cloudy, stars of the first and second magnitude only, making their appearance: once or twice that we looked out, we saw what might be called 'darkness visible,' and the giant forms of the mountains, sublime in obscurity. The next morning, just before sun-rise, we were awake by the shouts of a party of pilgrims, just arrived. Having no toilet to make, we were in the open air in an instant. It was indeed a glorious morning, and we had reason to thank the pilgrims for waking us. The rising sun painted the sky with gold and purple, and threw over the whole scene such a rich purple light, that I never before saw equalled.'

The party of pilgrims just arrived, consisted of several men and women, all native Singalese, neatly dressed in clean clothes, and they immediately proceeded to their devotions:—

A priest, in his yellow robes, stood on the rock, close to the impression of the foot, with his face to the people, who had ranged themselves in a row below; some on their knees, with their hands uplifted, and joined palm to palm, and other bending forward, with their hands in the same attitude of devotion. The priest, in a loud and clear voice, sentence by sentence, recited the articles of their religious faith and duties; and, in response, they repeated the same after him. When he had finished, they raised a loud shout; and he retiring, they went through the same ceremony by themselves, with one of the party for their leader.

An interesting scene followed this, wives affectionately and respectfully saluted their husbands, and children their parents, and friends one another. An old grey-headed woman first made her salams to a really venerable old man; she was moved to tears, and almost kissed his feet; he affectionately raised her up. Several middle-aged men then saluted the patriarchal pair; these men were saluted in return by still younger men, who had first paid their respects to the old people; and, lastly, those nearly of the same standing slightly saluted each other, and exchanged betel-leaves. The intention of these salutations, I was informed, was of a moral kind,—to confirm the ties of kindred, to strengthen family love and friendship, and remove animosities.

Each pilgrim makes some offering to the impression of the foot and to Samem. I observed several of them: one presented a few small pieces of copper coin, another some betel-leaves, another some areka nuts, another some rice, and another a piece of cloth. The offerings were placed on the impression, and almost immediately removed, by a servant who stood by for the purpose; they are the

perquisites of the chief priest of the Malwate Wihare. Before the pilgrim descends, they are blessed by the priest, and exhorted to return to their homes, and lead in future virtuous lives.

At Gannithenē, Dr. Davy visited an elephant snare, which is merely a square space of small dimensions, surrounded by strong palisades, having a tree in the middle, and a narrow entrance. The manner in which elephants are taken is very simple:—

'The wild animals are first driven to Kandy, and then, if approved of, to this place. When an elephant enters the inclosure, he is fastened to the tree by means of a noose, and his feet are properly secured by strong ropes. From the inclosure he is led to an adjoining spot; a shed is built over him; his feet are tied firmly to trees, and he is not allowed to lie down. We found six elephants in progress of taming,—their limbs more or less shackled, according to the subjugation effected. They were all extremely lean, and miserable objects to look at. More than half of those caught die during their confinement; they seem to pine for the lost blessing of liberty; they refuse to eat, and generally die of starvation.'

The city of Kandy abounds in temples, which, with the palace, are the principal objects worthy of notice:—

'The palace did occupy a considerable portion of ground. Its front, about two hundred yards long, made rather an imposing appearance; it looked towards the different temples, and rose above a handsome moat, the walls of which were pierced with triangular cavities, for purposes of illumination. At one extremity it was terminated by an hexagonal building of two stories, called *Paterpōon*, in which the King, on great occasions, appeared to the people assembled in the square below. At the other extremity it was bounded by the women's apartments, on the front of which the sun, moon, and stars, (not of gallantry, but as insignia of royalty,) were carved in stone, and in which, at the public festivals, the King and his ladies stationed themselves to witness the processions. The intermediate space was occupied chiefly by the great entrance to the palace, and by the temple (the *Dalada Malegaira*), a little in the rear. The entrance was by a draw-bridge over the moat, through a massive archway, on one hand up a flight of huge steps, and through another archway to the hall of audience; and on the other hand, up another flight of steps, to the temple and the hexagonal building.'

At Memoora there is a nitre cum, which our author thus describes:—

'The first view of the place was exceedingly striking. A large cave appeared in a perpendicular face of rock, about three hundred feet high, crowned with forests, at the base of which was a stage or

platform of rubbish, that seemed in danger of sliding into a deep wooded valley, closed in by mountains of considerable elevation and remarkable boldness. The cave was two hundred feet deep, and at its mouth, which was nearly semicircular, about eighty feet high, and one hundred wide. Its floor was rocky and steep, rapidly ascending inward, and its extremity was narrow and dark. To facilitate the ascent, ladders were planted in the most difficult places. The workmen whom I found at their labours, sixteen in number, were the rudest set of artificers I ever witnessed; their bodies, almost naked, were soiled with dirt, and their bushy beards and hair were matted and powdered with brown dust. When I arrived, they were occupied, not in the cave, but on the platform before it, attending to the operations that were then going on in the open air,—of filtration, evaporation, and crystallization. The apparatus employed was curious for its simplicity and rudeness. A small stream of water was led from a distance to the place, by a pipe of bamboos; the filters were of matting, in the shape of square boxes, supported by sticks; and the evaporating vessels, and, indeed, all the vessels used, were the common chatties of the country, of which a great many were assembled, of various sizes. The cave may be considered partly natural and partly artificial. I was informed that, during the last fifty years, for six months in the dry season, it has been annually worked, and that each man employed was required to furnish a load of nitre, which is about sixty poahés, to the royal stores.

In an earlier part of this volume, Dr. Davy states, that this nitre cave is 'a very compounded rock, consisting of calc spar, felspar, quartz, mica, and tale, in a horned state, exposed to the air, and slowly decomposing, strongly impregnated with saltpetre.' One hundred parts of this compound rock were found to consist of—

- 2.4 nitrate of potash.
- 0.7 nitrate of magnesia.
- 0.2 sulphate of magnesia.
- 9.4 water.
- 26.5 carbonate of lime.
- 60.7 earthy matter, insoluble in dilute nitric acid.

The remaining part of Dr. Davy's tour contains an account of all the principal objects in the country through which he travelled, but there is nothing particularly striking, and we shall only quote a singular instance of heroism which occurred at Passera, during the rebellion of 1818. Lance-corporal M'Laughlin, of the 72d, with four rank and file of that regiment, six Malays, and six Singalese, were on their march for Passera to Badulla:—

• This small party was beset about mid-

day by a horde of rebels in a thick jungle, who fired on the detachment from their concealment, killing two soldiers of the light infantry on the spot, and immediately showing themselves in numbers around this little band of brave soldiers, whom they no doubt considered a certain prey; but, regardless of their menaces, and faithful to their fallen comrades, ten of these gallant men encompassed the dead bodies of their brother soldiers, while corporal M'Laughlin, with the remaining five, fought their way to Badulla, at two miles distance, through some hundred Kandians, to report the situation of the detachment they left surrounded by so immense and disproportionate a force, in conflict with which they continued for two hours, when being relieved by a party detached by Major M'Donald, under the command of Lieutenant Burns, of the 83d regiment, from Badulla, they had the triumph of seeing the insurgents fly before them, and of bringing in the dead bodies of their comrades to be honourably interred.

Some observations on the effects of the climate, 'on the diseases of Ceylon,' and an Appendix of Proclamations and other State Papers, close this valuable volume. The engravings are numerous and well-executed.

The Beauties of Mozart, Handel, Pleyel, Haydn, Beethoven, and other celebrated Composers; adapted to the Words of Popular Psalms and Hymns, for One or Two Voices; with an Accompaniment and appropriate Symphonies for the Piano-forte, Organ, or Harp. By an Eminent Professor. Music 4to. 1821.

We have heard it whispered, that the editor of this volume of harmony is Dr. Busby; whether this be true or false, we cannot state; it might be him, or Latrobe, or any one else out of a hundred professors that could be named in the musical world. But whispers are nothing to us, because we look at the execution of the work, not to the name attached to it, nor the concealment of the eminent professor! with whom we entirely agree, that it is a pity 'the Devil should have all the best music.' Some have objected to the adaptation of 'right pleasant melody' to 'psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,' under an idea that, however the voice may be engaged, the mind will return to 'Pray Goody please to moderate,' or the lip still covet 'The rich ambrosia of thy Breath,' or 'Drink to me only with thine Eyes.' Be it remembered, there are thousands of lovely women and anti-corinthian youths, with sweet voices, who are toler-

ably skilled on the three divine instruments to which those beauties are adapted, who are not familiar with theatrical favourites, particularly where parental restrictions are rigidly enforced, and which are as dutifully obeyed. So, then, fine music and pathos are to be confined alone to those whom some of our contemporaries are pleased to call—the licentious part of mankind.

The later ages have been too long degraded by drooping sing-song tunes. Congregations are in a great degree led by a humdrum organist or desk-professor, whose 'pious orgies,' of course, are rehearsed at home, for the elasticising of the spirits of a select tea party. It is a subject much to be lamented, that social meetings are not more cultivated in the more retired and serious walks of society; and it is worthy of prominent remark, that where they are so, the little differences of religious and political opinions, (for they are too often found to exist under the same influence,) are softened into unity, peace, and concord. We believe it to have been a reason with composers of eminence generally, that the poetry, which is not considered strictly evangelical and orthodox, has been more suitable, from possessing more taste, grace, and expression, than poems approved by staid divines, upon a par of mediocrity with the renowned Sternhold and his successors. Time, that brings the eternal round of excellence and beauty to pass, we are persuaded, will lead the above collection of beautiful compositions into the hearts of the rising generations without the least prejudice to their morals or happiness, and we hope that nurses will lullaby them to Watts, Cowper, and Barbauld, while engaged in fostering their infant charge into mental habitude and virtue. With reminding the editor of the too frequent accompaniments to a first edition, a few printer's discords and engraver's naturals, we recommend the work to our readers.

THESSALIAN MARTYRS.

(From Pouqueville's Travels in Greece.)
EUTHYMUS Blachavas, renowned and quoted as the last of the brave Thessalians, was awakened at the noise of arms which the northern nations caused to be heard at Lovcha, in Thirace, in 1809. He had invited to a last effort all the generous sons of Thessaly, who were prepared to sacrifice themselves for liberty. Olympus, Ossa, and

Othryx, were shaken; the Mahometans, thrown into consternation, had entrenched themselves in Lerissa. A great event was preparing, when it came to be known that those had retreated whom the Greeks had regarded as their deliverers. The satrap of Epirus at this news let loose his hordes on the Thessalians, and the cutting off of heads and burning of villages brought back the people to obedience. Blachavas, deceived in his hopes, in vain wished to resist; he retreated like a terrible lion from mountain to mountain; and when he no longer found security on the continent, the Isle of Trikeri offered him an asylum, whence he could escape into the Archipelago. But he heard the cries of the Christians; he reproached himself for having compromised their existence; and in order to redeem a whole people, he accepted a capitulation, by which he placed himself with a promise of life in the hands of the eldest son of the satrap of Janina. 'I am going to die,' said he to his friends; 'I know the faith of the Turks; reserve your arms for happier days—fly.' With equal courage he appeared before his enemy, who would perhaps have respected the pledge given him, if he had not been the lieutenant of a man who employed oaths only as the means of deceit. At Janina, tied to a stake in the court of the Seraglio, I again saw Blachavas, whom I had met at Milias, in Pindus, at the head of his troops. The rays of a burning sun played on his bronzed brow, which defied death, and a profuse perspiration fell from his shaggy beard. He knew his fate; and more composed than the tyrant who was about to shed his blood, he raised towards me his eyes full of serenity, as if to make me a witness of the triumphs of his last hour. He saw the approach of that hour so terrible to the wretched with the composure of the just. He bore, without trembling or reproach, the strokes of the executioner, and his limbs, dragged through the streets of Janina, showed to the astonished Greeks the remains of the last of the captains of Thessaly. Alas, why should so glorious an end be stained with the crime of rebellion, which had dragged so many innocent persons to the tomb! The inexplicable designs of Providence are only explained by prodigies which confound the calculations of our feeble reason. The punishment and revolt of Blachavas prepared the triumph of a feeble mortal who had no other arms than prayers

and patience—one of the disciples of our Saviour destined to support the timid during the tempest, whose blood, confoanded with that of the warrior, restored by his martyrdom the honour of the Christians.

Demetrius, of the order of St. Basilus, elevated by that evangelic charity which characterized the Apostles in their persecutions, traversed in these stormy days the neighbouring cantons, in order to calm their minds and lead them back to the yoke of obedience. Denounced as a seditious person, and taken with Blachavas, he appeared before the satrap of Janina loaded with irons. It was wished that he should name accomplices, in order to involve in the conspiracy the orthodox prelates, who occupied the ecclesiastical thrones of Thessaly; but strong in faith he testified the truth of the living God, and his answers inflamed the rage of the Vizir, which blazed out in a dialogue worthy of being recorded to Christendom as a monument belonging to the martyrology of the church.

Vizir.—You have announced 'the reign of Jesus Christ, and consequently the destruction of our altars and the fall of our prince.'

Demetrius.—God reigns from eternity to eternity. I revere those masters whom He has given us.

Vizir.—What do you carry on your breast?

Demetrius.—The venerable image of the Holy Mary.

Vizir.—I wish to see it.

Demetrius.—It must not be profaned. Order one of my hands to be released, and I will show it to you.

Vizir.—It is thus that you mislead the minds of men. We are profaners! I recognise in this speech the agent of the bishops whom the Russians are bringing to enslave us. Name your accomplices.

Demetrius.—My accomplices are my conscience and my duty, which oblige me to console my Christian brethren and to teach them submission to your laws.

Vizir.—To your own you mean, you Christian dog.

Demetrius.—I glory in that name.

Vizir.—You carry an image of the Virgin, with which, it is said, prejudices are connected.

Demetrius.—Prodigies, say! The mother of our Saviour is our intercessor with her immortal Son. She works miracles for us every day, and every day I invoke her.

Vizir.—Let us then see if she will

protect you.—Executioners, apply the torture.

At these words, pronounced with the energy of rage, the pages of the satrap concealed themselves while the executioners seized their victim, and threw him down at the feet of the tyrant, who spat in his face. The holy image was taken from him. Pointed reeds were driven into the nails of his fingers and toes. His arms were likewise pierced by them, and at the height of his agony nothing escaped his lips but these words, 'Lord have mercy on thy servant—Queen of Heaven pray for us.' The torture of the reeds being ended, there was applied round his head a chain of osselets, which was forcibly tightened while the executioner called out to him to name his accomplices, but the chain broke without extorting from him a murmur. The executioners, tired out, begged that the torture might be suspended till the following day, and the patient was precipitated into a damp dungeon. The satrap did not again attend the torture, which recommenced according to his orders, by suspending the victim with his head down over a fire of pitchy wood, with which they slowly burnt the skin of his crucifix. They were afraid that his life might escape, and withdrew him from the chafing-pan to cover him with a table, on which the executioners mounted, and danced for the purpose of breaking his bones. Victorious in the last trial, Demetrius, having now passed through the torture of the reeds, the fire, and of the estrapado, was built into a wall, leaving his head out of the masonry. He was there supplied with nutriment, in order to prolong his agony. He died on the tenth day, invoking the name of the Almighty. His supernatural courage astonished Epirus, and his name was quoted as a saint. It was said, that even miracles were performed by it; and what cannot be doubted is, that his blood appeased the rage of the satrap, and that he was the last expiatory victim of Thessaly.

Original Communications.

A FRENCH ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.
Sir,—In the forty-sixth number of the *Affiches Universelles*, a daily French paper, and the forty-first article, under the title *Paris*, in the following advertisement of a book-keeper and

teacher of the French language, which I extract without alteration, viz.—

“*M. Meinier, teneur de livres, rue du Four St. Germain, No. 98, très connu, enseigne la partie double simple/écrite en un mois de leçons. Il se charge de la vérification, de la rédaction de tous comptes et des arbitrages; et il peut en outre donner quatre heures par jour pour les livres d'une maison de commerce.*—BOOK-KEEPER and TEACHER of the French tongue, repair to dwelling-house.”

What am I, Sir, to understand by the last sentence, which is in English? Does it imply that I am to repair to his dwelling-house, or that he will repair to mine? This shows how ridiculous it is for persons to affect an understanding of another language, when they have but imperfectly learned their own. However, the twofold profession of keeper and teacher, I advise most strenuously to all young men who go raw from the country to London; and with what importance it would appear in our daily papers, under an advertisement like this: ‘A young man from Lancashire wishes for a situation at the ‘Bull and Mouth,’ the ‘Belle Savage,’ or ‘Red Lion,’ as book-keeper and teacher of the English tongue. Ladies boarding-schools regularly attended, — repair to dwelling-house. But what may be considered propriety in France, is obviously the reverse in England. I am, Sir, your’s, &c.

R.
Cour des Fontaines, 1st Oct. 1821.

THE PROBABILITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

THE proportion of children born, in eighteen males to seventeen females. According to the observation of M. Dupré de St. Maur, in 23,994 deaths, 6454 of them were those of children, not a year old; and, carrying his researches on this subject as far as possible, he concludes, that of 24,000 children born, the number who attain to different ages are as follow:—

Age.	Number.	Age.	Number.	Age.	Number.
2	17,540	30	6544	90	103
3	15,102	35	3770	91	71
4	14,177	40	7069	98	63
5	13,477	45	7069	98	47
6	12,908	50	6107	94	40
7	12,562	55	5875	95	33
8	12,255	60	4564	98	23
9	12,015	65	3450	97	18
10	11,801	70	2544	98	16
15	11,405	75	1507	99	8
20	10,909	80	867	100	6 or 7
25	10,250	85	291		

When a child is born, to what age may a person bet, on equal terms, that it will attain? Or, if the child has al-

ready attained to a certain age, how many years is it probable that it will still live? These are two questions, the solution of which is not only curious but important.

We shall here give two tables on this subject, one by M. Dupré de St. Maur, and the other by M. Parcieux. The table of M. Parcieux is formed from lists of annuities:—

TIME TO LIVE.

M. de St. Maur.			M. Parcieux.		
Age.	Yrs.	Ms.	Age.	Yrs.	Ms.
0	8		50	16	7
1	33	41	60	11	14
2	38	49	70	6	9
3	40	43	75	4	6
4	41	44	80	3	5
5	41	46	85	3	4
6	42	44	90	2	2
7	42	43	95	5	6
8	41	43	99	4	4
9	40	43	97	3	5
10	40	42	98	2	2
20	33	36	99	1	2
30	28	30	100		1
40	22	1	25	6	

It may be deduced from the preceding observations, that when the inhabitants of a country amount to one million, the number of those of the different ages will be as follows:—

Between 0 and 1 year complete	36,740
..... 1 5	118,460
..... 5 10	99,230
..... 10 15	94,530
..... 15 20	85,074
..... 20 25	82,380
..... 25 30	77,650
..... 30 35	71,665
..... 35 40	64,805
..... 40 45	57,230
..... 45 50	50,000
..... 50 55	43,940
..... 55 60	37,110
..... 60 65	28,690
..... 65 70	21,305
..... 70 75	13,195
..... 75 80	7066
..... 80 85	2880
..... 85 90	1025
..... 90 95	335
..... 95 100	82
Above 100 years	3 or 4

Total,.... 1,000,000

The number of inhabitants of a country is to that of the families, as 1000 to 22½.

By taking a mean also, it is found that in twenty-five families, there is one where there are six or more children.

The proportion of males and females in a country, are as 18 to 19.

It is found, that there are three marriages annually among 337 inhabitants, so that 112 inhabitants produce one marriage.

The proportion of married men or

widowers to married women or widows, is nearly as 125 to 140; and the whole number of this class of society is, to the whole of the inhabitants, as 265 to 631.

Among 631 inhabitants, there are 118 married couples, seven or eight widowers, and 21 or 22 widows.

1870 married couples give, annually, 357 children.

The number of servants is to the whole number of inhabitants, as 136 to 1535 nearly.

OXFORD ANECDOTES.

JACOB BOBART—Was a German horticulturist, and came to England about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was appointed first superintendent of the physic garden in Oxford, founded in 1632, by Henry Earl of Danby. The catalogue of plants in the physic garden, published in 1648, was drawn up by J. Bobart, and is a favourable proof of his zeal and diligence. This catalogue was republished in 1648, considerably improved, and enlarged to more than double its bulk; Bobart being assisted in the work, as he acknowledges, by Dr. Philip Stevens and Wm. Brown, M. A. A plant, in honour of Bobart, is called Bobartin, a genus formed by Linnaeus, and said to grow in the East Indies. Under the care of Bobart and that of his son, the garden continued to flourish many years. Old Jacob died in the garden house, February 4th, 1679, aged eighty, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Peter in the East, where there is a monument to his memory, against the wall of the church. On rejoicing days, he used to have his venerable beard tagged with silver. He left two sons, Jacob and Tilleman, who were both employed in the physic garden. Jacob, who was a man of learning, published the second volume of ‘Morison’s Oxford History of Plants,’ 1699. An anecdote is told of him, which implies somewhat of a humorous disposition. He found a large dead rat in the garden, and transformed it by art into the shape of a dragon, as represented in old and curious books of natural history, particularly in Aldrovandus. This was shown to various learned men, all of whom believed it to be a genuine and invaluable specimen of the dragon. Many fine copies of verses were written by the literati in honour of Bobart and his matchless discovery, and persons flocked from all parts to see it. Bobart owned the cheat some years after,

but it was for a long time preserved as a master-piece of art. There is an ingenious paper, by this writer, in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1683, on the effects of the great frost, which happened the preceding winter, on trees and other plants. Many oak, elm, ash, walnut, and other trees were found, he says, with large rents or clefts in different parts of their trunks, in the large branches, and in such parts of their roots as were not sunk deep into the earth. Parts, he adds, that were so knotted, that they could not have been split but with great difficulty with beetles and wedges, were rent asunder by the force of the ice contained within them, making, at the time of bursting, a noise like the explosion of gunpowder. It is supposed that the trees which suffered were diseased, that some of the vessels were distended or burst, and that the effect was produced by the freezing of the sap or other juices contained in these cavities. J. Bobart gave the rent of a piece of land in Osney Meadow, commonly called Pike Acre, to be disposed of by the minister and churchwardens of the parish of St. Peter in the East, in Oxford, in the following manner:—Twenty shillings yearly to the minister of the parish, for a sermon to be preached by him on Christmas-day, in the afternoon, and the rest to such of the poor inhabitants as do not receive alms. He died December 28th, 1719, in the 79th year of his age, and was buried in the above-mentioned church, where there is an inscription to his memory. A descendant of the Bobarts, Mr. Tillemann Bobart, formerly of University College, still resides in Oxford. He is one of the esquire or gold-stick bedels of the university, and appears to inherit a love of gardening and botanical pursuits from his ancestors.

Mother Louse.—In former times resided on Headington Hill, a celebrated old matron, mentioned by Anthony Wood in 1673, called Mother Louse. She was the mistress of a little ale-house, situated at the further end of a row of tenements, near the lane leading to Marston, and now, not unaptly, called Harpsichord Row, or Harpsichord Garden. Granger, in describing a print of this noted female, informs us, that she was probably the last woman who wore a ruff in England. She gave a name to her habitation which it retained for many years, and was called Louse Hall. Cabbage Hall, exactly opposite Chainey Lane,

the road to the intended Lunatic Asylum, was kept formerly by a tailor. A public-house higher up the hill, (now a private habitation,) was known by the name of Caterpillar Hall, which, says an ingenious writer, was no doubt a complimentary appellation, intimating to posterity, that, on account of its better commons, it had drawn away a great number of students from its inferior society; or, in other words, that the Caterpillar had eaten up the Cabbage.—*Oxford Herald.*

AEROSTATIC ASCENT OF MR. GREEN, AT BRIGHTON.

MR. GREEN, whose ascensions in a balloon, at the Coronation and on a subsequent day from Pentonville, we formerly noticed, made his fifth aerial excursion on the 2nd of October, from Brighton, and which had nearly proved fatal to him, as he was driven to sea, and was for some time at the mercy of the watery element. The following is his own account of this perilous adventure:—

I took my leave amidst the plaudits and anxious good wishes of the surrounding company, and ascended slowly, but majestically, towards the celestial regions. I rose about eight hundred feet, when the gas, which before had been expanded by the heat of the sun, became condensed by the change of temperature; the balloon consequently descended; this I could have easily prevented by discharging ballast, but I felt confident I was affording to the spectators a gratification unprecedented in the history of aerostatics; I therefore chose to take advantage of the circumstance. I eventually threw out two bags of ballast, and re-ascended, the balloon taking a direction south-east by south: it appeared to me as floating for a considerable time over the land's edge. The appearance of earthly objects gradually diminishing, I still ascended, so as to afford to the spectators a diminished view of my aerostatic machine. The balloon here took a more southerly direction, and finding myself going rapidly to sea, at an altitude of about two miles, I espied two vessels, the only assistance in sight at that elevation. I immediately opened the valve, and the balloon began to descend with great velocity, and, in the end, was plunged by the force of the wind into a tremendous heavy sea; it then drifted rapidly, assuming the appearance of an immense umbrella before me: the car striking the water on its side, its ornaments and coverings were presently destroyed, and it instantly filled with water. I had previously put on my life-preserver, but it unfortunately became entangled with the cords. I was here in a perilous situation, the life-preserver useless, and the car repeatedly turning over, so that I was

alternately under water. In this distress I continued for many minutes, when, almost exhausted, the propriety occurred to me of separating the cords which entangled the preserver, and which, after much difficulty, I accomplished with a knife. After this, I had the consolation of being raised considerably above the water, which enabled me to hail a boat humanely sent to my assistance by Capt. Clear, of the *Unity* packet, whose humane and active exertions I shall ever feel proud to acknowledge. I was at this time so much exhausted, that it would have been utterly impossible for me to have continued my hold five minutes longer. I remained in the water, according to the opinion of Captain Clear, about twenty minutes; but it appeared to me much longer. The balloon dragged me about two miles through a heavy surf. After having been, with great difficulty, got on board, my distress was so great as to render it absolutely necessary to strip me. I continued for some hours insensible, and must refer the public to Captain Clear for particulars during that period. After my recovery, I anxiously inquired of the captain if my property was safe on board; when he informed me that the balloon was literally torn to ribbands, and my philosophical instruments and my apparatus, were all lost or destroyed. Upon examination, I found the balloon impossible to be repaired. I landed in safety on Wednesday morning, at one o'clock, at Newhaven, and reached the gas establishment, at Brighton, at ten o'clock.

Captain Clear states that he was on his passage from Dieppe to Brighton, when, about forty minutes after two p. m. he discovered a balloon descending very rapidly; that, in five minutes afterwards, it dropped into the water at about two miles to windward, when he lowered his boat, the sea running high, and the balloon dragging the car through a heavy surf; that he feared the man in the latter must perish before the boat could reach him, but that he had the satisfaction of seeing him pulled into the boat at about three o'clock. That he then so managed his vessel that the balloon came alongside, but he could not hold it; it therefore left the vessel, the boat still fast to it, and Mr. Green in the boat. That, as there was no other means of subduing the balloon, he ran his vessel's bowsprit through it, at the risk of losing it, if not the mast, it being twenty feet from the top of the balloon to the surface of the water. That, soon after, Mr. Green was got upon deck, when he made him swallow some brandy, then stripped and wrapped him in blankets, and had him put to bed. That he then proceeded to save the

balloon, which remained on the bowsprit until the gas had escaped; it then dropped into the sea, and sunk under the vessel's bottom. That by the aid of tackle it was hoisted on board, in the progress of which, from the effect of wind and tide, the silk gave way and tore in all directions; it could only be preserved in a tangled and tattered state.

MACPHERSON'S LAMENT.

A NOTED highwayman, of the name of Macpherson, was executed at Banff, in the year 1701, eight days after his trial, and his execution took place at a much earlier hour than was appointed by his sentence; the magistrates of Banff being apprehensive of a rescue. It was even reported, that either by fraud or violence, an express, with his pardon, was detained between Turreff and Banff. An unhappy girl, whose love for him, and grief for his fate, ended in distraction, came to Glenorchy and Upper Lorne in the following summer. She could give no distinct account of herself; but the incoherent hints drawn from her led to a conclusion that her parents were reputable; but that, infatuated by a passion for Macpherson, she had passed some time with him among his gipsy associates, had been admitted to him in prison, and learnt the Lament, which he hoped would engage the populace to assist his friends in delivering him from the civil power, when disencumbered from his fetters, preparatory to execution; but, as she said, 'they wadna trust the music o' his voice, but choked him before his time.' She had left her ain souk to gang to Badenoch, the laund o' her dear and her dool, and she insisted Glenorchy was Badenoch, because the people spoke Gaelic, and there were 'bonny lads and red cheeked lasses.' Some one asked if she was a gipsy? She seemed quite indignant, and replied 'na, na, she was born in haly marriage, and baptizet in haly kirk.'

The fragments of the Lament were literally stolen from this mourner. A gentleman attempted to write from her singing; but she wept bitterly at the idea of 'giving away,' as she termed it, 'the last remains of her dear.' The gentleman engaged some friends to prevail with 'Jamie's lassie,' the only name she gave herself, to sing his Lament; and he kept behind her employing his pencil to trace the lines.

I've spent my life in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and strength,

I squander'd fast, as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length.

To hang upon a tree, a tree,
Accurs'd disgraceful death,
Like a vile dog hung up to be,
And stifled in the breath.

My father was a gentleman,
Of fame and honour high,
Oh mother, would you ne'er had borne
The son so doom'd to die!

The laird of Grant, with pow'r aboon,
The royal majesty,
Pass'd his great word for Peter Brown,
And let Macpherson die.

But Braco Duff, with rage enough,
First laid a snare for me,
And if that death did not prevent,
Avenge'd I well could be.

But vengeance I did never wreak,
When power was in my hand,
And you, dear friends, no vengeance seek,
It is my last command.

Forgive the man whose rage betray'd
Macpherson's worthless life;
When I am gone, be it not said,
My legacy was strife.

And ye that blame with cruel scorn
The wand'ring gipsy's ways,
Oh, think if houseless houseless born,
Ye could spend better days!

If all the wealth on land or sea
Before my eyes were spread,
I'd give them all this hour to be
On the soldier's dying bed.

Though cut and hack'd in every limb,
And chok'd with heaps of slain,
Glory and fame should be my theme,
To soften every pain.

My father was a gentleman,
Of fame and lineage high;
Oh, place me in the field like him—
Like him to fight and die!

Original Poetry.

EPICRAMS.

I.

On a Whip being given by His Majesty to be
run for, in Ireland.

THAT sycophants might have their rights,
Great George, returning from his trip,
Bequeathed Hibernian parasites
A fitting legacy—a whip!

LARRY O'LASHEN.

II.

To Mr. Bliss, the Treasurer of a Bible Association.

SOME say the Bible points the road to bliss;
Here, sir, you own that truth is not a libel;
Reverse the question, and 'tis simply this—
That Bliss is a conductor to the Bible.

ELLEN MARIA.

THE ZEPHYR.

SAY, zephyr, whither dost thou hie;
Why with such haste skim thro' the air?
Say, dost thou bear some lover's sigh
To some admired lady fair?

Or flyest thou to sip the dew
That sparkles on the lily white,
Or on the pretty violet blue?
Oh! little vagrant, stay thy flight.

Wilt thou on thy soft pinions bear
A message? wilt thou, zephyr, fly
And whisper in my Marianne's ear,
The echo of her Henry's sigh?

Say, wilt thou—? Yes; but do not speak,
For as I'm used so swift to fly,
My form is so divinely weak,
It will not bear more than a sigh.

'That will I take—tho' I should now,
(Had you not thus detained me here),
Been smoothing the soft raven brow
Of some divinely beautiful fair.'

Take then this sigh, and haste away,
Fly quickly, cherub! to my dear,
And as thou hast not ought to say,
Oh! cast it plaintive on her ear.

Then watch her sweet! and you shall hear
A sigh from her responsive flow,
And, little flutter, strive to bear
To me my Marianne's note of woe.

But stay, can't thou not bear a tear?
Oh, stay! I return—thou can't not then—
Then hasten, hasten to my fair,
And swift return to me again. J. C. P.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

PALE orb, whose unobtrusive light
Smiles sadly on a world below,
Thee, while I view, this stormy night,
Looks, like my fate, replete with woe!
And thou, whose silv'ry lustre streams
Alternate thro' a maze of glooms,
Art as some lamp, whose friendly beams
Guide the lost wanderer to his home.

Yes, while I pensive mark thy rays,
And anguish lende my weary breast,
I muse on future happier days
Of endless undivided rest;
Led by thy light, to tranquil spheres I roam,
And taste the transports of ETERNAL HOME!

EDWARD BALL.

LINES

To the Memory of Körner, the German Poet and Warrior.

FAREWELL to thee: thou spirit brave,
Whom youth nor valour's end could save;
O'en is thy form, and dim that eye,
Which in the fight flash'd gallantly;
Oh! though that ardent soul out of this
Emaptured wood'd the muse divine,
Thy country call'd for help and aid
When Gallia did her fields invade;
And who but would have join'd a band
To seek and save his native land?

Oh! thou did'st raise thee at the cry
Of those who fought for liberty;
Thy spirit rush'd like mountain flood,
Boldly it swept o'er fields of blood,
Where yet thine eye could weep to see
The wreck of frail mortality,
And sigh to think how soon the tomb
Might be thine own relentless doom,
Yet pray that heaven would bless the cause
Of those who fought for home and laws.
Alas! the cold earth form'd a bed,
Ere long, whereon to rest thy head;
And still and silent is the lyre
Thou touch'd'st with poetic fire.
Yet, honour'd long shall be thy name,
Enroll'd in the bright lists of fame;
Thy sweetest strains oft times among
Thy gallant countrymen be sung,
And long thy deeds a hushed shade,
Tho' Körner's number'd with the dead.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Occasioned by the Death of A. E., in the West Indies.

When late I twined a wreath for thee,
And hoped, in other years,
To view it blooming beautifully,
Dewed but with Pleasure's tears,
I deem'd not of thy early doom,
Nor thought my humble might bloom,
Only above thy lonely tomb!

And so while I was framing themes
Of future happiness—
Dwelling on unsubstantial dreams
Of joys that yet might, bless,
Thou wert not I longer dwelling here,
And Friendship's sigh, and Sorrow's tear,
Could rail thee nought how'er sincere.

'Twas time in distant land to die—
'Twas thine to pass from earth
Where none of those dear friends were nigh,
Who watch'd thee from thy birth;
No brother firm—no sister fair—
No mother, and no sire were there
To listen to thy parting prayer.

And who I would have felt with thee,
Nay, yielded life for thine,
Could in thy pangs no sharer be,
Could make no sorrow mine;
And worthless pleasures, common cares
Awoke my smiles or claim'd my tears,
While thy soul flew to other spheres!

A wanderer—but not esteem'd
The less because afar,
Nor wert less sadly when redeem'd
From every earthly jar;—
How deeply have we thought upon
Each kindly deed we might have done
For thee—belov'd, departed one!

Yet much was sought, and much begun,
Thy health to re-instate,
And all that friendship left undone,
Was but the fruit of fate!

'Twere now a bootless tale to tell
Of love that never changed or fell
From plighted faith—dear Shade, farewell!

Aug. 1821. J. W. DALBY.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The office of critic on the performances at this theatre, has been for some time a sinecure, for our readers would not thank us for dwelling at any length on the ferocity of the *Ruffian Boy*, the splendour of the *Coronation*, or the dreadful annoyance which Tom King and his Monsieur Tonson give to poor Morbleu. We have, therefore, only to say, by way of dramatic record, that *Gerald Duval*, the *Coronation*, and *Monsieur Tonson*, are the only pieces now performed at this theatre, and that they still maintain their attraction, to an extent that could never have been anticipated. When any novelty is produced, we shall be the first to make it known to our readers; at present we must content ourselves with a playbill announcement: 'The three unprecedentedly popular pieces every evening until further notice.'

COVENT GARDEN.—The loss of rational gratification which the public sustained during the absence of Mr. Young from the London boards, becomes very apparent when we see him resume those characters which he left vacant on the stage. Among those must be classed, as one of the first, the *Stranger*, which he sustained on Friday night, in a manner which called to our delighted memory the best days and the best exertions of John Kemble; not that Mr. Young is an imitator of that great actor, for his energies and talents are all his own; and they are only like each other in the forcible delineation of character, and in the power they possess of awakening the tenderest chords of the human heart. They rouse their audience to indignation or melt them into pity, insensibly, and, as it were, by some magic spell. Mr. Young's performance of the *Stranger*, has always been considered as one of his most finished characters; and we think his delineation of it on Friday, superior to any of his former exertions. His whole soul seemed embodied in the character; and he depicted, in the most correct and forcible style, the misanthropy and humanity, the stern severity, and the pure feeling of the abandoned husband. To adopt the language of a diurnal critic,—How admirably he combated the occasional reflux of kindly feelings, which, in the earlier scenes of the drama, made their way towards his heart. He looked a man whom the sorrows of others could never again touch, who, wishing to forget the world, lived already in a waste of his own creation, more cold and desolate than the wildest deserts of nature. His heart seemed shrunk within him—once deceived, he would never again trust to it for happiness; yet, when the story of Tobias met his ear, feeling began to awaken, and the hurried manner in which he deposited the charity in the old man's hand, showed that he was still a man—though almost disdaining the character. The quietude of his forlorn and hopeless fortunes, were preserved with a dignified consistency, until the interview takes place between him and Steinfort. He told the story of his love with a tenderness that drew tears from several of the spectators; but when he came to speak of the villain who took Adelaide from him, he elicited such a burst of feeling as, in our theatres, is seldom observable. Again; when he sees that object so dear to him, tainted as she was with crime, exciting at once the love of the

husband and the insulted pride of the man, he balanced his feelings with such matchless skill, yielding to his affection, and recoiling from it, by turns, that it was impossible not to sympathize in the alternate emotions that unsettled all his former resolves. It was a relief when the children came at last to re-unite those links of conjugal attachment which perfidly had broken. It was altogether such a piece of acting, as left behind it an impression never to be forgotten.

The part of Mrs. Haller was sustained by Mrs. Brudenell, the lady, who a few weeks ago, made her debut at the Haymarket Theatre, in the character of Belvidera. We have already stated the physical defects this lady laboured under, in a feeble voice, and as that was felt at the Haymarket Theatre, it could not but be more striking in a house of three-fold dimensions. The character of Mrs. Haller, dignified as it has been by a Siddons and an O'Neil, is not one of great difficulty; a deep and silent sorrow, unraffed by any conflicting passions, pervades every scene in which she appears. Mrs. Brudenell acted with great feeling, delicacy, and tenderness; her conception of the character was correct, and her delineation of it rather chaste than forcible. The success of the performance was, however, unequalled and decisive, and the lady in many scenes was honoured with much applause. Mrs. Faucit played the Countess of Winterset with becoming dignity; Farley's Francis, and Emery's Solomon, justified the character they have long had, of being excellent performances. There yet remains one character to notice, but which is considered so insignificant in the piece, as usually to be passed over slightly. We mean that of Peter, so long held by poor Simmons. Its new representative was Mr. Meadows, who, stripping the part of all the buffoonery with which it has generally been loaded, really rendered 'Master Peter' a very important personage in the drama, and ensured him such an abundance of applause as he was, perhaps, never honoured with before.

On Wednesday, the opera of the *Antiquary* was performed for the first time this season. The part of Isabella Wardour, in the absence of Miss Stephens, fell into the hands of Miss Halland, who gave the songs with very pleasing effect. Mrs. Faucit, as Elspeth, gave a faithful portrait of this worn-out grandam. Listen!

Oldbuck and Blanchard's Caxon lose none of their interest, and the Antiquary was received with as much applause as ever.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The opera of *Rob Roy*, which has long been popular, was performed for the first time at this theatre on Wednesday night. It has been got up in a very liberal manner, and with great attention to scenic display. In the cast of the characters, the talents of the company were exhibited to the best advantage, though there are many plays to which those talents are better suited than *Rob Roy*. Mr. Terry, as the hero of the piece, gave a forcible representation of this distinguished freebooter, though somewhat deficient in that romantic spirit and enthusiasm which belongs to the character. He, however, displayed much energy and feeling in the most important scenes. Mr. Leoni Lee, as Francis Osbaldistone, executed the songs with much sweetness and effect, particularly 'Auld lang syne' and 'My love is like the red red rose,' which were rapturously encored. Miss Carew dissolved every word of Diana Vernon into sweet melody. She was in excellent voice, and played the character in a very pleasing manner. Mrs. Johnson acted Helen Macgregor: there was nothing of the heroine of the mountain and the glen about her; and we should rather have taken her to have been the wife of a Duke of Argyll or any nobleman 'who in courts had ever been,' than the partner of the outlaw Macgregor, treading upon her native heath. Tayleure, in the Baillie Nicol Jarvie, was very successful; his performance was rich in humour, and possessed much originality; in some scenes, however, he strongly reminded us of Mr. Mackay, whose delineation of the character has been justly the subject of much praise both in London, and more particularly beyond the Tweed. Owen had a good representative in Williams, and the 'Douglass creature' an indifferent one in Russell. De Camp was a blustering Major Galbraith, and Lacy a dandified Captain Thornton. With these drawbacks, the performance still possessed sufficient merit to ensure it great applause and repetition on the following evening.

Literature and Science.

Oriental Literature.—Oriental literature and education have just suffered a severe and unexpected loss in the person of M. E. Boethier, born in

Egypt, professor of the vulgar Arabic at the school of Oriental Living Languages, and in the flower of his age. We lose in him a most valuable means of communication between Egypt and France. The relation in which he stood between the two countries, would have been very speedily much more efficacious, by the erection of a college of Egyptians at Paris. M. E. Boethier would have been the friend of this establishment. But though he has not been left to fulfil this great service to his paternal country, and to that of his adoption, yet he has left us an honourable memorial; and the great dictionary which he composed,—a work of fifteen years' perseverance and profound study, will preserve his name from oblivion or the indifference of mankind. In causing the manuscript of this work to be printed, the government in some measure mitigates the unfortunate loss.—*Monitor*.

Application of the Congreve Rocket in the Whale Fisheries.—The ship *Fame* has returned to Hull, and Captain Scoresby has confirmed all that was stated respecting the important advantages to be derived from the use of the rocket in the whale fishery.

The *Fame* has brought home nine fish, in the capture of the whole of which the rocket has been successfully employed. After being struck with the rocket, the largest whale became an easy prey to its pursuers. In one case, instant death was produced by a single rocket, and in all cases the speed was much diminished, and its power of sinking limited to three or four fathoms.

One of the largest finners, of one hundred feet in length, a species of fish seldom attacked by the ordinary means, and of the capture of which there is scarcely an instance on record, in the northern seas, was immediately tamed by a discharge of rockets, so that the boats overtook and surrounded it with ease.

Six out of the nine fish died in less than fifteen minutes: and five out of the ponder took out no line at all. One only survived nearly two hours, and another took out no more than one line, by getting into a pack of ice, where the boats could not follow.

The peculiar value and importance of the rocket in the fisheries is, that by means of it, all the destructive effects of a six or even a twelve pounder piece of artillery, both as to penetration, explosion, force, and internal fire, calculated to accelerate the death of the

animal, may be given with an apparatus not heavier than a musket, and without any shock or re-action on the boat; whereas, it is obvious that no boat applicable to the fishery of the whale, can ever be made capable of sustaining the shock necessary to produce the same, or any thing like the effects of the six or twelve-pound shell, by the ordinary means of artillery.

In fact, nothing larger than the harpoon-gun could be applied; and the missile which could be discharged from such an implement, could neither have penetration nor explosive force sufficient to do any serious injury to the fish.

With respect to the rocket, however, it is a fact, that some of the smallest, fired in the late experiment in the *Fame*, penetrated completely through the body of the fish, so that the effect of the explosion was visible on the opposite side—the fierce fire of the rocket fixed in the animal's inside rapidly destroying life; and the effects and report of the explosion being distinctly perceivable within him, as in one instance, as above stated, producing immediate death. Indeed, it is certain that this might, in almost every case, be ensured by increasing the power of the rocket, without increasing the inconvenience or incumbrance of the apparatus required to discharge it, and equally without re-action on the boat, as when the smallest rockets are used. In addition to this, it may be stated, that there is no doubt of the rocket ultimately displacing with the operation of the hand-harpoon, by conveying the line and destroying the animal at the same time, and that without requiring the approach of the boat to the fish within the limits of perfect security. It is also equally certain, that the large finners, never or rarely attempted in the north, will be rendered an easy prey by the judicious application of the rocket.

Egyptian Mummy.—Mr. Coates, a native of Newcastle, has presented the Literary and Philosophical society of that town, with an Egyptian mummy in the very highest state of preservation. Mr. C. procured this relic of antiquity as he recently passed through Egypt on his return from India.

The celebrated Carnot, who is living in a retired manner at Magdeburg, is said to be engaged in writing a work which must necessarily excite great interest. It is to be entitled, 'Historical Memoirs of the French Revolution, and the Events of the last thirty Years.'

Astronomic Phenomenon.—According to observations made by M. Luthmer, at Hanover, a remarkable phenomenon will take place in the course of the next autumn and winter. This will consist in the conjunction of the two great planets, Jupiter and Saturn, which will appear on the 16th and 18th of October, at midnight, in the meridian, and will be visible during the whole of the night.

Curious Spring of Water.—There is, at present, at a place called Caw, in the county of Londonderry, a sycamore tree, which contains a well of excellent fresh spring water. At the height of five feet, the trunk is about eighteen inches in diameter; at seven feet, it seems to have separated into two branches of equal thickness, one of which has shot up to a very considerable height, twenty or twenty-five feet, perhaps; from that part of the trunk from which a corresponding branch is supposed once to have grown, issues a stream of excellent water, perfectly cool and clear, which never fails, even in the hottest weather or longest drought; the tree seems perfectly healthy, and in luxuriant leaf.—*Irish Paper.*

The celebrated Zodiac of Dendera or Tentyra, which, when first discovered by the French, during their expedition in Egypt, occasioned much discussion respecting the antiquity of the earth, has been lately brought to Marseilles, and is to be conveyed to Paris. The *Courier Français* states, that the English Consul in Egypt opposed its removal, on the ground that it was within the district in which he had purchased the right of digging for curiosities, and wished to claim it for his government. The dispute was referred to the Pacha, who determined in favour of the French explorers, M. Saulnier and another. An account of their journey is to be printed.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in sedibus omnia liment,
Omnia nos litidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

Pun.—An auctioneer having waited a long time for a servant, who neglected to fetch away a table which he had sold to a gentleman, remarked, that 'he was the most un-com-for-table fellow he had ever known.'

Humility.—At Lord Camden's seat, the Hermitage, near Seven Oaks, in Kent, the following important information was exhibited a few weeks since:—This is to give notice, that

Lord Camden does not mean to shoot himself or any of his tenants till the 14th of September.

Among other public records of the *divine right* of kings, the following is taken *verbatim* from the London Gazette of April 16, 1668, in the reign of Charles the Second of *pious* memory:—'Advertisement.—We are ordered to give notice, that by reason of the approaching heat of summer, his majesty intends to continue *touching for the evil*, till Friday after the 1st of May inclusively, and no longer.'

Bull.—The late Marquis of Londonderry, in his will, made twelve months before he died, has the following genuine bull:—Speaking of his son, Lord Castlereagh, he says, he feels confident that 'no exertion or affectionate endeavour will be omitted by him that can any way contribute, in addition to her jointure, to the accommodation and comfort of my *disconsolate and unhappy widow*.'

The editor of a provincial journal has the following paragraph in his paper of Saturday last:—'Stafford Assizes terminated last week; the trials were not of an important nature; twenty prisoners were capitally convicted.'

A distinguished gentleman of Pennsylvania, whose nose and chin are both very long, and who has lost his teeth, whereby the nose and chin are brought pretty near together, was told, 'I am afraid your nose and chin will have a fight before long; they approach each other very menacingly.'—'I am afraid of it myself,' replied the gentleman, 'for a good many words have passed between them already.'

Spanish Bull.—A Madrid paper says, that the *stones* which have been raised throughout Andalusia, in commemoration of the constitution of the Cortes, are all made of wood.

Sir William Curtis.—It could be little suspected that the present royal favourite, Sir Wm. Curtis, had originally been the political *elbow* of John Horne Tooke,—such, however, it appears, was the case: 'Sir William's father had been a zealous friend of popular politics in the city and county, and, at the period of the great contest for Middlesex, when Wilkes was opposed by Luttrell, old Mr. Curtis regretted that his business and his time of life prevented him from being so active in behalf of his favourite candidate as he wished to be: "My son, however," says he, "is just now of age; he is young and strong; take him, Mr. Horne, under your own direction, and

make him useful in your canvass!" 'The young man,' continued Horne Tooke, 'retained his acquaintance with me for some years afterwards; but subsequently, as would be readily supposed, we seldom met. It happened, however, after a very long interval, while I was a member of the House of Commons, that we did meet at the door of the House, going out together into the lobby, and, what was more extraordinary, going out on a division, upon the same side. Being side by side, said Tooke, 'I offered him my hand, as an old political pupil, and told him, that I was heartily glad to find that he had returned to his master and to his original principles at last.—"Return!" replied Sir William, archly, "I never left my principles; it is you, Mr. Tooke, who have changed."—"How am I to understand you, Sir William?"—"Why, Mr. Tooke, when I engaged in politics with you, we had the majority with us; by the majority I have always stuck; and I will keep among the majority to the last."

Advertisement.

Commemorative.—Second Exhibition.

A VIEW of the FUNERAL of BONAPARTE; Ditto of the Island of St. Helena, from the Ocean; the Exterior of the Pavilion at Rome, by Moonlight; interior View of the same; exterior View of St. Peter's; interior View of Ditto; the Gallery of Raphael in the Vatican; the Valley of Glindelwald and the Glaciers, in Switzerland.

Open from Eleven in the Forenoon, to Five at Night,—29, St. James's Street.—Admission, One Shilling.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. P. and Sam Spittall, in our net.
O. F. Mac, and J. C. P. in an easy manner.

Mr. P. Wildermesse and Mr. Newman are requested to send to our publisher for letters, any time after Tuesday next.

Noticed has been received.

Acrostics and Rebuses have had their day in periodicals, and we feel no wish to revive them. We are at a loss to understand whether it is serious or not, when he talks of *circulation*. Such of his contributions as we deemed deserving of a place in the *Literary Chronicle* have been inserted as soon as we could conveniently make room for them, but we cannot devote the poetical department exclusively to one correspondent.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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No. 127.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Views of Society and Manners in America; in a Series of Letters from that Country to a Friend in England, during the Years 1818 and 1820. By an Englishwoman. 8vo. pp. 523. London, 1821.

NOTWITHSTANDING the assertion in the title-page, and the attempted confirmation of the cheat in the dedication, we feel no hesitation in expressing our decided conviction, that this work is neither by an Englishwoman, nor by any woman at all. It bears the most conclusive evidence of its being the production of an American—a genuine American, republican in principle, conceited and arrogant in opinion, and illiberal in sentiment. We might adduce a hundred instances to prove the transatlantic origin of the author, but one or two shall suffice. Would an Englishwoman detail the defeat of the British fleet on Lake Erie, in a more exaggerated manner than the most republican journal of the United States ever did? and even admitting this, would she exclaim, 'I dwell on this splendid engagement with pleasure?' The cheat here betrays itself, and reminds us of a life of General Benningsen, by a Russian; in one of the first pages of which he speaks of Shakespeare as his countryman. But to our author; we are told that an European said to an American farmer, 'where are your ruins and your poetry.'—'There are our ruins,' replied the republican, pointing to a revolutionary soldier, who was turning up the globe; 'and there,' extending his hand over the plain that stretched before them, smiling with luxuriant farms and little villas, peeping out from beds of trees, 'there is our poetry.' We wonder the European did not adopt Mr. Burehell's expressive phrase, and answer this republican nonsense by 'fudge.' The next paragraph, too, is very English, at least as English as true. 'It is men of substance, possessed in clear property of from five hundred to five thousand pounds, who now attempt the pas-

sage of the Atlantic. I fear that the policy of England is cutting away the sinews of the state.' Now it is notorious, that for one emigrant to America with 5000l. or even 500l. there are several hundreds with barely the means of paying their passage there. Again:—

'The American enters the western wilderness skilled to vanquish all difficulties, and understanding to train his children in the love of their country, founded upon a knowledge of its history and an appreciation of its institutions; he is fitted to form the advanced guard of civilization; the foreigner, in general, will be better placed in the main body, where he may himself receive instructions, and imbibe feelings suited to his newly assumed character as a citizen of a republic.'

One instance more of the English feeling which pervades these 'Views':

'During the war, when a body of American militia had repulsed a party of invaders, and were pursuing them to their ships, the commanding officer suddenly called them from the pursuit. A citizen, surprised and irritated at the order, seeing the possibility of cutting off the retreat of the enemy, reproachfully observed, that ere they could gain their boats, two thirds might be dead or prisoners. "True," calmly replied the other, having first enforced the order for retreat, [an order of this sort seldom required enforcing in the republican army,] 'we might, possibly, with the loss of a dozen men, have deprived the enemy of some hundreds, but what would have been the dozen?—sons, husbands, fathers, and useful citizens. And what would have been the hundreds?—men fighting for hire. Which loss in the balance had weighed the heaviest?'

How kind and considerate in this American colonel, who was so sprung of English blood, that he would not purchase the sacrifice of some hundreds of enemies, with the loss of a dozen citizens. To make the story more complete, we would advise this Englishwoman, should he ever relate the story afterwards, to add that Jackson, the American Hannibal, (as he has been facetiously called,) was the name of the commanding officer, in order to show that he sometimes possesses other feelings than those which marked his un-

punished murder of the English merchants, Arbuthnot and Arncliffe.

The instances we have quoted, we think, amount to the proof positive that the writer is an American; the collateral proofs are still more numerous, and betray themselves on every occasion, where either England or the United States are mentioned. The ladies of America, we are told, possess the most solid attainments, and the modern and even the dead languages,—their manners are marked by sweetness, artlessness, and liveliness,—their dress is elegant and costly, but made with strict regard to decency. The citizens of Philadelphia and New York, are what we certainly never heard them accused of before—courteous to strangers; and have a great regard to morals and fair dealing. Having cautioned our readers, that the imputing the authorship of this work to an Englishwoman is, as Lord Grizzle says, 'all a trick,' and that its statements must be received with great suspicion, we proceed to make a few extracts. Our author visited Utica, a town scarcely twenty years old, and which now aspires to be the capital of the state of Albany. An innkeeper at Utica, at whose door fifteen stages now stop daily, eighteen years ago carried the solitary and weekly mail in his pocket to Albany:—

Leaving Utica, the country assumes a rough appearance, stumps and girdled trees encumbering the inclosures; log-houses scattered here and there; the cultivation rarely extending more than half a mile, nor usually so much on either hand; when the forest, whose face is usually rendered hideous to the eye of the traveller by a skirting line of girdled trees, half standing, half falling, stretches its vast unbroken shade over plain, and hill, and dale—disappearing only with the horizon. Frequently, however, gaining a rising ground, (and the face of the country is always more or less undulating,) you can distinguish gaps, sometimes long and broad, in the deep verdure, which tell that the axe and the plough are waging war with the wilderness. On the fifth day from that of her departure from Albany, brought our traveller and her companions to Auburn. The villages at the head of

the different lakes, Skencatalas, Cayuga, Seneca, Onondaga, and Canadaga, are all thriving, cheerful, and generally beautiful; but Canadaga bears away the palm. The land has been disposed of in lots of forty acres each, one being the breadth, running in lines diverging on either hand from the main road. The houses are in all delicately painted: their windows with green Venetian blinds, peeping gaily through fine young trees, or standing forward more exposed on their little lawns, green and fresh as those of England. Smiling gardens, orchards laden with fruit,—quinces, apples, plums, peaches, &c., and fields, rich in golden grain, stretch behind each of these lovely villas; the church, with its white steeple, rising in the midst, overlooking this land of enchantment. The increase of population, the encroachment of cultivation on the wilderness, the birth of settlements, and their growth into towns, surpasses belief, till one has been an eye-witness of the miracle, or conversed on the spot with those who have been so. All here wears so much the gloss of novelty, all around you breathes so much of the life and energy of youth, that a wanderer from the antique habitations of time-worn Europe, might look around, and deem that man here held a new charter of existence; that Time had folded his wings, and the sister thrown away the shears.

The mode in which the contents of the post-bag are usually distributed through the less populous districts, is amusing:—

'I remember,' says the writer, 'when taking a cross cut in a queer sort of a caravan, bound for some settlement on the southern shore of Lake Erie, observing, with no small surprise, the operations of our charioteer; a paper flung to the right hand, and anon a paper flung to the left, where no sight or sound bespoke the presence of human beings. I asked if the bears were curious of news; upon which I was informed, that there was a settler in the neighbourhood, who ought to have been on the look-out, or some of his children for him. "But when I don't find them ready, I throw the paper under a tree, and I warrant you they'll look sharp enough to find it; they're always curious of news in these wild parts;" and curious enough they seemed, for not a cabin did we pass that a newspaper was not flung from the hand of this enlightener of the wilderness. Occasionally making a halt at some solitary dwelling, the post-bag and its guardian descended together, when, if the assistance of the farmer, who here acted as post-master, could be obtained, the whole contents of the mail were discharged upon the ground, and all hands and eyes being put in requisition, such letters as might be addressed to the surrounding district, were scrambled out from the heap; which, being then again scrambled together, was once more shaken into the leathern receptacle, and

thrown into the waggon; but it sometimes happened that the settler was from home. On one occasion, I remember, neither man, woman, nor child was to be found: the stage-driver whistled and hallooed, walked into the dwelling, and through the field of maize, and shouted into the wood; but all to no purpose. Having resumed his station, and set his horses in motion, I inquired how the letters were to find their destination, seeing that we were carrying them along with us, heaven knew where? "Oh! they'll keep in the country any how; it is likely, indeed, they may go down the Ohio, and make a short tour of the states; this has happened sometimes; but it is a chance but they get to Washington at last, and then they'll commence a straight course anew, and be safe here again this day twelvemonth, may be, or two years at farthest."

Between Rochester and Lewistown, there are now several villages, though five years ago there was but a single log-house. Our author says,—

"A citizen, who got into the stage during the morning for a dozen miles, and who united the professions of doctor and farmer, and painter also, if I understood right, told me that he had five-and-thirty patients within the stretch of one mile. This may convey to you some idea at once, of the rapid settling of the country, and the physical evils that the first occupiers of the soil have to encounter. We did not enter a house in which there were less than two of the family either in bed, or looking as if they ought to be there. The autumn is always the trying season, and the prolonged and extreme heats of the summer months have this year doubled its usual fatality. These evils, dreadful while they last, are, however, but temporary; as the axe and the drain advance into the forest, the *mal'aria* recedes. It would recede more rapidly, as well as more certainly, if the new settlers would contrive to do without, or at least with fewer mills. The collection of the waters from the creeks and the swamps, soon brought, by the action of a powerful sun, to a state of putrefaction, increases tenfold the deadly air already spread by nature."

A few miscellaneous extracts, and we shall conclude:—

Taverns.—"On arriving at a tavern in this country, you excite no kind of sensation, come how you will. The master of the house bids you good day, and you walk in; breakfast, dinner, and supper are prepared at stated times, to which you must generally contrive to accommodate. There are seldom more hands than enough to dispatch the necessary work; you are not, therefore, beset by half-a-dozen menials, imagining your wants before you know them yourself; make them known, however, and if they be rational, they are generally answered with tolerable readiness, and I have invari-

ably found with perfect civility. One thing I must notice,—that you are never any where charged for attendance. The servant is not your's, but the innkeeper's; no demands are made upon you, except by the latter; this saves much trouble, and, indeed, is absolutely necessary in a home where the servant's labour is commonly too valuable to be laid at the mercy of every whimsical traveller; but this arrangement originates in another cause,—the republican habits and feelings of the community. I honour the pride which makes a man unwilling to sell his personal service to a fellow creature; to come and go at the beck of another; is it not natural that there should be some unwillingness to do this? It is the last trade to which an American man or woman has recourse; still some must be driven to it, particularly of the latter sex, but she always assumes with you the manner of an equal."

A pretty recommendation, truly, for a servant; one thing, however, we must say, that this account of the influence of the republican principles on servants, is by no means exaggerated, but, we believe, rather too faint a picture. Of Birkbeck's colony, in the Illinois, we are told, on the authority of two American gentlemen who visited the settlement, that,—

"Its situation possesses all those positive advantages stated by Mr. Birkbeck; that the worst difficulties have been surmounted, and that these have always been fewer than what are frequently encountered in a new country. The village of Albion, the centre of the settlement, contains at present thirty habitations, in which are a bricklayer, a carpenter, a wheelwright, a cooper, and a blacksmith; a well-supplied shop, a little library, an inn, a chapel, and a post-office, where the mail regularly arrives twice a week. Being situated on a ridge, between the greater and little Wabash, it is, from its elevated position, and from its being some miles removed from the rivers, peculiarly dry and healthy. The prairie in which it stands, is described as exquisitely beautiful; lawns of unchanging verdure, spreading over hills and dales, scattered with islands of luxuriant trees, dropped by the hand of nature with a taste that art could not rival; all this spread beneath a sky of glowing and unspotted sapphires. "The most beautiful parks of England," my friend observes, "would afford a most imperfect comparison." The soil is abundantly fruitful, and, of course, has an advantage over the heavy-timbered lands, which can scarcely be cleared for less than from twelve to fifteen dollars per acre; while the Illinois farmer may, in general, clear his for less than five, and then enter upon a much more convenient mode of tillage. The objection that is too frequently found to the beautiful prairies of the Illinois, is the deficiency of springs and streams for mill-sets. This

is attended with inconvenience to the settler, though his health will find in it advantage. The nearest navigable river to Albion, is the Wabash, eight miles distant; the nearest running stream, that is not liable to fail at mid-summer, the Bonapaw, four miles distant. The stock-water in ponds, for cattle, my correspondent judged, was liable to run dry in a few weeks; and the settlement apprehended some temporary inconvenience from the circumstance. The finest water is every where to be raised from twenty to twenty-five, or thirty feet from the surface; these wells never fail, but are of course troublesome to work in a new settlement.

Our last extract, for in remark we have done already, contains an account of a visit, paid by our traveller, to Joseph Bonaparte, whose residence is near Bordertown, on the Jersey shore of the Delaware river:—

It is a pretty villa, commanding a fine prospect of the river; the soil around it is unproductive, but a step removed from the "pine-barren"; the pines, however, worthless as they may be, clothe the banks pleasantly enough, and, altogether, the place is cheerful and pretty. Entering upon the lawn, we found the choice shrubs of the American forest, magnolias, kalmias, &c. planted tastefully under the higher trees which skirted, and here and there shadowed, the green carpet upon which the white mansion stood. Advancing, we were now faced at all corners by gods and goddesses, in naked, I cannot say majesty, for they were, for the most part, clumsy enough. The late General Moreau, a few years since, according to the strange revolutions of war-stricken Europe, a peaceful resident in this very neighbourhood, and who re-crossed the Atlantic to seek his death in the same battle which sent here as an exile the brother of the French emperor;—this general, in the same Parisian taste, left behind him a host of Pagan deities of a similar description, with a whole tribe of dogs and lions to boot, some of which I have seen scattered up and down through the surrounding farms. Two of these dumb Cerberuses are sitting at this moment over the side of a neighbouring gentleman's door, and the family use them as hobby horses.

Count Surville (he wears this title, perhaps, to save the awkwardness of Mr. Bonaparte), soon came to us from his workmen, in an old coat, from which he had barely shaken off the mortar, and (a sign of the true gentleman) made no apologies. His air, figure, and address, have the character of the English country gentleman—open, unaffected, and independent, but perhaps combining more mildness and suavity. Were it not that his figure is too thick-set, I should perhaps say, that he had still more the character of an American, in whom, I think,

the last enumerated qualities of mildness and suavity are oftener found than in our countrymen. His face is fine, and bears so close a resemblance to that of his more distinguished brother, that it was difficult at the first glance to decide which of the busts in the apartment were of him, and which of Napoleon. The expression of the one, however, is much more benignant; it is, indeed, exceedingly pleasing, and prepares you for the amiable sentiments which appear in his discourse. The plainness and urbanity of his manners for the first few moments suspended pleasure in surprise; and even afterwards, when, smiling at myself, I thought, "and what did I expect to see?" I could not still help ever and anon acknowledging that I had not looked to see exactly the man I saw. I felt most strangely the contrast between the thoughts that were fast travelling through my brain, of battles and chances, ambition and intrigues, crowns and sceptres—the whole great drama of his brother's life passing before me—I felt most strangely the contrast between these thoughts and the man I was conversing with. He discoursed easily on various topics, but always with much quietness and modesty. He did and said little in the French manner, though he always spoke the language, understanding English, he said, but imperfectly, and not speaking it at all. He expressed a curiosity to become acquainted with our living poets; but complained that he found them difficult, and inquired if there was not often a greater obscurity of style than in that of our older authors. I found he meant those of Queen Anne's reign. In speaking of the members of his family, he carefully avoided titles; it was "Mon frere Napoleon, ma seur Hortense," &c. He walked us round his improvements indoors and out. When I observed upon the amusement he seemed to find in beautifying his little villa, he replied, that he was happier in it than he had ever found himself in more bustling scenes. He gathered a wild flower, and, in presenting it to me, carelessly drew a comparison between its minute beauties and the pleasures of private life; contrasting those of ambition and power with the more gaudy flowers of the parterre, which look better at a distance than upon a nearer approach. He said this so naturally, with a manner so simple, and accent so mild, that it was impossible to see in it an attempt at display of any kind. Understanding that I was a foreigner, he hoped that I was as much pleased with the country as he was; observed that it was a country for the many, and not for the few, which gave freedom to all and power to none, in which happiness might better be found than any other, and in which he was well pleased that his lot was now cast.

The character of this exile seems to be much marked for humanity and benevolence. He is peculiarly attentive to sufferers of his own nation—I mean France; is careful to provide work for

the poorer emigrants; and to others, affording lodging, and often money to a considerable amount. His kindness has, of course, been imposed upon, in some cases so flagrantly that he is now learning circumspection, though he does not suffer his humanity to be chilled. This I learned from his American neighbours. I left Count Surville, satisfied that nature had formed him for the character he now wears, and that fortune had rather spitefully in making him the brother of the ambitious Bonaparte.

The Celt's Paradise, in Four Dams.

By John Baunin. 12mo. pp. 122. London, 1821.

The 'Celt's Paradise' is founded on an acknowledged anachronism, that of making St. Patrick, whose abode in Ireland was towards the end of the fourth century, a cotemporary with Ossian, who lived a century before him. The poem embraces many of the legendary traditions respecting the bard, which are not unhappily introduced; but its poetic merit is scarcely sufficient to atone for its general inconsistency, although it presents some claims to originality. We quote one extract; it relates to a vision of Ossian, which he describes to the saint, and is a favourable specimen of the author's talents, really possessing considerable beauty:—

'Yes!—swift as the wild wind that gives it its motion,

We travelled the waste of the desolate ocean—
And how proudly I rode on the back of the billow,

With her lip for my kiss and her breast for my pillow!

'We came to a land where the light of the world

Hath brightest his standard of summer unfurled,

We touch it—we pass it—we traverse its scope
Like the glancing of thought or the gleamings of hope!

'I have no memory of the things,
I saw or met in that fearful flight—

They only make strange visions,
To my sleeping thoughts in a dream of night—
Yet half I remember as we past—

A desert of sand outstripping its blast,
Of savage shapes and forms of fear—

That came to look on us too near—
And the hungry glances of their eyes—
Half yielded to a stern surprise,

To see such apd travellers there,
Or hear us hurrying thro' the air—

'And on—The blue hills backward fly—
Trees, rocks, and the world all glance by—

And once we gave a farewell look—
To the old sun I had forsok,

He seemed as if rushing down the sky,
To drink the depths of the ocean dry,

And snuff his long and lonely reign,
And never light up the world again.

'Only, oh! And we came to the last cold shore
That aged sun is shining o'er—

It was a scene of feature wild—
Its rocks in random ruin piled—
And towers of ice and hills of snow,
Mocking the wither'd waste below.
Yet there, all beautiful and bright,
The sun was shedding his chastened light—
It seemed as if faithless trees and flowers,
That vary with the varying hours,
And eyes and cheeks that change at will,
And worldly hearts more fickle still,
Had tired him with their dull deceit,
And he no more would lend them heat
Of light or life—but hither came,
To shune on things that, cold and tame,
And shapes, and strange as they might be,
Smiled always in white constancy.
And there away from house and tower
He spent his silent noon-tide hour,
All sportively: his soft heart fell
On many a glancing icicle,
And kindled up each crystal height,
With rainbow hue and chequered light.
And I thought he wished no other eye
To gladden at a scene so high,
But all in solitude smiled to see
The play of his own pleasure.

'On, on!—That spangling scene is past,
And we have left the world at last!
I cannot tell you if we went
Upward or down—thru firmament,
Or wind or water—air or light!—
It was even as a vision of night,
When youthful hearts that pant for heaven,
Dream of some rich and racy even,
Upon whose perfumed breeze they rise,
Like the mist of the hill in summer skies.—
I saw not, touch'd not, aught but her,
Who was my bosom's comforter,
In that rash flight—enough for me,
To feel her clasp me tenderly,
And with her kisses call from death
The flutterings of my failing breath—
O then! in what a keen delight,
We shot upon our airy flight—
Like the lone comet calm and fair,
Cleaving the silent realms of the air!—
I said I knew not aught was there—
Nor saw a shape, nor heard a sound
In all the voiceless space around!—
Yet have I thought—a half-dream thought,
That far and doubtfully I caught,
While in our rush of silence hurried
A parting glance of my native world—

'The stars were up—and weak and small,
They twinkled round a darkened ball;
I strove to fix them on my sight,
And, as I looked, their points of light
Lengthened to lines, that quick and slight
Traversed each other, and entwined
Like a maiden's tresses in the wind—
And still I look and still they glance,
And mingle in their misty dances.
And faint and fainter, and now they fly—
And now they fail, and now they die—
And they and the spot they woke to light
Have melted from my swimming sight!—
One earthly sigh I gave to part,
From the world that warmed my youthful heart—

'And on, and on!—But how or where?
I felt no motion in the air,
And I think no breeze was busy there;
But I was swathed as in a mist,
That the morning sun-beam has not kissed;
And I was hurried as in a wind,
That all but leaves a thought behind—

'On, on!—and have we not touch'd at last,
Some gentle substance as we pass'd!—

I thought our flight less fearful now,
And I looked upon my spirit's brow
To read its smile—O well I knew
My own heart's thought reflected true!—
And smoother still we glide along,
Smooth as the gushing flow of song;
The velvet sod we press at last,
The gathered mist aside is cast,
And arm in arm, and hand in hand,
We wander thro' her own bright land!"

The notes which are appended to the volume, shew Mr. Banim, who is the author of the tragedy of *Damon and Pythias*, to be well read in the authentic and legendary history of Ireland.

Biographia Hibernica. A Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland, from the earliest period to the present time. Written and Compiled by Richard Ryan. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 1135. London, 1821.

LAST week, we noticed the 'Lives of Eminent Scotsmen,' a work which presents strong claims to support; and it now falls to our lot to say a few words respecting the 'Worthies of Ireland,' a publication which every son of Erin must dwell on with delight. We might, perhaps, object to the terms 'eminent' and 'worthies,' as implying something rather too superlative for general biography, but they must be taken in a qualified sense. The editors of both these works have strong national feelings, but not too strong for impartial biographers and historians. The 'Scotsman' exults in the number of men his country has produced 'eminent in arts or arms, in letters or in science;' and while Mr. Ryan laments over the misfortunes of his country with patriotic feeling, he appeals to biography 'as the vindicator of an unhappy people, and brings in the dead to plead their cause,' glorying that the darkest periods of Ireland's history have been rich in men of talent, whose memory should not be forgotten.

To speak of the utility of such a work is quite unnecessary; and where the object is so laudable, we should not be over fastidious as to its execution. To us, however, it appears that Mr. Ryan is an honest biographer,—a faithful chronicler; that he has not sought to adorn his heroes with virtues they never possessed, but has been anxious to give honour where honour is due, and to exhibit each character fairly and impartially. It is this which makes biography valuable; and we would rather have a dozen pages of facts relating to an individual, than a whole volume of dissertations. The first volume of the 'Worthies,' which extends no farther than the letter

C. is rich in important lives, and contains memoirs of Burke, Boyle, Barry, Brook, Brien, Boirunne—the glory and grace of his age; 'Berkeley, 'to whom every virtue under heaven,' the Butlers, Curran, Carolan the bard, Centlivre, &c. &c. It is not, however, from the lives of individuals so well known that we shall make our extracts, but principally from the neglected biography in which these volumes have rescued many names. We may, however, observe, that in the more extended memoirs, and where originality cannot be expected, Mr. Ryan has presented the most important facts in an agreeable form. The first extract we make on account of its embracing a *jeu d'esprit*, and some lines by Moore:

'Joseph Atkinson was a man who fully merited the epithet "worthy;" and truly sorry are we to inform our readers, that, with almost every particular of his life, we are wholly unacquainted.

'He was a native of Ireland, and was treasurer of the Ordnance, under the administration of the Earl of Moira. He was the intimate of Moore, Curran, and the rest of the galaxy of Irish genius; and was himself a poet of more than ordinary ability, as the following *jeu d'esprit*, addressed to his friend Moore, on the birth of his third daughter, will evince:—
"I'm sorry, dear Moore, there's a damp to your joy,
Nor think my old strain of mythology stupid,
When I say, that your wife had a right to a boy,
For Venus is nothing without a young Cupid.

"But since Fate, the boon that you wish'd for, refuses,
By granting three girls to your happy embrace,
Sbe but meant, while you wandered abroad with the Muses,
Your wife should be circled at home by the Graces!"

'He died in Dublin, at the age of seventy-five, in October, 1818, and was sincerely regretted by all who knew him; being admired by the young for his conviviality, and respected by the aged for his benevolence and numerous good qualities.

'The following beautiful lines, from the pen of his intimate, Moore, are intended to be engraved on his sepulchre:—

"If ever lot was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his, who, mourn'd by many, sleeps alone.

"The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wile,
Light wit, that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles;

"Pure Charity that comes not in a show,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds;

But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads;

"The happy grateful spirit that improves,
And brightens every gift by Fortune given;
That, wander where it will, with those it
loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven!

"All these were his—Oh! thou who read'st
this stave,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky,
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon also—
That ye like him may live, like him may die."

'Anthony Barnwell, a young officer of great promise, was the youngest son of John, eleventh Lord Trimlestown. The religion of his family precluding all possibility of his rising to eminence in his native land, he retired in his seventeenth year into Germany, where he entered the imperial service, in which he continued until his decease, in September, 1739. The following account of him is given in a letter from a general in the imperial service, to Viscount Mountgarrett:—"Amongst all those brave men who have lost their lives at the battle of Crotzka, none is so much lamented by all as Mr. Anthony Barnwell, the Lord Trimlestown's youngest son; he came into Germany in General Hamilton's regiment of cuirassiers, when his good sense, humility, good nature, and truly honest worthy principles, gained him the love and esteem of all who had the least acquaintance with him; we have had scarce any action of any note with the Turks that he was not in, and always acquitted himself with uncommon resolution. The day before the sad battle he was made a lieutenant; the next fatal day, the regiment in which he had his commission, was one of the first that charged the enemy; at the very first onset, his captain and cornet were killed, when he took up the standard, tore off the flag, tied it round his waist, and commanded the troop; he led out twice to the charge, and was at once repulsed; the third time, he turned himself to his men, and said, 'Come on, my brave fellows: we shall certainly now do the work: follow me.' He then set spurs to his horse, and pursued into the thickest of the enemy, where he was surrounded, defending himself for a considerable time with amazing courage; at last he fell quite covered with wounds, and dying, left such an example of true courage and bravery, as cannot fail of being admired by all who shall hear of it."

The life of Captain John Barrett, a brave but unfortunate seaman, terminates with a melancholy narrative. He perished on board the *Minotaur*, a seventy-four gun ship:—

"In the spring of the year 1810, the *Minotaur* sailed again for the Baltic, and was principally employed in escorting the different convoys from Hango to Decrhead. At the close of the season she again took charge of the homeward-bound convoy (the *Plantagenet*, seventy-four,

Captain Ellis, escorting the rear,) a charge destined to be her final act of service, and in which she was most lamentably to fall by shipwreck. The evening before she struck, the *Plantagenet* telegraphed to her, and hauled to the westward; but the master and pilots of the *Minotaur*, too confident of their reckoning, unfortunately stood on. At nine o'clock that night she struck on the Hakes so violently, that it was with great difficulty the midshipmen and quarter-masters gained the deck. The scene of horror that now presented itself can only be conceived by those who witnessed it.

'The ship's company, almost naked, were sheltered from the severe cold and heavy sea by the poop, and the greatest exertions were made to get out the boats, the quarter ones having been stove and washed away. By cutting down the gunnel the launch was got off the booms, into which one hundred and ten men crowded; at this time the appearance of the ship, nearly covered by the sea, and having only the main-mast standing, was truly pitiable. The launch, with great difficulty, reached the shore.—The yawl was next got out, but immediately sunk, from the numbers that crowded into her, with the natural desire to avail themselves of the smallest chance of escaping from a state of inevitable destruction.

'Thus cut off from all prospect of escape, the only desire apparent in those who remained was, to clothe themselves in their best suits. The captain of marines and surgeon had themselves lashed in a cot that hung in the cabin, and two of the officers followed their example with the utmost composure.

'At length came the awful stroke—and the sea washing through the belfry, tolled the funeral knell. The captain of the main-top, who was saved on the main-mast, said, he saw Captain Barrett to the last exhorting the men to patience; he was standing on the poop, surrounded by them, when a dreadful sea destroyed every remnant of the ship, and closed his meritorious and useful life.

'Through the whole of this melancholy scene, the conduct of Captain Barrett did honour to his station. From the commencement to its fatal termination, he evinced the most heroic coolness; during which time no possibility of saving the ship had ever existed. The pilots seem to have been deficient in knowledge of the ship's track, for they opposed the warning of the *Plantagenet*, and differed, after the ship struck, in opinion, whether she was on the Smith's Knoll or the Hakes; Captain Barrett decided for the latter, and the ensuing dawn, by a distant view of land, confirmed it. In the course of this dreadful night, an officer, in the eagerness of exertion, occasioned some disturbance; Captain Barrett said to him, "Sir, true courage is better shown by coolness and composure—we all owe nature a debt—let us pay it like men of honour."

'The fate of Lieutenant Salsford was distinguished by a singular circumstance, which we cannot forbear recording:—A large tarre wolf, caught at Aspro, and brought up from a cub by the ship's company, and exceedingly docile, continued to the last an object of general solicitude. Sensible of its danger, its howls were peculiarly distressing. He had always been a particular favourite of the lieutenant, who was also greatly attached to the animal, and through the whole of their sufferings he kept close to his master. On the breaking up of the ship, both got upon the mast.—At times they were washed off, but by each other's assistance regained it.—The lieutenant at last became exhausted by continual exertion, and benumbed with cold.—The wolf was equally fatigued, and both held occasionally by the other to retain his situation. When within a short distance of the land, Lieutenant Salsford, affected by the attachment of the animal, and totally unable any longer to support himself, turned towards him from the mast; the beast clapped his fore-paws round his neck, while the lieutenant clasped him in his arms, and they sunk together.'

To pass from 'grave to gay,' we quote a laughable anecdote, relating to James Barry, the celebrated painter, premising that he had invited Mr. Burke to dine with him at a small house he occupied in St. Martin's Lane. Mr. Burke accepted the invitation, and kept his appointment:—

'When he rapped at the door, however, *Dame Ursula*, who opened it, at first deputed that her master was at home; but on Mr. Burke's expressing some surprise and announcing his name, Barry overheard his voice, and ran down stairs in the usual trim of abstracted genius, utterly regardless of his personal appearance: his scanty grey hair, unconscious of the comb, sported in disordered ringlets round his head; a greasy green silk shade over his eyes, served as an auxiliary to a pair of horn-mounted spectacles, to strengthen his vision. His linen was none of the whitest, and a sort of *roquelaure* served the purposes of a *robe de chambre*; but it was of the composite order, for it was neither *jockey-coat*, *sartou*, *pelisse*, nor *tunic*, but a mixture of all four; and the *chronology* of it might have puzzled the Society of Antiquarians to develop. After a welcome greeting, he conducted his eloquent countryman to his dwelling-room on the first floor, which served him for kitchen, parlour, study, gallery, and painting-room; but it was at that moment so befogged with smoke, as almost to suffocate its pithy owner, and was quite impervious to the rays of vision. Barry apologized; and the bungling chimney doctors; hoped the smoke would clear up, as soon as the fire burned bright; and was quiet at a loss to account for "such an infernal smother," until Mr. Burke, with some difficulty, convinced him he

was himself the cause: for, in order to remedy the errors of his chimney, he had removed the old stove grate from the fire-place into the centre of the room, where it was sustained by a large old dripping pan; by way of a platform, to save the carpet from ignition; and he had been occupied for half an hour with the bellows to cheer up the coals to a blaze. He was now prevailed on to assist his guest in removing the grate to its proper situation, and the windows being thrown open, the smoke soon vanished. He now proceeded to conduct his guest to see his pictures in certain apartments on the higher story, where many exquisite pieces without frames, stood edgewise on the floor, with their fronts to the walls, to guard them from injury; and, by the aid of a sponge and water, their coats of dust were removed, and their beauties developed, much to the delight of the guest.—Having lectured *con amore* upon the history and merits of the paintings, his next object was to display to his guest the economy of his bedroom: the walls of this apartment, too, were occupied by frameless pictures, veiled in perennial dust, which was likewise sponged off, to develop their beauties, and display some first-rate gems of the art. In a sort of recess, between the fire place and the wall, stood a *stump bedstead* without curtains, and counterpane by a rug, bearing all the vestiges of long and arduous service, and tinted only by the accumulated soil of half a century, which no scourer's hand had ever prophaned. "That, sir," said the artist, "is my bed; I use no curtains, because they are unwholesome, and I breathe more freely, and sleep as soundly as if I reposed on down, and snored on velvet.—But there, my friend," continued he, pointing to a broad shelf, fixed high above the bed, and fortified on three sides by the walls of the recess, "that is my *chef d'œuvre*."—"Ecod, I have outdone them at last."—"Outdone whom?" said Mr. Burke—"The rats, the d-d rats, my dear friend," replied Barry, rubbing his palms in ecstasy, "they beat me out of every other security in the house—could not keep any thing for them, in cupboard or closet; they devoured my cold meat, and bread and cheese, and bacon: but there they are now, you see, all safe and snug, in defiance of all the rats in the parish." Mr. Burke could not do less than highly commend his invention, and congratulate him on its success. They now descended to the first room; Barry, whose only clock was his stomach, felt it was his dinner hour, but totally forgot his invitation, until Mr. Burke reminded him of it:—"Ods-oh! my dear friend," said he, "I beg your pardon: so I did invite you, and it totally escaped my memory.—but if you will sit down here and blow the fire, I'll step out and get a charming beef-steak in a minute." Mr. Burke took the bellows to cheer up the fire—and Barry his departure, to cater for the banquet. And, shortly after, he re-

turned with a comely beef-steak, enveloped in cabbage leaves, crammed into one pocket; the other was filled with potatoes; under each arm was a bottle of port, procured at Slaughter's Coffee-house; and in each hand a French brick. An antique gridiron was placed on the fire, and Mr. Burke performed the office of cook; while Barry, as butler, set the table, which he covered with a table cloth, perfectly *geographical*; for the stains of former soups and gravies had given it the appearance of a map of the world. The knives and forks were veterans brigaded from different sets, for no two of them wore the same uniform, in blades, handles, or shapes. *Dame Ursula* cooked the potatoes in *Tipperarian* perfection, and by five o'clock, the hungry friends sat down, like *Eneas* and *Achates*, to make a hearty meal: after having dispatched the "pinguem ferinam," they whiled away the time till nine o'clock, over their two flaggons "*oeteris Racchi*," "And Joe'd, and laugh'd, and talk'd of former times."

Mr. Burke has often been heard to declare, that this was one of the most amusing and delightful days of his whole life.

There is one memoir in this work, which may be disputed by the editor of the 'Lives of Eminent Scotsmen'; it is that of Dr. Black, the celebrated professor of chemistry in the University of Glasgow. Dr. Black was born in France, but his father was a native of Belfast, and descended from a Scotch family. Mr. Ryan's reason for introducing him among the 'worthies of Ireland,' if admitted, might authorize him to extend the field very widely: he says—"it would be an act of flagrant injustice, not only to the individual, but to posterity, to exclude the imperishable name of Black, from the trivial circumstance of Ireland not having been the spot of his birth." We always thought such a trivial circumstance of great importance in these matters, but it appears we were wrong, and a distinguished individual may be claimed by any country. The lives of Burke, Curran, and the Earl of Charlemont, which are the most laboured in the volume, are highly interesting, but we shall conclude, for the present, with an anecdote relating to Andrew Cherry, the actor, and the author of the 'Soldier's Daughter,' and other dramatic pieces:

In the town of Athlone, we are told, a circumstance of particular distress attended our hero; but which he bore with all the magnanimity that dramatic ardour could inspire. The business of the theatre was suspended for a short time, in consequence of the benefits having turned out badly: the manager was resolved not to waste any more bills, but wait for the races, which were to commence in a few

days. Our hero's being of a timid and bashful turn, and assisted by a portion of youthful pride, was incapable of making those advances, and playing off that train of theatrical tricks, by which means benefits are frequently obtained in the country, and, therefore, he had been less successful than many of his brethren. His landlady, perceiving there was no prospect of payment, satisfied herself for the trifles already due, by seizing on the remnant of our hero's wardrobe; and knowing she could dispose of her longings to more advantage during the races, turned him out to the mercy of the winter's wind, which he endured with all his former philosophy. He rambled carelessly about the streets, sometimes quoting passages to himself, both comic and serious, that were analogous to his situation, but without forming one determined idea of where he was to rest his houseless head. Towards the close of the evening, he strolled by accident into the lower part of the theatre, which had formerly been an inn, and was then occupied by a person whose husband had been a sergeant of dragoons, for the purpose of retailing refreshments, &c. to those who visited the theatre. After chatting until it grew late, the woman hinted to our hero that she wished to go to bed, and begged he might retire; upon which he replied, in the words of Don John, "I was just thinking of going home, but that I have no lodging." The good woman, taking the words literally, inquired into the cause, with which he acquainted her without disguise. Being the mother of a family, she felt severely for his distressed situation; at that time he did not possess a single halfpenny in the world, nor the means of obtaining one. The poor creature shed tears of regret that she could not effectually alleviate his misfortune. He endeavoured to assume a careless gaiety; but the woman's unaffected sorrow brought the reflection of his own disobedience to his mind, and he dropped tears in piteous libation: in his grief he saw the sorrow of his parents, whom he had deserted, to follow what he began to perceive a mad career, in despite of the many unanswered remonstrances he had received, with a fair promise of forgiveness and affection, should he return to his business. This philanthropic female lamented that she could not furnish him with a bed, but offered to lend him her husband's cloak, and to procure a bundle of dry hay; that he might sleep in an empty room in her house. His heart was too full to pay his gratitude in words; his eyes thanked her; he wept bitterly, accepted her kind offer, and retired to rest. The intruding any further on her kindness was painful to him, as she was struggling to maintain a numerous offspring. He therefore carefully avoided the house at meal-times, and wandered through the fields or streets, until he supposed their repasts were finished; at last, so overcome by fasting and fatigue, that he could

not rest, he rose from his trooper's cloak in the dead of the night, and explored the kitchen, searching the dresser and all its shelves and drawers, in hopes of finding something that might satisfy the cravings of his appetite, but in vain. On his return to his hay-truss, he accidentally struck against the kitchen table, the noise of which he feared might alarm the family; and, uncertain of the real cause of his leaving his apartment at that hour, they might naturally suppose that his purpose was to rob the house, as a reward for their hospitality: the idea added to the misery he then suffered; he trembled, he listened, but all was quiet; and then renewed his search, (for his hunger overcame his fears,) and to his gratification he found a large crust of stale bread, which he afterwards informed had been used for rubbing out some spots of white paint from the very cloak that composed his bedding: he, however, ate it with avidity, as he was entering on the fourth day without the least refreshment, and returned heartfelt thanks to Providence, whose omnipotent hand was stretched in the very critical moment, to save him from the most direful of all possible deaths—starving! (To be continued.)

The Cook's Oracle: containing Receipts for Plain Cookery on the most Economical Plan for Private Families; also, the Art of Composing the most Simple and most highly-finished Broths, Gravies, Soups, Sauces, and flavoured Essences, &c. The whole being the result of actual Experiments instituted in the Kitchen of a Physician. The Third Edition, which is almost entirely re-written. 12mo, pp. 464. London, 1821.

We really take shame to ourselves for having suffered a work of such real merit, on a subject of such vast importance, as the 'Cook's Oracle,' to pass to a third edition before we noticed it. We call this an important subject, for although we do not deem eating the proper study of mankind, yet without the practice of it all other studies would soon be at an end; nor let our good housewives take offence if we deem cookery a profound art, and one that requires great attention, good taste, and nice discrimination; for, we are assured, there are not less than seven chances against even the most simple dish being presented to the mouth in absolute perfection; for instance, a leg of mutton. 1st. The mutton must be good; 2nd. Must have been kept a good time; 3rd. Must be roasted by a good fire; 4th. By a good cook; 5th. Who must be in a good temper; 6th. With all this felicitous combination, you must have good luck; and 7th. Good appetite. The

meat, and the months which are to eat it, must be ready for each other at the same moment.* If any doubt could exist as to the importance of cookery, after the instance we have quoted of the sevenfold difficulties attending one of its simplest operations, we might refer to the highest authorities. We might quote Archestratus; we do not mean the gentleman of that name who was so small and lean that he could be placed in a tart-dish without filling it, but—

'Archestratus the bard,
Who sang of poultry, venison, and lard.'

He who was a follower of Epicurus, who traversed land and sea in quest of the choicest productions for the gratification of the palate: who wrote a poem on gastronomy, and deemed it useless to hold any communication with men who could give no elucidation on this subject. Need we name Apicius, who spent a million and-a-half of money in the composition of sauces, and finding that he had not above a plumb* and-a-half left, poisoned himself for fear of being starved. Shall we refer to the profusion of Heliozobolus, Lucullus, or Ahasuerus—to Domitian, who assembled the senate to decide how to dress a turbot, or to the Emperor Claudius, who—

'Found the imperial palate tickled
By love of glory less than mushrooms pickled.'

If emperors and princes were not of sufficient authority for our grave readers, we might pass to the philosophers; for, as Shakespeare declared he never found a philosopher who could endure the tooth-ach patiently, so our author protests that he has not yet overtaken one who did not love a feast. It is not merely as lovers of good eating and drinking that we are to consider all who have written in their praise, but many of them have deigned to enlighten the world on the subject, and it is a matter of fact, that the best books of cookery have been written by physicians, e. g. Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Theodore Mayerne, Professor Bradley, Sir John Hill, whose work, yeleft 'Mrs. Glasse's Cookery,' has had more readers than all his other productions; Dr. Le Cointe, Dr. Hunter; and last, not least, Dr. Kitchiner, the author of the 'Cook's Oracle.' And never since eating first came into fashion, was there any person who devoted his attention so largely or so successfully to the rationale of good living as this gentleman. He has stu-

* Our city readers know that a plumb is 100,000!—country gentlemen may thank us for this note.—REV.

died with the spit in one hand and the pen in the other, and made himself fully acquainted with the practical part of the philosophy of the kitchen. He has endeavoured to illustrate this 'most useful art' of cookery, 'because he knew not how he could employ some leisure hours more beneficially for mankind, than to teach them to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*, and to increase their pleasures without impairing their health, or impoverishing their fortune.' He has considered the art of cookery not merely as a mechanical operation, fit only for working cooks, but, as the analeptic part of the art of physic, to teach—

'How best the sickle fabric to support
Of mortal man,—in healthful body how
A bodisful mind, the longest to maintain.'

The aim of the author of the 'Cook's Oracle' is, as he assures us, 'to render food acceptable to the palate, without being expensive to the purse or offensive to the stomach,—nourishing without being inflammatory, and savoury without being surfeiting; constantly endeavouring to hold the balance even between the agreeable and the wholesome—the epicure and the economist.' The author is not a mere theorist, and he declares that 'he has not printed one receipt that has not been proved in his own kitchen, which has not been approved by several of the most accomplished cooks in the kingdom, and has moreover been eaten with unanimous applause by a Committee of Taste, composed of some of the most illustrious gastrophiles of this luxurious metropolis.'

We confess we have not the honour of belonging to Dr. Kitchiner's Committee of Taste, and it will not be expected that an author in his kitchen (garret) should be able to put in practice the five hundred and seventy-four receipts which the 'Cook's Oracle' contains; though we cannot deny that we have frequently indulged ourselves with a 'devilish biscuit,' prepared *secundum artem*, and have even once or twice ventured on the 'Devil's' himself. Our experience of the doctor's cookery extends still farther: we have a friend, a female friend, whom we occasionally visit, who treats our pampered appetite with many 'tit bits,' which owe their origin to the 'Cook's Oracle,' and so far as our experience can enable us to form a correct opinion, we pro-

* A dish made of the gizzard, rump, or legs, of a dressed turkey, capon, or goose, peppered, salted, and broiled. See Receipt No. 538.—REV.

nounce them all the very best we have tasted.

In noticing the 'Cook's Oracle,' we shall not follow the author through his directions respecting the odorous and calidificient repellents of roasting, boiling, frying, and broiling, all of which form distinct chapters, in which they are treated practically and scientifically; nor shall we quote one of the numerous receipts with which the work abounds, but confine ourselves to the introductory part. Notwithstanding the practical skill of the author, he did not venture to offer any observation of his own, till he had read all that he could find written on the subject; and this all extended to not less than two hundred and fifty volumes. These, however, are generally mere transcripts of each other, and could afford little real information to a gentleman of the extensive practical knowledge of our author, who not only tells us how to make good dishes, but how to procure a good appetite to enjoy them. The doctor is an economist as well as an epicure, and condemns all excessive preparation. He says,—

'It is your second courses—ridiculous variety of wines, liquors, ices*, desserts, &c.—which are served up to feed the eye—that overcome the stomach, and paralyze digestion, and reduce "children of a larger growth" to sacrifice the health and comfort of several days,—for the baby pleasure of tickling their tongue for a few minutes, with trifles and custards!!! &c. &c.

Indigestion will sometimes overtake the most experienced epicure; when the gustatory nerves are in good humour, hunger and savoury viands will sometimes seduce the tongue of a "grand gourmand" to betray the interests of his stomach, in spite of his brains.

On such an unfortunate occasion, when the stomach sends forth errant signals of distress, for help, the *peristaltic persuaders* are as agreeable and effectual assistance as can be offered; and for delicate constitutions, and those that are impaired by age or intemperance, are a valuable panacea.

They derive, and deserve this name, from the peculiar mildness of their operation. One or two very gently increase the action of the principal viscera, help them to do their work a little faster, and enable the stomach to serve with an ejection whatever offends it, and move it into the bowels.

* Thus indigestion is easily and speedily removed, appetite restored, (the mouths of the absorbing vessels being cleansed,) nutrition is facilitated, and strength of

body and energy of mind are the happy results.—See "Peptic Precepts," from which we extract the following prescription:—

'To make forty peristaltic persuaders.'

'Take—
'Turkey rhubarb, finely pulverized,—two drachms.

Syrup, (by weight,) one drachm.
Oil of caraway, ten drops, (minims.)

Made into pills, each of which will contain three grains of rhubarb.'

'The dose of the *persuaders* must be adapted to the constitutional peculiarity of the patient; when you wish to accelerate or augment the alvine excretion, take two—three—or more, according to the effect you desire to produce—two pills will do as much for one person, as five or six will for another; they will generally very regularly perform what you wish to-day, without interfering with what you hope will happen to-morrow; and are, therefore, as convenient an argument against constipation, as any we are acquainted with.

'The most convenient opportunity to introduce them to the stomach,—is early in the morning, when it is unoccupied, and has no particular business of digestion, &c. to attend to; i. e. at least half an hour before breakfast. Physic must never interrupt the stomach when it is engaged in digesting food.

'From two to four *persuaders* will generally produce one additional motion within twelve hours. They may be taken at any time by the most delicate females, whose constitutions are so often distressed by constipation, and destroyed by the drastic purgatives they take to relieve it.'

Of the duties of the host and his guests, our author says,—

'It is the most pleasing part of the duty of the master of the feast, (especially when the guests are not very numerous,) to take advantage of these moments to introduce them to one another, naming them individually, in an audible voice, and adroitly laying hold of those ties of acquaintanceship or profession which may exist between them.

'This will much augment the pleasures of the festive board, to which it is, indeed, as indispensable a prelude, as an overture to an opera; and the host will thus acquire an additional claim to the gratitude of his guests. We urge this point more strongly, because, from want of attention to it, we have seen, more than once, persons whom many kindred ties would have drawn closely together, pass an entire day without opening their lips to one another, because they were mutually ignorant of each other's names, professions, and pursuits.

'To put an end at once to all ceremony as to the order in which the guests are to sit, it will save much time and trouble if the master of the house adopts the simple and elegant method of placing the name of each guest in the plate which is intended for him. This proceeding will be of

course the result of consideration, and the host will place those together who he thinks will harmonize best.

'Le *Journal des Dames* informs us, that in several fashionable houses in Paris, a new arrangement has been introduced in placing the company at a dinner-table.

'The ladies first take their places, leaving intervals for the gentlemen; after being seated, each is desired to call on a gentleman to sit beside her; and thus the lady of the house is relieved from all embarrassment of *etiquette*, as to rank and pretensions,' &c.

'But without doubt, says the journalist, this method has its inconveniences.

'It may happen, that a bashful beauty dare not name the object of her secret wishes, and an acute observer may determine, from a single glance, that the elected is not always the chosen.'

'If the party is large, the founders of the feast should sit in the middle of the table, instead of at each end; thus they will enjoy the pleasure of attending equally to all their friends, and being in some degree relieved from the occupation of carving, will have an opportunity of administering all those little attentions which contribute so much to the comfort of their guests.

'If the guests have any respect for their host, or prefer a well-dressed dinner to one that is spoiled, instead of coming half an hour after, they will take care to make their appearance a quarter of an hour before the time appointed.

'The operations of the cook are governed by the clock,—the moment the roasts, &c. are ready, they must go to table, if they are to be eaten in perfection.

'An invitation to come at five o'clock, seems to be generally understood to mean six; five precisely, half-past five; and not later than five, (so that dinner may be on table within ten minutes after, allowing for the variation of watches,) at five o'clock exactly.

'Be it known to all loyal subjects of the empire of good living, that the Committee of Taste have unanimously resolved, "an invitation to E.T.A. BETA. PI. must be in writing, and sent at least ten days before the banquet—and must be answered in writing, (as soon as possible after it is received),"—within twenty-four hours at latest," especially if it be not accepted; then, in addition to the usual complimentary expressions of thanks, &c. the best possible reasons must be assigned for the non-acceptance, as a particular pre-engagement, or severe indisposition, &c.'

Our author is one who takes due note of time: in his 'Invitations to Dinner,' he declares that, 'in affairs of the month, the strictest punctuality is indispensable; the gastronomer ought to be as accurate an observer of time as the astronomer. The least delay produces fatal and irreparable misfortunes.' His 'Advice to Cooks' is not like Dean Swift's Advice to Ser-

* Swilling cold soda water immediately after eating a hearty dinner, is another very unwholesome custom.

vants, but contains much useful and moral instruction; and while he recommends servants to be dutiful and attentive, he urges kindness and liberality as no less the duty of their employers.

As Dr. Kitchiner has come to the task with qualifications which no previous writer ever possessed, he has produced the best work that has been written on the subject of gastronomy. The 'Cook's Oracle,' in its progress to a third edition, has received justly the praise of nearly all the critics, and we willingly give it the testimony of our approbation.

PERCY ANECDOTES. PART XXIII.

THIS last number of this neat little work is devoted to *War*: a field so extensive and so full of interesting anecdote, that we almost wonder the brothers Percy should limit the subject to a single part. They, however, appear to have been sensible that their unassuming little volume could embrace but a small portion of the 'disastrous chances,' 'moving accidents,' and 'hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach,' and therefore adopt an epigraph as modest as it is appropriate, when they term them *Anecdotes of War*:—

'A page of the great book of war
Where error is deck'd so bravely, that the eye
With delight has scarce leisure to be afraid!'

In the selection of the anecdotes, the editors appear rather to have chosen those which related to remarkable incidents or circumstances of war, than traits of mere heroism, in which, however, it is by no means deficient.

The part is most fitly dedicated to the 'first captain of the age,' the Duke of Wellington, of whom an elegantly engraved portrait is given, though we have seen likenesses of him which we have preferred. The following are extracts:—

'*Different kinds of Fear*.—When the British under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleets off Trafalgar the first lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going to see that all hands were at their quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun; so very unusual an attitude in an English sailor, exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid? "Afraid!" answered the honest tar, with a countenance expressive of the utmost disdain, "No; I was only praying that the enemy's shot might be distributed in the same proportion as the prize-money, the greatest part among the officers."

'When the brave Corporal Catthness

was asked, after the battle of Waterloo, if he was not afraid, he replied, "Afraid! why I was in 'a' the battles of the Peninsula!" and having it explained that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said, "Na, na, I did na fear that; I was only afraid we should be 'a' killed before we had time to win it."

'*Piety respected*.—In an action with the French fleet, in 1694-5, Captain Killigrew, on coming up with the French vessel, Content, discovered that the whole of the crew were at prayers. He might have poured in his broadside with great advantage; this, however, he refused to do, saying, "It is beneath the courage of the English nation to surprise their enemies in such a posture." Poor Killigrew fell in the action.'

'*Mining*.—In the siege of Tournay, which, after twenty-one days, surrendered to the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, mining was resorted to by both the besiegers and the besieged, and the consequences were often dreadful. The English miners often met and fought with those of the enemy; and sometimes the troops, mistaking friends for foes, killed their fellow soldiers; sometimes whole companies entered the mines at the very moment they were ready primed for explosion. They were often inundated with water, suffocated with smoke, or buried alive in the cavities, and left to perish; and on some occasions, whole battalions were blown into the air, and their limbs scattered to a distance, like lava from a volcano. One day M. de Surville made a sally, and drove the besiegers from a post they had taken; but being repulsed, and one hundred and fifty men having taken possession of the lodgement, the enemy sprung a mine, blew them all into the air, and overturned all the gabions. On a subsequent day, an inhabitant of Tournay went to the Earl of Albemarle, and offered to discover one of the principal mines of the citadel, on condition that he would make him head gaoler of all the prisons in Tournay; this was agreed to, and the man performed what he had undertaken, so that three hundred men were posted in the mine, and eight hundred in the town ditch to support them; but in the middle of the night, M. de Megriugy sprung two mines, one immediately under the large mine, in which all the three hundred men, before mentioned, were stifled; the other threw up part of the ditch, and buried a hundred men.'

'*Respect for the Sanctuaries of the Dead*.—When the Swedish army under the command of Charles the Twelfth, was obliged to abandon Courland, and to surrender Mitau to the Russians, after a siege of fifteen days, the conquerors found, on taking possession of the place, that the tombs in the cathedral had been opened, and the remains of their princes scattered about the passages. Apprehensive that this profanation might be imputed to them, they refused to take possession of the temple, until a Swedish co-

lonel had given them a written acknowledgment, that this sacrilege was the act of his own countrymen.'

'*Wooden Artillery*.—Few narratives of sieges are more entertaining, than that given in the *Seir Mutakhereen*, of a fort which was defended by the use of wooden artillery, and defended effectually in one of Aurungzebe's campaigns in the Deccan. The commandant was nearly unprovided with cannon, having only one or two defective pieces. The town was, however, a great mart for timber. The governor securing both the timber and the carpenters, garnished his ramparts with wooden imitations of cannon; and being fully supplied with most other requisites when the imperial army arrived, put a good face on the business. He did more, too, for he kept the secret within his own walls; and the enemy, respecting the number of his train, commenced their approaches in due form, affording him thus abundance of leisure to mature his plan of defence. Every piece, as soon as fired, became, of course, unserviceable, but he immediately replaced it by a new one. The balls from the imperial batteries were returned with the utmost facility, as, however ponderous these were, our hero was able to supply pieces of any calibre, and send recochet shot, *selon les regles*, even with more effect than his enemy. The labours of the Carron foundry never produced more guns in a year, than this man's ingenuity did in one siege. The enemy, tired out, at last, with the obstinate defence which he made from his batteries, determined to carry the place by escalade in open day. Having failed, however, in some similar enterprises, a neighbouring saint was procured, who was to head the attack, and by the sanctity of his character, to inspire the soldiers with greater zeal in a desperate cause. The holy man was raised on a platform, and carried in the rear of the forlorn hope. The governor's good luck still adhered to him. A shot from a wooden gun, when the escaladers were nearly close to the walls, knocked down the saint, on which the party took to their heels. A delay ensued; the siege was at last raised, and the commandant covered with glory.'

'*Marlborough*.—It appeared from every circumstance of the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough, antecedent to the glorious battle of Blenheim, that he was resolved either to conquer or die on the field; and a short time before the action commenced, he devoted himself with great solemnity to the Almighty Lord and Ruler of Hosts, in presence of his chaplain, and received the sacrament. When the battle was concluded, his grace observed, that he believed he had prayed more that day than all the chaplains in the army.'

'*Disinterestedness*.—On the death of Marshal Keith, his brother, the Lord Marshal, wrote to Madame Geoffrin, "You can have no notion to what a vast

treasure I have succeeded by the death of my brother. At the head of an immense army, he had just levied a contribution upon Bohemia, and I find seventy ducats in his strong box!"

Just Recentment.—At the time of taking the castle of Bude, by Soliman, in 1520, the garrison, without defending itself, offered to capitulate, and obtained the honours of war. As they defiled, the Turks insulted them, and reproached them with a want of courage. A German soldier, unable to bear such a stigma, looked on a Janissary with a threatening air, and said, "What hast thou to reproach me with? I do not command; I obey." At the same time he drew his sword, and ran him through the body.

Words.—After the battle of Jena, Bonaparte dined with Wieland, commonly called the Voltaire of Germany; and gravely conversed with him concerning the horrors of war, and the folly of shedding blood; and mentioned various projects for the establishment of a perpetual peace.

CRUELITIES OF THE FRENCH.

THE circumstances which are particularly to be remarked respecting French cruelty are, that it is wanton, indiscriminate, mixed up with much levity, and that, contrary to the progress of inhumanity in other European nations, it has rather increased than diminished as civilization has advanced; for the massacres of later times have been at least as pitiless and ferocious, as any that occurred in the most barbarous periods. This persistency in a vice which, more than any other, is corrected by social improvement, forms one of its most characteristic features in France; and though it admits of an easy explanation, we must, for the present, confine ourselves to the fact. We will not dwell upon the monsters which that country produced in early times, as Fredegonde, Brunehault; or as Chilperic, the Nero of that country, and Clotaire II. Neither shall we mention the acts of some of their bad sovereigns of later date. It may be said that the utmost blame which can accrue to the people from such acts as these, is, that they tolerated the rulers who perpetrated them; and were either bad, or weak, or foolish enough to submit to governments who sported with their lives. To stamp inhumanity as a national vice, it must be shown to be the vice of the nation, not of its monarchs; and this again is a feature of French

cruelty, that in no country of Europe has the bulk of the nation taken so active a part in massacres. It will, therefore, be sufficient to enumerate some of those in which the mass of the population was concerned, to maintain our assertion. The Cottereaux, under Philip II., are represented as laying waste first the environs of Bourges, and afterwards spreading much farther, slaying alive the priests, violating women before their husbands' faces, committing every kind of sacrilege and cruelty to such an extent that the monarch found it necessary to send an army to exterminate them—and they were exterminated. During the crusade against Raymond, Count of Thoulouse, sixty thousand Albigenses were massacred, and seven thousand in a church. Simon de Montfort, whose humanity the Père Daniel thinks he cannot sufficiently eulogize, after the taking of Lavaur, threw the lady of the castle, alive, into a well, hanged her brother, murdered eighty gentlemen, her companions, and burned four hundred heretics, while the clergy were singing a hymn to the Holy Ghost. The Rontiers, in 1185, were as cruel as the Cottereaux in 1183. The Pastoureaux, under St. Lewis, and during the regency of Blanche, committed still greater ravages, and murdered, with excessive cruelty, all who opposed them. These same Pastoureaux, who, in France, amounted to more than fifty thousand, and kept the whole country in terror and in blood, attempted to get a footing in England, but they never rose to any height; for they were immediately subdued, and the chiefs punished by the few sectaries whom they had seduced. Under Philip IV. Hainault was laid waste, and the count of that province revenged himself by burning, plundering, and violating all that he could reach; inasmuch, says Velly, that one would have supposed that hordes of Tartars had combined to ruin Europe.

The following account is given of the Jacquerie, which began near Beauvais, in the reign of John. The peasant, furious at the ill-treatment they said they had received from their superiors, flew to any arms they could find, and laid waste the whole country, murdering every person, not nobles only, but peasants, who refused to join them. Two hundred castles were burned, and their inhabitants massacred. But the nobles soon retaliated, and were as indiscriminate in their vengeance as the Jacques had been in provoking it.

The massacre in Paris, by order of Marcel, happened about the same time, as also the cruelties of the *grands compagnies*, who, one after another, murdered all who stood in their way, and deluged France with blood. Under Charles VI., the Maillois was massacred at first the tax-gatherers, and afterwards all they met, and reduced Paris to the state of a town taken by storm. To this succeeded dreadful executions, too horrid and too numerous for open day; and many were put in sacks and thrown by night into the Seine. The massacres which took place in Paris, and in France, during the factions of Orleans and Burgundy, certainly surpassed the alternate proscriptions of Marius and Sylla, of Antony and Octavius; though history, which painted the latter as the most odious and destructive, has had the art to slur over the former; but the capital of Italy never, in the worst of times, presented such a scene of thoughtless profligacy and sanguinary levity, as many that occurred in the reign of Charles VI. In Rome, the nod of Marius was a sentence of death. In Paris, every man of the triumphant faction was a Marius, and murdered with a look. The historian (Velly), after recounting, in the course of a few pages, more confusion, cruelty, and bloodshed, and giving a more gloomy picture of Paris than ever London afforded, says, with much naïveté,—"Il y avoit eu jusqu'alors peu de sang versé;" and, indeed, is in company with what followed, he is in the right, for it was after the scenes just mentioned that the worst massacres began. Disguising as is the picture, we are compelled to delineate it, in order to show that in stating the point we meant to prove, we were neither intemperate nor unjust. The 12th June, 1418, was the memorable day on which the populace broke open the prisons; and forcing those who were confined there, Armagnacs, Bourguignons, doctors, criminals, guiltless, all to come out, slew them one by one: the Countable, the Chancellor, seven prelates, the peers and magistrates of the parliament, with many of less note, were dragged from their dungeons and massacred. The prison of the Châtelet alone made some resistance, but it was set on fire, and at length it was rendered. The people rushed in, and either threw the prisoners or compelled them to precipitate themselves out of the windows, upon pikes which were held below to receive them. In the

* Extracted from an admirable article on the comparative character of the French and English, in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, just published.

court of the palace, the blood of the murdered flowed ankle deep, and there was not a street in Paris without its assassinations. Every man killed every enemy, or rival, or creditor he had.—Velly, vol. iii. p. 488. Every species of outrage was executed upon the dead bodies during three days; and a sash (écharpe) in the form of that worn as the badge of the triumphant faction, was cut for the Duke d'Armagnac, out of his own flesh, and hung across his corpse. Three thousand five hundred persons perished in three days; and the Septembrisers of the fifteenth century were applauded by the chiefs of the nobility, some of whom, it is said, gained three hundred thousand crowns by their exploits.—(Ibid. p. 471.) Immediately afterwards, the Queen Isabella of Bavaria, with the Duke of Burgundy, returned to Paris in triumph; and the streets, from which the blood, shed by her orders a day or two before, was not yet washed away, were strewn with roses for her solemn entry. 'The reign which followed put an end to the disturbances, and suspended, for a long time, the cruelty of the nation. One of the monarchs, however, whom they called the Grand Roi, was present at an execution of Calvinists, thus described by Daniel as an act of exemplary piety of Francis I.

'Le soir du même jour six coupables furent conduits à la place publique où l'on avoit préparé des feux pour les brûler. Il y avoit au milieu de chaque bûche une espèce d'estrade élevée où on les attachait; ensuite on alluma le feu au-dessous d'eux, et les bourreaux, fâchant d'écarter la corde, laissoient couler jusqu'à la hauteur du feu ces misérables pour leur en faire sentir la plus vive impression; puis on les gardoit de nouveau en haut, et après leur avoir fait souffrir ce cruel tourment à diverses reprises, on les laissa tomber au milieu des flammes où ils expirèrent.'

Our Mary is justly stigmatized as a monster; yet we are not aware that she ever took the diversion of the stake in person; besides—and this alone may serve to mark the feelings of the two nations with regard to cruelty—we do not adore—we execrate her memory. During her reign, too, not more than 283 persons perished by religious persecutions; but Mezerai expresses himself thus in praise of Francis I.: 'Heretics in his reign, and by his order, were burned by dozens, sent to the galleys by hundreds, and banished by thousands.' The persecutions against the Waldenses at Cabrières, Mérindol, Carcassonne, &c., commanded by Francis, and executed by the Baron

d'Oppède, were attended with more numerous details of cruelty than all those under Mary; and in one single night more persons perished than in the five years and a half of her wretched reign.

The persecutions under Francis were the forerunners of all that happened in the ensuing reigns; and cruelty, which at this polished period, was very great in France, increased as the nation became more refined. The reign of Henry II. was full of religious persecutions. The strictest orders were given to the judges to show no mercy to protestants. Some of the parliament were put in prison for having proposed to moderate the penalties against them. All who interceded in their favour were considered as accomplices; and at the rejoicings for the birth of Charles IX.—a dreadful omen of his future reign—it was thought a proper accompaniment to the festival to make a bonfire of living heretics, which the monarch applauded from the windows of his palace; though it seems he was much affected when he heard the screams of his household tailor—one of the victims. The shorter reign of Francis II. was of course less bloody; but the name of Charles IX. is sufficient to call to mind all that is horrid. Beside the St. Bartholomew, which in England at least seems to have absorbed all indignation, there occurred, in his reign, the massacre of Vassy and a civil war, which summed up in a very small space of time, much more blood and cruelty and murder, than our entire wars of the Red and White Roses. The age of Lewis XIV. witnessed the massacres at the Hotel de Ville, when the people, too impatient to make distinctions between friends and foes, massacred all they met, Magarines and Frondeurs. The same reign, which the French have designated as one of the great epochs in the history of mankind, by which the whole species was improved and dignified, produced, beside the massacre of the Hotel de Ville, the revocation of the edict de Nantes, the Dragonades, the Comisards, the religious wars in the Cévennes, and the devastations of the Palatinate.

All the horrors which we have recounted, (and we have not given a single one which is not extracted from a French historian, and which does not rest upon French authority,) and an infinitely greater number, which we have spared our readers the pains of perusing, were committed.

Original Communications.

CLARE,

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.
SIR,—With much respect for your impartial review of Mr. John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant's poems, I venture to call his attention, through your pages, to the observations which I am about to make, that he may be further encouraged to pursue the celestial art of poetry, with the earnest and best success. It is well understood that many original geniuses have become ruined imitators by yielding their judgment to the voice of party criticism, and have sunk into oblivion under the pressure of envy and malice, as though originality should be clipped, and toned into a particular school, intimating the unworthiness of genius being schooled by nature and operated on by inspirations. Whoever is versed in periodical literature knows how poor Keats was buffeted from one page to another, how much ill-nature was shed in lines of ink, and what rancorous spleen appeared in print,—because he was fostered by a political writer.

Fortunately, however, for classical and self-taught writers too, history presents a long roll of geniuses who have treated unjust criticism with that neglect which it has merited. Keats is an exception, but his constitution, like his taste, was delicate; like a rose-leaf, he was easily blown upward in his fancy, or driven downward by the sadness of his lonely spirit. Mr. Clare is otherwise. His genius is of the masculine order, from whose manly nature, the sensibilities of feeling issue, but never more successfully than when he describes the crinkle of a primrose-leaf or the fluttering of love's confusion. His element is under a hedge, among the various grasses and herbs and mosses; whatever little object draws his eye in the sun-beam wins his admiration and love. His first conception is natural and striking; therefore, the crown of his hat aids his memory to paper; the lines are written, and require but little more embellishment or correction. The advantages of a thousand hallowed volumes of English poets, I conceive, would be of injury rather than service to him, for his poetic reading is already manifest, and imitation, however humble or elegant, will be the result; that

'Young Edwin was no vulgar boy;
And— Deep thought oft seemed to fix his
sant eye.

One reason, why so many strike 'their lyre in praise of poetry' is, that they partly acquire a good ear for rhyme, a correct method for the delivery of it, and attempt, but seldom produce, more than excellent verses. Mr. Clare is aware that poems, like timber, can be measured by feet, and finished off like picture frames, yet, if the timber be unsound at heart, or the frames without good pictures, neither the one nor the other are of much value. Poems should be skillfully put together, contain solid sentiments, and the most touching pathos of nature,—

'Divinely felt, to make another feel.'

Shakespeare, with a few original authors, should be the only ones worthy of great application. I believe Bloomfield's amiable muse was never much benefited by listening to the sound of 'read the poets!'—'study the A's down to the Z's,'

'Range them by day and meditate by night.'

This is an affection for perfection, at which *soi-disant* critics have themselves failed. Who questions that Lord Byron is not, in some respects, the worse for his poetical reading? How many 'Deserted Villages' have been attempted since Goldsmith's career, yet unsuccessfully. The habitual reading of poetry alone is sufficient to make a poetaster feel his way through a monthly periodical. But, allowing one exception, I verily believe, now and then, a fine poem is scattered in periodical pages, far exceeding half, nay, four-fifths of puffed off published poetry; and I have often wished that a work were patronised by the literati to select the best pieces for 'after ages' from those which are destined for 'the soap and candles.' I would not keep Mr. Clare in ignorance of the silliness of some poets, the eccentricity of some, and the disproportionate nonsense of others; but I would not advise him to trust to the strength of their weakness, which is irremediable, from vain notions and obstinate party considerations. If he march the fields with his eye directed to nature he will be original; if he closet himself and imagine nature, he will be an imitator. London has given birth to poets, but the country has made them. Edinburgh will produce a 'Pirate,' but his attributes have been drawn from the scenes of action. Ramsay and Burns danced with the shepherdesses and sung with hobbinols. Cunningham used to sit on the furrows, like Prior's 'Cupid's ploughboy,' and listen to the calm wanderings of the stream.

Morland loved to lean over bridges and broken trees, in *sober* abstraction, before he soiled his brush. Falconer had never written his 'Shipwreck' but for a tempest; Somerville the 'Chace' but for his actual experience in field sports; and Olney's harp might have been unstrung but for its attractive ruralities. Hence, if Mr. Clare will be great, and form a constellation for the heaven of eternity, let him read good prose with assiduous and ardent attention; let his mind be stored with a clear knowledge of things in and out of their nature; let him reason with truth and virtue: his beauties will touch the heart while they strike the eye, and do much towards refining the understanding, which is the spiritual essence of true poetry. Well then, after all, it will appear, that I would have him unacquainted with metrical authors, ancient and modern, —not so; I would warn him against the danger of the shallows, the rocks, and the storms: he may dip, but not meditate; skim, but not dive. He may consult, but only with a view of correcting his errors. He will have to occupy his niche in 'Fame's proud temple.' He should watch the ellipses and the eclipses. The apostrophe is a very useful little fellow, but should not be abused. That is preferable to that's; against to 'gainst. A hobbling line is, like a lame ploughman, out of its place. Inferior is not full enough for three syllables at the close of a 'Sonnet.' Mr. Clare will comprehend me by re-perusing his works.* It is true, many provincialisms, with other eccentricities, might be brought forward, but his experience will tutor him to expunge them as he advances towards beatified love and eternal triumph.

Mus.

ST. PANCRAS NEW CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I have renewed my visit to the New Church, St. Pancras, which is finishing very rapidly; and I think it necessary to state one more objection, omitted in my last communication: viz, the monsters' heads that are placing round the porticos of the vestry wings. I trust, Sir, the architect, in his good sense, will see the propriety of making some alteration in this respect, as also with the equivocal and grotesque ornaments over the altar before noticed, for independently of their

* The trifles which I have mentioned are only intended as examples of carelessness and not as injuries to the tenor of the volumes.

satirical effect, they but ill accord with the other parts of this structure.

With respect, I am, Sir, your's,
Oct. 13, 1821. ASABO.

ORIGIN

OF BURYING IN CHURCHES,
AND ON THE SOUTH AND EAST SIDES OF
CHURCH-YARDS.

UNTIL the time of Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose pontificate began in 740, and ended in 748, the custom of burying within the precincts of towns and cities did not prevail in England; and it was not until towards the Norman conquest, that persons, however great their rank, were buried in churches, unless it happened that they were removed thither, on account of their extraordinary sanctity, or in order to be reputed and worshipped as saints. Thus the body of Queen Adlythrydor St. Andry, who died of the pestilence, 669, was translated into the church by her sister; and Bede tells us, that the Lichfield Prelate, St. Chad, was first buried near the church of St. Mary, but that when St. Peter's Church was built, his bones were removed thither, agreeably to the canon of King Edgar, which enjoined that no one should be buried in a church, whose life had not been a goodly one, and worthy of such a burial. The origin of the general custom, now prevalent, of burying in churches (a custom of which almost every one complains, though no one seems anxious to put a stop to it), appears to have been this. Persons, of an extraordinary sanctity, were first placed there as in the cases of St. Andry and St. Chad. Founders and patrons, and other great persons, afterwards crept as near to the fabric as they could, some being laid in the porch; others in the entry of the cloisters; others in the cloisters themselves, before the chapter-house door; others in the chapter-house; and others in the sacristy. Sometimes the bodies were deposited in the wall, first on the outside (of which there is a remarkable instance at Lichfield) and then in the inside. In process of time, our ancestors began to form aisles, and to bury and establish chantries in them, after which they made free with the body of the church, and lastly, except in the cases of sanctity before mentioned, they had recourse (chiefly since the reformation) to the chancel. It appears, that, formerly, all persons of rank and fortune were laid in stone coffins, if we may judge from the number of them that

has been found; though Bede says, that St. Awdry was buried, according to her own request, in a wooden coffin. Her sister, Sexburg, however, who succeeded her as abbess, caused her bones to be taken up, after they had laid sixteen years in the grave, and placed in a stone coffin. As to later times, we learn from Thoroton's Nottinghamshire, and Dagdale's Monasticon, that stone coffins were in general use, until the reign of Henry III. inclusive; from which period, down to Henry VIII. their use, according to Browne Willis, got gradually out of fashion. The partiality to the southern and eastern sides of a church yard, in the circumstance of burial, may, perhaps, at first, have partly arisen from the ancient custom of praying for the dead; for, as the usual approach to most country churches is by the south, it was natural for burials to be on that side, in order that those going to divine service might, in their way, by the sight of the graves of their friends, be reminded of them, and induced to offer up prayers for the welfare of their souls. Even now, since this custom of prayers has been abolished, the same obvious situation of graves may excite some tender recollection in those who view them, and silently implore 'the passing tribute of a sigh.' That this motive had its influence, may be concluded from the graves, which, in some instances, appear on the north side, when the approach to the church lies that way. Still, however, even on this case, the south side is well tenanted, and, consequently, there must have been some other cause for this preference. The supposed sanctity of the east is well known, and arose from the circumstance of our Saviour, the Sun of Righteousness, appearing in that quarter, with respect to us; from the tradition of his ascending to heaven eastward, from Mount Olivet; and from an universally received opinion, that he will re-appear in the same quarter at the last day. Hence the customs of building churches with one end pointing towards the east; of turning ourselves in some parts of our prayers, in that direction; and of being buried with our faces inclining that way. Perhaps an analogy was conceived to exist between the Sun of Righteousness and the material sun, from which persons buried within the rays of the latter might have a better claim to the protection of the former. Whatever origin this preference to the south and east may have had, the fact is cer-

tain, and is corroborated by many records of ancient times; which mention that those who were reputed good Christians, lay towards the south and east, while others who had suffered capital punishment, or laid violent hands on themselves, were buried towards the north, a custom formerly much practised in Scotland.

AMERICAN NAMES.

Of all people who ever imposed names upon a newly-discovered country, the Americans have certainly been the most unlucky in their choice; witness Big-muddy River and Little-muddy River, Little shallow River, Good Woman River, Little Good Woman Creek, Grind-stone Creek, Cupboard Creek, Biscuit Creek, Blowing-fly Creek, *cum multis aliis* in the same delightful taste. When this country shall have its civilized inhabitants, its cities, its scholars, and its poets, how sweetly will such names sound in American verse!

Ye plains where sweet Big-muddy rolls along,
And Tea-put, one day to be famed in song,
Where swans on Biscuit and on Grindstone
glide,
And willows wave upon Good Woman's
side!
How shall your happy streams in after time
Tune the soft lay, and fill the sonorous
rhyme!
Best birds, who in your amorous verse will
call
On measuring Pork and gentle Cannon
Ball;
Split-Hock, and Stick-Lodge, and Two Thou-
sand Mile,
White-line, and Cupboard, and Bad-bu-
mour'd Isle!
Flow, Little-Shallow, flow! and be thy
stream
Their great example, as it will their theme!
Isis with Rum and Onion must not vie,
Can shall resign the palm to Blowing-Fly,
And Thames and Tagus yield to great Big-Lit-
tle-Dry.

THE WEST INDIA VIPER.

By a report read before the Royal Institute of France, it appears that the great viper, called *Fer de Lance*, is one of the most dreadful scourges of the West Indies, but is found only in Martinique, St. Lucia, and another small island. This viper is so savage, that the moment it sees any person, it immediately erects itself and springs upon him. In raising itself, it rests upon four equal circles, formed by the lower part of the body; when it springs, these circles are suddenly dissolved. After the spring, if it should miss its object, it may be attacked with advan-

tage; but this requires considerable courage; for as soon as it can erect itself again, the assailant runs the greatest risk of being bitten. Often, too, it is so bold as to follow its enemy by leaps and bounds, instead of fleeing from him; and it does not cease the pursuit till its revenge is glutted. In its erect position it is so much the more formidable, because it is as high as a man, and can even bite a person upon horseback. M. Moreau de Jonnes was once riding through a wood, when his horse reared; and when the rider looked round to discover the cause of the animal's terror, he perceived a *Fer de Lance* viper standing quite erect in a bush of bamboo; and heard it hiss several times. He would have fired at it with his pistol, but the affrighted horse drew back so ungovernably, that he was obliged to look about for some one to hold him. He now espied at some distance, a negro upon the ground, wallowing in his blood, and cutting with a blunt knife the flesh from the wound occasioned by the bite of the same viper. When he acquainted the negro with his intention of killing the serpent, he earnestly opposed it, as he wished to take it alive, and make use of it for his cure, according to the superstitious notion of the negroes. He presently rose, cut some lianes, made a snare with them, and then concealing himself behind the bush, near the viper, he attracted his attention by a low whistling noise, and suddenly throwing a noose over the animal, drew it tight, and secured his enemy. M. Moreau saw this negro twelve months afterwards, but he had not perfectly recovered the use of the limb bitten by the viper. The negroes persecute these vipers with the greatest acrimony. When they have killed one, they cut off its head, and bury it deep in the earth, that no mischief may be done by the fangs, which are dangerous after the death of the animal. Men and beast shun this formidable reptile; the birds manifest the same antipathy for it as they do for owls in Europe, and a small one, of the loxia kind, even gives warning by its cry, that a viper is at hand.

Original Poetry.

HYMNAL TRIUMPH.

ESSENTIALS will form in our conjugal band
To-morrow, if life should be spared us;
And 'tis pleasant to think, that in heart and in hand,
Our God has so equally paired us.

Three blossoms of five are yet opening their
 charms,
 To delight and secure our affections;
 While peace is our comfort,—how gratitude
 warms
 The past and the present reflections!
 The world may revile, with vituperous tongue,
 The loves of endearments united;
 But we'll never forsake our pure nest and our
 young,
 So dearly and happily plighted.

PATER ET MATER.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The wind is roaring high and strong,
 The cold this clime pervades;
 But Mercy leads the year along
 As Summer's beauty fades;
 And Agriculture stores the sheaf
 Before the annual 'fall of leaf'.
 The flower so innocent and sweet
 Has vanish'd from the sight;
 The artisans of day retire
 In drear and lengthening night—
 For seasons gone and pleasures brief,
 Hope, faith, and love, insure relief.
 The mind is happy, great, and wise,
 That thinks on change, and keeps
 Reflection mellow'd for the skies,
 Where nature never sleeps;
 Nor intervenes one pang of grief—
 Earth only shows the 'fall of leaf'.
 Idington. MARIA.

THE MINSTREL'S HARP.

The way was steep, the evening ray
 Smil'd gaily in the west;
 And glanc'd adown the ruin'd tower,
 That crown'd the mountain's breast.
 No hospitable wander now
 Within the court was seen;
 No bowmen beat the trusty yew,
 All clad in Lincoln green.
 But Silence held her gloomy sway
 Within the ample hall,
 Whose fretted roof and storied pane
 Now totter'd to their fall.
 High on the wall the minstrel's harp
 A mouldrast trophy hung;
 Whose chords had wak'd them to the tale
 The aged minstrel sung;
 Had bade the eye at Percy's fate
 With fearful lustre shine;
 And pour'd the soul of chivalry
 To vindicate his line.
 Peace to the minstrel's honour'd shade,
 Peace to his ancient lore,
 To thee each passing breeze shall sigh—
 'The minstrel is no more.' E. G. B.

EPISTLE

From a Lover in Prison to his Mistress.

From cells of deep solitude, mansions of care,
 Where nought can be heard but the sighs of
 despair,
 And nought can be seen but the taper's dull
 light,
 And walls of my prison; most sad to my sight;
 Borne off by light ruffians from those I hold dear,
 The freedom of writing is all I have here;
 O! dearest of women, my bosom's delight,
 Perhaps never more wilt thou bless my fond
 sight,
 Perhaps never more shall thy Etheldred hear
 Thy lips breathe the vow of affection sincere.

Perhaps never more in a kiss they'll meet mine,
 Nor again thy fond arms round my neck will
 entwine.
 Oh, painful remembrance of all my past bliss,
 Full dear was my happiness purchas'd by this;
 Those arms that have oft been lock'd fondly in
 thine,
 By power of my foe galling fetters confine,—
 Those limbs that so often have borne me to
 thee,
 That form which hath charm'd thee no longer
 is free;
 Yet here, even here, tho' oppress'd by my pains,
 Tho' bent to the earth by the weight of my
 chains,—
 Even here, in the mansion of sorrow and woe,
 With transports of love my sad bosom can
 glow;
 Even here, in this dangerous, a prey to despair,
 No friend to console or my sorrows to share,
 A faint ray of hope in my bosom will gleam,—
 So bursts from the heavens the sun's wa'r-y
 beam,
 When clouds from the westward its brightness
 deform,
 And lightnings blue flashes foretell the dread
 storm!
 When Fancy in slumber depicts to me
 The fairest of things—the image of thee,
 O then, dearest Emma, my woes are forgot,
 My tortures, my prison, I care for them not;
 In thy tender embrace I am lovingly prest,
 With thy kiss of true love, with thy smile I am
 blest;
 With rapture long lost my fond bosom now
 glows,
 But the vision expires, and I wake to new woes:
 Such, lov'd of my soul, is thy Etheldred's fate,
 The offspring of sorrow, the victim of hate;
 Sure demons, in every of all my past joy,
 Were leagu'd in fell faction my bliss to destroy.
 But hark! the bolts draw, my tormentors ap-
 pear,
 I go to my pallet and drop the sad tear;
 They leave me, and, e'en my dull taper's with-
 drawn,
 My sorrows they mock, and my anguish they
 scorn;
 Grown frantic, I lay me along the cold stones,
 And hear the damp walls echo back my dull
 groans.
 Ye tyrants, your tortures will soon be no more,
 A few dreary hours and my sorrows are o'er;
 My soul from its prison will joyfully flee,
 To realms where from sorrow and care all 'are
 free!
 Farewell then, dear Emma, for ever adieu,
 The last bursting sigh of my soul is for you!
 SAM SPIRITALL.

SONNET.—TO MYRA.

CYTHIA is up! and beautiful her light
 Tips ev'ry leaf and dew-drop on the spray;
 How sweet with silv'ry gleams the gentle sight
 Seems ush'd in by her resplendent way!
 Come, Myra, forth at close of this fair day,
 Now the blest hours bring harmony and
 love,—
 Whirl! Flashed! in soft enamour'd lay
 Sing to the illuminated lamp above!
 Whose orb the brightly blue ethereal plains
 Venus by doves in milken car is driven,
 The moon-beams of the night making her reins,
 Guiding their course along the vaulted
 heaven!
 O light divine! whence purer pleasures flow,
 Teach me thy light that I myself may know!
 14th Sept. 1821. HATY.

TO LOUISA G.—N.

THOU little cherub, in whose smiling face
 The happiness of infancy we see;
 In whose unclouded youthful brow we trace
 No mark of more mature anxiety;
 How joyous are the moments of thy life,
 Free from its care, its sorrows, and its strife.
 Yet wherefore say I free: thy troubles, small
 To us, perchance to thee great griefs appear;
 Or in the loss of thy rebounding ball
 Or broken doll, which draws thine infant
 tear,
 Or in the picture vanished from thine eye,
 And mourned with many a deep-sighing sigh.
 Alas! the human life—it seems as though,
 From infancy to age, all, were pain;
 Our pleasures fled before us, but to go—
 Re-enter, but to disappear again;
 All, all obtained, we seek for something more,
 And, in the search, lose that we had before.
 Yet some I know there are, whose lot of pain
 Is less than others,—a selected few,
 Whom griefs assail not, whom no sorrows
 strain,
 Who know the world, and knowing, enjoy
 it too;
 Who bask in life's bright sunshine, and new
 know
 The shame of poverty or pang of woe.
 And oh, sweet infant, may such be thy fate,
 To know alone the pleasures of the world;
 To see upon thee fix'd no eye of hate,
 No lip contemptuous at thy sorrows curl'd;
 To hear no pamper'd scolder jeer thy name,
 And cast thee off to poverty and shame.
 But may'st thou bask in wealth's religious
 beam,
 Dispersed around by the immortal power,
 With innocence the partner of thy dream,
 And truth the tutor of thy waking hour;
 And may'st thou know of sorrow—so to see,
 Is happier light, thine own prosperity.
 Farewell, sweet prattler, in thy sparkling eye
 I read thy happy heart; oh, may it be
 As happy when maturer moments fly,
 And woman boast an ornament is thee;
 And when old age creeps on, without a die,
 May'st thou review past hours, and calmly die.
 J. D. B.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The spectacle of
 the Coronation has been so productive
 to the treasury of this theatre, that we
 are assured it will be followed by a pa-
 gant still more splendid, representing
 the principal events in the King's late
 visit to Ireland. Report says that
 Mr. Elifston has spent 7000*l.* in pre-
 paring this gorgeous spectacle, which
 is expected to eclipse any thing of the
 kind ever produced on any stage. The
 rivalry of the two great houses, for the
 present season at least, is likely to be
 the rivalry of expense only; and it is
 those old-fashioned amusements, called
 tragedy and comedy, they will, in
 all probability, be banished the stage
 altogether, or be left to be produced in
 the form of comic burlettas and such-
 like.

dramas at the minor theatres. *Seen thousand pounds* for a single spectacle! How many deserving authors would half this sum have stimulated to use their best efforts in the legitimate drama; but this is a consideration which cannot be expected to have much influence with managers, who rather vitiate the public taste than try to correct it. If the present rage for spectacle continues, we may expect to see the whole *corps dramatique* dismissed, and succeeded on the stage by troops of soldiers and itinerant minstrels, who will answer all the purposes of public prosecutions.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Wednesday night, this theatre exhibited a striking proof of the elegance, variety, and magnificence to which we have attained in stage decoration and stage effect. The play was the melo-dramatic opera of *The Exile*, written by Reynolds, and founded on Madame Cottin's charming novel of Elizabeth. This play was first produced in 1808, when the Covent Garden company were performing at the Opera House, and was at that time particularly fortunate in the performers. Mr. Young, who had previously attracted much notice at the Haymarket, confirmed his fame in the character of Darau. Mrs. Dickens, then in the zenith of her powers and popularity, was Katherine. The songs, which had been composed by Mazzinghi, afforded fine scope for her rapid execution, and the performance of this part was considered as one of her greatest triumphs. The other leading characters were in good hands, and the success of the play was most decided. The merit of the play or its success, were not, however, we suspect, the principal inducements for its revival; but, as the splendour and pageantry of an English coronation had been successful at this theatre, and was still popular at the rival one, the manager thought the *Exile* would afford him an opportunity to render the coronation of a Russian Empress still more splendid, with the pompous offices and processions of the Greek Church. We would speak of the actors, for Young, in Darau, was as fine as ever; Farreu was the best Governor of Siberia that ever appeared on the stage; Liston, Fawcett, and Egerton were excellent in their respective parts; the Empress Elizabeth was imperially personated by Mrs. Faucit; Miss Foote was lovely in Alexina; and Mrs. Tennant made a very favourable debut in Ka-

tharine; but why do we talk of actors, for all their exertions, and almost the story itself, were lost in the gorgeousness of the spectacle. The whole of the scenery was of the most splendid description, and the coronation surpassed anything we ever saw (the *real* coronation of his present Majesty excepted). The triumphal arch in the great square of Moscow—the gilded barrier which surrounds the stage—the sound of joyous trumpets and drums, intermingled with the distant thunder of artillery—the musicians, followed by guards, whose gorgeous plumes waved in their helmets, were all faithfully exhibited. The ecclesiastical dignitaries, with the sacred ensigns of their faith, followed. Deputations from the tributary states, with their banners, were succeeded by the foreign ambassadors, splendidly attired. The representative of England wore a mantle and star, with an immense plume of ostrich feathers in his hat. The Envoy of Tartary rode a beautiful horse, richly caparisoned. The Chinese ambassador was borne by a noble charger, and was attended by a train of horsemen. After the ambassadors came the young prince, and he was followed by Elizabeth, reclining in a lofty car of gold, lined with blue silk, under a most splendid canopy, and drawn by six horses, attended by grooms in imperial livery. The procession moved to the cathedral, which was truly a splendid scene. The main aisle stretched to a great distance, and, increased by the perspective art of the painter, terminated in a window richly illuminated. The roof was hung with numerous lustres, and the floor was covered with crimson cloth. In the middle was the sacred font, and on the left the altar, on which was placed the imperial diadem. The ceremony was short; indeed, the scene was too dazzling to bear looking on for any time. The whole exhibition was of the most gorgeous and expensive description, and was received throughout with the loudest applause. Spectacle has certainly now reached its acme, for we cannot conceive it to go higher than it has done in the revival of the *Exile*. The farce of the *Lying Valet* followed, in which Mr. Meadows played the part of Sharp with great spirit and much comic effect.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The opera of *Rob Roy* has proved very attractive at this theatre; and, on seeing it a second and third time, our prejudices in favour of the former representation of

the principal character becoming more subdued, we were better able to relish the forcible delineation of Mr. Terry, whose conception of the character of the freebooter, though rather differing from our's, is likely to be very popular.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Chatterly made her first appearance in Lady Teazle, for her own benefit; and we have much doubt that there is an actress on the stage, at present, who would have played the character better. It was sportive but dignified; the humour was chaste, and the feeling without affectation.

On Thursday night, Mrs. Inchbold's comedy of *Every one has his Fault*, was performed for the first time this season. Although there are many comedies on the stage superior to this in dialogue, yet there is scarcely a better acting play, or one in which a more intimate knowledge of the stage is exhibited. Every incident, every word seems to tell; and the humorous scenes are succeeded by others of such deep pathos, that the audience are in smiles or tears at the will of the author. The part of Mr. Irwin was sustained by Mr. Conway, who gave a fine picture of the heart-stricken husband in scenes of such deep domestic affliction. In this character Mr. Conway displayed much true feeling; he was fully master of the character, and in every scene in which he appeared he played from the heart to the heart. Mrs. Chatterly, who excels in scenes of distress and tenderness, played the part of Lady Eleanor admirably. Terry, in one of the most admirable characters in human life, that of the peace-maker, Harmony, was quite at home, and Osberry was a good Selos. The part of Sir Robert Rumble fell to a Mr. Johnson, from the Bristol Theatre, who made his first appearance on the London boards. His reception was highly flattering; but though possessing many requisites for the stage, and no ordinary share of talent, we confess we thought that he had mistaken the character, and forgot that Sir Robert was a gentleman. Of the other characters little remains to be said; they were sufficiently well represented, and the comedy was received throughout with the most decided applause.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—A new burletta, called *Bruce*, has been produced at this elegant little house; it is a most laughable little production, and, with the other favourite pieces, has attracted crowded audiences nightly.

Literature and Science.

Lithography.—An experiment has lately been made to take off impressions from plants by lithographic printing, which, although it did not succeed so well as was desirable, leaves little doubt but this method may prove of considerable use to botanists.—A specimen of *Sibthorpia Europæa*, which was gathered several years ago in Cornwall, was, we understand, covered with lithographic ink, and impressed on the stone, from which several impressions were taken. There is a well-known method made use of for taking impressions of the leaves of vegetables by covering them with printer's-ink, and then impressing them on paper. The benefit likely to arise from impressing plants on stone, is owing to the facility of multiplying copies much more accurate in some respects than a drawing can be expected to be.

Fish Flour.—The Indians (says M. Humboldt), in all the Upper Orinoco, fry fish, dry them in the sun, and reduce them to powder, without separating the bones. I have seen masses of fifty or sixty pounds of this flour, which resembles that of cassava. When it is wanted for eating, it is mixed with water and reduced to a paste. In every climate the abundance of fish has led to the invention of the same means of preserving them. Pliny and Diodorus Siculus have described the fish-bread of the Ichthyophagous nations, that dwelt on the Persian Gulf and the shores of the Red Sea.

The Plague.—At a time when a fatal epidemic is making such ravages in Spain, it may be some satisfaction to know, that some time ago, Doctors Aubun and Lafont, physicians at Constantinople and Salonica, have discovered that vaccination is a preservative from the plague. Of six thousand adults vaccinated, none caught the contagion: even infants who were vaccinated, continued to suckle mothers who were labouring under the attacks of the plague, without being infected: and an Italian physician, who is studying in Turkey the symptoms of this dreadful complaint, inoculated himself with matter drawn from a person who had died of the plague, and afterwards underwent vaccination without the contagion developing itself, though he put himself in all possible points of contact with infected persons in the hospitals.

Recipe against Infection.—Forty-six grains of black oxide of manganese, in coarse powder, are to be put into a small strong glass phial, with an accurately ground-glass stopper, to which two drachm measures of nitric acid of 1400 specific gravity, and an equal measure of muriatic acid of 1184, must be added; replace the stopper, and secure the whole by inclosing it in a strong wooden case, with a good screw top, which, when fast, shall rest on the stopper, so as to keep it in its place. To use it, merely open the phial, with the nose averted, and replace the stopper as soon as the smell is perceived; repeat it, of course, occasionally, as you would any other fumigation. A phial so prepared, will last, instead of six months, several years; the mixture ought not to occupy more than one third of the bottle. Any chemist can furnish the ingredients.—This apparatus destroys all kinds of infection.

The forthcoming volume of that excellent annual publication, *Time's Telescope*, will contain an explanation of saints' days and holidays; with illustrations of British history and antiquities, notices of obsolete rites and customs, and sketches of comparative chronology and contemporary biography; including astronomical occurrences in every month, and a diary of nature, explaining the various appearances in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; the whole being interspersed with amusing anecdotes, and illustrative and decorative extracts from our first living poets. An introduction to the study of conchology will be prefixed, with an accurately coloured plate of some of the most rare and beautiful shells.

Miss Macaulay has a new work in the press, intitled 'Tales of the Drama.'

Mr. Brewer's 'Beauties of Ireland,' a work on which that gentleman has been engaged for a considerable time, is, at length, ready for publication; and we hope that the author of the 'Introduction' to the Beauties of England and Wales will satisfactorily answer a growing wish in the public, for information concerning an island long injuriously neglected by the antiquary and topographer. The work is to be published in parts, and is embellished with engravings by J. and H. Storer, after original drawings by G. Petrie, of Dublin.

The Bee.

'Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia linear,
Omnia nos iidem depascitur aura dicta.'
LUCRETIVS.

It was the custom with Aertgen, the painter, never to work on Mondays; but to devote that day with his disciples to the bottle. He used to stroll about the streets in the night, playing on the German flute, and in one of those frolics he was drowned in 1564.

Marriage Lottery.—It has often been said, figuratively, that marriage is a lottery; but we do not recollect to have met with a practical illustration of the truth of the simile before the following, which is a free translation of an advertisement in the *Lewins Gazette*:—'A young man, of good figure and disposition, unable, though desirous, to procure a wife, without the preliminary trouble of amassing a fortune, proposes the following expedient to attain the object of his wishes:—He offers himself as the prize of a lottery to all widows and virgins under 32. The number of tickets to be 600, at 50 dollars each. But one number to be drawn from the wheel, the fortunate proprietor of which is to be entitled to himself and the 30,000 dollars.'—*New York American*.

At Dieppe, an Englishman is surprised by the appearance of female clerks, inspectors, and supervisors, who look to unloading of ships, keep an account of what is done, and give out the checks and certificates—all indicating the participation of the sex in that country, in the higher functions of life, and contributing to their importance and independence.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We perfectly agree with Gullielmus in his Lady Morgan and her reviewers; but having dismissed her in the way of our vocation, we have no wish to return to the subject.

We question much that 'Question and Answer' will suit us.

Tragic Darby's first dramatic scene has not the effect on us which he seems to have anticipated.

The sentiment in Chio's song is faulty. Few lovers make a merit of their inconstancy.

We shall be happy to hear from E. G. B. in the way he proposes. We have not forgotten him.

M. Wildergessee will find a letter at our office.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 128.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

The History of Christ's Hospital, from the Foundation by King Edward the Sixth. To which are added, Memoirs of Eminent Men educated there; and a List of the Governors. [By John Bliff Wilson.] 8vo. pp. 307. London, 1821.

We are very far from agreeing with Mr. Wilson, that there is little information to be offered on the subject he has undertaken; and should feel surprised, indeed, if one of the most extensive charities, and a public school which has existed for upwards of two centuries and-a-half, did not afford abundant materials for the historian and the biographer. Even Mr. Wilson's memoir, brief as it is, affords sufficient evidence that the field is sufficiently ample for literary industry. It is, however, a subject of regret, that the author should have undertaken the work at a period when the various duties of the gentlemen connected with the establishment precluded any of them from affording him the least assistance. The records of the hospital are authorities which must contain much information, and we are sorry that any circumstance should have prevented their being brought in aid of a publication, the object of which is to represent the establishment and every person connected with it, in a point of view that could have no other tendency than to do them honour.

In the forty-fifth number of the *Literary Chronicle*, we gave a brief but connected history of Christ's Hospital; and, therefore, in reviewing the present work, we shall avoid, as much as possible, the ground on which we have already trodden. Mr. Wilson sets out with a well-written and interesting memoir of the illustrious founder of the hospital, the boy King, Edward the Sixth. Then follows the history of the foundation, copied verbatim from Stowe. It is remarkable, that the King lived but two days after he had signed the charter of this corporation, and that, on thus concluding Vol. III.

this great work, which has handed down his name to posterity as a prince of the most benevolent disposition, he exclaimed, 'Lord! I yield thee most hearty thanks, that thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of thy name.'

'The virtues displayed by this young prince could not fail of exciting the admiration of his subjects; neither is it to be supposed that the utility of the foundation just mentioned could be lost upon them. Indeed, it appears that the citizens of London were so animated by the truly royal benefactions of the King, that in the short space of six months, the old monastery was rendered capable of accommodating three hundred and forty boys; and by the end of the year the number was increased to three hundred and eighty. From that time to the present the hospital has continued increasing, both in size and importance; and the three hundred and fifty have been multiplied to the almost incredible number of eleven hundred and fifty.'

In the description of the different apartments of the Hospital, there is an extract from the will of James Amand, Esq. dated Aug. 9, which is curious on account of the anxiety it expresses relative to a portrait, which is preserved in the counting-house:—

'I give the original picture of my grandfather to Christ's Hospital, upon condition that the treasurer thereof give a receipt to my executors, and a promise never to alienate the said picture; and, as often as a change of treasurers takes place, every new treasurer shall send a written receipt and promise of the same effect to the Vice Chancellor of Oxford. Item, I give all the rest of my money and property of every description, (after the payment of my debts, legacies, and funeral, and whatever expense attends the execution of this will,) to Christ's Hospital. And my will is, that whatever of my effects the governors of the hospital shall consider as being of no benefit to the hospital, they, the governors, shall sell all such, (except the picture aforesaid,) to the best advantage, and the money arising from the sale shall go, together with all the money I may leave in specie, or in my banker's hands undisposed of, to purchase 3 per cent. bank annuities, which annuities, together with the securities for money which I leave behind

me, shall be made one separate stock, never to be diminished by the hospital, unless my executors require the aid of a part of the said stock in consequence of an unforeseen expense attending this my will. My further will is, that the interest arising from such property, (as long as the hospital shall preserve the aforesaid picture,) shall be applied either to increase the number of blue-coat children, or for the better assisting such of the children as may be put out apprentices by the said hospital. I further desire that the aforesaid picture shall be kept in the Treasury of the said hospital, and that it annually be produced at the first general court held after the first of January in every year, and such part of my will, relative to that hospital, shall be then and there publicly read. I also desire that the picture shall be shown once annually to whomsoever the Vice Chancellor of Oxford shall send to demand a sight thereof; but in case the sight be refused to the Vice Chancellor or his deputy, then I direct that all my bequests given to Christ's Hospital shall immediately cease. And I hereby give and devise the same, from that time, to the University of Oxford, to the intent that the University may buy freehold lands of inheritance, and the rent arising therefrom to be applied as follows: In the first place, the chief Bodleian Librarian shall receive of it as much as will augment his salary to 120l. annually, provided he be a bachelor. Secondly, the sub-librarian, if a bachelor, shall have his salary augmented to 70l. per annum, which augmentation of salary shall continue only as long as they remain bachelors, and shall not be paid again if they marry, until other librarians who may be bachelors are substituted in their room. What remains after paying them, I desire may be applied to the purchase of manuscripts and good printed editions of classic authors, such as may be worthy a place in the library. In this manner I desire such money may be disposed of, as (if either librarian is married) would contribute to the augmentation of his salary were he not married."—One of the executors was the Rev. Dr. Stukeley, the eminent antiquary.

'An erroneous opinion has been entertained, that this picture is the portrait of the Pretender, and which probably may have arisen from the circumstance of one of the ancestors of Mr. St. Amand having married Asceline, the daughter of Robert D'Aubigny, of the House of

Stuart, an English baron in the reign of Henry the Third.

In this Hospital there are twelve wards or large rooms, for the children, besides the infirmary, or sick-nard, and each of these wards accommodates from fifty to seventy boys:—

'The whole establishment will accommodate 1150 children, including 80 girls, who are provided for without any expense to their parents or friends, and furnished with every thing necessary to forward their education.

'In 1809 there were 1005 children upon the foundation, of whom 65 were girls.

'Of the 1000 boys,—
161 were presented by companies, parishes, &c.
408 were sons of freemen,
239 sons of non-freemen.
102 sons of clergymen, who had, exclusive of the boys in the hospital, 1000 578 other children.

'The parents of 871 boys had, exclusive of those in the hospital, 3606 other children; and twenty-seven boys had neither brother or sister.

'Out of the 973 boys, there were—
Orphans..... 57
Sons of widows..... 210
Motherless boys..... 93
360'

It appears that the gross income of the hospital, in 1814, was 44,725l., and in 1815, 43,386l. The expenditure for the same years was, 1814, 41,061l. and in 1815, 40,420l. The ceremony of performing the funeral rites of those who die in the hospital, is very interesting:—

'A procession is formed in the square of the Infirmary, consisting of the bedles, the steward, the whole of the boys belonging to the same ward as the deceased, the choir-boys, the minister, (one of the classical masters,) and clerk; then the corpse, followed by his own relations and friends as mourners. As soon as the boys enter the cloisters, they begin singing the Burial Anthem, which they continue all round, and until they reach the curial-ground, when the minister, as in other cases, begins the funeral service. The cloisters upon these occasions are cleared of all but those who assist in the mournful ceremony, which add, greatly to the solemnity; indeed, it is hardly possible to describe the effect when the procession is proceeding round those reverberating remains of the old priory, dismal at all times when cleared of those who give life to the scene, but doubly so upon these occasions. The echo of the Burial Anthem at this time has an effect which those only who have witnessed the ceremony can form a just idea of.'

The biographical part of Mr. Wilson's work, (though avowedly very imperfect,) is the most original, as it

contains memoirs of several living individuals, including the amiable George Dyer, the metaphysical Coleridge, that truly clever writer Charles Lamb, Mr. Surr, Meyer the painter, Leigh Hunt, &c. &c. Among the early 'Blues,' are Campian, Camden, and Joshua Barnes. It is impossible to conceive that a school, which admits nearly one hundred and fifty boys annually, every one having the opportunity of a liberal education, should have produced so few men of genius, (admitting all to be such which we have enumerated.) We doubt not, however, that it has produced five times the number, although there may be some difficulty in tracing them. Our last extract shall be Mr. George Dyer's 'Lines meditated in the Cloisters of Christ's Hospital:—'

'Now cease, my song, the plaintive strain;
Now hush'd be Pitt's tender sigh;
While Memory wakes her fairy train,
And young Delight sits laughing by:
Return each hour of rosy hue,
In smiles, and pranks, and garlands gay,
Playful of wing as when ye flew,
Ev'ry month then seeming May;
While, as Invention wak'd the mimic powers,
Genius, still wand'ring wild, sighed for enchanted bowers.

'Then, too, in antic vestment dress,
Pastime would lightly slip along,
Throwing around the ready jest,
Satire and sting, or simple song;
And merry Mischief oft would weave
The wanton trick for little hearts;
Nor Love a tender vo'cy give;
Soft were his hands, nor keen his darts;
While Friendship, with a gay enthusiast glow,
Gave her full half of bliss, and took her share of woe.

'And, what though round a youthful spring
A lowering storm may sometimes rise;
Hope her soul-soothing strain can sing,
Quickly can brighten up the skies.
How sweetly pass'd my youth's gay prime!
For not unfeeling was my tongue:
And, as I tried the classic rhyme,
The critic school-boy prais'd my song:
Nodd mine eye not catch the orient ray,
That promis'd fair to gild Ambition's distant day.

'Ah! pleasing gloomy cloister-shade,
Still, still this wavering breast inspire!
Here, lost in rapturous trance, I stray'd,
Here, lost with horror spectres dire!
For, soon as day dark-veild its head,
With hollow cheek and haggard eye,
Pale ghosts would flit from my death-bed,
And stalk with pest terrific by!
Till the young heart would freeze with wild affright,
And store the dismal tale to cheer a winter's night!

'How like the spirit of the place,
Good Edward's form here seem'd to move!
As lingering still its growth to trace,
With all a Founder's, Guardian's love!

How of his name each syllable
Repeated oft, on youthful ears
Like no unbolty charm would dwell,
And mingle fondness with the prayer!
While still the day, made sacred by his birth,
Brought with the rolling year memorials of his worth.

'Yet, what avails the school-boy's praise,
Though taking Gratitude's sweet name,
The stately monument to raise
Of royal Edward's lasting fame!
Though never on thy youthful brow
Flaunted the helmet's towering crest,
Though ne'er, as martial Glory led,
The corselet sparkled on thy breast;
Yet, blameless spurl'd, to worth so true as thine,
Virtue herself might weave her purest tape line.

'But, ah! what means the silent tear?
Why e'en 'mid joy my bosom heave!
Ye long-lost scenes, enchantments dear!
Lo! now I linger o'er your grave!
—Fly, then, ye hours of rosy hue,
And bear away the bloom of years!
And quick succeed, ye sickly crew
Of doubts and sorrows, pains and fears!
Still will I ponder Fate's unalter'd plan,
Nor tracing back the CHILD forget that I am MAN.'

Although we think Mr. Wilson might have made his work much more valuable, yet we must allow that it is interesting, and we thank him for the first detailed history of one of the most beneficent institutions this truly beneficent country boasts—Christ's Hospital.

A Letter on our Agricultural Distresses, their Causes and Remedies. Addressed to the Lords and Commons. By William Playfair. 8vo. pp. 72. London, 1821.

We should as soon expect to discover the philosopher's stone, the longitude, or the elixir of life, as to find a panacea for the distresses with which this happy country is so unhappily always afflicted. There is not, perhaps, a class in society, of any trade or profession, below actual independence, that does not complain of distresses; and what is remarkable too, the distresses have scarcely changed their character in the course of two or three centuries.

There is an old proverb, that 'a grumbletonian in the stirrup is a tyrant in the saddle'; in politics we have often found it so, and we much doubt if it is otherwise in any thing else.

But of all grumblers, and of all distressed beings, the agriculturists are the most uneasy; the bounties of Providence seem to be heaped on them in vain. Speak to an English farmer about his harvest, and he is sure to complain: are the crops abundant, he grumbles that the price will be such

is, when wheat is at 65s. 4d. flour ought not to be above 44s. 1d., for a quarter of wheat produces a sack of fine flour, and half a sack of seconds, and our loaf bread is made from those two mixed together. Lord Somerville, who wrote very distinctly on the subject, explains the matter, and shows that the bran and pollard pay for grinding. The flour was then, on the 4th of August, 1804, 23s. 10d. dearer than it ought to have been, that is, rather more than fifty per cent. above the fair price.*

The author of this work has brought together several important facts, well worthy of the consideration of the agricultural committee, the legislature, and the public in general.

Ryan's Worthies of Ireland.

(Concluded from p. 661.)

This second volume of Mr. Ryan's work is not less interesting than the first, but it appears to us not to be edited with so much care. Better memoirs exist than he has given of some individuals, particularly of the self-taught Cunningham; and some stale anecdotes have been admitted in the lives of others, which we would gladly have dispensed with in a work of so much importance. With these exceptions, we give the work our hearty commendation, and adopt a few of its articles in our present number:—

* *Common Cormac*, or blind Cormac, is supposed to be the last of the order of the minstrels, called Tale-Tellers, of whom Sir William Temple speaks so fully in his Essay on Poetry. He was born in May, 1703, at Woodstock, near Ballindungan, in the County of Mayo, of parents poor and honest, remarkable only for the innocence and simplicity of their lives. Before he had completed his first year, the small-pox deprived him of sight; this circumstance, combined with the indigence of his parents, precluded him from receiving any of the advantages of education. But though he could not read himself, he had the happiness of conversing with those who had read; and although he remained without learning, he yet obtained knowledge. Discovering an early fondness for music, a neighbouring gentleman procured a professor of the harp to instruct him on that instrument, and Cormac received a few lessons, which he practised *con amore*; but his patron dying suddenly, the harp dropped from his hand—it was unstrung, and stern poverty prevented its repair. But cheered by poetry, the muse of whom he was most enamoured, he listened eagerly to the Irish songs and metrical tales he heard sung and recited round the “crackling faggots that illumined the hearths” of his father and his neighbours. His mind being thus stored, and having no other avocation, he commenced a Man of Talk or Tale-Teller.

He was now employed in relating legendary tales, and reciting genealogies at rural wakes, or in the hospitable halls of country squires. He has been often heard to recite some of those *Irish tales* which Macpherson has so artfully interwoven with the texture of the epic poems, which he does Ossian the honour to attribute to him. Endowed with a sweet voice and a good ear, his narrations were generally graced with the charms of melody. He did not, like the Tale-teller mentioned by Sir William Temple, chaunt his tales in an uninterrupted even tone: the monotony of his modulation was frequently broken, by cadences introduced with taste at the close of each stanza. In rehearsing any of Ossian's poems, or any composition in verse, it was much in the manner of the cathedral service; but, in singing some of his native airs, he displayed the power of his voice—and on those occasions, his auditors were always enraptured. It is asserted that no singer ever did Carolan's airs or Ossian's celebrated hunting song, more justice than Cormac. But it was in poetry Cormac delighted to exercise his genius. He composed several songs and elegies, which obtained general applause.* His muse, tender and affectionate, was awakened by the call of gratitude, and his poetical productions are mostly panegyric or elegiac. Hesometimes indulged in satire, but not often, though endued with a rich vein of that dangerous gift. Cormac lived much respected and beloved by all classes; he was twice married, and had children by each wife; he died about the age of eighty-five.

Dermody, who has been over-praised for his genius, and whose errors have been treated with too much indulgence, meets with a more impartial biographer in Mr. Ryan, who thus sums up his character:—

‘He was one of those unhappy young men, who preferred a life of daring profanity to the dull and unvariable sameness of virtue; and the time that should have been occupied in the cultivation of his talents, was uselessly spent in their display. He united a depth of poetic intellect, and a great harmony of versification rarely to be met with in the same individual; and could turn with equal facility “from grave to gay, from sullen to serene; but if we thus praise his excellence in poetry, how shall we extol his classical attainments? Horace and Homer he was alike acquainted with, and could, unabashed, before a large company, read a passage in either; then put the book in his pocket, and give a fine poetic translation of the passage he had just delivered; and likewise, to his credit be it recorded, that before he had attained his fifteenth year, he had acquired a competent knowledge of the Greek, the Latin, the French, and Italian languages, and knew a little of the Spanish.

‘We have now filled up the sun-light of the picture, and there remains nothing

but the odious task of enumerating the dark and disgusting shades that deformed it. He was an epitome of every variety of vice, and unblushingly avowed it, without even making those excuses that most of her votaries do; such as—“it was against my consent, but I was led into it;—it was unfortunate, but we are all the victims of circumstances;”—excuses, in reality, as frivolous as they are despicable, but which have some weight in the charitable eye of the world. Dermody despised this mental hypocrisy, and setting his arms a-kimbo, laid his hand upon his heart, and said fearlessly, “I am vicious, because I like it.”

* Philip Fitzgibbon was a native of Ireland, and ranked high in the mathematical world. He is likewise celebrated for “a bit of a blunder” that he once committed, arising from the following circumstance:—

‘He was supposed to possess a more accurate and extensive knowledge of the Irish language than any person living; and his latter years were industriously employed in compiling an English and Irish dictionary, which he left completed, with the exception of the letter *h*, and that he appeared to have totally forgotten.

The dictionary is contained in about four hundred quarto pages, and it is a remarkable instance of patient and indefatigable perseverance, as every word is written in Roman or Italic characters, to imitate printing. This, with many other curious manuscripts, all in the Irish language, he bequeathed to his friend, the Rev. Mr. O'Donnell.

‘During what year he was born is not known, but he died at his lodgings, in Chapel Lane, Kilkenny, in April, 1792.

* *Constantia Grierson*.—That most splendid talents, united with the most intense application, are not confined either to sex or sphere of life, is fully evidenced by the subject of the present memoir.

‘This prodigy of early learning and acquirements (whose maiden name is nowhere mentioned), was born in the county of Kilkenny, of parents poor and illiterate. Nothing is recorded of her until her eighteenth year, when we are told by Mrs. Pilkington, that she was brought to her father to be instructed in midwifery, and that then she was a perfect mistress of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French languages, and was far advanced in the study of the mathematics. Mr. Pilkington having inquired of her where she gained this prodigious knowledge, she modestly replied, that when she could spare time from her needle-work, to which she was closely kept by her mother, she had received some little instruction from the minister of the parish. She wrote elegantly (says Mrs. P.) both in verse and prose; but the turn of her mind was chiefly to philosophical or divine subjects; nor was her piety inferior to her learning. The most delightful

* The following epigram was written by Mrs. Grierson to the Hon. Mrs. Percival, who

hours, this lady declares that she had ever passed, were in the society and conversation of this "female philosopher." My father, adds she, readily consented to accept of Constantia as a pupil, and gave her a general invitation to his table, by which means we were rarely asunder. Whether it was owing to her own design or to the envy of those who survived her, I know not, but of her various and beautiful writings, I have never seen any published, excepting one poem of hers in the works of Mrs. Barber. Her turn, it is true, was principally to philosophical or religious subjects, which might not be agreeable to the present taste; yet could her heavenly mind descend from its sublimest heights to the easy and epistolary style, and suit itself to my then gay disposition.

'Mrs. Barber likewise gives her testimony to the merit of Constantia, of whom she declares, "that she was not only happy in a fine imagination, a great memory, an excellent understanding, and an exact judgment, but had all these crowned by virtue and piety. She was too learned to be vain, too wise to be conceited, and too clear-sighted to be irreligious." As her learning and abilities raised her above her own sex, so they left her no room to envy any; on the contrary, her delight was to see others excel. She was always ready to direct and advise those who applied to her, and was herself willing to be advised. So little did she value herself upon her uncommon excellencies, that she has often recalled to my mind a fine reflection of a French author, "that great geniuses should be superior to their own abilities."

'Constantia married a Mr. George Grierson, a printer, in Dublin, for whom Lord Carteret, then Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, obtained a patent, appointing him printer to the king, in which, to distinguish and reward the merit of his wife, her life was inserted.

'She died in 1733, at the premature age of twenty-seven, admired and respected as an excellent scholar in Greek and Roman literature, in history, theology, philosophy, and mathematics. Her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to Lord Carteret, affords a convincing proof of her knowledge in the Latin tongue; and by that of Terence to his son, to whom she wrote a Greek epigram. Dr. Harwood esteems her Tacitus one of the best edited books ever published. She wrote many fine poems in English, but esteemed them so slightly, that very few copies of them were to be found after her decease. What makes her character the more remarkable is, that she rose to this extraordinary eminence entirely by the force of natural ge-

nus and uninterrupted application. As a daughter, a wife, and a friend, her conduct was amiable and exemplary; and had she been blessed with the advantages of health and longer life, there is every reason to believe, she would have made a more distinguished figure in the learned world than any woman who had preceded her.

'Such are all the facts that are left to posterity of this high [ly] gifted female; and we cannot help regretting, that while so many pains are taken to preserve memorials the most minute of individuals whose lives have glided away in a succession of miserable follies, so little has been recorded of a woman, whose mind was a casket richly stored with the gems of ancient and modern learning.'

We shall conclude with a whimsical anecdote of Sir Boyle Roche, who, possessing a very extraordinary memory, had ministerial speeches prepared for him by the late Mr. Edward Cooke, which he used to deliver very correctly:—

'There were some occasions where the worthy baronet's eloquence was not previously thought necessary, and of course no speech was prepared for him. But he was an old soldier, and too full of the *esprit de corps*, to look calmly on the conflict without a zeal for taking his share of the battle. He sometimes, there, ventured to volunteer an *extempore* philippic of his own; and then it was that his native genius shone with all its genuine splendour, pure from the *mine*, and unmarred by the technical touches of any treasury artist;—then it was, that all the figures of national rhetoric, to use the phrase of Junius, "*danced the hays* through his speech in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion."

'Upon one occasion of this kind, the worthy baronet was doomed to sit dumb, while he anxiously longed to distinguish himself in the contest. He felt his mind pregnant with ardour to shine forth. He endeavoured to collect his scattered sentiments and combine them into some shape for delivery; but in vain. He retired to the coffee-room to *reconnoitre* his notions, and endeavour to marshal them into some form for operation, but without effect,—all was "confusion worse confounded." A lucky expedient crossed his fancy, and he was determined to seize the opportunity.

'There was a ministerial member in the house, a learned Serjeant Stanley, who was usually in the habit of rising towards the end of a long protracted debate, and about three or four in the morning, amusing the house with an *important* speech of an hour or more, ingeniously compiled from the fragments of other speeches which he had previously heard in the course of the discussion: but, having so often played off this manoeuvre, he was a good deal bantered by his senatorial colleagues upon his skill in selection: so

that he at last determined to attempt something original; and had composed a long speech for the purpose, and anxiously waited to catch the speaker's eye, that he might take the earliest opportunity of delivering his oration, adorned as it was with all the flowers of his wit and fancy. This gentleman just stepped into the coffee-room to cast an eye over his composition and refresh his memory. Sir Boyle took a seat near him, and in the course of conversation, as he darted off in a hurry to catch an opportunity for speaking, unfortunately his speech fell from his pocket on the floor. Sir Boyle picked it up, and on reading it over, thought it would admirably suit his own purpose:—"it was just the very thing he wanted." At a second reading, his powerful memory rendered him master of the whole. He returned to his seat in the house, and took the earliest opportunity of delivering the borrowed oration, to the great astonishment of the whole assembly, and to the utter consternation of Mr. Stanley, who sat biting his nails with anguish, at hearing his elaborate performance, which cost him a week to manufacture, and which had vanished he knew not how, delivered by Sir Boyle, and lost to his own fame for ever. The worthy baronet, having finished this oration, amidst the plaudits of his friends, returned to the coffee-room, where he met the mortified composer; and, without waiting for a formal *dénouement*, addressed him cordially with "my dear friend Stanley, here is your speech again; and I thank you kindly for the loan of it. I never was so much at a loss for a speech in all my life; but sure it is not a pin-worse for wear, and now you may go in and speak it again yourself, as soon as you please." The discomfiture of Mr. Stanley is easier conceived than described; but the story caught wind, and excited infinite pleasantry at his expense.

'On another occasion, an opposition member had appointed a day for a popular motion, on some national subject; and, for nearly a month before, he had been daily moving for official documents, as materials to illustrate his observations. When the night for the discussion arrived, those documents appeared piled upon the table of the house in voluminous array; and the orator, preparatory to his opening speech, moved that they be now read by the clerk, in order the better to prepare the house for more clearly understanding the observations he was about to submit.

'This operation would have occupied the clerk, and the silent attention of the members, for at least two hours. The house was extremely full; the whole assembly stared at each other; a rueful buzz murmured from bench to bench; and several members observed, that the reading would occupy the whole night,—while others shrunk silently away, unwilling to abide so formidable a trial of their patience.

'Sir Boyle Roche, however, suggested

Hutcheson's Treatise on Beauty and Order:—
'Th' internal senses painted here we see,
They're *born* in others, but they *live* in thee;
O! were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold the virtues in thy breast,
His needless labours with contempt he'd view;
And bid the world not read—but copy you.'

a happy expedient for obviating the difficulty, by rising to move that a dozen or two of committee clerks might be called in, and each taking a portion of the documents, all might read together, by which means they might get through the whole in a quarter of an hour.

'This suggestion, offered with profound gravity, was so highly ludicrous, that the house joined in an universal laugh, and the question was actually postponed for the night, to give time for the mover to form a more succinct arrangement for introducing his motion.'

Gordon, a Tale. A Poetical Review of Don Juan. 8vo, pp. 79. London, 1821.

SURELY never poem was subjected to such a fate as Lord Byron's 'Don Juan'; unacknowledged by its publisher, censured by the critics, turned out of reading-rooms, and yet read, admired, and abused by every body. It is not enough that it should have passed the ordeal of every periodical, in the shape of review, magazine, and newspaper; but it must be submitted to a new species of scrutiny—a poetical critique, in the pamphlet before us. Our opinion of the poetical merits and moral or immoral tendency of Don Juan is on record; and it is not, therefore, again to express our admiration of the author's genius or to lament its misapplication, that we have taken up this tale, which is 'partly a burlesque parody on the style of Don Juan; partly a sacrifice of praise offered at the shrine of talent, and partly arguments, proving its immoral tendency.' That the author is one who is by no means insensible to the splendid talents of Lord Byron, appears throughout the whole of his poem; and there is much vigour in the poetical character which he draws of his lordship:—

As a bright sun Byron conspicuous stands,
And casts his glowing beams on all around;
He sheds a glorious lustre o'er all lands;
He warms the empire of poetic ground;
His vivifying heat o'er all commands;

The fields with verdure instantly are crown'd:

His light illumines, and his heat dispels
Dampness and chills, for neither near him dwells.

'His wondrous talents pass our mean conception:

He seems aware there are no bounds to them:

All his comports, almost without exception,
He can surpass, and justly may contend:
There's naught so great but there 'twill find reception;

There's naught so violent but he can stem
His furious rage; there's nothing so intense
But he can span its vast circumference.

'There's naught so deep but he its depths can sound;

There's naught so lofty but he'll scan its height;

There's naught so distant but 'tis ever found
Within his reach. Creation and a mite
Are one to him. From darkness most profound,

He will bring forth something unknown to light.

There's naught so vile but he can show some beauties:

No one so placed but he'll point out their duties.'

Again, speaking of the poem of Don Juan:—

'O what sweet strains of poetry are here,
Exhibiting decisive proof to all
That none can rival him in his career:

All nature stands attentive to his call,
Towering he soars above our lower sphere,
He hovers in the air, nor fears a fall,
He mounts the skies, and with a voice divine,
As if by Heaven inspired, repeats each line.

'How sweetly does he sing the various qualities

Of Donna Inez, (does he mean his wife?)

Recounting one by one her partialities,
And how she occupied her passing life,
Her dress, demeanor, learning, and formalities,
Her observations, virtues, and belief,

In such expressions, such poetic strains,
The subject was unworthy of such pains.

'How suitable the language to the sense!

And then its purity is quite enchanting:
The overwhelming force of his bold eloquence,
So ravishes the soul, that while 'tis plaining,

With all the power of its omnipotence,
The ideas in your mind which he is chanting,

Resistance all is gone, you are no longer

What once you were: the strong yields to the stronger.

'O what a genius does this man possess!

What intellect, what judgment, and what skill!

There can remain no doubt of his success,
Let him take up whatever design he will;

All difficulties he, with cheerfulness,
Can surmount, and all his verses fill
With such exalted sense and glowing passion,
As you may feel, but 'tis beyond expression.

'His mind seems formed to tower away above
The ordinary flight of noted men;

He soars beyond our intellectual drove;
He deigns no more to be a citizen

Where others live, but in his own alone.
Built by his own bright genius, where the ken
Of great minds can scarcely penetrate,
He sits exalted, and in regal state.

'From thence our tributary world he views,
And looks unmov'd on all that passes here;

Seeming to feel like us, he ne'er bestows
Our cares or sorrows with one falling tear:
Life's bitterest pains, nor even death's adieu,
Can ever with his calmness interfere;

He sits unmoved, and views us weeping, dying;

He neither soothes nor pities, ev'n by sighing.

'His eye is still throughout our nature roaming—

He paints its beauties in the fairest light,
The boiling of the billows, and their foaming;

The revolutions of the day and night,
The beauties of those countries ever blooming,
Filling the soul with joy and sweet delight,
The rising of the sun, and his retiring,

Are so well told the notes seem half inspiring.

'And from his lofty station he perceives
Things all unknown to men of common minds;

His piercing eye at once he boldly heaves
Into yet higher regions, where he finds
Those bold conceptions, he so interweaves
Throughout his work; he casts them on the winds,

The gentle zephyrs waft them down to earth,
We read, and wonder who could give them birth.'

Of the influence which powerful talents will have, even when exerted in an unworthy cause, our author speaks justly:—

'His florid pen is dipped, alas! too deep
In vicious sentiments; o'erwhelming ocean;

With rolling rage it crushes in its sweep
Each noble passion and each virtuous action:

Though Juan is so vicious, it will keep
Its present eminence and great promotion;

So deep in glory has he dipped his pen,
'Twill always be preserved and read by men.

'Oh! 'tis immortal, doom'd to live for ever,
To see an endless rout of rolling days.

When shall its glories cease! oh! never, never,
While there's 'a tongue in man to sound its praise;

His brilliant power united, cannot sever
Duration and his poem, but the blaze
Which he has kindled must for ever burn,
And praise or blame him, at each flaring turn.

'Would that he used his talents for our good!

To raise our race from its degrading fall:
If he man's nature fully understood,

No more would he be! 't would be his page with
Guilt,

But o'er our natural faculties he would brood,
Nor fear our terrors, and our hopes mislead,
Not laugh at all religion—our support,
Nor with our pains and deaths make joyful sport.'

We are not, however, certain that

Lord Byron may not, sometime best, write and think differently from what he now does; and do not, like our author, despairing, exclaim,—

'— never will his mighty mind
Yield up its powers to aid our feeble men.'

We have seen a considerable change

in his lordship's character, with respect to his friends; and we should not be much surprised to hear of his becoming a moral writer; and that, too, before he reaches the twenty-fourth canto of Don Juan. We have quoted our poetical critic largely on the talents of Lord Byron, and even in praise of the poetical merits of this poem, and we shall conclude with a severe philippic against its immoral tendency:—

'Tis like Arabia's desert burning climate,
Completely free from every thing that's good:

That barren wild appears the true sublime,
A boundless prospect, noble solitude;

No cypress, myrtle, citron, fig, or lime,
Can flourish there; no verdure, spring, or wood;

But the destructive blast, the blue simoon,
Lavish of murder, is its only bloom.

* And there the Arabs, those detested thieves,
Rob every helpless, wandering traveller :
He, who without a loss his way achieves,
Is more than fortunate;—only traveler
These things to Juan—this as sure bereaves
Of virtue—'tis as sure a sepulchre—
It breathes its burning blast—no good appears;
'Tis certain death to him who perseveres.

* Virtue he makes ridiculous, and vice
Sets forth in lovely garb, a thing of worth;
Exerting all his powers and artifice
To fill our hearts with vicious baneful
mirth :—

Our good desires he strives to sacrifice
To evil passions, which have filled the earth
Already with enough of ill, to milt
Ev'n his hard heart, could he for once have felt.

* His poem has no moral life, 'tis dead,
Like Adam's body ere his spirit came :
'Tis full of moral poison ; where 'tis read
It shakes and totters virtue's tender frame :
'Tis like a hemlock draught, o'er which is
spread

A decorated covering ; 'tis a flame
Which burns up what is good, and leaves be-
hind
Its useless ashes only in your mind.

* 'Tis like the manichella, which allures
By beautiful foliage, and enchanting fruit ;
It captivates the senses, and secures
Convenience proper to convey acute

And deadly, subtle poison ; he ensures
A certain death, who, that he may recruit
Exhausted nature, sleeps too near its shade,
He sure expires where his tired limbs are laid.

* 'Tis like a whirlpool, which draws all that
float
Within its vortex, careless of their moans ;
Or hidden breakers, where no shoals denote
Their hidden dwellings, but where all the
foam

Of calmly rolling waves invite the boat,
It glides along—heard ye those dying
grouns ?

O shun the breakers and the whirlpool's fury,
Lest to your death it should perchance allure ye

* Licentiousness is his pervious, where,
Replete with this, unenvied he may dwell :
'Gainst heaven he lifts his hand, devoid of fear,
Like ancient Titans, daring to rebel ;
Don Juan is his strongest weapon here—

Heaven scorns his rage, although he storm
and swell—
His meed on earth for such enormous pains
Is, "Byron did it."—Is this all he gains ?

We dare say Lord Byron will laugh
at this character of his poem, but, al-
though it is somewhat severe, it con-
tains much truth.

*The Life and Adventures of Guzman
D'Alfarache ; or, the Spanish
Rogue.* By J. H. Brady. 2 vols.
12mo. London, 1821.

This work is a very splendid transla-
tion of the adventures of an incorrigi-
ble rogue and vagabond. We do not
know but that there may be many of
our own countrymen who may have
run as varied and extensive a career as
Guzman ; but, with the exception of
Bamfylde Moore Carew, none of them
have had so entertaining an historian.

The author, in describing the predica-
ments and adventures of a nefarious
character, has accompanied each with
moral reflections, in order that they
might produce the proper effect,—a
dissuasive from evil. We, however,
much doubt, that the frequent exhibi-
tion or description of scenes of vice,
how much soever it may be accompa-
nied by moral reflection, is beneficial
to society ; and, notwithstanding the
antiquity and popularity of the cou-
plet, we much doubt that, in the pre-
sent age, vice is considered—

'A monster of such frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.'

It is on this account that we are
never anxious to detail scenes of suc-
cessful villainy, or to familiarize the
public to tales of fraud and robbery ;
and, therefore, we shall not follow the
hero of this really amusing work through
his base but eventful life, but content
ourselves with quoting a synopsis of—

'*The Laws of Begging.*—As beggars of
every nation are distinguished from each
other by their different modes of implor-
ing alms ; as the German beg by singing,
and in troops, the French by their pray-
ing, the Flemings by their respectful bow-
ings, the Bohemians by fortune-telling,
the Portuguese by their crying, the Ita-
lians by long harangues, the English by
abusing, and the Spaniards by their haugh-
ty growlings : we hereby command
them all to observe the following sta-
tutes, under pain of our heavy displeasure.

'1. We forbid any lame or wounded
beggar, of whatever nation he be, to ap-
pear in the quarters frequented by others
full of health and vigour, on account of
the advantage they will have over the
latter. We also ordain, that all such as
are in perfect health, form no manner of
connexion with blind men, field-preach-
ers, mountebanks, poets, musicians, re-
deemed captives, nor even with old sol-
diers that have escaped from a rout, or
seamen saved from a shipwreck. For al-
though it is generally allowed, that all
these must subsist by imploring charity,
their manners of begging being different,
it is necessary that each society keep to
its own particular rules.

'2. We ordain that beggars have cer-
tain taverns assigned them in every coun-
try, where shall preside three or four of
their ancients with staves in their hands,
as emblems of their authority. Which
said ancients are hereby empowered to
canvass, in the aforesaid taverns, all the
affairs of the world, and to give their op-
inions as freely as they please. At the
same time, we permit the other beggars
to relate their own heroic exploits, as well
as those of their ancestors, and even to
illustrate the conversation by boasting of
battles they were never in.

'3. We command that every beggar
carry a good cudgel in his hand, with a

spike at the end of it, if possible. to be
provided against emergencies, lest they
repent of their neglect.

'4. That each beggar take especial
care never to presume to wear any thing
new ; that all his clothes be worn out,
torn, or patched ; nothing bringing more
scandal on the profession than begging
in good clothes. Be it, however, well
understood, that if, in the exercise of his
professional duties, a beggar chanc to ob-
tain some new garment, he is at liberty to
deck himself out in it for that day, but no
longer. We positively will and command,
that he dispose of it the following morn-
ing.

'5. To prevent any dispute that may
arise between comrades for certain pos-
sions, we ordain that the more ancient posses-
sors prevail and take precedence, without
regard to persons.

'6. It is permitted that two infirm or
sick persons beg in company, if they
please, and call each other brothers ;
provided they beg by turns and in a dif-
ferent tone, the one beginning where the
other leaves off. They are to keep oppo-
site each other on different sides of the
street, each singing his own misfortunes ;
they may afterwards divide their profits
as they please.

'7. It is permitted that a beggar wear
an old dish-cloth round his head in win-
ter, instead of a bonnet, that while he is
protected from the cold, he may at the
same time appear an invalid. They are
likewise at liberty to walk with crutches,
or to have one leg tied up behind them.

'8. Every beggar may have a purse
and a pocket, but must receive alms in
their hats only.

'9. We command, that no beggar be
so indiscreet as to divulge any of the
mysteries of our trade, to any but such as
belong to our society.

'10. Should any beggar be so fortune-
nate as to discover any new trick in the
art of begging, he shall be obliged to
communicate the same to the company,
which ought to enjoy in common the ben-
efit arising from the genius of any of its
members. As a recompense, however,
to the inventor, and to stimulate his ge-
nius to new discoveries, we decree, that
he have an exclusive privilege to make
the most of his device for three months,
during which time we peremptorily for-
bid any other belonging to our fraternity
from interfering with his practice, under
pain of confiscating to his use all the pro-
fits that may be derived therefrom.

'11. We exhort the members of this
society, freely and faithfully to make
known to each other all the houses where
they know that either private or public
alms are likely to be dispensed ; espe-
cially those in which gaming or courting is
going forward ; for, in such places, large
receipts are certain.

'12. We command, that no beggar
presume to keep, or lead about with him,
any hunting, setting, or other dogs ;
blind men being allowed to be conducted

by a little cur, with a string round its neck. This prohibition is not meant to extend to such of our fraternity as may chance to possess dogs of talent. These may be allowed to exhibit their performances as usual, by making their dogs dance or jump through hoops; but they must not presume to take their station at a church-door, where other beggars of the society may be assembled, on account of the great advantage they will have over them.

'13. We command, that no beggar venture to buy meat or fish in the market on his own account, except in a case of extreme necessity; very ill consequences may arise from so doing.

'14. We permit all such beggars as have no children of their own, to hire as many as four, to lead about with them into the churches on festivals; they should not be above five years old, and, if possible, should appear to be twins. If a female conduct them, she should never fail to have one always at her breast; and if a man, he must be sure to carry one on his arm, and lead the next by the other hand.

'15. We command, that those beggars who have any children, instruct them up to the age of six years in the best mode of making collections in churches; that, after having taught them to ask charity for their father and mother, who lie on their beds at home most dangerously ill, they allow them to go alone, though it were better not entirely to lose sight of them. As soon, however, as these children shall have attained their seventh year, we command that they be left to shift for themselves, as being already majors, and that their parents be content to restrict and compel them to return home at stipulated hours.

'16. Beggars of the old stamp, who consider it a point of honour to walk in the footsteps of their ancestors, who have trained them to the profession of begging, will never allow their children to take any other trade than their own, nor to degrade themselves by entering into the service of any one; and if these children wish to be thought worthy of their parents, they will hold every other condition in abhorrence.

'17. Although idleness is the principal divinity worshipped by us beggars, we, nevertheless, think proper to prescribe certain hours of rising. Every one should dress and turn out by seven o'clock in winter, and by five in summer, or even sooner, if he feel so disposed; and should be in bed again by the same hour in the evening, except on extraordinary occasions, and according to the directions of the veterans of the society.

'18. Be forever declared infamous, and banished from our society, all such as shall presume to steal, harbour stolen goods, strip little children, or commit any such villainies.

'19. As it is our wish that all young persons who embark in our profession be

treated favourably, we will and ordain, that for the future any brother who shall have attained the age of twelve years, shall be only obliged to pass a noviciate of three years instead of five; and we insist, that after the said term of three years, he be considered a graduate in the profession, and as a subject who has duly complied with and fulfilled all the laws of the institution.

'20. At the same time we require of the said brother, that he make oath never to desert our society, but continue attached to it, and never think of withdrawing himself from our service without our especial leave; promising to pay due submission and obedience to our statutes, under pain of our highest displeasure.'

A Letter, addressed to the Agriculturalists in general, and to the Magistrates and Clergy, on the Subjects of Hiring, Service, and Character; to which are added, printed Forms of Contract between the Master and Servant; also, a Table, shewing what portion of the Poor or other Rates of each County is annually expended in suits of Law, Removals, &c. amounting, in the whole, to the annual average Sum of 327,500l. By a County Magistrate. Post 4to. 1821.

EVERY publication, which has for its object the removing of the grievances of masters and servants, and of relieving parishioners of rates and other little troublesome affairs, deserves to be widely circulated and generally read. It but too often happens that arbitration is referred to, and litigation ensues between employers and the employed, through the want of legal advice or a conciliating spirit. As our author has been so descriptive in his title page, we have but little opportunity to extend our review of his 'Letter,' which occupies about ten pages of sixty-four. Of his quotations from our judges, with regard to the duties of masters and servants, we make one extract:—

'A character is the only property which many people can call their own; and when untarnished, is the most valuable that any man can possess. I beg to be allowed to give a legal caution, by way of protection to the servant, against the malice of the master: viz. "that if without ground, and purely to defame, a false character is given, it will be a proper ground of action."—Judge Mansfield. And let me add, that, though in justice, a master ought not, perhaps, to refuse to give a character to a servant who demands it, "by law he is not bound to give any character at all; although, if he do, he must take care to give a true one."

We are certain that society has suf-

fered great injury by means of *false certificates of character*. How many merchants have been ruined by unprincipled clerks; warehouses broken open by supposed confidential warehousemen; and have not householders been murdered in their sleep by the connivance of treacherous servant girls! On the other hand, where integrity is proved, the master or mistress must be, indeed, an ungrateful being who would undervalue those services which are continually devoted to either or both.

Original Communications.

'OURSELVES.'

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

Yatton under Roseberry Toppin,
12th October.

I'Ll tell you what, Mr. Editor, I am not going to be after being trifled with by your criticisms any longer at my expense; do you think I am going to pay postage every week from Roseberry Toppin, merely to see my articles quizzed in your notices to correspondents; had I known you were an Atheist before, I would have had no connexion with you. You will, perhaps, deny you are an Atheist, but I will prove it. Don't you make a mockery of the article 'in the name of God, amen?' now, sir, you would not have done that had you not been an Atheist—but, sir, I would have you to know that whatever your correspondent may be, I am not yet at my last will and testament, and I hope to torment you a good while before you die, unless you make the *amende honorable*, and we may yet be friends, if you are not an Atheist.—I will convince you I am of some consequence, though you cocknies may call me a Yorkshireman; and for all that, I can shew you some famous errors in the text of your paper: I will only take the last few numbers; but, if you wish it, I will send you another article, containing all the mistakes and blunders your correspondents have made, since the first number of the *Literary Chronicle*. I wait your answer, which I trust will be favourable to my design.

I don't like, sir, to see things done by halves. In the number for Sept. 8th, you state the fact of a deaf and dumb boy being presented to Louis XVIII., and who had been employed three years, in making, out of his own head, a fine paste-board palace.—You should have added, in justice to the assistance of his most Christian majesty, that the king tapped him on the

shoulder, and expressed, by signs, his royal approbation of the work. You are a democrat or a radical, or you would not have left out such an important circumstance.

I see, by your inquiries, you are anxious to know something about Crossfield, who shot at the king; you may rely on the following anecdote, I had it from the father of a respectable bookseller in your city:—Crossfield served his apprenticeship, I believe, at Masham, in Yorkshire, to an apothecary: he was always a sad dog, that is to say, a merry one; there was, in the place, an old cobbler, who was called Thomas,—his usual oath was, 'may the devil fetch me if it be not true.'—Thomas was a bachelor, and as he had nothing to be robbed of, never locked his door over night. Crossfield clad himself in a cow's skin, with a pair of tremendous horns, put two lamp glasses in the place of the eyes, and penetrated easily into Thomas's room, who was sound asleep; C. had some large pins stuck in a card, and scratched the cobbler's face, uttering, with a loud voice, 'Thomas, I've come for thee!'—The poor cobbler started from his bed, gave a horrid scream, ran into the street naked, and Crossfield after him; he fell down with fright and swooned, C. threw off his disguise, and others coming up, they picked up the poor cobbler, took him home, and when he came to his senses, he looked wildly round him, and asked if they had not seen the devil; he then related the story with many embellishments, that he had fought with the devil half an hour, and, to be brief, Thomas reformed, and never invoked the devil afterwards.

In your life of Mrs. Inchbald, is a remark that George Colman said he seldom read five act pieces of anonymous authors; this affords me an opportunity of removing much of the odium thrown by disappointed authors on theatrical managers. No author will think, that less than a day ought to be devoted to his often illegible MS. to form a sound judgment upon it. Now, sir, the average number of pieces presented by would-be dramatists, is between twelve hundred and thirteen hundred per annum, or what would take one man four years to decide upon, or four persons constantly employed the whole year!

Break your printer's head or your own, I do not care which, for having, (page 574) printed *bras, arm—for brasses, fathoms*.

I perceive you have some doubt

about the infernal cookery of a goose, page 596; I will, therefore, tell you what I saw when I was at Strasburg, in 1816.—You must know Strasburg is famous for *goose liver patties*, and no elegant Parisian dinner is complete without one; they are thus prepared: the feathers are plucked from the breast of a goose, her feet are nailed and tied down to a board, which is placed before a large fire, a pan of milk is set before the goose; as she becomes incommoded by the heat, she is forced to drink; the thirst increases, and she has no other means of calming her agony but by drinking; she is thus tortured until she dies; the whole frame is disordered, and fit for nothing, but the liver is swelled to an enormous size, and of this they make their famous *patties*, which, I confess, I thought a great delicacy, until I knew how they were obtained.

You mention 'four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,'—when the late Mr. Pye was made laureat, his first ode was all about birds and the vocal groves, on which George Selwyn exclaimed,—'and when the pye was opened the birds began to sing, and was not that a dainty dish to set before the king.'

With all due reverence, permit me to correct two notable mistakes in page 622: you say the plain song (chant) was so called, as the choir and people sing in unison.—No, sir; the word plain is a corruption of the French word *plein* (full), introduced by a person who did not know its meaning; it is called, therefore, *plein chant* (full song), because the choir and people sing in unison. In the same page I find the following:—

'Thou unhappy king of no land,
More wretched than the King of Poland.'

Lord, sir, what blunders are here. Louis XVIII. or Monsieur, as he was called in his brother's life time, did not assume the title of Louis XVIII.; on his brother's death, 1793, the Dauphin was then alive, and, by law, king; he only assumed the title after the death of the Dauphin, in 1797. Again, did the Venetian address Louis XVIII. in English? he did not understand a word of it, and in no other language will the term of *no land* rhyme to *Poland*.—This foolish distich, however, intitles its author to the praise of, though he is not witty himself, being the cause of it in others. King John of England was nick-named by Philip of France, *Jean Sans Terre*, John *lack land* or *no land*. A man of the name

of *Santerre* commanded the troops at the execution of Louis XVI. I was in Paris at the time, and dined at a table d'hôte some days after with this man, who was boasting of his preventing Louis XVI. from addressing the people. 'I wonder,' said one of the party, 'that you should be such an enemy of kings, who, as I can prove, are descended from one'—'what, I descended from a tyrant! never!' 'Yes, citizen, from a tyrant and a coward; you are descended from the King of England, *Jean Sans Terre*;' the whole party laughed, save *Santerre*, who said, my friend, the joke is a very good one, but pray do not breathe it beyond the walls of this room; for, in the present state of the public mind, it would be sufficient to send me to the scaffold.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think I have given you a good article on your 'Bee,' and if you don't insert it, you may get a *hornet's* nest about you, for I will print it 'and shame the fools.'

Your devoted humble servant
and 'Constant reader,'

BOUR CHOUT.

PS. I am told the *Quarterly Review* gives one hundred guineas for an article. You shall have mine regularly once a week for ten guineas, which I expect you will jump at.

PROCLAMATION OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Since the time of the Stuarts, I do not believe that any sovereign of England has, in addition to his other virtues, assumed that of being able to cure diseases by touching; with that unfortunate family, it appears to have been one of the *prerogatives* of royalty frequently exercised. In a late number, you inserted a Gazette notice of Charles the Second on the subject, and I now forward you a proclamation of his father and predecessor, Charles the First, suspending his operations, on account of prevailing sickness, with which he was afraid of coming in contact. I am, yours, &c.

Oct. 16, 1821.

L. G.

By the King,
'A proclamation for suspending the time of healing the disease called the king's evil, until Easter next.

'Whereas, the king's most excellent majesty, by his proclamation, dated the 1st day of July last, did prescribe the times of his healing the disease, called the king's evil, to be Michaelmas and Easter, or within fourteen days next, before or after those feasts; nevertheless his majesty being now informed, that the sick-

ness increaseth in many parts of the kingdom, and foreseeing the danger that may redound to his sacred person, by the confluence of diseased people at this Michaelmas now approaching, hath thought fit further to suspend all access to his court and presence for healing till Easter next, or fourteen days before or after the same. And doth therefore straitly charge and command all persons whatsoever, hereby to take knowledge of his majesty's royal will and commandment herein; and that none presume, until Easter next, or within fourteen days next before, or next after the said feast, to resort to his majesty's court or presence for healing, under pain of his majesty's high displeasure, and to be further punished as shall be meet; and his majesty's said proclamation of the first of July last, or any thing to the contrary therein, notwithstanding; which, nevertheless, in all the other directions and declarations therein expressed, his majesty wilth and commandeth to be duly and strictly observed, under the penalties therein mentioned.

'Given at our Court at Outlands, the second day of September, the fourteenth year of our reign.

'God save the king.'

ON TAVERNS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

To those who are curious in observing national customs and popular manners, it is amusing to remark what singular changes take place in them in different ages; and what was fashionable in one century, becomes obsolete or vulgar in the succeeding one. This is strikingly exemplified in the case of taverns, formerly so numerous in the cities of London and Westminster. The history of these houses of public resort in this country, may be traced as far back as the time of Henry IV. when the Bear's Head, in East Cheap, was the rendezvous of Prince Henry, and where Falstaff called for his cup of sack, and revelled among his jolly companions. Of little less antiquity is the White Hart, without Bishopsgate, which bore on its front, a few years ago, the date of its erection, in 1480. Among the well-acquainted taverns in the metropolis, of former days, there was none more renowned than the White Rose, (the symbol of the York faction,) in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, which stood near the chapel of our lady, behind the high altar of the abbey church. The gloomy manners of puritanism gave a severe check to these temples of jollity, but the restoration of Charles again revived their popularity. The cavaliers and adherents of the royal party, for joy of that event, were, for a time, in-

cessantly drunk; and from a picture of their manners, in Cowley's comedy of the Cutter of Coleman Street, it may be collected, that taverns were places of much more frequent resort than churches or conventicles. When the frenzy of the times was, however, abated, taverns, especially those in the city, became places for the transaction of almost all descriptions of business. There accounts were settled, conveyances executed; and there attorneys sat, as at inns in the country on market days, to receive their clients. In that space near the Royal Exchange, which is encompassed by Lombard, Gracechurch, part of Bishopsgate, and Threadneedle Streets, the number of taverns exceeded twenty; and on the scite of the Bank there stood no less than four. At the Crown, which was one of them, it was not unusual, in the course of a single morning, to draw a butt of mountain (120 gallons), in gills.

Taverns were formerly, even from the time of Shakespeare to within the last half century, the resort of the great wits of the age. In the time of our immortal bard, the places principally honoured by genius were the Sun and Moon Tavern, in Aldersgate Street; the Devil Tavern, in Fleet Street, close to Temple Bar; and the famous one called the Mermaid, which was in Cornhill. Here Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and all the worthies of the age, are known to have assembled; and here was held the celebrated club, which, as has been well observed by Mr. Gifford, 'combined more talent and genius, perhaps, than ever met together before or since.' The Mermaid Club originated with Sir Walter Raleigh, and among its members were Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Martin, Donne, Cotton, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect.

It was at the Mermaid Tavern that, in the full flow of confidence of friendship, the lively and interesting 'wit combats' took place between Shakespeare and Jonson; and hither, in probable allusion to some of them, Beaumont fondly lets his thoughts wander in his letter to Jonson from the country:

'Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a roset.
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamsters. What things have
we seen
Done at the MERMAID? Hard words that have
been

So nimble and so full of flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. Then, when there hath been
above

Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past,—wit that might warrant
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled, and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next complain
Right witty; though but downright fools,
more wise.'

With what delight should we have hung over any well authenticated instances of these 'words so nimble and so full of subtle flame;' but, unfortunately, nothing on which we can depend has been handed down to us. Fuller, who from the manner in which he mentions the subject, must have had many of these lively sallies fresh in his recollection, does not give us one of them. In his 'Worthies,' describing the character of the bard of Avon, he says, 'Many were the wit combats between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. I behold them like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man of war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, like the latter, less in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.'

How many taverns were frequented by the literati in the early part of the last century, the Spectator, the Tatler, and other British essays, bear abundant evidence; and there is little doubt but many of these papers were produced at a tavern, or originated in the 'wit combats' that frequently took place. Although Sir Richard Steele was extravagant in his uxoriousness, yet we have always admired a passage in one of his letters to his wife, written from a tavern, in which he assures her that he will be with her 'within half a bottle of wine.'

The change that has taken place in respect to the company frequenting taverns, is supposed to be owing to the increased expense; but extravagant charges of tavern-keepers, in Queen Anne's time, were not less deserving of complaint then than they are now. The Duke of Ormond, who gave a dinner to a few friends at the Star and Garter, in Pall Mall, was charged twenty-one pounds six shillings and eight-pence, for four dishes and four, that is, first and second course, without wine or desert.

To whatever cause we may attribute the circumstance, that taverns are not resorted to by men of genius as formerly, we suspect literature has been the loser; and the wit, humour, and friendship which were frequently engendered in a tavern, is but poorly compensated in the conversations of our modern men of letters. B.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

[In our last number, we noticed a work entitled, 'Views of Society and Manners in America,' which purported to be written by an Englishwoman, but which we proved pretty clearly must have been from the pen of an American. As we considered the state of society in the United States to have been very imperfectly and incorrectly represented in these 'Views,' we turned to a work on the same subject, published about six years ago, by M. Beaujour, a Frenchman, from whom impartiality may be rather expected than either from an Englishman or an American. M. Beaujour resided some time in the United States, and gives the following admirable estimate of the character of the inhabitants, which will be found to differ very essentially from that of an Englishman.—Ed.]

THE Americans are so new a mixture of such a number of nations, that hitherto they have acquired no public spirit or national character. Their political opinions savour of those common to all the people from whom they are derived; and as the greatest part of them are of English origin, they have brought over with them to America all the elements of discord which agitate their parent country. In each state, they are divided into two grand parties, similar to those of the Whigs and Tories; and what is most to be regretted is, that neither of these parties knows precisely what it wants, or at least does not adopt the means to obtain it.

The Democratic, or Republican party, composed of the most numerous class of the people, ought to seek the frequency of elections, the rotation of the offices, and responsibility in those employed; but the leaders of this party seek only to maintain power in the hands of the multitude, in order to secure it for themselves.

The Aristocratical party, or, as it is there called, the Federalist party, composed of the richest classes of the inhabitants, seeks to concentrate power, and to take it out of the hands of the multitude, in order to render it less dependent, and to give greater strength to

those therewith invested; but in order to concentrate power it would be first necessary to obtain it, and this party disdains its possession.

The Democrats unceasingly cry out against distinctions, at the same time they are seeking after them; and in that country, as well as every where else, they are hypocrites, who agitate and caress the multitude, for the purpose of living at its expense.

The Federalists seek distinctions in riches; and as they cannot find them in any thing that is continually changing hands, they would prefer institutions which would class each rank, and render power unchangeable.

The Democratic party wishes no taxation on lands, because, by fixed and secure imposts, its abettors apprehend giving too much consistency to government. They only seek the variable impost of customs, and care not whether it diminishes, or even fails, as long as a foreign war is likely to take place.

The Federalist party feels the necessity of territorial taxes, in order to render the government independent of external events, and would be pleased with an imposing army and navy. It would also wish that the people, tranquil within, should carry their iniquity without; and it unceasingly presents to them, as a prey, sometimes Canada and then Mexico.

The Democrats appear most attached to France, and the Federalists to England; but the truth is, they neither love one nor the other, and are entirely absorbed in themselves and their party. The error of the Federalists is in appearing attached to a foreign government, which, from being composed of elements of discord, can only perpetuate them in their's. The Democrats only appear fond of France, because the Federalists display attachment to England.

It would be difficult to predict which of the two parties will gain the ascendancy, because the physical strength resides in one, and all the influence of moral causes in the other. The mass of the people is Republican; but in the Aristocratical party are all the large freeholders, rich capitalists, merchants, and especially those who trade with British capitals, the persons interested in the banks and public funds; in short, all the timid men, who prefer the calm of social life to the storms of liberty. It is, besides, under the banners of this party, if ever the government acquires a greater degree of

strength, that all the public agents will range themselves, as well as those who aspire to the same rank; and to these will be added the members of the judiciary body, who seek to judge the people without being subject to its judgment, and also all the conductors of the finance, who seek to squeeze the multitude, without being exposed to its fury. This party has one advantage; it has a determined object: this is, to impose on the Americans something substantial, in the manner that it has already imposed on them the forms of the British constitution; and it struggles to alienate them from France, in order to leave them a prey to the entire influence of England. Those who are of this party, incessantly rail at their government, their institutions, even their habits, and conceive there is nothing excellent but in Europe, and with them the whole of Europe is comprised in the little corner of England.

The other party only sustains itself by its mass, and is guided only by its instinct. These two parties are always at variance, and they will quarrel on, till one has crushed the other or given a master to both.

The Americans of all parties, by their moderation, ought to strive to guard against so fatal an event, and enjoy, as long as they can, that degree of liberty which is compatible with their institutions; but they can never adequately enjoy this degree of freedom, till they agree to be governed by wise and enlightened men; for real liberty can only exist in those places where wise and enlightened men govern the people, and where the people have sufficient good sense to suffer themselves to be governed by them.

At present, the parties in their opinions only agree in one point, which is in the elevated idea they have of themselves and of their nation; for the Americans have hardly less national vanity than the oldest people of Europe. Unable, like the latter, to boast of what they have been, since they have themselves but just made their appearance on the scene of the world, they boast of what they are one day destined to become. In their existence, they neither consider the past or the present; and rending with a bold hand the veil which covers futurity from human eyes, they contemplate afar off brilliant destinies which await them; they fear not the vicissitudes of fortune, and, before hand, point out the period when they are to become the first nation of the world. The best

informed among them, as well as all the rest, already flatter themselves with these illusions; and, with the compass in the hand, they measure their future grandeur by the extent of their vast territory; and seem to be ignorant, that the largest empires of Asia are now scarcely known, whilst the names of Sparta and Athens, which only occupied a small corner of Greece, are still associated with every idea we have of grandeur and glory.

In fact, the several states cannot have the same political opinions, because their interests are opposed. The states bordering on the Atlantic seek to sacrifice every thing to commerce and navigation, without which they could not be able to subsist; and those of the interior wish that every thing should be sacrificed to agriculture, the principal cherisher of nations. The northern states would willingly establish liberty on every side, whilst those of the south seek to maintain slavery among themselves. With such opposite pretensions, the several states can never possess the same public spirit.

The Americans have no more stability in their character than in their opinions.—Each state, nay, almost each district, has different manners; and in these there are none of those general and striking resemblances, which give to the whole people a particular colour and a distinct physiognomy. The people of the United States possess the habits of every other people; but they have hitherto none of their own. The climate alone has modified these habits; but their institutions have not yet blended them. In the northern states the inhabitants are bold and enterprising, inconstant and light in the middle states, and heedless and lazy in those of the south. A Bostonian would go in search of his fortune to the bottom of hell; a Virginian would not go across the road to seek it. An inhabitant of New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, can never die content, if, during his life time, he has not changed his profession three or four times.

In traversing the United States from north to south, as far as the Hudson, we find English manners, and frequently with the same stiffness that distinguishes them in the north of Scotland; but this stiffness disappears between the Hudson and the Potomac, and particularly in Pennsylvania and Maryland, where the Germans, Irish, and even the French, have introduced into English manners a thousand dif-

ferent shades. It is not till we reach the other side of Potomac, that these manners, strongly tinged with those of the West Indies, appear entirely changed; and whether it is that this change is derived from the influence of the climate, or of negro slavery, it is not the less sensible in every usage of life. There, trade is entirely given up to foreigners, and agriculture abandoned to slaves, whilst the proprietor, under the stately name of planter, attends to nothing but his pleasures. The life of this proud being is a continued scene of indolence and dissipation. Horse-races and cock-fights are his favourite diversions, and all the time he does not employ in these noisy amusements, he passes round a table, either gaming or drinking. He thinks he is under no obligation to work, because his slaves work for him.

But in the interior of the country, and on the other side of the Alleghanys, men are to be met with more laborious and of more simple manners; and notwithstanding this simplicity has been changed in some districts by the perpetual mixtures of new settlers with the old ones, manners are there generally more pure than in the other parts of the United States.

A residence in the United States can never be pleasing to rich men, bred up in good society, nor men of science deprived of the gifts of fortune; which uniformly gives to foreigners so many prejudices against the country. But, even for those who arrive in the United States with the most simple habits and taste, society has there none of those pleasures it every where else possesses; and the European, who is condemned to live there, ought to seek in his duties, or in the bosom of his family, the whole of his pleasures. A person lives there in almost as isolated a manner as in Turkey; as if these two countries, which differ from each other in so many points, should be destined to be alike in this particular one.

Not that among the rich class of citizens there are no assemblies; yet these have only for object, among the women to drink tea, and among the men, to drink wine and other liquors. The conversation of the latter generally hinges on politics, or purchases which some propose and others accept; for the American never loses an opportunity of enriching himself. Gain is the subject of all his discourse, and the lever of all his actions; so that there is scarcely a civilized country in the world, in which there is less gene-

rosity of sentiment, less elevation of soul, and less of those soft and brilliant illusions which constitute the charm or the consolation of life. There a man weighs every thing, calculates all, and sacrifices all to his own interest. He lives only in himself, and for himself, and regards all disinterested acts as so many follies, contemns all talents that are purely agreeable, appears estranged to every idea of heroism and of glory, and in history beholds nothing but the ruinance of nations.

Virtue has always been considered as the principle, or the chief spring of all republics; but that of the American republic seems to be an unbounded love of money.

No permanent bond founded on commercial and political interests, can ever be established between the nations of Europe and the United States of America.

But even if the nations of Europe wished to form an alliance with the Americans for temporary considerations, the latter would not be disposed to do it, because their views and interests are at variance.

Separated from Europe by their position, the Americans seek to separate themselves still more by their affections; and they avoid alliance with European powers, in order not to be dragged into their vortex. Neither the glory of the one nor the services of the other, seem to make an impression upon them: their only desire is to remain neutral among all, that they may avail themselves of their quarrels, and enrich themselves by their misfortunes. Like the ship-owners of the Barbary coast, the Americans conceive they can only prosper but when the whole of Europe is on fire; and Europeans, who have lived thirty years among them, have attested that they never saw them more joyful, than on the day when the bombardment of Cadix and the destruction of Copenhagen were announced on the exchanges of some of their principal cities. These unhappy beings rejoiced in the disasters of Europe, without reflecting that the thunder which consumed our most flourishing cities, was one day to fall on theirs.

LORD CLARENDON'S CHARACTER OF THE PLOT OF HAMFEN.

The following portrait of Hamfden is drawn by the great Lord Clarendon, and is preserved in his own hand writing, among the papers of Bishop Sprat, which were presented to the British

Museum, in 1759, by David Mallet, Esq. :—

‘He was born to a fair fortune, of a most civil and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world he allowed himself in sports, exercise, and company, which are used by other men of the most jolly conversation, but sometimes he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society, still preserving his natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and, above all, a flowing courtesy to all men.’

‘He carried himself with temper and modesty. His reputation of honesty was *universal*, and his affections seemed to be so publicly guided, as if no corrupt or private ends could bias them; he was of that affability of temper in debate, and of that *seeming* humility and submission of judgment, as if he brought no opinion of his own with him, but a desire of information and instruction, yet he had so subtle a way of interrogating, and, under the notion of doubts, insinuating his own objections, that he often infused his own opinions into those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them, and even *with those who preserved themselves from his insinuations*, and discerned those opinions to be fixed in him which they could not comply with, he always left the character of an *ingenious* and conscientious man. He was indeed a wise man, and of good parts; and possessed of the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people. In the Parliament, he *seemed* rather to moderate and soften violent humours than to inflame, so far disguising his own designs, that he seldom seemed to wish more than was concluded, and if any thing unreasonable was proposed, when he found it backed by a majority of votes, he withdrew himself before the question. He was very temperate in his diet, and a supreme governor over his passions and affections, and had thereby a great power over all other men’s.’

‘He was, of industry and vigilance, not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts, not to be imposed upon by the most subtle and sharp, and of a personal courage equal to those parts he had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any design.’

Note. On the back of this paper is a passage from Cicero’s *Oratio pro Cato*.

* The words *seeming* and *seemed* are interlined, and appear to have been added after the portrait was written.

lio, § 8, beginning, *Habuit enim ille, and ending hujus imperii tam sceleratus impe (tus)*, and this title at the top, *Catalina*.

Original Poetry.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

AGAIN the hour may haply come,
The moments quietly close each other,—
When I shall welcome thee to home,
As holy pilgrim meets a brother;
And thou’st don’t doff thy hat and shoon,
The sparkling bowl shall cheerily
Go round, and e’en the paly moon
Shall set, and day break wearily,
By far too soon. H. A.

THE ROBIN.

The robin hath come to his winter seat,
And begun his winter song,—
The gloomy day he sits and sings,
My stay shall be late and long;
For I love the garden so bleak and bare,
The ivy through ice that creeps,
And sweet is the tear I sit and shed
While November o’er me sweeps;
Deep in the snow the berry’s hid,
The frost hath nipt the green,—
Where the golden blossom cluster’d
The icicle is seen.

To the city-window I come, and eye
The happy inmates round;
But if a crumb I cannot spy,
I quit’t thy unhalloved ground.
The forest hath shook his ample lap,
The hamlet look’d for me,—
All day I’ll sing to thank them,
On the wither’d hawthorn tree.
Deep in the snow the berry’s hid,
The frost hath nipt the green,
Where the golden blossom cluster’d
The icicle is seen. Mac.

SONG.

WHEN in the glimmer of night, love,
The minstrel lifts his arm,
And sweeps the notes,
The melody floats
O’er the soul like the midnight charm
Of a spirit rob’d in white, love.
Then come from thy castle hall, love,
To the dell by the border lake,—
Tis a fairy haunt,—
And list to the chaunt
That the echoes cheerily make
In the cave where the wild notes fall, love.
July 16th, 1821. H. A.

MY DARLING MAID.

WHERE is the maid of beaming eye?
In what far distant glade
Doth beauty’s queen sequester’d lie,
My own, my darling maid?
O! hasten to becalm my soul;
And quiet retirement’s shade;
Thy presence can my grief console,
My own, my darling maid!
If e’er I try my voice in song,
Or poetry call to aid,
Thy name still trembles on my tongue,
My own, my darling maid!

And tho’ beguil’d by present charms,
My heart ere while hath stray’d,
Still fancy brings thee to my arms,
My own, my darling maid!
And, oh! if prayer avail on high,
By fervent lovers made,
Naught shall call forth from thee a sigh,
My own, my darling maid!
But life continuance he of bliss,
And when ’neath tombstone laid,
Thou’st seek a heaven above for this,
My own, my darling maid!
26th Aug. 1821. * * M.

TRANSLATION OF CATULLUS.

CARM. LXX.

My girl says,—she’d with no one rather wed
Than me—if Jove himself should seek her bed;
She says so: but what woman says, should he
Traced in the wind, or written on the sea.
6th Sept. 1821. * * M.

MAY—A SONG.

TUNE—*The Birds of Iwermay.*

The balmy breath of blooming May
Makes all our hills and valleys gay;
Young Flora decks our rosey bowers
With gay ambrosia breathing flowers,—
The warbling songsters of the grove
So sweetly chaunt their voice of love,
And wake to melody each spray,
To hail the lovely blooming May!
Bright Phoebus sheds his amber dew,
All nature brightens at the view;
The fields and forests all are green,
And naught but love and joy is seen.
The lowing kine and bleating flocks
Blythe wander o’er our glens and rocks;
And kids and lambskins sport and play,
To hail the lassy blooming May!
The primrose and the daisy spring,
And o’er the mead sweet fragrance fling,—
The lily smiles with maiden air,
And roses bud upon the bair,—
The yellow broom is fair to view,
And humble v’let’s darkly blue;
And snow, while hawthorn’s blossoms gay,
Perfume the breath of gentle May!
When smiling Morning lifts her eye,
And paints with gold the glowing sky,
Behold the rose-complexion’d lass,
Light tripping o’er the tender grass,
Along the dew-bespangled dale,
So gaily with her milking pail,
How sweet she sings her artless lay,
To hail the lovely blooming May!
Then, dear Eliza, let us go
Where Calder’s winding streamlets flow
Where clustering poppies beds along
And listen to the merry song;
There, all beneath the birken boughs,
I’ll gather flowers to deck thy brow,
And talk of love the live-long day,
Among the sweets of blooming May!
We’ll kiss and toy, and toy and kiss,
And make our full of heavenly bliss,
Nor envy all the pomp and state
Attendant on the proud and great;
Upon a bed by nature dress’d,
I’ll fondly clasp thee to my breast,
And in soft raptures melt away,
Among the blooming sweets of May!
Blooms Street, 5th Aug. 1821. D. M. G.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Monday night restored to this house two great favourites, Miss Kelly and Mr. Harley, and with them some relief to the monotony which has long pervaded the performances; though their talents might have been more prominently and more appropriately devoted, than to the excellent but stale farce of the *Weathercock*. The first piece was the *Dramatist*, in which Mr. Elliston's performance was Vapid, and only reminded us of 'days of auld lang syne,' when this gentleman's delineation of the character was natural, forcible, and spirited. We do not mean to say that, even now, Vapid could have a better representative, but the Mr. Elliston of to-day is not the Mr. Elliston of ten or fifteen years ago. Miss Kelly, on her entrance in the farce, was greeted most cordially and enthusiastically; and the manner in which she personated the various characters which Variella assumes, received the strongest testimonies of applause; evidence which should induce the manager to let her appear often, and in that lofty walk in the drama which her talents demand. Harley is a very amusing Tristram Finkle, though he caricatures the portrait somewhat too much. The *Coronation* is still crowned with success. When shall we be able to say of it, *Finis coronat opus*?

COVENT GARDEN.—The *Exile* seems likely to banish, (we speak not punningly,) every other drama from this house for some time; and with all our prejudices against mere spectacle, and our regret at its elevation above the regular drama, we confess ourselves seduced, against our better reason, into admiration of the splendid pageantry of the procession and Russian coronation. The drama is above those in which spectacle is usually the principal object; and the actors are so decidedly superior, that it is impossible the play should not be attractive. The character of Daran, though loaded with passages which nearly approach bombast, affords Mr. Young many opportunities, which he well knows how to make the most of; and in some particular parts on Wednesday night, he was honoured with three distinct rounds of applause, by a crowded audience. Mrs. Tennant, who, we learn, was transplanted to these boards from the Adelphi Theatre, is a lively clever actress, and, could she overcome her timidity, would appear to much greater

advantage. Her voice is pleasing, but not powerful, and it appears best suited to ballad airs, in the execution of which, simplicity and sweetness, rather than science and power, are required; hence it will be said, that the part of Katherine was not well adapted to her talents. She was, however, very successful in several of the airs, particularly in that of 'The Monkey that had seen the World.' Farren, as the Governor, is highly amusing; and he dances and bustles through the character with as much agility as an old military officer ought to be expected to muster. Liston, in the Baron Altradoff, had little to do, excepting singing a comic song in the Italian style, which he burlesqued with inimitable drollery.

A new farce is in rehearsal, of which green-room report speaks favourably; it is in the afterpieces alone that we must now look for any novelty, for some time.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A bold and new experiment has been made at this house in the present season, that of keeping it open without the aid of the performers of the two large theatres, on which they had always before depended. This experiment became absolutely necessary; since the season of a winter theatre now lasts the whole year. The experiment, we rejoice to say, has been completely successful, and the Haymarket Theatre boldly competes with its more powerful rivals, for a share of the public patronage. It competes too, on the most noble grounds, and taking its stand on the legitimate drama, redeems the character of the age, by showing that it still possesses no inconsiderable share of admirers.

Mrs. Inchbald's excellent comedy of *Every one has his Fault*, was played with much effect, until its success was arrested by a still greater novelty, the introduction of a young lady, as Captain Macheath, in the *Beggar's Opera*, which was played on Tuesday night, in a manner that is likely to ensure it many repetitions.

It is curious to mark the changes which time brings about. There was a period when the female characters in the *Beggar's Opera* were played by men, and when Polly Penchum and Lucy Lockit could not appear before the audience without being clean shaven; the sexes afterwards assumed their proper characters; but now we have passed to the other extreme, and female Macheaths are all the rage. The

young lady who ventured to 'enact more than a woman,' and to appear as the hero of the highway, is, we understand, from the Bristol Theatre, and her name is Blake. As an accident prevented us from attending the theatre on the first night of the performance, we quote an account of her debut from the *Times* newspaper, the correctness of which, so far as regards the lady's talents, we have since verified.—'She is, in stature, rather beneath the ordinary height of woman, and, so far as her dress allowed us to form a judgment, she appears to be rather inclined to the *embonpoint*. Her features are soft and pleasing, but not remarkable for expression. The songs of Macheath embrace a greater variety of style, and require a greater variety of power for their execution, than those of almost any other character in English opera. They are old popular airs, the works of different individuals, arranged and harmonized for the opera by Dr. Pepusch, whose music, if we except the cantata "See from the silent grove," is very seldom performed. To execute, with effect, Macheath's varied strains, requires a voice of the finest quality, and a sound judgment to direct and guide it; mellowness and depth in the lower tones, easiness of transition to the higher, and in these combined power and sweetness. Miss Blake boasts some of these requisites, but not all of them. Her voice is a *contra alto*, deep, flexible, and rich, where depth of tone is demanded; but when a piano key is required, it becomes harsh, though it still manifests power. We speak here of Miss Blake's natural upper notes, we leave *falsetto* out of the question, for her efforts to get into that key were wholly unsuccessful, and her deficiency in this respect prevented her from bestowing on some of her cadences that graceful finish of which the music was susceptible. Her style of singing is extremely simple. She rarely aims at ornament; but, when she does, she shows that her taste, if not very highly cultivated, has been by no means neglected. The peculiar depth of her voice was even more remarkable when she spoke, than when she exerted her vocal powers. It reminded us of a youth approaching the verge of manhood, and so far rendered the performance more pleasing than it would have been had the "shrill treble" predominated. Miss Blake's execution of the greatly admired air, "When the heart of a man," was spirited, but the defect in her upper voice

detracted considerably from the passage. 'Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly.' Her best solo was "The charge is prepared," which she sang with great feeling. The adieu to Lucy and Polly was natural and impressive. The whole of the "medley" in the last scene, particularly the passage "If thus a man can die," was executed in a very satisfactory manner by Miss Blake. This may be ranked amongst the most trying parts of the performance, and Miss Blake appeared to have directed her particular attention to it. The trio, "Hark! hark! I hear the sound of the bell," which ensues, was exceedingly well sung; and we consider Miss Blake's portion of it as decidedly her finest effort. The shake with which she terminated her cadence, low, firm, and distinct, astonished the audience. Several of this young lady's songs were *encored*, and her general reception must have fully satisfied her hopes and wishes, however sanguine they might have been.

We heard the young lady on Wednesday night, and must remark, that as to the *faisleto*, in which the critic of the 'Times' states her to have been unsuccessful, it was impossible to judge, as she laboured under a severe cold, and her performance (though not the vocal part of it) was much interrupted by coughing. This must be a great disadvantage to any one, and when we consider that the numerous *encores* made her task double, we should have excused a partial failure, had there been such in a single song, which, however, was not the case. The acting of Miss Blake is far superior to vocalists generally; and though she played the character with much spirit, yet she shaded the broad outline with such delicate and ingenious playfulness, that she never 'o'erstepped the modesty of nature.' The chasteness may be extended to her dress, for we never saw a lady so appropriately and modestly clad in man's attire. Miss R. Corri is a most captivating Polly, and gave the beautiful airs of this opera most delightfully. She was *encored* in all the principal songs. Mrs. Jones, who has a good honest Welsh face, played Lucy Lockit extremely well, both in singing and acting. Terry's Penchum was excellent; and Williams did Lockit pretty well. We believe Mr. J. Russell to be a very respectable man, but if he had passed all his life in very bad company, he could not have played Filch better; it was decidedly the best personation of the cha-

racter we ever witnessed. The other characters were generally very well sustained; the costume, from the Captain down to 'Crook-fingered Jack' and 'Nimbling Ned,' was very appropriate. The house was crowded.

Previous to the opera, the farce of the *Spilled Child* was represented, in which Tayleure played Tag, and rendered the scene with Miss Pickle more amusing than we ever saw it. The burlesque was superlative. Mrs. Baker, a very promising young actress, with as much vivacity as any lady, either single or married, played little Pickle charmingly. We ought also to say a word in favour of the gentleman whom we presume to be her husband, Mr. Baker, who, on Monday night, during the absence of Mr. Courway, undertook, at the instant, the part of Mr. Irwin, in Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, and played it very well.

SURREY THEATRE.—We are sure our friends on the Surrey side of the metropolis will be glad to hear that Mr. Dibdin has not suffered himself and his theatre to be idle during the autumn, but that he will 'keep open house' for six weeks previous to his Christmas arrangements. As this was not in contemplation when the summer season closed, some of his performers have got other engagements; he has, however, mustered a good company, and opened, in his usual style, with entire novelty. The evening's entertainments comprised a comic dance, called *Valentine's Day*; a melodramatic romance, called the *Duke's Bride, or the Ruins of the Forest*; a new burletta, founded on one of Kotzebue's dramas, and entitled the *Veterans, or the Comodore and the Colonel*; and a farcical pantomime. In the *Veterans*, which is a very interesting drama, and admirably performed, a young lady of the name of Dighton, and who, we believe, is a pupil of Lanza's, made her *debut*. She possesses a fine person, an expressive countenance, and a very engaging voice. She sung a parody on 'If e'er the cruel tyrant Love,' unaccompanied by music, with much sweetness, and was *encored*. Her diffidence, however, was so extreme, that in acting she was often inaudible, notwithstanding the cheering encouragement which the audience afforded her. So far as we are able to judge, she is a lady of very considerable promise. A Mr. Foster, from the Bath stage, executed some songs in good style. Mr. Herring, (an old favourite,) and Mr. Salter, from the English Opera House,

also appeared in the same piece. The whole of the performances were received with much applause, and from the arrangements which Mr. Dibdin has made, we doubt not of his having a successful season.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—A new melodramatic burletta was produced at this house on Monday night, entitled the *Corsair's Bride*. It is, we believe, founded on the tale of Giovanni Sogarro, but if so, has undergone much alteration in adapting it to the stage. The drama contains some striking situations, and, with the aid of beautiful scenery and much good acting, is a very attractive performance.

Literature and Science.

Proposals are circulating for publishing a Pictorial Promenade round Dorking; including a variety of original and interesting matter, and accompanied with biographical notices and well-authenticated facts, connected with subjects of contemporary interest.

Mr. Mills's Elements of the Science of Political Economy; The Synopsis of British Molluscs, by William Elford Leach, M. D.; and Mr. Samuel Frederick Gray's 'Natural Arrangement of British Plants,' are nearly ready for publication.

Ancient MSS.—M. Maio still continues to be successful in his search after lost works of ancient writers; he has lately found several parts of the books of Polybius, Diodorus, Dion Cassius, some fragments of Aristotle of Ephorus, of Timeus, of Hyperides, of Demetrius, of Phalaris, &c., some parts of the unknown writings of Euanapius, Menander of Byzantium, Prescius, and of Peter the Protector.

The Cambro-Briton.—The admirers of the ancient literature of WALES, and of the Celtic Nations generally, will be pleased to hear, that the above popular work, devoted especially to its cultivation, will immediately be resumed, under the superintendence of the original Editor. It will appear, as before, monthly, and at the former price of 1s. 6d. each number, but upon an enlarged scale, calculated to admit of considerable improvements in the plan of the work. No. 23 will be published on the 1st of November, by SIMPKIN and MARSHALL, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street, to whom Communications to the Editor, free of postage, are requested to be addressed.

Mr. Gill, for many years one of the Chairmen of the Committee of Mechanics, in the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Adelphi, assisted by a circle of mechanical friends, is preparing for publication, a technical repository of practical information, on subjects connected with the daily improvements and new discoveries in the useful arts.

The Rev. H. Cotes, Vicar of Bedlington, is about to publish 'The Resurrection of Lazarus,' in a course of sermons, from the French of Beaumont.

Statuary Marble.—Some remarkably fine statuary and other marble quarries have lately been discovered at Scavazza, in Tuscany, much superior to any thing of the kind at Carrara, which threaten to rival and lower the pride of the latter-mentioned place. His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Tuscany gives great encouragement and protection both to commerce and the fine arts within his dominions.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascitur aurea dicta.'*
LUCRETIVS.

Old Maids.—A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:—I am inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, 'she will certainly die an old maid.' Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex? 'she has all the sequenishness of an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? 'she is cut for an old maid.' And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an 'old maid.' In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature, an 'old maid.'

In an auctioneer's catalogue, printed at Bath, during the present year, we find the following articles enumerated: 'Œuvre's Works' and a 'Musical stool!!' The auctioneer does not, however, state how many times it plays.

The Number XIV.—Amongst the valuable fruits of the labours of those who waste their time in searching for curious coincidences, we find the discovery of the influence possessed by

the number XIV., over all the affairs of Henry IV. of France. He was born fourteen centuries, fourteen decades, and fourteen years after Christ; he came into the world on the 14th of December, and quitted it for a better on the 14th of May; there are fourteen letters in his name (*Henri de Bourbon*), and he lived four times fourteen years, fourteen weeks, and fourteen days.—Louis the Thirteenth was equally entangled with the number XIII.; he had thirteen letters in his name—so had Ann d'Autriche, to whom he was married; the marriage was concluded on when he was thirteen years of age; he was the thirteenth Louis of France, she, the thirteenth Infanta of her name in the Royal House of Spain, and both of them were born the same month and the same year. The historian who recorded these singular facts, does not inform us, whether either of them died in consequence of making the thirteenth at table.

Excessive Fondness of Dress.—Elizabeth of Russia resembled her namesake, Queen of England, in self-idolatry; and both lavished on their own persons every adventitious aid to native charms. Our Elizabeth was said to possess a habit for every day in the year, and she varied its form and decoration to three hundred and sixty-five inventions of excursive fancy. A thick quarto volume was filled with a simple detail of wardrobe appertaining to Elizabeth of Russia. This mania has not been confined to the fair sex. When Dresden fell into the hands of Prussia, during the seven years war, the Saxon Minister, Count Buhl, afforded the victors a spoil of 800 pair of boots, which Frederic ordered should be distributed to his guards.—1200 wigs, which had sat in turn upon the lofty brow of the statesman, were thrown in a heap upon the floor of the public stone, to be sold; and it was whispered that many hundred dozens of shirts, silk stockings, and laced cravats, with every species of masculine finery, had been sent to different marts and converted into cash for the royal treasury.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'LIFE,' Chap. IV. the 'Serenade' by H. A. 'Origin of Chess,' 'Sonnets,' 'the Evening Prayer,' 'For Ever,' and 'Lines to the Memory of a Cousin,' in our next.

We are sorry that Mary Ann C., who states herself to be 'aged thirteen years,' does not employ her infant muse better than in eulogizing a female 'who is spoken of as being rather

too amorously inclined.' Indecency does not become any age, much less that of childhood.

We thank E. G. B. for his hint. 'We should feel happy in seconding the laudable efforts of 'Humanity,' but the best organ as that he has already adopted—the daily journals.

Advertisements.

This day is published, 3 vols 12mo. 18s. 6d. **DE RENZEY; or, The Man of SORROW.** By R. N. KELLY, Esq.

London: Printed for W. SIMPKIN and R. MARSHALL, Stationers' Hall Court; J. CROMBIE, Dublin; and BELL and BRADY, Edinburgh.

This day is published, in 2 vols. 12mo. 18s. boards, **MINSTREL-LOVE**, from the German of the Author of Undine.

By GEORGE SOANE, A.B.
London: Printed for W. SIMPKIN and R. MARSHALL, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street. Of whom may be had,
UNDINE; or, the SERRA of the WATERS. Translated from the German of the Baron de Mottet Fonque, 5s. 6d. boards.

Just published, continued to the King's return from Ireland, with a New Head (engraved by Heath) of Dr. Goldsmith, price 6s. boards, the 17th edition of

PINNOK'S IMPROVED EDITION OF DR. GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Death of George the Second; with a Continuation to the Reign of George the Fourth; with a Classical and Modern Map, Questions for Examination, Copious Notes, &c.

We consider this to be one of the most complete Books of the kind for Education that has ever issued from the press, and the improvements on copying us to merit a distinct subscription. The Editors deserve every praise for the pains and labour they have bestowed in perfecting the publication.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Printed for C. and W. B. WHITAKER, at Maria Lane. Of whom may be had, **PINNOK'S IMPROVED EDITIONS OF DR. GOLDSMITH'S HISTORIES OF GREECE and ROME**, with numerous Additions and improvements; on the plan of the History of England. 12mo. Price 5s. 6d. each.

THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW, No. VIII., published 1st November, will contain—1. Howells's Familiar Letters.—2. Ferdiand's Shah Namah, Persian Misc.—3. Gaulle's Distractions, or the Holy Matrons.—4. Chalkhill's (Isaac Walton) Triclinia and Clearchus.—5. History of the Knights Templars.—6. Robert Southwell's Works.—7. Memoirs of Gaudentio Lucea.—8. Bacon's Novum Organum.—9. George Chapman's Dramatic Works.—10. The Juice of the Grape.

Published by C. and H. BALDWIN, Newgate Street; and R. TATLOCK, Old Broad Street.

London.—Published by T. Egerton, 25 Strand, and George Dean, 4 Fleet Street, where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Also by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; and by Marshall, Stationers' Court; Clapham, 10, Clapham, Liverpool; and by all booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Broad Street, Carey Street.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 129. LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

A Voyage of Discovery into the South Sea and Beering's Straits, for the Purpose of exploring a North East Passage, undertaken in the Years 1815—1818, at the Expense of His Highness the Chancellor of the Empire, Count Romanzoff, in the Ship Rurick, under the Command of Lieutenant Otto Von Kotzebue. Illustrated with numerous Plates and Maps. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1233. London, 1821.

THE long expected voyage of Kotzebue was published on Saturday last, in an English translation, and we lose not a moment in making our readers fully acquainted with the discoveries of that enterprising navigator; but before we do this, we shall take a retrospective glance at the discoveries which have been made in geography within the last four centuries,—discoveries the most important, since they have not only as it were created new worlds, but done much to improve the old one.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century, all the inhabited world, in which there was any thing like intercourse, was circumscribed within very narrow limits; namely, Great Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Greece; the lesser Asia; the western part of Persia, Arabia, the northern parts of Africa, and the islands in the Mediterranean Sea. These were the old world of our ancestors, and even some of these countries were but very imperfectly known. Germany was almost unexplored beyond the banks of the Elbe, and Poland as little known beyond the Vistula as Hungary beyond the Danube. Muscovy or Russia was as perfectly unknown as China; and all the knowledge they had of India was from a little commerce on the coast about Surat and Malabar.

Africa had once been better known; but by the ruin of the Carthaginians, all the western coast of it was forgotten; the northern coast only continuing to be known. The Baltic Sea was not discovered, nor even the navigation of

it known. America was not heard of; the coasts of Greenland and Spitzbergen had never been visited by an European navigator. Angola, Congo, and the Gold Coast, on the west side of Africa, whence such immense wealth has since been drawn, were not discovered; all that mighty ocean we now call the South Seas, was hidden and unknown. The Atlantic was frightful in the distant prospect, nor durst any one peep into it, otherwise than as they might creep along the coast of Africa, towards Santa Cruz; and the North Sea was hid in a veil of impenetrable darkness.

When, however, Columbus discovered America, and Gama opened the true route to the Indies, a host of voyagers, adventurers, and conquerors followed their example; in less than half a century, the quantity of known land was tripled; each year had its discovery, and the limits of the world were almost daily extended. But no sooner did this noble ardour evince a tendency towards commercial war, than suddenly discoveries ceased; the slightest obstacles were sufficient to arrest that progress which had been marked by so much zeal, and problems of the simplest nature were declared difficult of solution. A thousand navigators sailed through the Southern and Pacific Oceans, and all seemed carefully to avoid the new lands which deserved their attention. It was in vain that two men of genius, Tasman and Quiros, sought an unknown world; their example was not followed, for the mind of man was no longer influenced by the enthusiasm of discovery.

Two centuries had elapsed in this way, when our immortal countryman, Cook, opened a new era, and the success of his vast labours inflamed the ambition of enlightened nations. To enumerate the results is unnecessary, since every modern map bears record of the extent and importance of the discoveries. Among the geographical problems yet remaining to be solved, the most important is, that of a northern passage from the Atlantic to the Southern Ocean, or *vice versa*, from the

South Sea into the Atlantic, and to this navigation has of late years been principally directed. For three successive centuries the connection between the two oceans has been sought in vain; the greatest navigators of all nations have participated in the attempt to solve this difficult problem; but in this, as in all other maritime enterprises, the English have principally distinguished themselves: we were the first to make the attempt; and, with the most laudable perseverance, we have continued our exertions, without intermission, up to the present moment.

Russia, which has not possessed a navy much more than a century, has employed it very actively to the improvement of science, and, of late years, to solve the great geographical problem, for which several expeditions have been fitted out. We shall not enter into an account of these or of the discoveries made by those of our own nation, but shall proceed at once to the voyage of Lieut. Kotzebue.

It was for the purpose of exploring a north-east passage that Count Romanzoff, a Russian nobleman of great wealth, which he liberally devotes to scientific pursuits, fitted out a vessel at his own expense. The command of it was given to Lieut. Kotzebue, a son of the able but unfortunate writer of that name, and who had previously accompanied Commodore Krusenstern in a voyage round the world. A vessel of one hundred and eighty tons' burden was built for the occasion, at Abo, in Sweden, and called the Rurick. The astronomical and other instruments were purchased in England, and the expedition fitted out under the immediate superintendence of Count Krusenstern, who has written an able introduction to the present work.

It was on the 30th of July, 1815, that Lieut. Kotzebue, accompanied by two officers and twenty choice sailors, left Cronstadt for Plymouth, where, having completed his equipments, he sailed on the 5th of October, on his voyage of discovery. The vessel touched at Teneriffe and Santa Cruz, and was the first Russian vessel that

ever showed its flag in the harbour of Talcaguano, in Concepcion Bay. The commander of the place invited Lieut. Kotzebue and his officers to a party at his house, where the customs were somewhat curious. He says,—

‘There are in the ball-room, on an elevation of two steps, benches covered with red cloth; on these sat the gentlemen and elderly ladies: the young ones had their places on the steps at our feet, and I was quite confused when I observed a handsome young girl, dressed in satin and diamonds, set at my feet; but as I soon perceived that all the gentlemen shared this distinction with me, I took courage, and raised my eyes again. The herb of Paraguay, or rather the leaves of the lau-tree, is known in all the Spanish settlements, and generally used instead of tea: (the herb of Paraguay is used in Chili, to the amount of 1,000,000 dollars, annually) but the custom is not so well known of presenting this tea in a silver vessel, with a pipe to it, out of which every one in the company takes a few sips, and hands it to his neighbour. When my turn came round, I considered it a duty due to propriety, to imitate those who preceded me, though I found it difficult to suppress a certain di-ike, as I was about the twentieth that was to suck at this pipe; but I had scarcely put my lips to it when I drew them back burnt. I, therefore, advise every one to whom tea is presented in this manner, to take hold of the pipe with his teeth. However, the taste of the herb of Paraguay is not bad; it is boiled with sugar, and then kept hot in this vessel over charcoal; it is a sweet aromatic juice which one sips.’

In sailing from Concepcion Bay to Kamschatka, Lieut. Kotzebue touched at Cook's Bay, but he was not welcomed by the natives like La Peyrouse; on the contrary, they displayed much hostility. He sought for the large and remarkable statues on the beach, mentioned by Cook and La Peyrouse, but found nothing but a broken heap of stones, which lay near an uninjured pedestal. This change in the conduct of the natives is said to have arisen from an American captain having, in 1805, landed at Cook's Bay, and endeavoured to seize upon a number of the inhabitants:—

‘The combat is said to have been bloody, as the brave islanders defended themselves with interpidity; but they were obliged to yield to the terrible arms of the Europeans [Americans]; and twelve men and ten women fell into the merciless hands of the Americans. Upon this the poor creatures were carried on board, fettered for the first three days, and not released till they were out of sight of land. The first use that they made of their recovered liberty was, that the men

jumped overboard; and the women, who attempted to follow them, were prevented only by force. The captain made the ship lie to, in hopes that they would return on board for refuge, when they were threatened by the waves. He, however, soon perceived how much he had been mistaken; for the savages, used to the water from their infancy, thought it not impossible, notwithstanding the distance of three days' voyage, to reach their native country; and at all events they preferred perishing in the waves, to leading a miserable life in captivity. After they had disputed for some time as to the direction they should take, they separated; some took the direct way to Easter Island, and others to the north. The captain, extremely enraged at this unexpected heroism, sent a boat after them, which returned after many fruitless efforts, as they always dived at the approach of the boat, and the sea compassionately received them in its bosom.’

The first discovery made by Lieut. Kotzebue was of an island, in latitude 14° 57' south, and longitude 144° 28' west, to which he gave the name of Romanzoff's Island. A chain of smaller islands was also discovered. The most considerable of these islands lying at intervals of from one hundred to two hundred fathoms, and united by small coral reefs, is about two miles; the breadth from about a quarter to half a mile; and all of them covered with the finest trees. These islands were called Kurick's chain. Lieut. Kotzebue then touched at Paphny's Island, and opened an intercourse with the natives, who, unlike the other South Sea islanders, do not tattoo themselves. But not to be quite unadorned, most of them have inflicted bloody stripes on their back and breast. They wear their hair very long, and are all naked. Some of them had suffered their finger nails to grow to the length of three inches. Two more groups of islands were discovered, to which the names of Kutusoff and Sivaroff were given.

When Lieut. Kotzebue reached Kamschatka, he made an addition to his crew of six sailors and an Aleutian, and sailed for Beering's Straits, where he discovered a safe anchoring place, to which he gave the name of Kotzebue's Sound. He thinks it calculated to afford essential advantage to the trade in furs, as they are in abundance, and recommends that the Russian government should establish some settlements on the coast of Beering's Straits, to the north.

From Kotzebue's Sound, the Kurick sailed to Oonalashka, its commander intending to pass near the east

coast of Asia, and from thence to St. Lawrence's Bay. Landing here, he saw several tents of the Tchukutskoi, which were extremely dirty. The inhabitants are above the middle size, and of robust make. Several of them went on board the Kurick, and sang and danced with the sailors. When Lieut. Kotzebue landed, they went in a friendly manner to meet him, and invited him and his friends to sit down on some skins, and entertained them with a dance:—

‘Before the dance begun,’ says our voyager, ‘I gave the women some needles and beads, and the men tobacco-leaves, and the general joy was much increased by the importance of the presents. The ball now commenced with a solitude; an old dirty, frightful, ugly woman steps forward, making the most curious and certainly most fatiguing motions, with the whole body, without stirring from her position; she distorted her eyes, and made such strange grimaces as excited general laughter. The music consisted of a tambourine, and a chorus of many voices, but had few charms for an European ear. After this followed several men and women, who exhibited themselves separately; but none could equal the skill of the old woman. The conclusion of the ball was distinguished by a very particular dance: twelve women placed themselves close to each other in a half circle, turning their backs upon each other; the whole group sang, and tried to express the contents of their song by motions of the hands and body.’

While Lieut. Kotzebue continued in St. Lawrence's Bay, one of the Tchukutskoi took a pair of scissors by force from one of the sailors, and drew his knife to secure the booty; one of his countrymen, however, darted on him, and wrested his booty from him:—

‘His chief also ran up to restore order; and when I complained to him, that his people behaved very badly, he led me, instead of giving me any answer, to a circle drawn on the ground, about a fathom in diameter; here the criminal is compelled to run at a short trot always one way. This punishment is as painful as it is singular; and I do not believe that any body could run long in that manner without falling down.’

After touching at Oonalashka, Lieut. Kotzebue sailed for the Sandwich Islands, where he was kindly received by the King, Tamuhmah, at Owhyhee, and introduced to his favourite Queen, Kahumana, and two other wives. He gives a singular picture of the court:—

‘The chief employment of the royal ladies consists in smoking tobacco, combing their hair, drying away the flies on

a fan, and eating. Tamahmah himself does not smoke, otherwise this custom has become so general in the Sandwich Islands, within these few years, that young children smoke before they learn to walk, and grown up people have carried it to such an excess, that they have fallen down senseless, and often died in consequence. They do not want pipe-tubes, but the pipe heads, which, according to the custom of the country, they have always hanging at their side, constitute a part of the royal ornaments; these were of the size of the largest German pipes, made of dark wood, and mounted with brass, but which only rich people can procure. Kahumanna took a few whiffs with evident pleasure; she then swallowed a part of the smoke, and emitted the rest through her nostrils. Half dizzy, she gave me the pipe, and, as I declined, she, astonished at my European stupidity, gave it to her neighbour, who, after a short enjoyment of it, gave it to the third wife. As soon as the pipe was emptied, a fresh one was filled, and went round in the same manner. The second employment of the ladies is to dress their hair, which is cut short, after their fashion; only over the forehead they let it grow a couple of inches long, smear it with a white sticky substance, and comb it back; the snow-white streaks which by this mode rise above the dark brown countenance, give it a ludicrous appearance. All the three queens were large corpulent women, who had lived to above half a century, and did not look as if they had ever been handsome. Their dress was distinguished from that of the other ladies by various silk handkerchiefs. Before the door, on a mat, was seated the King's daughter, a tolerably handsome girl; behind her stood a little negro-boy, holding a silk umbrella over her head, to protect her from the rays of the sun; two other boys, with tufts of red feathers, drove away the flies from her; the whole group had a pleasing effect. When I was about to rise, Kahumanna held me back, to inquire, with much kindness, after Vancouver, who, during his stay there, had found Tamahmah at variance with Kahumanna, and had reconciled them. She seemed much affected at the news of his death.

Lieutenant Kotzebue next visited the king's son, who had already begun to exercise the rights of his father, and, as is customary on such occasions, had received the name of Lio-Lio, that is, 'dog of all dogs; and such,' says our author, 'we really found him.' The 'dog of all dogs' was naked, and laying on his stomach; he rose lazily, and gaped stupidly on his visitors, holding a conversation respecting them, with a couple of naked chamberlains. Lieut. Kotzebue dined with the king, who drank the health of his guests in the English fashion, and indulged in wine

to excess. He is a sensible man, and when he introduced his guest to the Morai, he said, 'these are our gods, whom I worship; whether I do right or wrong, I do not know; but I follow my faith, which cannot be wicked, as it commands me never to do wrong.' The king, at his dinner, is attended by one of his servants, with a spitting-tray, made of wood, in the form of a snuff-box. The royal saliva is carefully preserved, in consequence of a superstition, that so long as they are in possession of this treasure, their enemies are not able to send him any sickness by conjuration.

At Woahoo, another of the Sandwich Islands, our author was invited to dine with the Governor Kareinoku; but, when he arrived, his host was not present, but sent an apology, 'that he begged to be excused for his absence; but his lady was so very tipsy that he could not leave her.' They were, however, entertained with a Woahoo dance:—

The musicians were four men, who beat with small sticks on a hollow gourd, which produced a noise, that might serve for time to the song. Three dancers by profession, who go from one island to another, and show themselves for money, now stepped forward, entirely naked, except bracelets of hog's tusks, and half armour for the feet, made of dog's teeth. They placed themselves opposite to us, close to each other; and expressed the words to the accompanying sound by the skillful movements of the whole body. They were particularly skilful in changing their faces every moment to suit them to the motions of the body. The spectators were enraptured, and at every pause entered the circle to make presents to the dancers; and, in the end, in their enthusiasm, gave even their silk handkerchiefs. After the men had sufficiently distinguished themselves, the scene changed, and a number of young girls arranged themselves in three rows. Their heads and shoulders were tastefully ornamented with wreaths of flowers; the neck adorned with pearls and various fantastic things; besides this, they had only the lower part of their body covered with a coloured tapa. This group had a very pleasing effect, as they accompanied the monotonous music with graceful movements. The last rows conformed to the first, and always imitated the movements of the foremost dancers. The whole bore the impression of pure nature, and delighted me more than a skilfully executed European ballet. The theatre was inclosed with a fence of bamboo canes, behind which, a small house lay concealed; before it promanaded a large hog, guarded by two Kanakas, and which was stroked with much fondness by the high persons who passed by.

This hog was kept to be sacrificed to

the gods, when one of the young princes first performed his sacred duties in the morai. The lance exercise is a favourite amusement at Woahoo, though seldom permitted since Tamahmah conquered the island. Lieut. Kotzebue thus describes it:—

'The day intended for the combat, is fixed before hand, that the nobles from all parts may assemble to display their courage and dexterity. There are sometimes above a hundred, who divide themselves into equal parties, and occupy a large space for the scene of combat. Both parties take their positions, and the leader of each advances to the middle of the place. These two then endeavour to hit each other with their lances, of which they have several in their hand; each of them tries to avoid the lance of his opponent by dexterous turns of the body, and both are in constant motion, springing backwards and forwards, stooping at the same time, always throwing their lances. The parties, in the mean time, stand motionless, awaiting the issue; a high spirit animates the party whose leader is victorious, which they consider as a good omen. After this prelude, both sides become animated; troop advances against troop; in a moment all is activity, and the air is full of blunted lances, for such only are allowed in this combat. Their art of war consists in breaking the lines of the enemy, in attacking single parts with superior force, and making prisoners; for this reason, a skilful leader never fails to take advantage of his opponent's mistakes, or to induce him, by a stratagem, to draw his main force to one side, and so to expose the weaker part. If these stratagems succeed, the victory is decided, and the party out-manœuvred submits. The method of proceeding in real battles is precisely the same, with this difference, that the lances are so pointed, as to pierce the enemy at a distance of ten paces; they also hurl stones in their battles, and make use of large clubs of heavy wood. As fire-arms have now been introduced, the use of lances will probably soon go out of fashion. Tamahmah is universally acknowledged to be the most skilful lance-thrower; he has often, to prove his dexterity, suffered fourteen lances to be aimed at his breast, where every throw would have been fatal, and avoided them all with the greatest dexterity. The renown of his invincible valour made the conquest of the islands easy to him. When he appeared with his fleet before Woahoo, the king of that island fled into the mountains, being convinced that the custom of putting the vanquished to death would be practised upon him. "I must die," said he to one of his confidential friends; "but not by the hands of my conqueror; for I will not let him enjoy this triumph. I will sacrifice myself to the gods." His corpse was afterwards found in a cave on the summit of a mountain.'

From the Sandwich Islands Lieut. Kotzebue sailed for Radack; and, on the 1st of January, 1817, discovered a new island, to which he gave the name of New Year's Island. It is situated in $10^{\circ} 8' N.$ latitude, and in longitude $189^{\circ} 4' W.$ The inhabitants approached the ship and bartered some goods, but would not afterwards permit the boat's crew to make a landing. In another island, in the same neighbourhood, they met with no opposition, but, on the contrary, they were well received by the inhabitants. Their leader bore a large shell horn; he was a tall well-made man, of thirty; his black hair, which was elegantly bound together upon his head, was ornamented with a wreath of white flowers, in the form of a crown. In his ear-holes, which were remarkably large, he wore rolls of tortoise-shell, ornamented with flowers; round his neck hung various gay movements; he was differently tattooed, and much more than the others. This man was called Rarik; and a portrait was taken of him, from which Lieut. Kotzebue has given a coloured engraving.

From Radack, Lieut. Kotzebue sailed to St. Lawrence Islands, and had free intercourse with the inhabitants; one of whom, called Kadu, accompanied him in his visit to several of the islands. A connected history of this native we shall give in our next number. On the island of Georgia several senos were seen, to which they approached within a distance of twenty paces:—

'The lions were engaged in a continual warfare about their mates, as they always try to appropriate several, which they commonly conquer from their neighbours by their valour. The heroes are known by the number of their females; they often lie, from eight to ten, close to each other, that their defender may be more easily protect them, and he always goes raging and roaring around them, ready at every instant, in case of an attack, as the number of lions seems to exceed that of the lionesses. They combat so furiously, that blood is seen gushing out; pieces of flesh fly about, and not seldom one of them falls down dead; in which case the victor immediately enters on the rights of the vanquished, and possesses himself of the widowed seraglio. The combat, however, lasts longer when several attack one hero; for, as soon as he is vanquished, the allies begin to quarrel among themselves, and do not cease till the most valiant has gained the victory. The roaring of these animals is beyond description; it is heard at sea during a calm, and when the wind blows from the shore, at the distance of six miles.'

When at St. Lawrence Island, Lieut. Kotzebue found his hopes of penetrating Beering's Straits blasted, on account of the ice, which extended as far as the eye could see to N. E. and then to the N. covering the whole surface of the ocean; he, therefore, determined to return, and on the 3rd of August, 1818, cast anchor in the Neva, opposite to the palace of Count Romanzoff. Here the journal of Lieut. Kotzebue terminates, in the middle of the second volume; the remainder of the work consists of the remarks of the naturalist who accompanied the expedition, on the places visited, and an Appendix, by other authors, which we shall briefly notice.

We cannot here avoid remarking, that of all voyages round the world, this of Lieut. Kotzebue appears to have been the least fruitful in discovery. We say this without meaning the slightest imputation on the talents of the enterprising voyager, which were strikingly displayed in his navigating so successfully in the great ocean, among low coral islands and reefs, which render it extremely difficult. To us it appears that Lieut. Kotzebue was more anxious to discover new islands, however unimportant, which he might honour with the harsh names of his adopted countrymen, than to verify former discoveries. It has even been denied that he has made any new discoveries, and said that the islands which he claims as such, have been known and mentioned under other names by preceding navigators; we think him, however, clearly intitled to all the honour he claims, and as he has evinced the necessary qualifications for the task, we hope he may again be sent to explore the great ocean so often traversed during the last half century.

We have hitherto confined our review to the journal of the voyage, and we now turn to other matters connected with it. In the 'Remarks and Opinions' of M. Chamisso, the naturalist of the expedition, we meet with the following singular anecdote:—

'About the year 1800, Tamaahmah, (King of the Sandwich Islands) on occasion of the birth of a son, invented quite a new language, and began to introduce it. The newly invented words were not related to any roots of the current language, nor derived from any of them; even the particles, which supply the grammatical forms, and are the connectives of the discourse, were transformed in a similar manner. It is said, that some powerful chiefs, who were displeased at this metamorphosis, destroyed the child

who caused it, by poison. At his death, the enterprise which had been undertaken at his birth, was abolished. The old language was again adopted, and the new one forgotten.

M. Chamisso has given an ingenious disquisition on the language or dialects of the islands in the Great Ocean, with an extensive vocabulary of those of Chamori, Eap, Ulea, and Radack. He does not confine his remarks to the new discoveries, but extends them to Teneriffe, Brazil, Chili, California, the Philippine and Sandwich Islands, Kamtschatka, &c. &c.

Of the inhabitants of Radack, we are told, that they are slender but well built, and healthy, and of a darker colour than the people of Owhyee. Both sexes wear their long beautiful black hair neatly and elegantly tied up behind:—

'Men and women wear, in their pierced ear-lappets, a rolled pandanus leaf. The roll for the men is three inches in diameter, and for women, only half. It is sometimes covered by a very thin plate of tortoise-shell. Some older people had, besides, pierced the upper edge of the ear, to put flowers through.

'The skilful elegant tattooing, differs according to the sex; in each it is uniform. For the men, it forms over the shoulder and breast, a triangle, pointing to the navel, which consists of several variously combined stripes; similar well disposed horizontal stripes occupy the back and the stomach. With the women, only the arms and the shoulders are tattooed. Besides this regular designing, which is only executed when they grow up, and is wanting in very few, they have all, when children, groups of designs or stripes tattooed over their hips and arms, but more seldom in the face. Amongst these drawings, we sometimes observed the figure of the Roman cross. The place tattooed is very dark, drawn sharply and raised above the skin.

'The dress of the men consists in a girdle, with bast straps hanging down, to which is often added, a smaller square mat as an apron; boys go quite naked till they have arrived at manhood. The women wear two longer mats, fastened with a string over the hips; the girls wear, very early, a small apron.

'The Iru or Chiefs are frequently distinguished by their large stature, never by immoderate corpulency. The tattooing in them generally extends over those parts of the body which are not tattooed in common people, the sides, the hips, the necks, and the arms.

'The houses of the Radackers consist only of a roof, supported on four posts with a hanging floor. They are only high enough to admit a person to sit under them. You climb through a square opening into the upper room, which con-

tains all their little property. They sleep on this floor or in the open space below; and several open huts, of the form of a tent, round about, serve as separate sleeping apartments. The roofs are of cocoa or pandanus leaves; the floor is strewn with very fine fragments of coral and shells, which are found on shore. Only a coarse mat serves for a bed, and a block of wood for a pillow.

The fruit of the wild pandanus forms the chief food of the Radackers, who are described as an amiable people, that treat strangers with hospitality, and never become importunate or troublesome:—

‘Every where,’ says M. Chamisso, ‘we met the picture of peace among an infant people; we saw new plantations, advancing cultivation, many children growing up, with a small population; the affectionate attention of the fathers for their offspring, pleasing unaffected manners, equality in the intercourse between chiefs and other men, no servility to the more powerful, and with greater poverty and less self-assurance, none of those vices which disgrace the people of the more eastern Polynesia.’

‘The inhabitants of Radack adore an invisible God in Heaven, and offer him a simple tribute of fruits, without temples and without priests.’

‘Marriages depend on a free convention, and may be dissolved as they are concluded. A man may have several wives. The woman is the companion of the man, and seems freely and voluntarily to submit to him, in a just relation to the head of the family. In their wanderings, the men go on before as protectors, and the women follow. When any subject is discussed, the men speak first; the women, when called upon, take a share in the conversation, and attention is paid to them.’

The bond of exclusive friendship between two men, which is found in all the islands of the first province in Radack, obliges the friend to give his wife to his friend, but does not bind him to seek for revenge by blood:—

‘We mention with hesitation, alas which Kadu ascribed to urgent want, and the sterility of the miserably earth. Every mother is allowed to bring up only three children; yet fourth and every succeeding one she is obliged to bury alive, herself. The families of the chiefs are not subjected to his barbarity. Natural children are brought up in the same manner as the legitimate. When they are able to walk, the father takes them to himself. When the father recognizes the child, the mother keeps it; when the mother dies, another woman takes care of the child.

‘The corpses of the deceased are enrouled round with strings, in a sitting posture. The chiefs are buried on the islands. A large square space, surrounded with large stones, marks the

place, under palms, on the inner shore. They treat in the same manner their enemies fallen in battle, according to their rank. A staff fixed in the ground, with annular incisions, marks the grave of the children who were not allowed to live. We have ourselves seen both kinds of graves.’

The same customs with regard to the burial of the dead, are observed at Ulea and the islands lying more east. M. Chamisso, in an examination of the disputed geographical problems, relative to these parts, is of opinion, that the two continents of Asia and America are separated; and he considers the north-east cape not to be an isthmus which unites both quarters of the globe, but merely a promontory of Asia; but he does not attach any belief to an open north polar sea.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Jerusalem Delivered. Book the Fourth. From the Italian of Tasso; bringing the Specimen of an intended New Translation in English Spenserian Verse; with a Prefatory Dissertation on existing Translations. By J. H. Wiffen. 8vo. pp. 96. London, 1821.

It has long been a subject of regret among the admirers of Tasso, that he has never possessed a translator worthy of him, and that the English reader lost the principal beauties of the bard of Mantua, frittered away as they were in the insipid version of Hoole. It is true that Fairfax's translation was much superior, but, until its recent republication, it was by no means frequently met with even in good libraries. Fairfax's is, however, a very unequal performance; and he passes from the sublime to the ridiculous at a single step. This is partly owing to the age in which he lived, when a fondness for proverbial conceits was general. Carew's Godfrey of Bulloigne, written nearly at the same time as Fairfax's translation, is much inferior to it. Several other authors commenced versions of this great poem, among whom was Gray, whose translation of a fragment of the fourteenth book displays great felicity of language and purity of taste. It, as Mr. Wiffen elegantly observes in his Dissertation, ‘like some solitary marble column, beautified with immortality, speaks eloquently to the imagination, attesting what the finished structure would have been in magnificence and grace.’

It remained for the present age, however, to do Tasso that justice which his admirable poem demanded.

Mr. Hunt, who published a translation of the ‘Jerusalem Delivered’ about three years ago, far surpassed all who had preceded him in the same track. It is to be regretted that this gentleman has written in couplets instead of stanzas, so well adapted to an heroic poem, and that he has been somewhat diffusive; these may by some be deemed venial faults, or no faults at all, but they are, we believe, the only ones to be attributed to his translation, which is faithful, vigorous, and elegant.

Mr. Wiffen, who although a young bard, occupies no unimportant niche in the temple of poetic fame, and of whom we have more than once spoken very highly, had commenced his translation of Tasso before Mr. Hunt's work appeared; and we are glad that he had the courage to pursue it. He has adopted the Spenserian stanza as the happiest measure and the best adapted to the romantic spirit that pervades the ‘Jerusalem Delivered.’ In this, we doubt not, most readers will agree with him, particularly when they see the success with which he has applied it in the fourth book, which is now published as a specimen. Avoiding equally a slavish and verbal fidelity, and that license which often loses all similarity to the prototype, Mr. Wiffen has endeavoured to make his work ‘less a copy than a twin.’ He has transfused much of the genius and spirit of the original in his own elegant and harmonious version; and that it is neither deficient in vigour or dignity, let the following stanzas bear witness. They are descriptive of Lucifer, and his passionate harangue to his synod of fallen angels:—

‘There was a majesty in his fierce face
That deepening others' fears, increased his pride;
His eyes were bloodshot, and instinct with rays,
That like a baleful comet, far and wide,
Diffused a venomous splendour, which out-
vied
The fascinating snake's; barbarous and hoar
His grand beard swept his breast, and, gaping
Charybdis on the Sicil shore,
Yawned his terrific jaws, besmeared with foam-
ing gore.
‘His breath was like those sulphurous vapours born
In thunder, stench, and the live shot-star's light,
When red Vesuvius showers, by earthquakes torn,
O'er sleeping Naples in the dead of night,
Funeral sales: whilst he spoke, affright
Hushed howling Cerberus, Ceto'so's shriek;
Cocytus paused in his lamenting dirge;
The abysses trembled; horror chilled each
chek;

And these the words they heard the shouting giant speak.

"PRINCES OF HELL! but worthier far to fill

In Heaven, whence each one sprang, his diamond throne,

Ye! who with me were hurled from the blest hill,

Where glorious as the morning star we shone,

To range these frightful dungeons—ye have known

The ancient jealousies and fierce disdain Which goaded us to battle,—overthrown

We are judged rebels, and besieged with pains,

Whilst o'er his starry domes the happy victor reigns.

"And for th' ethereal air, serene and pure, The golden sun, and starry spheres, his hate

Hus lock'd us in this bottomless obscure, Forbidding bold ambition to translate

Our spirits to their first divine estate. Then, ah the bitter thought! 'tis this which

stings me to madness,—did he not create The vile worm man, that thing of reptile

clay, To fill our vacant seats in those blue fields of day?

"Nor this sufficed; to spite us more, he gave

His only son, his darling, to the dead. He came; he burst the portals of the grave;

Compassed our kingdoms with audacious tread;

The spirits in torment doomed to us, he led Back to the skies—his richly-ransomed

throne;

And, in our teeth, Hell's conquered ensigns spread,

Aboard on Heaven's bright battlements up-bung,

The whilst ten thousand saints loud alleluiahs sung.

"But why renew afflictions too severe By numbering up the wrongs already known?

When, and on what occasion did ye hear He paused in wrath, and left his works un-

done?

No more o'er past indignities I run, But present injuries and future shame—

Must we slight these? Alas! we cannot shun

The consciousness that now his hated aim Is the wide nations round from darkness to re-

claim.

"What! shall we pass in sloth the days and hours,

Cherish no wrath-born lightnings in our veins,

But leave his principalities and powers To reap fresh laurels on the Asian plains?

To lend Judah in their servile chains, And spread his worshipped name from clime

to clime?

Sound it in other tongues, in other strains! And on fresh columns sculpture it sublime,

To teach a future age, and mock almighty Time?

"And must our glorious idols be o'er-thrown?

Our altars change to his? our temples nod? Gold, incense, vows, be paid to him alone?

And Baal bow before the shrine of God? In the high groves where erst we made abode

Must pure, nor claim, nor smoke remain?

And shall the myriad spirits who bestowed Tribute on us, that tribute now disdain,

And o'er dispeopled realms abandoned Pluto reign?

"No! for our essences are yet the same, The same our pride, our prowess, and our

power;

As when with sharp steel and engirding flame,

In godlike battle we withstood the flower Of heaven's archangels; we in evil hour

Were foiled, I grant, but smiling chance, not skill,

Made them victorious—still we scorned to cover;

The fire of glory—timelessness of will, Burnt it not in our hearts? does it not burn

there still?

"Then longer why delay! arise, take wing,

My hope, my strength, my sweet familiars, fly;

Plagues and swift ruin on these Christians bring,

Ere reinforced by any fresh ally; Haste! quench the spreading flame of cli-

valry,

Ere in its blaze Judea all unites; Your arts exert, your upstart-arms play;

Enter as will among their armed knights, Now practice open force, and now use secret

sleights.

"Let what I will be fate! give some to troil

In exile, some in battle to be slain; Let some abandoned to a lawless love,

Make woman's smiles and frowns their joy and pain,

And brilliant eyes their idols; let some sustain Their swords in civil strife; let some en-

gage

In crimes against their king; let murder reign

With treason, rage with murder, hate with rage;

So perish all—priest, king, page, noble, serf, and sage!"

We always admired Mr. Hunt's translation of Tasso's beautiful picture

of the lovely Armida, and Mr. Wiffen's version is equally happy:—

"Never did Greece or Italy behold

A form so fancy and to taste more dear! At times, the white veil dims her locks of

gold,

At times, in bright relief they re-appear: Thus, when the stormy skies begin to clear,

Now through transparent clouds the sunshine gleams,

Now, issuing from its shrine, the gorgeous

Shore Lights up the vales, flowers, mountains,

leaves, and streams,

With a diviner day—the spirit of bright beams.

"New ringlets form the flowing winds amid

The natural curls of her rependent hair; Her blue eyes, rolled beneath its shadowing

lid,

Locks up its wealth with more than miser

care;

The rival roses upon cheeks more fair

Than morning light, each other's claims

oppose,

But on her lips, whose breath the love-sick

air

Wooes for its violet scent, the crimson rose,

Its whole voluptuous bloom in crowned domi-

non throws.

"Ripe as the grape just mellowing into wine

Her bosom swells to sight; its lily breasts,

Smooth, soft, and sweet, like alabaster shine,

Part bare, part bid by her embroidered vests;

Whose jealous fringe the greedy eye arrests,

But leaves its fond imaginations free,

To sport, like doves, in those delicious nests,

And their most shadowed aceries to see;

Peopling with beautiful dreams the lively

phantasy.

"As through the waters of a crystal spring,

Blue with excessive depth, the sunbeam

darts,

Cleaving the still glass with its gorgeous

viege,

It leaves no wrinkle on the wave it parts:

So, noiseless, Fancy dives in virgin's hearts

Through vestures as untrussed, to explore

Their amiable secrets, their shining arts,

And the mind's cells, whence Love his gold-

en ore

Draws to illume desire, and charm us more and

more."

The corresponding passage to the

second stanza above quoted, is thus

given by Mr. Hunt:—

"In native curls her waving ringlets flow,

Yet added curls the breathing fangs bestow;

Her eye was fix'd upon herself alone,

As greedy of Love's treasures, and its own;

Glow'd on her cheek the rose's purple light,

Though soften'd by the blending ivory's white;

But on her lips, whence breezy fragrance,

In all its genuine lustre, bloom'd the rose."

The arts used by Armida, while in the

camp, are described with much

knowledge of human nature:

"All arts th' enchantress practised to be-

guile

Some new admirer in her well-spread snare,

Nix used with all, nor always the same while,

But shaped to every taste her grace and air:

Here cloistered is her eye's dark pupil, there

In full voluptuous languishment is rolled;

Now these her kindness, those her anger

bear,

Spurred on or checked by bearing frank or

cold,

As she perceived her slave was scrupulous or

bold.

"If she marked some too bashful to advance,

Sick if unnoticed, diffident if seen,

First flew her beautiful smile, her thrilling

glance,

Sunny as summer and as spring serene:

Thus reassured, their dying hopes grew keen;

The faint mistrose, the languishing desire

Reviving brighten in their eager men;

Those looke a thousand amorous thoughts in-

spire.

And Fear's pale frost-work melts in Fancy's

lively fire.

"If some made bold to press her virgin palm,

Too rashly building on her former charms,

She grew a miser of her eye's blue charms,

Spared her fond smile, and frowned them in-

to fear;

But through the wrath that fired her first

anxiety,

And ruffled her sweet cheek, they might dis-

cern

Rays of forgiving pity reappear;

Thus do they drop, but not despair, and

yearn

Towards her in deepest love when she appears
most stern."

Through all these shifting tempers whilst
each knight

Fluctuates disturbed, uncertain of her choice,
Through fire and frost, smiles, tears, fear,
hope, delight,

The benevolent witch their agony enjoys:

If any one presumes with trembling voice
To tell his secret pain, her guilefulness
The glorious vision of his soul destroys;
Sbe nor perceives his meaning, nor can
guess—

The very fold of Love and girlish simpleness.

* Or shiding down her eyes, the blood's warm
brightness

In roshing crimson o'er her features flowed,
Irradiating with fire their ivory whiteness,
That all her visage like Aurora's showed,
When in the first dawn on her eastern road
She flies the' embrace of Titan, and in shame
Extinguishes the star,—whilst anger glow'd
Yet deeper on her cheek, a flower of flame,
Beside whose rosy hue, all rosiness tooks tame,

* If she perceives one hastening to avow
His mournful flame, she stops her charmed
ears;

Now shuns his converse, grants an audience
now,
Then flies, returns, smiles, frowns, and dis-
appears.

Thus in a war of wishes, sighs, and tears,
In vain pursuit he wastes his life away;
And with deluding hopes, afflicting fears,
Fares like the hunter who at dying day
Has lost in lonely woods all traces of his
prey—

* These were the arts by which Armida took
A thousand spirits captive to her sleight,
Or rather these the arms, with which she
strook,

And made them bondslaves in their own
despite.

What marvel e'er Love subdued the might
Of Theseus' lance, and Hercules the strong,
When those who drew the sword in Jove's
right,

Thral'd to a wanton's tears—a syren's song,
Wore his enfolding chains, and gloried in the
wrong!"

Should this specimen of a new
translation of Tasso's work be as well
received as we anticipate, Mr. Wiffen
will publish the whole very shortly.
We look forward to it with some degree
of confidence; and although he has
selected the fourth book as best suited
for a specimen, on account of its sin-
gleness of action, yet we must wait for
some of the later books, which are
equal in poetic merit and superior in
interest, before we give that decided
opinion of Mr. Wiffen's success which
the beauty of the sample before us has
almost seduced us to anticipate.

Observations, chiefly in Reply to Re-
marks made in Parliament during the
last Session, on the Subject of Gu-
vernment Clerks. By a Clerk.
Svo. pp. 78. London, 1821.

IT will be in the recollection of such of

our readers as pay attention to the pro-
ceedings of Parliament, that, among
the various plans of economy and re-
trenchment talked of during the last
session, one was a reduction in the sa-
laries of government clerks. Indeed,
one of the ministers stated, that a re-
duction of salaries in all the depart-
ments of the public service, was under
the consideration of government. This
assertion called forth remarks in favour
of the measure from several members,
particularly Lord Milton, Mr. Hume,
Mr. W. Burrell, and Mr. Creevey, who
argued it on several grounds,—as, that
clerks should make sacrifices as well as
landholders,—that provisions were
cheaper, and, therefore, less salary ne-
cessary,—that clerks were better paid
than military officers,—that govern-
ment did not require gentlemen for
clerks,—and, lastly, that if the clerks
felt themselves aggrieved, they might
give up their places.

It is in reply to these several argu-
ments, (if they deserve the name,) and
in opposition to the measure generally,
that the pamphlet before us is written.
The author combats with much force,
all that has been said in favour of re-
ducing the salaries of clerks, first de-
nying the right of government to do so,
and then showing, that if they possess
the right, justice and policy would
equally forbid the exercise of it. Some
of his arguments are of great force, and
well worthy the consideration of the
legislature, and particularly such mem-
bers of it as labour to save 2000l. out
of an expenditure of fifty millions, and
that, too, by decreasing the comforts or
encroaching on the necessities of a few
junior clerks. This able advocate of
the clerks, in denying the right of the
government to reduce their salaries,
thus reasons:—

'These persons, [government clerks]
on entering upon their several duties, have,
for the greater number, found, that by
the settled, positive, and determinate rule
of their respective offices, they were en-
titled to certain salaries, subject to an ad-
dition in proportion to the length of ser-
vice spent by them in those offices, as well
as to certain allowances, guaranteed by
50 George 3, cap. 117, in case, after fixed
periods, they were desirous of retiring
from their stations. Now, have we not
here a vested interest,—as clear and de-
fined a vested interest as it is possible to
possess? How then, I ask, can such a
property, with fairness, be knocked on
the head? When a person enters a gov-
ernment office, he resolves on sacrificing
the first and best years of his existence, to
forego every other possible chance of
rising in fortune—for what, can it be sup-

posed? for the puny salary which, at his
onset, scarcely allows of his putting foot
into his mouth?—impossible. For what
then? I demand; for the certainty of the
employment; for the certainty of finding,
in due time, an increase of revenue; for
the certainty of that increase being to a
certain extent; for the certainty, should
life be spared, of being able to retire, in
age or sickness, on a certain allowance;
for the advantages, it is true, of the pre-
sent, but more, as it is seen, for those in
the womb of time. These are the in-
ducements which prompt a man to dis-
pose of his talents and labour to govern-
ment; and, for the due execution of the
contract on the part of government, he re-
lies on the good faith of the country, on
acts of Parliament, on that inward feeling,
which tells him, that the solemn, the de-
liberate, the prudent determinations of
one set of ministers, will not be wantonly
kicked down by another set, and, still less,
kicked down by those very ministers
themselves; that the decision of to-day
will be the decision of to-morrow; that
the rule of the Monday will stand good for
the Saturday; and that *ex post facto* laws
are not of the soil of England. These have
hitherto formed the clerks' sheet anchor;
and is his hold at once to be shivered to
atoms, because a short-sighted policy
points him out, at the present hour, for
destruction? If, after having conferred
rights on certain offices,—rights, let it not
be forgotten, which probably induced
most of those persons, who are now in
them, to engage themselves; if, after
having legislatively conferred rights,
those rights are, with impunity, to be torn
in tatters; where, I beg to know, is the
security which any man in the kingdom
can have for the value of one obole of his
property. Does not the right to an estate
rest on the same right as that right which
has been conferred by act of the legisla-
ture on the clerks? And will not the
same power which destroys the one lay
its iron grasp, if it pleases, on the other?
—Is this the tenor by which property in
England is henceforward to be held.
Whenever any of the princely sinecures
enjoyed by certain great and potent
lords, have come under the consideration
of Parliament, has it not been an acknow-
ledged principle, that not even the frac-
tional part of a farthing could be taken
from the present possessors, and that,
were the sinecures entailed on a hundred
lives, the same due regard to justice would
be adopted towards them all. If it be
desirous to remunerate the clerks em-
ployed in the offices of government, dif-
ferently from the rate at present followed,
there could assuredly be neither impro-
priety nor illiberality in legislating for the
future; but, for the individuals, who, at
this day, find themselves in the service of
the state; men who have devoted their
time under different ideas, under other
bargains, (whether profitable or not for the
country it was the government's business,
at the time of concluding them, to deter-

mine;) surely such men, however humble they may be, ought no more to find their rights invaded than the high and mighty seignior, or any other holder of property in the kingdom. Had the clerks been in receipt of large emoluments, arising from fines or fees of any description, the growth of the war and of the war alone, there would, indeed, be some semblance of justice in withdrawing, during the peace, that which but for the war would not have existed; but this supposition is no wise the case with the clerks, and there remains, consequently, in reality, no better reason for squeezing them than that their poverty and nakedness court the attack of the hungry and the powerful.

* Much has been urged of late respecting the distresses of the country; they may be great: can, however, the evils of which we complain, be got rid of or lessened by the commission of any signal act of severity, on the very persons who so largely participate in the privations to which those distresses give rise, as do the clerks; yet much, generally speaking, as the little comforts of the clerks have, of late years, been abridged, I am willing to allow, that even they could, with justice, be called on to surrender a portion of their property. Yes, the case does exist in which, were it under operation, the present mode of clerks, notwithstanding their rights, ought to be made to experience a reduction in their salaries,—I allude to the case of shipwreck.

* If England can no longer satisfy the just demands of her creditors, her creditors, like all other creditors, must be content with a composition, and, in case of that event, I know of no reason why clerks should be paid in full, whilst their equals are compelled to give for a part a complete and perfect quittance; if that black day of reckoning has, indeed, arrived, or is to arrive, the clerks ought and must suffer in common with every class of people, for bankruptcies admit not of preferences; but, until government has declared itself insolvent; until the country has been positively and decidedly told that it can no longer afford to be honourable, that it can no longer afford to pay twenty shillings in the pound to fair claimants, I take it to be as clear as the sun at noon-day, that impartial justice can never assimilate with that principle which goes to deprive the labourer of his hire, and, by silencing the clamour of one party, work the downfall of another;—a principle which, happily for England, has never yet been openly avowed or acted upon within the limit of her empire; a principle which, whatever may be the clerks' fate, would, if once recognized, annihilate, at a blow, the very contract which binds society together, and which would cause, in ten seconds, ten million-fold more of real mischief and misery to ensue, than ever the dirty parings of a few score scribblers' salaries could effectuate of good in the course of ten centuries.

ries. Thus much for the abstract right which government has to withdraw from the clerks any portion of those salaries which the government itself decreed to them.

We confess ourselves friends of economy and retrenchment, but it is not to the salaries of clerks that we should look for either; and we would barely hint to some of our most busy members, that the money spent in printing useless papers, which they frequently call for, amounts to treble the sum they could obtain by any reduction in the salaries of clerks.

Memoirs of the History of Scotland, from the Restoration of King Charles the Second, A. D. 1660. By Sir George Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh, Knt. 4to. pp. 332. Edinburgh, 1821.

THE MS. from which these Memoirs are printed, is said to have been rescued from the hands of one of those foes to literature, a retail shop-keeper, in Edinburgh. Fortunately, the grocer dipped into the bundle of papers he purchased before he consigned them to the base purposes of wrapping up his soap and sugar, and finding a small quarto MS. bound in vellum, handed it to Dr. McCre, who transferred it to Mr. Thomson, of the Register Office, Edinburgh, who has now given it to the public.

Singular as this story appears, yet we have no doubt of the genuineness of the work, which contains a narrative of events relating to Scotland, from 1660 to 1663, and then, after a lapse of six years, it is resumed again, and continued from 1669 to 1679.

Sir George Mackenzie, who was Lord Advocate in 1677, was the author of several works on the laws and antiquities of Scotland, some elegant Latin compositions, particularly the tract intitled 'Idea eloquentie forensis,' and 'Characteres quorundam apud Scotos adnotorum.' He also wrote a volume of Moral Essays. Of his qualifications for an historian, Sir George seems to have been fully sensible, as he declares 'that no man hath writ an history who knew more intimately the designs, and observed more narrowly all the circumstances of those actions he sets down, than myself; having being either actor in or witness to all the transactions which I mention.' Although this work does not bring forward any new facts of much importance, yet we consider it as one of those collateral aids to history, which

should not be disregarded. We shall make two desultory extracts to shew its style and character. The first relates to the acts of the first session of the Scottish Parliament after the restoration:—

* The Protector had, to maintain his tyranny over Scotland, built four citadels in it, with much art and expense; one in Air, a second at Leith, a third at Perth, a fourth at Inverness; and had planted them with English garrisons. These had till now been continued, by the mediation of Chancellor Hyde, who retained some fear that Scotland was yet too fanatic to be trusted to their own loyalty; and with him Duke Albemarle concurred, to gratify the officers and soldiers who had serv'd under him, and were yet under his command; and these two had led Middleton, then Commissioner, into the same belief, who likewise thought fit to have them as a guard to his authority here. But at the constant intreaties of the Earl of Lauderdale, who represented that Scotland had now manifested their aversion from these former rebellious principles, they were removed; and the citadels themselves dismantl'd, seeing his majesty had no revenues to maintain garrisons in them; and, if they had been kept empty, they might have proved so many defenses for such as intended to rebel. The materials and ground whereupon they were built, were bestowed in this manner:—Air was disposed to the Earl of Eglington, who, thereafter, employed the same to the manufactory of cloth, newly erected there; Perth, to the magistrates of the town; Inverness, to the Earl of Murray; and Leith, to the Earl of Lauderdale, with the privilege of erecting it in a burgh of regality; which he did, to force the magistrates of Edinburgh to buy it from him; for he boasted to settle a trade there which would break theirs: to prevent which, Sir Andrew Ramsay, provost of Edinburgh, did thereafter induce the town to buy it at the rate of 5000 *lib.* sterling; and this was the foundation of his court with Lauderdale, who hated him formerly as one who waited entirely on the Earl of Middleton.

* Thus Scotland was entirely freed from the English soldiers and garrisons; and Lauderdale, upon this account, deserved well of his country, and magnified himself in it as a great testimony of his love for Scotland; and to evidence his affection the more, he did, in presence of his majesty, sit down and kiss the warrant with great demonstrations of joy. But this excessive boasting, that he had prevailed in this over Hyde, Middleton, and all the English, did somewhat contribute to renew the old discords which had formerly been entertained betwixt the nations; and occasioned the making of those severe acts, whereby the Parliament of England debar'd the Scots from freedom of trade in their plantations, and from enjoying the benefit of natives in the privilege of shipping.

'The Parliament of Scotland, taking to their consideration how much and how unjustly this kingdom was injured, by an suspension cast upon it for the transactions at Newcastle in anno 1647, at which time the King was delivered to the Parliament of England; which was called, in some histories, a selling of the king; did, by an express act, condemn and reprobate all that that easy, and declare that the same was no national act, but was only carried on by some rebels, who had falsely assumed the name of a parliament. Nor wanted there many even in that Parliament, who protested against all that procedure, and who had the courage and honesty to cause registrate that protestation. And I must here crave leave to expostulate with our neighbours of England, for inveighing so severely against our nation, for delivering up their king; seeing he was only delivered up to their Parliament, who first imprisoned, and thereafter murdered him: whereas how soon even our rebels discovered their design, they carried into England a splendid and mighty army for his defence; and when his murderer came to their ears, they proclaimed his son their king, and sent commissioners to treat with him, and bring him home to Scotland; and when he was arrived, they did contribute their lives and fortunes for his safety. And, albeit, some bigot presbyterians did use him unkindly, out of too much kindness to their own principles; yet even these did very generously oppose Cromwell, and such as had murdered their king: as is clear by the attack made by General Major Montgomery, at Musselburgh, and by the Remonstrators at Linlithgow. They fought also two battles for him at Dunbar and Worcester; and suffered the greatest hardships imaginable. After which, first the Earl of Glencairn, and then the Earl of Middleton, did keep the fields under his display'd banner; nor did ever his majesty want some Scots to stand in arms for him in Scotland, till it pleased God, in return of this loyalty, to make them the great instruments of encouraging General Monk, in his bringing home the king; having offered to assist him with their lives and fortunes against Lambert, and saving contributed three months' cessper allowance, for payment of his armies. And so remarkable was our loyalty to the world and amongst strangers, that his majesty was always called King of Scots; and it was believed and presumed in all places where our nation travelled, whether in England or beyond sea, that a Scot was still a royalist.'

The work contains some very acute reflections on the union between England and Scotland, and on the state of parties, religious as well as political. Of the *fanatics* of his day, he says,—

'These irreligious and heterodox books called "Nepthali" and "*Jus populi*," ad made the killing of all dissenters on presbytery seem not only lawful,

but even a duty, amongst many of that profession; and in a postscript to "*Jus populi*," it was told, that the sending of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's head to the king, would be the best present that could be made to Jesus Christ. Animated by which principles, one Master James Mitchell, a profligate fellow, who, for scandal and ill-nature, had been thrown out of the Laird of Dundas's house, where he serv'd as chaplain, did, in July 1668, watch to kill that Archbishop; till wearied with want of opportunities, he at last shot at him, in his own coach, upon the publick street, and at the foot of his stairs. But Providence so order'd it that he miss'd him, but shot the Bishop of Orkney, who was in the coach with him, leaving the small leads in his arm; of which wound he languish'd till his death. Mitchell having in the crowd escap'd, every man running to the Archbishop, he lurk'd that night in the garden that belonged to the Lord Oxenford, in the Cowgate, and from thence, pursu'd by his own conscience, fled to Holland; but was, by Divine Providence, which design'd him for a sacrifice, instigated to come home; where, being taken at a burial, he deny'd the fact, albeit the pistol was taken about him; and being brought to the Council in February, 1674, he was referred to a Committee; but desiring to speak with the Chancellor, and he having taken him in to another room, he fell upon his knees, and confess'd the whole matter, without asking either life or promise of any favour. When his lordship return'd, Sir John Nisbet, who was then Advocate and one of the Committee, prest that he might sign his confession; which he did, and renew'd his confession before the Council, the Duke of Lauderdale, then Commissioner, being present without interceding for his life on either of these occasions. Whereupon the Council, who were jealous that he might retract his confession, order'd him to be pursu'd criminally; having only design'd to cut off his right hand, if he should adhere to his confession. But he, being persuaded that extrajudicial confession was not binding, re-fus'd; whereupon the Council declar'd, that he had forfeited any promise that was made to him; and being sent prisoner to the Bass, he continu'd there till December, 1677; at which time new discoveries having been made of a design to kill the Archbishop, Sir George Mackenzie, his Majesty's Advocate, was ordain'd to proceed against him; and a libel being given him, founded upon the 4 Act of 1671 part. Ja. 6. whereby the invading Privy Counsellors' death, Sir George Lockhart was, at his lord advocate's earnest desire, appointed to plead for him: and he having rais'd an exculpation, in which he offer'd to prove that, if he emitted any confession, it was upon promise of life et *epetencia*, this was admitted to his probation: and having led the Duke of Lauderdale, the Chancellor, Hatten, and some others, they all depon'd, that they knew of no

promise given antecedently to his confession, and so he could not be said to have confest upon promise of life: after which, his advocates desiring that the Act of Council might be read for proving their exculpation, that was justly refus'd, because no man can make use both of wit and witnesses; and the truth was, that the Act of Council, being posterior to the confession, could not prove that the confession was emitted upon promise of life; and that act design'd to annul the confession, and so could not be made use of for asstructing it. Probation being thus fail'd, and his majesty's advocate having spoke to the assise, Sir George Lockhart refus'd to speak for Mitchell, being unwilling to offend Lauderdale; for which many blam'd him in this, as they did his management of the process in not adducing the Act of Council first: and the assise (Jan. 9, 1678) having all in one voice found the pannel guilty, he was hang'd, railing against the king and the council, without any contrition for his personal sins.

'The fanatics continuing still their insolencies, to that height that the orthodox clergy were forced to abandon their churches and homes, and fresh intelligence coming daily of their preparations to rebel, even from the Lord Dundonald, a most cautious privy councillor, and from the President of the Session, who always favour'd them, the Duke of Lauderdale thought it his duty to inform the king of the whole scheme of affairs, and of some offers made by the Earl of Atholl, Marr, and others, of bringing out their Highlanders, to repress their designs, before they were ripen'd into a rebellion. For it was most easy for two or three conventions, by joining together, to make an army of ten thousand men, to whom all of that persuasion would probably gather; against whom, the king could only oppose his own standing forces, not exceeding fifteen hundred in all: nor could his majesty probably expect great assistance from the militia, which consists of commons much inclin'd to that opinion, the heritors also being inclin'd to the party. In return to which, the king wrote a letter, commanding an host to be rais'd and led into the west, where they should take free quarter from such as refus'd to secure the peace: but yet, to make (Oct. 27) the western shires more inexcusable, this letter was direct to the Earls of Glencairn and Dundonald, and the Lord Ross, to be communicated to them.'

As Mr. Thomson has discovered a very laudable spirit, in bringing these Memoirs before the public, we regret that he has almost rendered them a 'sealed book,' by the limited number of copies, which, we understand, he has printed, and by the high price at which the work has been published.

Original Communications.

LIFE,

AS DISPLAYED IN THE SOJOURNINGS OF
LOFTUS GREY.

Collected, Methodized, and Conglomerated,
By W. B. L.

CHAP. III.

(Concluded from p. 600.)

A FEW minutes' conversation, as we moved from the spot to which we had thus been drawn, was sufficient for the formation of such an acquaintance as a staid Quaker maiden of sixteen could properly contract, or as a smitten youth of less grave conceits could in any conscience desire. We soon became acquainted with each other's life, birth, and parentage, and the known neighbourhood of our dwellings and the probability of future rencontre removed all hesitation and restrictions from our discourse. The 'material' of her history was pithy and concise, and might have racked the inventive faculties of an ordinary novelist. Her father was engaged in some mercantile speculations on the Continent, she waited his return in the family of some friends and distant relatives, and her name was Mary Prendergast.

It required no very mighty stretch of wit to imagine that these same friends and relatives might possibly experience some tender apprehensions, touching the exact fitness of a young girl's appointment with a person whose gratitude was of so ardent a nature, and I therefore requested, as a personal and still more signal favour, that she would forbear to mention the occurrence of an accident so light and trivial as that which had just happened, and to allow me the enjoyment of that exquisite feeling, in placing into her own hands, with renewed acknowledgments, the handkerchief for which I and my dog felt such inextinguishable gratitude!! 'I know not,' she said, 'if in this meeting thee again, and in such a place, I be doing a proper thing—if it be unseemly, I pray thee to urge not what I should avoid.'—I brushed up all the logic I was master of at this appeal to my prudence, and with the assistance of heaven and a few lucky principles of reasoning and qualities of syllogism, which neither she nor I rightly understood, happily blended in a sweet variety of moods, simple, conjunctive, complex, and compound, succeeded in proving, that, so far from unfitting, it was, in point of truth and

legitimate reasoning, not only an excusable act, but an absolute and imperative duty, the non-performance of which was to entail divers griefs, and be productive of sundry consequences, much to be deprecated and deplored!

She could not say a word.

But, ah! how in speaking of my beloved Mary, can the pen describe a levity of language that so belies the aching of the heart which directs it. How can a light idea be expressed, when every one that is connected with the remembrance of her, should seem with woe and sorrow.

We met again, and again, and again, and soon, too soon, alas! I wrought her young heart into the purest love that ever dwelt in woman. Dear girl! she loved me long, long ere she dreamed of such a passion; and when I at length pressed upon her the fervour of my own feelings, when I openly avowed the existence of the most ardent attachment that the soul could experience, and urged her to the confession of her own, she blushed, and was surprised, and trembled, and said not a word. Oh! how touching was that maiden bashfulness, how glowingly depicted that purity and innocence, as she yielded to my warm intreaties, to my devoted protestations, to my solemn oath of eternal affection; how blessed, how far ever blessed, that moment, as she told me in the silent voice of her blue eye, so did she love me, too.

Why should I detail the pleasures which were then experienced. Nay, I could not, I could not describe that joyousness of heart, that feeling of delight, that fire of gladness which thrilled through every vein and faculty then. I can, and I do sometimes bear to think of them; and then I go out and wander up and down like a beaten bark upon the ocean, and unseen by all but the eye of heaven, weep like a child.

This could not last for ever.

The glad times of life are but a passing breath; they are limited and evanescent, and are gone almost before we feel their presence; alas! not even youth; light, buoyant, and unthinking youth is exempt from the common lot of man. An accident, a mere accident at last effected that discovery which we had so long and so subtly endeavoured to avert. Mary was wrested from my heart and arms, at a moment when I might least have suspected the probability. Our meetings were made known by the stupidity of a clownish

cow-boy—we were watched, and—*we* were parted.

Days and nights passed away, and still in every possible garb and disguise did I endeavour to gain tidings of my poor Mary. I haunted her dwelling—I tried to bribe the servants into kindness and loquacity—they were intolerable. Of money, I had more than an ample allowance, and all that had amassed in the absence of means to waste it, did I now gather together to bend the stubborn hearts of the rigid and scrupulous menials to my purpose; it was all, all ineffectual. Desperation often accomplishes that which prudence fails to effect. I resolved, at all hazards, to scale the garden wall, and wait the occurrence of some fortuitous event which might communicate some, if but ever so little, intelligence of the girl without whom all things else were black and dreary. Many difficulties interposed to prevent the execution of my design; but I was young, desperate, and determined; of the value of life, I nothing knew nor cared; therefore the loss had been trivial, although I had known that its forfeiture would have been the result. The seclusion of the country, and the stillness of night enabled me to complete my fixed purpose, and, after the intervention of many obstacles, and two or three slight unnoticed contusions, I at length found myself, in the dusk of a lovely autumn's evening, crouched beneath some bushes, in the garden of my beloved Mary. It was not of such length, but I could have faintly heard any noise which the domestics might have made about their occupations, but all was still and quiet, and nothing but the deepest silence prevailed there; except the casual appearance or removal of a passing light, there was nothing to indicate its habitation; once, indeed, I heard the shutting of a door, but then all was still again as ever. I had thus lain for nearly two hours, without the slightest prospect of success in seeing or hearing of Mary; the moon was shining intensely bright; and I must have waited till its situation in the heavens threw the shadow of a large tree, which stood close by, over that part of the wall by which I had obtained access, to enable me safely to retreat, when I heard the distant sound, as of a gate clapping. I was all ear, I listened long and fervidly; I listened to the stillness, till confused amidst voices and of things rung through my head in the wildest obscenity; I knew this was but auricular deception, and I

tried to recover the lost sense. I leant my face upon my hands, and arranged my straying faculties as well as I was able. I remained in this situation until the sound of a light foot-stepping beat on my hearing. I raised my head, and beheld, through the foliage of the bushes which intervened, a woman, walking very slowly, and as I thought mournfully, through the path; when she approached that part in which I lay, she turned again in the same steady mood. I impatiently awaited her return, and listened to her receding steps, with an uneasy irritation; she again returned, and seemed making for the path which my secreting bush bordered. She passed it, and I saw that it was—oh! heaven, it was Mary!

But how altered! how changed that face and form! how pale and full of sorrow did she appear.—'Mary dear, dear Mary,' cried I, as I moved from my concealment; the sweet girl started, and uttered a faint cry, and then sprang into my arms, scarcely conscious of the reality of my presence. We spake few words, but, oh! how much was said and told in the short moments we were together. She recounted to me her sufferings and privations, the cruel strictness of her friends, their heart-breaking demeanor; but this and all these, she said, were nothing; she could have borne it all, and have lived upon the prospects which hope had given her; even this was denied. They had received communications from her father, who had found it necessary to abide for several years in Spain, whither his engagements had led him, and who had sent home his desire that my poor Mary should make immediate arrangements to join him here. This was too much. The thought of such a separation had never entered into my contemplations. I could have raved with very madness. Mary essayed to quell these conflicting passions. I swore that nothing should part us; that I lived, could live, but in her presence. I bade her remember all that had passed between us, our promises, our mutual protestations. I asked her if she could thus separate herself for ever from one who thus loved, adored, and idolized her. What did she say? Oh! never, while I live. I forgot the look, the tone of voice with which she answered in the words of the innocent Ruth: 'Think me not false, nor of my faith, little. We say, may meet again, and that, too, soon, and then we will part no more; yea, whither thou goest, I will go;

and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more else, if aught but death part thee and me.'

How rapidly passed the few moments we were together; we saw the impropriety of remaining too long; and, under the pledge of meeting in the same spot on the morrow evening, we parted—parted, never to meet again!

My heart was lighter and happier after this interview. I had indulged in hope and in illusive dreams of happiness in after times, and I rose the next morning at break of day; and though I had experienced but little sleep, I rose refreshed, and with a brain less fevered. It had been my sole delight to linger around her dwelling, while all else were buried in quiet and repose, and I again directed my steps towards the scene of our last night's transient meeting. As I drew towards the spot, I thought I could distinguish the sounds of voices and of things most unusual at such an early hour, in such a place. I sped quickly on, and as an abrupt angle in the lane disclosed to me her residence, oh! what a scene did I see—a carriage, laden with luggage, at the instant departing from the door; and the family all risen, and tokening farewell to those within it. The whole truth burst at once on my mind; I would have sprung forward, but I had not the power to move. I stood fixed to the spot in wilder astonishment; my eyes were rooted to the vehicle as it rolled rapidly away. Another moment and it was gone! Then, then did I dart forth with the swiftness of the lightning, over bush and bar, through field and moorland,—nothing, no obstacle, no impediment stopped my way. Alas! it was all in vain! I followed, till, overcome by weakness and intensity of feeling, I fell along the road, insensible and broken-hearted. I know not how long I lay, but when I recovered, the day seemed far advanced, and the rain was beating violently upon the heath which stretched before me. I rose with much difficulty, and sat myself down upon a stone which stood near me; I tried to collect my recollections, and to gain the meaning of my being there; too soon did my memory explain all I desired to know.—My breathing was short and painful, and I seemed to have a palpable weight upon my heart; I felt the extent of my loss, but I could not weep; I thought again, and again, of what I

had and should have to experience, but I could not shed a tear; oh! what mental and bodily anguish I was in. The day was dark, and the rain pouring down very fast, as I said before;—after remaining in that position, I think it must have been an hour or longer, I arose, and without knowing whither I was going, slowly pursued my way across the dark and desolate common. It seemed a wilderness to me; all the world was a wilderness; all things looked gloomy and unnatural, and the sky and the earth appeared blank and fearful; there was no living being within sight, and I felt as though there were something not right in the world, and it made my heart cold and icy to think so. It was a long time before I saw any thing to remind me of the existence of men, and when I at length beheld a small cottage on the wayside, and heard the voices of children, I started, and felt shocked and unhappy at it.

I was met and accosted by a labourer, who said that I looked ill and pale as death, and begged me to walk home to the cottage with him, and rest a little. I did so; and they gave me bread and cream, or something I know not what; and then I felt revived, but I would not remain long, I said I must go on; they asked me if I was going to —, and the name startled me; it was a small sea-port town, and Mary had mentioned it as the place of her probable embarkation. I requested he would tell me its distance, and the shortest mode of reaching it. He told me two or three times over and over again, before I could thoroughly comprehend what he said; my faculties were so weak and treacherous, that I could not follow half a dozen words together, before I had forgotten all that was said to me. They, both he and his wife, talked together apart from me, and then they both besought me to stay the night there, and said, that then I should be better, and on the morrow morning, be fitter for the journey; but I would not remain. I believe the man must have accompanied me for some distance, but I cannot distinctly recollect. I know that I travelled all night, it could have been to no great distance, for it was not until the morning had far advanced that I reached the town, and it was not many miles that he had mentioned to me as the length. I went onwards, I knew not exactly wherefore, to the beach, and then the few vessels which I saw, somewhat recalled me to my re-

collection. I asked some sailors that were loitering about, if any vessel were then bound for Spain? he pointed me to one in the offing, and told me she had just sailed, and that there was another nearly underweigh; he brought me, at my request, to the master of it, with whom I was anxious to engage as a passenger; he had more honesty than scruple, for, with the present payment of the sum which I then possessed, and the promise of the remainder when arrived at our destination, he agreed to take me on board; and, within three hours after entering the town, I was on my way to a foreign and unknown land. Then, day after day, I remained fixed to my own birth, and no intruders could move me to come upon deck with the few passengers who went out with us. I only wanted quiet and solitude, and so that I was not teased by their well-meant assidues, the broil and bustle of the scene were insufficient to affect me. We had been at sea five days, when, as I one evening sat brooding on the troubles of my heart, thinking of all that was past, and was to come,—the more than usual noise and commotion above, mingled with a long continued peal of thunder, roused me from that torpor and lethargy of mind which I had all along experienced. I then perceived the violent motion of the vessel, and almost unconsciously went up to witness a scene which promised well to harmonize with my own struggles;—heavens! what a scene presented itself! the wild ocean throwing its furious waters up towards the sky—the white lightning pouring down from the cloud and springing from wave to wave, to immeasurable distance—the horrible roaring of the billows, which seemed to vie in strength with the thunder, as it increased with every coming moment—the hoarse voices of the crew, and their uncouth and violent gesticulations—the cries of the women, and the creaking of the vessel, as they broke upon the ear at intervals. It seemed as if the world itself had been dissolved in the tottering of the universe! Such a display of elementary strife and fearful uproar must have been overpowering and numbing to any spectator, except me; but I, though amazed, regarded it with, I might almost say, indifference; my feeling and perception to all external things, whether in repose or in commotion, were now altogether callous; and I looked on unconcernedly as to consequences, whether of good or of evil tendency.

The storm increased with every increasing minute. The captain and his crew were toiling and striving with the energy of desperation, leaving no means untried to avert the impending destruction. The water was growing rapidly in the hold, and all exertions could not keep it under. All at once, the captain flagged, and looked around as if he would communicate something which he had not power to do—and there he fell upon his knees and prayed God to help us, for the vessel had sprung a leak, and no power but His could save us. The thunder still kept roaring on, and the transitions from light to utter darkness, occasioned by the lightning, was truly horrible. In a moment after, a deafening cry of 'lost,—and, 'O Lord save us,'—sprung from all parts of the ship; the waters poured into it in all directions, rushing and splashing with a violence indescribable; one more and a last lurch it gave, and then —

—And then, COURTEOUS READER, I awoke, and found that all this hubbub had been occasioned by nothing but the tea-kettle boiling over into the fire, whilst I had extended to five minutes after the usual time, my afternoon's comfortable nap.

MARRIAGE,

And the various means of obtaining a Wife.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

'The treasures of the deep are not so precious As are the concealed comforts of a man Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air Of blessings, when I come but near the house.'

What a delicious breath marriage sends forth! The violet's bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock

Is like a banqueting house built in a garden. On which the spring's chaste flows take delight

To cast their modest odours."

Middleton's Women beware Women.

So important was the marriage state considered among the Romans, both in a moral and a political view, that they not only rewarded those who married, but decreed penalties against men who remained in a state of celibacy. Fines were first levied on unmarried men about the year of Rome 350; and when pecuniary forfeitures failed to ensure their obedience to these conual edicts, their contumacious neglect of the fair sex was punished by degradation from their tribe. Celibacy continued, however, to gain ground in Rome; and to counteract its effects, we find that, in the year 518 from the

foundation of the city, the censors had recourse to the extraordinary measure of obliging all the young married men to pledge themselves on oath to marry within a certain time.

Augustus followed the example of Caesar and augmented the penalties on bachelors, while he bestowed rewards on those who had a numerous offspring born in wedlock. Marriage also gave numerous advantages to fathers of families; they obtained the preference in all public employments; and if they had not obtained the age required by law, so many years of that period were dispensed with as they had children. Distinguished places were assigned to married men in the public theatres; they had precedence of their unmarried colleagues, and they were exonerated from the discharge of several burdensome public offices. Such were the immunities granted to married men among the Romans until the reign of the Emperor Constantine who modified them in several points and abolished the penalties imposed on celibacy.

The reluctance of the Romans to matrimony is strongly contrasted not only with the moderns, but also with some other nations, about the same period, particularly in Babylon, where an auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually. The virgins of marriageable age in every district were assembled on a certain day of every year. The most beautiful were first put up, and the man who bade the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed, and the purchasers gratified themselves with handsome wives according to the depth of their purses.

But alas! it seems that there were in Babylon some ladies for whom no money was likely to be offered, yet these also were disposed of, so provident were the Babylonians of furnishing each woman with a husband. When all the beautiful virgins were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least; and in this manner the money arising from the sale of the handsome women served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or that had any other fault or imperfection.

To come at once to our own times, it would appear that there is no necessity for laws to encourage matrimony, or to tax celibacy, since, to use a homely provincial phrase, 'more people are

marry than boil the pot on Sundays.' The union, too, is effected without the Babylonian mole of an auction, though there is frequently a very spirited competition for a female; and those of either sex who are not fortunate enough to get suited often adopt singular methods.

One of the most chivalrous methods we ever heard of to obtain a wife was that adopted by King Sagar. Avilda, the daughter of the King of Gothland, contrary to the manner and disposition of her sex, exercised the profession of piracy, and was scouring the seas with a powerful fleet while a sovereign was offering sacrifices to her beauty at the shrine of love. King Sagar perceiving that this masculine lady was not to be gained by the usual arts of lovers, took the extraordinary resolution of addressing her in a mode more agreeable to her humour. He fitted out a fleet, went in quest of her, engaged her in a furious battle which continued two days without intermission, and thus gained possession of a heart to be conquered only by valour.

A still more romantic story is related of an Englishman, who sought the hand of a very charming lady with whom he was passionately in love, but she constantly refused him. As he had reason to believe she loved him, he entreated to know the reason why she refused her consent to their union. The lady, subdued by his constancy, told him that her only motive for refusing him, was that having by an accident lost a leg she had it replaced by a wooden one; and she feared that sooner or later this circumstance would chill his affection for her. This she declared her only motive. The lover protested that this would never make him change his love; but she persisted in refusing to marry him. Fired with love which,

The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns,

and determined that nothing should obstruct his design, he, under the pretext of going a distant voyage, left his aid and hastened to Paris, where he had one of his own legs amputated. When he recovered he returned to London, went to the lady and told her that there was now no obstacle to their union, for that he was equally mutilated as herself. The lady conquered by such a proof of affection, at last consented to marry him.

Our modern lovers go much easier to work, than attempting to subdue the abdures fair in the way we have men-

tioned. In France and England it is no uncommon thing for gentlemen to advertise for wives, and ladies for husbands, and both in London and Paris there are offices where negotiations of this nature are carried on; but the most singular method of all is, that adopted in America by means of a lottery. In No. 127 of the Literary Chronicle, there is mentioned an instance of a young man seeking a wife and a fortune by this means; and a recent traveller in the United States gives a curious account of a similar plan being put in actual practice.

'On the 21st day of December last,' says he, 'I was passing through the state of South Carolina, and in the evening arrived in the suburbs of the town of —, where I had an acquaintance, on whom I called. I was quickly informed that the family was invited to a wedding in a neighbouring house; and on being requested, I changed my clothes and went with them. As soon as the young couple were married, the company was seated, and a profound silence ensued. A young lawyer then arose, and addressed the company very handsomely, and in finishing his discourse, begged leave to offer a New Scheme of Matrimony, which he believed would be beneficial; and, on obtaining leave, he proposed,—

'That one man in the company should be selected as president; that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night; and that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the person's name which they wished to marry; then hand it to the president for inspection; and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice kept entirely secret.

'After the appointment of the president, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young gentlemen and ladies had made reciprocal choices; but whom they had chosen, remained a secret to all but themselves and the president. The conversation changed, and the company respectively retired.

'Now hear the conclusion. I was passing through the same place on the 14th of March following, and was in-

formed that eleven of the twelve matches had been solemnized, and that the young gentlemen of eight couples of the eleven, had declared, that their diffidence was so great, that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives, if the above scheme had not been introduced. Gentlemen under twenty, and ladies under fifteen, were excluded as unmarriageable.'

We shall now close this desultory paper with an amusing anecdote of a different description from any we have yet quoted. It is related by Sir Walter Scott, in the 'Border Antiquities of England and Scotland;—

'In the 17th century, the greater part of the property lying upon the River Etrick, belonged to Scott of Harden, who made his principal residence at Oakwood Tower, a border-house of strength still remaining upon that river. William Scott, (afterwards Sir William) son of the head of this family, undertook an expedition against the Murrays, of Elbank, whose property lay at a few miles distant. He found his enemy upon their guard, was defeated, and made prisoner in the act of driving off the cattle, which he had collected for that purpose. Our hero, Sir Gideon Murray, conducted his prisoner to the castle, where his lady received him with congratulations upon his victory, and inquiries concerning the fate to which he destined his prisoner:—"The gallows," answered Sir Gideon, for he is said already to have acquired the honour of knighthood, "to the gallows with the marauder."—"Hont na, Sir Gideon," answered the considerate matron in her venacular idiom, "would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden when ye have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?"—"Right," answered the baron, who caught at the idea, "he shall either marry our daughter, mickle-mouthed Meg, or strap for it." Upon this alternative being proposed to the prisoner, he, upon the first view of the case, stoutly preferred the gibbet to "mickle-mouthed Meg," for such was the nickname of the young lady, whose real name was Agnes. But at length, when he was literally led forth for execution, and saw no other chance of escape, he retracted his gallant resolution, and preferred the typical noose of matrimony to the literal cord of hemp. Such is the tradition established in both families, and often jocularly referred to upon the borders. It may be necessary to add,

that mickle-mouthed Meg and her husband were a very happy and loving pair, and had a very large family, to each of whom Sir William Scott bequeathed good estates, besides reserving a large one for the eldest.

FITZHENRY.

INNOVATIONS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THERE is something in our nice conception of the exact shades of meaning in the words of a language, which every one feels (and more especially if he understands more languages than one), but which it is impossible to explain. For instance, the word *mœurs* has by some been translated *morals*, and by others, *manners*, while each party must have been aware that his word but imperfectly expressed the idea intended; both are right, but both deficient; as the original has an intermediate meaning, or rather includes both, with all the hair's-breadth ideas associated between them. Yet still, though so expressive a word, it can never be properly Anglicised, and we ought rather to content ourselves with our deficiency, than attempt to graft so heterogeneous and crab-like a mixture upon our stock. The word *ennui* has lately made more rapid strides among us than its laziness would seem to countenance (and the fascinating tale which bears its name has aided the adoption), but how miserable a figure does it cut in our English uniform! Fashion prescribes that its Gallic pronunciation shall be preserved; and surely it is enough to give an Englishman the vapours to twist his jaws to the barbarous attempt at *ong vece*. The trial is ridiculous, and while for our comfort we have *lassitude*, *weariness*, *spleen*, *langour*, and the *blue devils* at command, I should think our vocabulary is as rich and copious as the heart of melancholy itself could desire.—Some recent adoptions have highly pleased me, as according well with the standard of simplicity, and improving themselves at the same time to the judgment of the linguist in their etymology; and such words as *telegraph*, *panorama*, and *kaleidoscope*, will hold a deserved place in our dictionaries as long as these elegant inventions shall be known; but never can common sense or English ears be reconciled to the horrid jargon of *ayd-de-caung*, *sang-froy*, *bong-tang*, *shay-doo-ter*, *bong-mo*, *ecclate*, *sec-de-vaung*, *rong-de-voe*, *o-ture*, *day-numaung*, *tray*, *day-be*, and such like trash, which is like to delude

us to infinity. Can a mere Englishman pronounce them; or, if he could, why must he ape a knowledge above his conception? He may mangle them till he is tired, or till the feelings of his hearers are completely excruciated, but never will he fully comprehend their meaning, nor articulate them at all better than a jack-daw. Let us take one or two instances from these samples for inquiry, and see if consequence, beauty, or necessity, can offer any thing in their favour. *Bon-mot* (good word) will, by any Frenchman, be understood as wit well expressed; but our *witticism* gives all the sense, and a deal more of propriety; for what will be thought of a counsellor who should offer his services to speak a *bon-mot* for a criminal at the bar? We have a provincialism which deserves some degree of tenderness and respect from the extent of its circulation, and for a still better reason, that it was till lately the standard pronunciation, and perhaps ought to have been so continued. No small degree of ambiguity has crept in upon us, by pronouncing *beat*, *feat*, *meat*, &c. as *beet*, *feet*, *meet*, &c. It is true, that if the old sound were continued, assimilating with *bait*, *gait*, *wait*, &c. some confusion would still remain, but certainly not so much as would be sacrificed. One of this class still retains its primitive sound, and if *great* be allowed to rhyme with *strait*, surely *treat* has an equal right to the privilege. Take then your new fangled Anglo-gallicism *trait*, and it will be found not a whit behind the other in absurdity: it is totally untractable, and will no more class with English perspicuity, than a pig will class with a zebra, or Borahski with Daniel Lambert. Pronounce it as you will, and you gain nothing but a confusion of ideas; call it *tray*, and it smells of the butler's pantry, of the jannet's shop; or your hearers are left to guess, whether you mean your dog or a tea-board; pronounce the terminating *t*, and it may then become turtle-soup, lolly-pop, or any other nick-nack in epicurism. And why admit this illegitimate upstart, when our good old *feature* contains every tittle of the other's meaning?—Feature of the face, of the mind, of the country, of a book, is as comprehensive and analogous in every respect whatever.

It is useless to investigate the crowd of gallicisms that might be presented, and ninety-nine in a hundred of them would be found as useless in their application. Two or three examples may

be stated to show the effort a language is capable of making to rehere itself from the harsh admixture of foreign intrusion;—the word *curmudgeon* must be acknowledged to be whimsical and grotesque both in appearance and sound; no length of time or literary patronage can make it an elegant word, though it can hardly be denied to be an impressive one; and it harmonizes infinitely better with us than its original *cœur méchant* (bad heart). *Liftenant* is another christened subject, lured into submission, and losing what little importance he had in military gradation, by merging into unintelligible nonsense. For a post of honour to be thus turned into ridicule, may to some be a subject of regret; but in the language of the kitchen much precision ought not to be expected;—and *blomonge* may be as easily comprehended as *bleuc-mangé* (white eating). A few words, by way of digression, may show that our transmarine neighbours can rival us in similar absurdities. They have adopted *boo-lin-gris* for bowling-green; and *roushif* for roast-beef; and if those alone who are faultless are intitled to 'cast the first stone,' we have no right to commence the fray.

I have given these instances as borrowed from the French, that being more generally understood than any other language, and because our literary, commercial, and (would to God I might not add) our murderous intercourse, have exposed us most to the innovations of which I complain. Many other examples might be adduced as taken from other languages, and which are countenanced by the literary world—of these (to avoid prolixity) I shall only state the ill-matched and discordant terminations from the Greek and Latin plurals. We have naturalised the useful and expressive word *memorandum*, and why should not the forms its plural, and thus correspond with our general rule?—But no—

'He drew his bow, and shot at random,
And killed his wife for a memorandum.'
or, as our innovating pluralists would have it—

'And kill'd two men for memoranda.'
Thus we have *phenomena*, *stimuli*, *strata*, *fungi*, *errata*, and a thousand more ready to fasten upon as individual caprice may suggest, and with the facility of the vampire—each one contributing his share towards the obscenity and eventual destruction of a language, which, probably, has had more varied capabilities displayed by the genius of

its writers than any other which ever existed.

But whatever reasons or apologies may be given for these mongrel innovations, at this evil were not sufficient, the public are fostering another malady, and altering our pronunciation as fast as ignorance or levity can dictate. Singularity appears to be the predominant whim; and I fear many of our distinguished contemporaries had rather be remembered by their absurdities than sink into oblivion. M.

Original Poetry.

SONNET.

As pines the dove when from its partner torn,
And, solitary, droops in gloomy shade;
So doth my wounded bosom ever mourn,
When thou art far away from me, sweet maid.

But if, again, his partner dead returns,
Is little heart with pleasing rapture beats;
With love increases 'till its gentle bosom burns,
And tastes, once more, of much-lost joys—lost sweets.

So when again thou'st present to my view,
The gloom dispenses from my troubled breast;

And when I find thou still to me art true,
I feel, indeed, that I am truly blest.

So happy, that for one sweet kiss of thine,
The world and all its treasures I'd resign.

SAM AMSTRAIL.

SERENADE.

FROM AN ARABIC MS.

Supposed to have been written during the most splendid era of Arabian literature and magnificence in Spain, A.D. 912 to 961, in the *Catiphele of Abdurahman III.*

THE moon has topp'd the mountain height,
And rides her cloud-built tower,
And looks in the wave thro' the dark-eyed night—

Oh, that's the holiest hour

For love and silence.

And there are the stars

In their paly cars;

They sport the clouds so cheerily;

They strain the dew

Thro' the dark'ning blue,

And drink to the night so cheerily:

And echo cries 'so cheerily'—

Till all is silence.

Then list to the chaunt,

In the fairy haunt;

On the mountain tops,

Where the eagle stops—

And then we'll move,

On the breath of night,—

Like the couler dove

To his mid-air flight—

To love and silence.

August, 1820.

H. A.

SONNET TO A DEER.

Written in Kippin Forest.

TAV, umorous tenant of the woodland shade,
Ah! do not urge away thy rapid flight—
Yet can I be surprised thou shun'st my sight,
By my presence thou art fearful might?

No, surely, no; by cruel sport betrayed,

To glut the tyrant man's ambitious reign;

He hunts thee panting o'er thy native plain,

And dares thy hornbeam covert to invade;

But I will not infringe thy wide domain,

Nor will I hunt thee with the pealing bound;

Do not erect thy head, thy fears are vain,

Nor agile, o'er the shrubs and brushwood

bound—

Alas! he flies my hateful sight, a guest

Ungrateful, and leaves a rankling pang within

my breast.

Q. P.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

SWEET soft, O wind of evening!

Above the poet's grave—

And every tree around it

In solemn honour wave!

On earth no sound delighted

His museful fancy more,

Than thine—at awful midnight—

In calm or the ocean's roar.

But chief he loved thy whisper,

The song he heard thee sing,

When cavalierly wooing

The tender-bosom'd spring.

The woods and rivers hail'd thee

In answering echoes round;

The nightingale sung sweeter,

As a rival he had found.

O lovers lonely wand'ring

At such a hallowed hour!

What looks!—what aspirations!

Did homage to its power!

Sweet soft, O wind of evening!

Above the poet's grave—

And every tree around it

In solemn honour wave!

MAG.

SERENADE.

WAKE, my love, the orb of night

Glisters in their midnight sphere,

Bury life has 'twixt its light

To distant regions dark and dear.

All is still—the day is gone—

Silent Night rides through the air,

Sense to Somnus' cave is flown;

Wake thee, then, my beauteous fair.

Now the glittering meteors blaze,

In the moon-lit placid sky,

And cast around their varied rays,

List and hear Alonzo sigh.

Now the goddess Silence reigns

Where Noise so lately held his court;

Listen, listen, to my strains,—

Strains by love and madness taught.

Wake, my love, the jealous Morn

Swift returns, with all his train;

Soon night's stillness will be gone,

And busy life return again.

J. C. P.

The Drama.

THERE has been no change in the performances at Drury Lane and Covent Garden during the week, except in the afterpieces at the latter house, which have been somewhat varied. Some forthcoming novelties are talked of at both theatres, of which we shall give an early account.

SURREY THEATRE.—That favourite

little actress, Miss S. Booth, made her first appearance at this house on Monday night, in a melo-dramatic romance, entitled *Mariette, the Maid of Switzerland*. The piece is already familiar to the public under the name of *Therese*. Miss Booth sustained the character of the heroine, which is one of intense feeling, with great effect, particularly in her interviews with the Countess and the villain Carwin. The character of Carwin falls to the hands of a gentleman new to this stage. He has a good face and figure, and gives promise of being a good actor. In some of the early scenes he was rather tame; but when writhing under the tortures of guilt and accusation, in the last act, he displayed much appropriate energy. Mr. Bengough was the Pastor, and looked and acted the character extremely well. The Count and Countess had good representatives in Gomery and Miss Poole; and Her-ning was highly amusing in the old Farmer.

MR. BENGOUGH'S BENEFIT.—On Wednesday night, this very deserving actor had a benefit at the English Opera House, when, much to the delight of a crowded audience, he introduced that phenomenon of human intellect, Miss Clara Fisher. The impression which this child made on the public four years ago, will not easily be forgotten. She was then only six years of age, and yet sustained the character of *Richard the Third* with striking effect. She has since made the tour of the country theatres, and visited Edinburgh with great success. On this evening she played *Little Pickle*, in the *Spoiled Child*, and was the smartest little romp we ever saw in the character. Her next character was a singular one for a child, Crack, in the *Turnpike Gate*. We wish Munden could have seen how well one of his best characters could be played by a mere infant. Her last effort for the evening was in the *Actress of All Work*, in which she sustained about half-a-dozen as varied and strongly contrasted characters as ever were brought together in the same drama. In every character she undertook, she displayed a correctness and a power of delineation which might put many old actors to the blush. We were happy to see, among her audience, the first tragedian of the day, Mr. Kean, who was ardently recognized. He appeared anxious to afford his support to, and testify his approval of this extraordinary child.

Literature and Science.

The Scottish Novels.—The author of the Scottish novels is the most fortunate writer of this or any age; and, if the following statement, which has just appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*, can be relied on, each of his works must be a fortune to both author and bookseller. His first editions are 20,000 copies (we have heard even 30,000), and to this is usually added another of 10,000. The following, then, is something like the account between him and his printer, for a novel of three volumes, of fifteen sheets each:—

1800 reams of paper, 26s.	£2340
Printing forty-five sheets, at 211.	945
Advertising	100
Commission and other expenses	600
	£3985
Taking the returns at only 11. 1s. per copy, the retail price being 11. 11s. 6d.	21,000
We have a net produce of	

Profit on first edition £17,015
If to this be added 8000l. for the profit of the second edition, it appears that each of these novels of three volumes, yields the enormous profit of £5,015l.!

Monument to Mr. Rennie.—It having been proposed to erect a statue to the memory of the late Mr. Rennie, on Waterloo Bridge, the erection of which he superintended, Mr. Dodd, the architect, who actually designed this noble structure, has addressed the following letter on the subject to one of the daily papers:—

SIR,—If there is any impartiality or independence in your paper, which I presume there is, I am sure you will readily insert the following truths in vindication of those that have too often suffered by other persons reaping both the honours and profit of their previous labours; for, although I have often contradicted the mis-statement of Mr. Rennie's friends respecting the Waterloo Bridge, it appears now too much to hear them talk of raising a statue to him on that bridge as its architect, when the real fact is, that Mr. Rennie was not the architect designer. This is well known to all the original subscribers; and it is also known that the plans and designs of it, which were approved of and sanctioned by Parliament, were not from the head or hand of Mr. Rennie, but Mr. Dodd; and an act granted for its erection, in which the present dimensions of its arches, piers, &c. were inserted as it now stands, and contracts were made with Jolliffe and Banks, and other persons, for its building, and the works proceeding before Mr. Rennie had any thing whatever to do with it. Therefore, how far

Mr. Rennie, after doing little more than superintending, and seeing the stone and lime put in their place, is intitled to have his statue on this national ornament, the public will be the best judges, after this fair statement of facts that cannot be contradicted.

R. DODD.

Lactometer.—In consequence of the numerous frauds practised in Ireland, in the adulteration of skimmed milk, Mr. Davy, of the Cork Institution, has been led to direct his attention to the subject, and has constructed a simple lactometer, which detects the fraud hitherto practised, in an article of the most extensive consumption.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia lianant,
Omnis nos itidem depascitur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

A Persian poet takes the following liberty with the fair sex: 'When thou art married seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight; and would'st thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not; since then 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults, and blame her not; nor let them anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved.'

A French Kettle.—The following is related as a fact: There is a very large cauldron in a house at Paris, which is called 'La Marmite Perpetuelle,' from its having been on the fire eighty-seven years; during which period it has boiled more than 800,000 capons; and it boils nothing else. It is situated near the principal market for fowls, which have thus only a step to be carried from the market into the cauldron. At any hour, night or day, on applying to that succulent house, a boiled capon issues from its nutritious gulph, where they are incessantly regenerated, in a wonderful manner.

A Common Scold.—At Philadelphia, lately, Catherine Fields was indicted and convicted for being a common scold. The trial was excessively amusing, from the variety of testimony, and the diversified manner in which this Xantippe pursued her various propensities. 'Ruder than March wind,' she blew a hurricane; and it was given in evidence, that, after having scolded the family individually, the bipeds and quadrupeds, the neighbours, hogs, poultry, and geese, she would throw the windows up at night to scold the watchman. Her countenance was an

index to her temper—sharp, peaked, sawn, and small eyes.

A Good Appetite.—The man of whom several accounts have recently been published of *swallowing jack-knives*, bullets, marbles, &c. died lately in an almshouse in consequence of overloading his stomach with those articles. He gave a history of his life to the attending physician, in which many wonderful facts will doubtlessly appear. On opening his body, *twelve knives*, all shut, were found in his stomach, one of them four inches and a-half in length and one sold a quarter wide, and among them the pocket-knife of the Philadelphia physician, with his name on it. An authentic report of this very remarkable case will undoubtedly be made in the 'Medical Repository,' with more particulars than it would be advisable to give on our hasty authority.—*American Paper.*

Quick Work.—Some years ago, there was a woman who lived in a village in Glamorganshire, South Wales, whose husband, with the little fortune he got with her, bought a small farm; he had hardly closed the purchase, when death closed his eyes; however, not intimidated with this, the widow married a second husband, who sowed it; he likewise died, and she tried a third, who reaped it, but death soon snatched him away; she then married a fourth, who threshed it, but he also followed the fate of his predecessors; and she then married a fifth husband, with whom she enjoyed the produce of it. All this happened in less than eighteen months.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MEDITATOR, No. 1, 'Fragment,' 'The Culprit and the Colonel,' 'A Complaint,' 'Lines to Mary in Death,' and a Letter on National Education, in our next.

The favours of Mr. Willmer, E. G. R., J. R. P., Mr. Hatt, and Dramaticus have been received.

Anxious to give a full view of Kotzebue's voyage in a single number, we have been compelled to postpone a notice of M. Belmont's exhibition, and several other articles, until our next.

The tribute of respect to Col. Posenbury, though justly merited, is rather out of season.

Erratum in our last, p. 678, col. 2, line 30, for 'Country Magistrate' read 'County Magistrate.'

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 130.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Sketches of Upper Canada, Domestic, Local, and Characteristic: to which are added, Practical Details for the Information of Emigrants of every Class; and some Recollections of the United States of America. 8vo. pp. 339. Edinburgh, 1821.

WE have so frequently stated the importance we attach to the remaining British possessions in America, that we shall not detain our readers one moment with any disquisition on that subject; but merely observe, that of all the writers who have hitherto undertaken in account of our transatlantic possessions, Mr. Howison is the most minute, and, we believe, as well-informed and as accurate as any that have preceded him. He confines himself principally to Upper Canada, a colony growing rapidly into importance, and possessing advantages of soil and climate superior to the neighbouring province. Mr. Howison's information was collected during a residence of two years and a-half; and, though it is rather of a personal and domestic nature, yet the commercial, political, and agricultural state of the province is not neglected. The work assumes the form of letters, which are written in an easy and familiar style, though not altogether free from affectation. Our author dismisses Lower Canada in a single letter, from which we shall make a single extract, respecting the general character of the Canadians:—

'I remained all night at La Chêne, and, on a early hour next morning, was provided with another calash and driver. This man possessed a most happy disposition, and was altogether so free and easy in his manner, that he afforded me much amusement. Though a carpenter by trade, he kept a calash for the accommodation of travellers, and would either hire a horse or a nail, as best suited his purpose. The Canadian post-horses are, in appearance, the most wretched animals imaginable, being lank, clumsy, and rough-coated; but they become both active and spirited under the influence of the whip, which their drivers generally use very freely. I believe no member of

the Four-in-hand Club, when mounted on the box, feels more elated than the Canadian peasant does while driving his sorry horse and shackling chariot. He is all life and gaiety, and talks to his horse and to the traveller alternately. He points out the beauties of the prospect, and if the carriage or harness gives away, he dismounts and repairs it, regains his seat, and dashes on. He relieves his horse by walking up every hill, and compliments himself upon this sacrifice, by calling to the animal, "*Ah pauvre cheval! Vous avez un bon maître.*" &c. The Canadian peasantry display a native politeness, a presence of mind, and a degree of address, which, though extremely pleasing, sometimes betray their possessors into too much familiarity; however, there is so much gaiety and sentiment in these mistakes, that one cannot but heartily excuse them. My drivers always shook hands with me, and wished me a good journey, before we parted, and they sometimes politely asked me to join them in drinking a glass of cider. The Canadians are dark-complexioned, and generally meagre, although rather athletic. Their eyes are small, sparkling, and animated; but none of the men have any pretensions to personal beauty.'

'I was much struck with the politeness of the common Canadians. They never passed without uncovering; and when two drivers came within call, they always saluted each other by the word *monieur*. The children make a low obeisance to every gentler stranger; and I cannot help mentioning a trifling incident which was occasioned by this custom. A little boy, who had apparently just begun to walk, stood at the door of a cottage, with an immense broad-rimmed hat upon his head. When I approached, he took it off and bowed, but in attempting to regain the erect posture, he found the weight of his *chapeau* too great, and fell forward on his face, but without receiving any injury. I thought at the moment, that it would have been well if the British Government had furnished Lord Amherst with a hat of this description, to be used on his first audience with the Emperor of China. It would have occasioned a prostration highly gratifying to his majesty, and from its being entirely accidental, of course quite satisfactory to our administration.'

The first regular settlement in Upper Canada, is called Gleggarry, and, as may be conceived from its appellation, contains a large proportion of

Scotch; it is not in a very flourishing condition, principally on account of the want of some capitalists; all the settlers were very poor when they commenced their labours, and few of them have more than sixty or seventy acres cleared. In sailing up to Kingston, on the St. Lawrence, the party landed on one of those numerous islands, which are to be met with in this noble river, and were gratified with what, to an English sportsman, would be a great novelty—a deer hunt by torch-light. The party hearing a noise in the night, were afraid of being surprised by some Indians, but,—

'The supposed Indians were no other than the crew of a brigade of bateaux, and the shouts we heard were raised in consequence of their having seen three deer, in the pursuit of which they requested us to join. This proposal was acceded to by all parties, and some began to kindle large fires in several parts of the island, while others stript the lincory tree of its bark; and made torches. Thus prepared, we sallied forth, some carrying arms, and the others being provided with blazing flambeaux. Intending to surround the deer, and gradually close upon them, we dispersed into a large circle, and sent two dogs among the brushwood, to rouse the game, which they soon accomplished, and we accordingly made regular encroachments upon their precincts. The deer, when they saw themselves thus environed, sprung from one side to the other, leaped into the air, reared upon their hind legs, and at last sunk down apparently in despair; but, upon the discharge of a couple of fowling-pieces, they again started, and having escaped our circle, plunged into the river.

'Several of the boatmen had remained upon the banks of the island, that they might prevent the deer from taking the river; but when they found this impracticable, they shouted to us and ran to the bateaux, and immediately unmooored them. The remainder of the crew soon followed, with arms and torches, and all rowed out in pursuit of the game. Nothing could be more brilliant and picturesque than the scene which succeeded. We saw the heads and antlers of the beautiful animals moving with graceful rapidity upon the surface of the water, while the brightness of their eyes rivalled that of the transparent drops which spark-

led around them. When the shouts of the crew and the dashing of the oars assailed their ears, the exertions they made to escape were inconceivably strong—sometimes raising themselves almost entirely out of the water, and sometimes springing forward several yards at one leap. The bustle among the boats, the glare of the torches, and the ferocious countenances of the crew, were finely contrasted with the meekness and timidity of the deer, and the whole effect was heightened by the islands around, the wild and romantic features of which were strikingly displayed at intervals, when the ruddy light of the torches happened to fall upon them.

Several shots were fired, though apparently without effect, and I began fervently to hope that the deer might escape. Two of them eluded their pursuers, but the battalions surrounded the other, and the Canadians beat it to death with their oars, and, having taken it on board, returned to the shore.

Of Kingston, which is the largest town in Upper Canada, our author gives a good account:—

Kingston contains about five thousand inhabitants, including military. The plan of the town is elegant and extensive, but not yet nearly realized. Most of the houses are built of lime-stone; inexhaustible quarries of which lie in the immediate vicinity of the town, and are of the greatest importance to it, as Kingston, being the key to Upper Canada, will always require strong fortifications. There is nothing the least interesting or remarkable, in either the streets or buildings of this place. The better class of people, most of whom are in the mercantile line, live in good style, but are not very hospitable; and there appears to be little polish among them, and not much social communication.

The natural position and local advantages of Kingston are such, that by means of proper fortifications, it might be made almost impregnable. It lies behind a point of land, on the extremity of which there is a strong fort, that commands the town and the entrance into the harbour so completely, that although an enemy had possession of the former, he could not occupy it with safety, nor receive any supplies by means of the latter.

The bay affords so fine a harbour, that a vessel, of one hundred and twenty guns can lie close to the quay. The St. Lawrence, which carries one hundred guns, was in this position when I visited Kingston, and I enjoyed an opportunity of seeing every part of her. She is built in the plainest style, but is amazingly strong and beautifully modelled. Near her lay the Prince Regent, a sixty-gun frigate, the elegant form and just proportions of which have excited the admiration of the best judges of naval architecture. There were several other frigates in the harbour,

the names and dimensions of which I have now forgot.

Kingston was a place of great importance during the last war, as it alone afforded us the means of successfully carrying on our naval operations on Lake Ontario. You are aware that no affair of any importance ever took place between the American fleet and ours; the respective forces were for a long time so exactly balanced, that neither of the parties deemed it prudent to venture upon a general engagement; and the warfare consisted almost entirely of a system of reconnoitering, in the course of which we were alternately the pursuers and the pursued. However, at last, when the St. Lawrence was finished, we gained a decided superiority, for she made us master of Lake Ontario without firing a single gun, the enemy's fleet never having ventured far out after she left Kingston harbour.

Mr. Howison embarked for York on board the Frontenac, the largest steam-boat in Canada; her deck is 170 feet long, and 32 feet wide, and her burthen 740 tons. Of Lake Ontario and its periodical increase of waters, we are told:—

Lake Ontario is two hundred and thirty miles long, and sixty broad at its widest part. Its waters are quite transparent and colourless, but rapid and unpleasant to the taste. Soundings are rarely to be met with, except near the shore; and, as very few islands or points of land present themselves upon its expanse, it is adapted for every kind of navigation, and, of course, admit vessels of the largest size. The current which moves forward this immense body of water is distinctly perceptible, being, on an average, at the rate of half a mile an hour, but varying with the direction and strength of the wind.

The most remarkable phenomenon which this and the other lakes exhibit, is that increase and rise of their waters, which is said to take place at regular periods. It occurs, in a moderate degree, every seven years, and to a very great extent once in thirty or forty. In the year 1816, the waters of Lake Ontario were seven feet and a-half perpendicular above their average height, and Lake Erie was affected in a similar way. I have visited the shores of Lake Ontario several times, accompanied by a person who resides upon them, whose intelligence and indisputable veracity made me put full confidence in the information he gave, and from whom I received proofs of the accuracy of what I have stated. I likewise saw the remains of a large storehouse which had been built a few years before, in a situation that seemed quite inaccessible to the lake, although the waters have surrounded and nearly demolished it.

This singular phenomenon affords a problem very difficult to solve. The quantity of water that must be required to increase the depth of Lake Ontario,

and all the other lakes, seven and a-half feet perpendicular, is so vast, that it is impossible to conceive where its source can lie. The height of the waters of the lakes, indeed, varies a few inches almost daily; but this is occasioned by changes in the direction of the wind. When it is east or north-east, the waters are driven back, or at least impeded in their course, and consequently an accumulation takes place, which makes the lakes rise; but if it blows from the south, or south-west, the direction in which they flow, their waters are hurried towards the St. Lawrence, and, of course, decrease in height in proportion to the strength of the wind.

The town of York is disadvantageously situated on the shore of Lake Ontario; it has some good houses, and contains about three thousand inhabitants. The town is defenceless at present, and the trade inconsiderable. Mr. Howison re-embarked on board the steam-boat, and when at the village of Niagara, met with an affecting incident:—

One evening, says he, "as I strolled along the beach of the lake, in front of Niagara, a woman, whom I had observed at some distance, approached, and, after several low curtsies, requested me to follow her; and, as she seemed to be in deep affliction, I immediately complied, without asking an explanation. She conducted me to a kind of cave, under a high sand-bank, the mouth of which was barricaded with a chest of drawers, several trunks, &c. A mattress occupied the floor of this wild abode, and two children played gaily with one another upon it, the one attempting to beat his merry companion with an old pillow, and raising shouts of laughter and delight every time he succeeded in giving a blow. The mother, who continued to shed tears, told me, that she and her family were Irish emigrants. They had been induced, by a series of misfortunes, to set sail for Canada, with the intention of obtaining land, and had, after many difficulties, got thus far in their voyage; but, being now destitute of money, they were unable to procure a lodging, and knew not where to apply for work, assistance, or information. "A husband and these two boys," said the woman, "are all that now remain to me. My little girl died in the ship, and they threw her into the sea. Aye, sure, that was the worst of all," continued she, in an agony of grief. "Poor babe! she had neither prayer nor a wake!"

Our author has a taste for the picturesque, and frequently describes the romantic scenery he witnessed, with much spirit:—

The environs of Queenston are beautifully picturesque and romantic, and nothing can be finer than the prospect of the Niagara River. Immediately above the village its channel narrows

much, and the banks rise to the height of three hundred feet perpendicular, while at the same time they become wild and rocky, and are thickly covered with trees of various kinds. In some places they partly over-arch the river, and throw an appalling gloom upon its waters, now dashed into turbulence and impetuosity by the ruggedness of their sloping bed. It was night when I first viewed this scene, and as the moon gradually rose, she threw a broken light successively upon different portions of the stream, and sometimes brought to view the foamy bosom of a rapid, at other times unveiled the struggling and heaving waters of a whirlpool, while the mingled roar, on all sides, excited a shuddering curiosity about those parts of the river that rolled along in darkness.

Over the precipice, on the summit of which I stood while I contemplated this scene, many of the American soldiers had rushed at the close of the battle of Queenston heights. They were so warmly pressed by our troops and the Indians, and had so little prospect of obtaining quarter from the latter, that a great number wildly flung themselves over the steep, and tried to save their lives by catching hold of the trees that grew upon it; but many were frightfully dashed to pieces by the rocks, and others who reached the river perished in their attempts to swim across it. Several, who had dropped among the cliffs without receiving any injury, were afterwards transfixed and killed by falling upon their own bayonets, while in the act of leaping from one spot to another. I almost imagined I saw these unfortunate men writhing in all the agonies of a protracted death, and gazing with envy at their companions, who were convulsively catching for breath among the sullen waters below. Were the Canadians inclined to be superstitious, they could not select a more suitable place than this for the haunt and appearance of unearthly beings. The wildness of the scenery, the gloom of the cliffs, and the melancholy incident I have just related, would subject Queenston heights to the suspicion of any people more under the influence of imagination than the Canadians are, and make them conjure up half a dozen bleeding sentinels at the top of the precipice, every night after sunset.

About four miles above Queenston, there is a singular and interesting part of the Niagara river, called the Whirlpool. The banks here are extremely high and perpendicular; and, in addition to the natural channel, the current of the river has formed a semicircular excavation in them resembling a small bay. The mouth of it is more than a thousand feet wide, and its length about two thousand. The current, which is extremely rapid, whenever it reaches the upper point of this bay, forsakes the direct channel, and sweeps wildly round the sides of it; when, having made this

extraordinary circuit, it regains its proper course, and rushes with perturbed velocity between two perpendicular precipices, which are not more than four hundred feet asunder. The surface of the whirlpool is in a state of continual agitation. The water boils, mingles up, and wreathes, in a manner that proves its fearful depth and the confinement it suffers; as trees, that come within the sphere of the current, are swept along with a quivering zig-zag motion which it is difficult to describe. This singular body of water must be several hundred feet deep, and has not hitherto been frozen over, although in spring the broken ice that descends from Lake Erie collects in such quantities upon its surface, and becomes so closely wedged together, that it resists the current, and remains till warm weather breaks it up. The whirlpool is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the Upper Province, and is the more interesting to the mind, as its formation cannot be rationally accounted for.

The last war forms an important era in the history of Upper Canada, and, as such, is continually referred to by the people, who fought nobly; Mr. H. states its consequences to have been very injurious to the province, and the main cause of its present embarrassed state. Our author gives an excellent description of the falls of Niagara, a passage or two of which we quote:—

'The extent of the Falls has never been correctly ascertained, as, indeed, their peculiar form, and several other circumstances, render this impossible. The height of the great Fall, as taken with a plumb line by some engineers from the United States, was found to be 149 feet 9 inches. Its curve is supposed to extend 2100 feet, and its arc may measure nearly half that space. The breadth of Goat Island, which divides the two cataracts, has been found to be 984 feet, and that of the American Fall 1140 feet. Therefore the whole circumference of the precipice over which the cataracts fall is 4224 feet, and the width of the cataract itself 3910 feet. At one time, the Table Rock extended fifty feet beyond the cliffs that support it, but its projection is not so great at present.

'There have been several instances of people being carried over the Falls, but I believe none of the bodies ever were found. The rapidity of the river, before it tumbles down the precipice, is so great, that a human body would certainly be whirled along without sinking; therefore, some of those individuals to whom I allude, probably retained their senses till they reached the edge of the cataract, and even looked down upon the gulf into which they were the next moment precipitated.

'Many years ago, an Indian, while attempting to cross the river above the Falls, in a canoe, had his paddle struck from his hand by the rapidity of the cur-

rent. He was immediately hurried towards the cataract, and, seeing that death was inevitable, he covered his head with his cloak, and resigned himself to destruction. However, when he approached the edge of the cataract, shuddering nature revolted so strongly, that he was seen to start up, and stretch out his arms; but the canoe upset, and he was instantly engulfed amidst the fury of the boiling surge. A dog, which I have seen, was carried over the Great Fall some years ago, and suffered no injury except the fracture of two of his ribs. Dead wild-ducks are found in great numbers along the banks of the river, near the bottom of the cataract, on the mornings that succeed dark and stormy nights. Some people suppose that these animals are carried over while asleep; but more probably they get entangled among the rapids above, and are swept away before they are aware of their danger.'

'It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the Falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the *penitralia* of the Great Cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath; while the impetus which the water receives in its descent projects it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent. Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps, lest I should be suffocated by the blasts of dense spray that whirled around me; however, the third time I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards. Here darkness began to encircle me; on one side, the black cliff stretched itself into a gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other, the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery, that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head.

'It is not easy to determine how far an individual might advance between the sheet of water and the rock; but were it even possible to explore the recess to its utmost extremity, scarcely any one, I believe, would have courage to attempt an expedition of the kind.'

(To be continued.)

Irish Melodies. By Thomas Moore, Esq. With an Appendix, containing the Original Advertisements, and the Prefatory Letter on Music. 12mo. pp. 254. London, 1821.

HOWEVER proud, as Englishmen, we may feel of our own particular country, we must confess that we possess little national music, and that we are indebted for many of our most popular airs to

the Scotch and the Irish. The music of both Scotland and Ireland is very characteristic of the respective countries; that of Scotland is plaintive and romantic, and that of Ireland is the truest of all comments upon its history. 'The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency,—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness,—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next,—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament, to shake off or forget the wrongs which lie upon it.'

Though the beauties of the national music of Ireland have been long very generally felt and acknowledged, yet, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, many of the most excellent compositions remained in obscurity, until Mr. Power, with true national feeling, projected the 'Irish Melodies.' The object of the work, which was commenced in 1807, was to form a collection of the best original Irish melodies, with characteristic symphonies and accompaniments, and with words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the country. The task of arranging the airs was assigned to Sir John Stevenson, who, in conjunction with Mr. Bishop, has enriched them with some delightful symphonies and accompaniments. The poetical part was undertaken by Mr. Thomas Moore, the first lyrical poet of the age. In this duty, which he has executed with masterly genius and ability, Mr. Moore has been accused of merely selecting airs as a vehicle for dangerous politics; but we think this is judging him very harshly, and that the touches of national and political feeling which he has introduced, might have been fairly passed without censure.

The 'Irish Melodies' were published in eight successive numbers, in the third of which Mr. Moore wrote an ingenious prefatory letter upon music, from which we shall make an extract. He says,—

'Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and, perhaps, we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body, "decantare loca

dolentia." Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion, that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description, (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans, cries, &c.) which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise; that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks; or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the north of Ireland.'

It was not intended to separate the poetry of the 'Irish Melodies' from the music; but this became necessary, since they were not only published in America, in two editions, but also in Paris, and in a volume in Dublin. To protect, therefore, the proprietor, (who, we have heard pays the immense sum of an annuity of 500l. per annum for them), Mr. Moore has undertaken to revise a complete edition of the poetry of the eight numbers, which are published in a neat little volume, and at a price comparatively moderate.

Of the poetical merits of the 'Irish Melodies,' it is unnecessary to say a single word, since they are universally acknowledged to be the most admired compositions of the sort of modern times; and while, to Irishmen, their principal attraction may be their nationality, yet their extensive popularity has principally arisen from their superior merit. Though these songs are pretty generally known, yet we doubt not our readers will feel glad to see a few of them transferred to our pages, which we shall do without further comment:—

'WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

'We may roam thro' this world, like a child at feast,

Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;

And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,

We may order our wings and be off to the west;

But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,

Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,

We never need leave our own green isle,

For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,

Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

'In England, the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.

Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,

Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

'In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail

On the ocean of wedlock, its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye!

While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of wee and beams of joy
The same as he look'd, when he left the shore.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,

Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

'ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN
THINE EYES.

'Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Bleed like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear shall never cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

'ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

'One bumper at parting!—tho' many
Have circled the board since we met.
The fullest, the sweetest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!

But fill—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up!
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

'As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit a while
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pilchard master,
Cries, "onward!" and spins the gay hour,
And never does Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.

But, come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.
'This evening we saw the sun sinking,
In waters his glory made bright—
Oh! trust me, our fast-fell of drinking
Should be like that far-well of light
You saw how he finished, by darning
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim;
So fill up, let his shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'midst the tears of the cup!'

'WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

'While history's muse the memorial was
keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the genius of Erin stood weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the
leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew
bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and
shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illum'd all the volume, her WELLING-
TON's name!

'Hail, star of my isle!" said the Spirit, all
sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own
dewy skies:—

"Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted, and darkling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For, tho' heroes I've number'd, unluck was
their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways
of Fame;—

But, oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot

On the wreath that encircles my WELLING-
TON's name!

'Yet, still the last crown of thy toils is re-
maining,
The grandest, the purest ev'n thou hast yet
known;
Tho' proud was thy task, other nations un-
chaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy
own.

At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou
barest blood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy
fame—

And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,

Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLING-
TON's name!"

'I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

'I saw from the beach, when the morning was
shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was de-
clining,—
The bark was still there, but the waters were
gone!

Ah! this is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring tide of joy we have
known!

Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs
from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore
alone!

'Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our
night:—
Give me back, give me back the wild fresh-
ness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's
best light.

'Oh, who would not welcome that moment's
returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his
frame,
And his soul—like the wood, that grows pre-
cious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite
flame!"

'NEVER ASK THE HOUR.

'Ne'er ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments, lent us thus,
Are not his coin, but Pleasure's!
If counting them over could add to their
blisses,

I'd number each glorious second;
But moments of joy are, like LESLIE's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fall the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

'Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.

But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as his light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadows
stole on.

And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's."

We understand that a surreptitious
and defective edition of these 'Melo-
dies' has been published, but that the
proprietor of the genuine one has ob-
tained an injunction against it. We
mention this in order to guard our
readers against the attempted fraud.

A Voyage of Discovery into the South Sea and Beering's Straits, for the Purpose of exploring a North East Passage. By Lieutenant Otto Von Kotzebue.

(Concluded from p. 691.)

HAVING, in our last, given a copious
analysis of the voyage of Lieut. Kot-
zebue, it now only remains to us to
give a connected history of Kadu,
which we promised. It was while the
Rurick was at Aur, one of the St.
Lawrence islands, that Lieut. Kotze-
bue met with this islander, who, as
soon as he got on board the ship, ex-
pressed a wish to remain there, and ac-
company Lieut. Kotzebue on his voy-
age. Kadu, though not of noble birth,
was a confidant of the King Toua, who
employed him to carry his commissions

to the other islands. Kadu's friend,
Edock, who was with him, endeavoured
to dissuade him from such a step, and
even attempted to drag him by force,
but Kadu was determined. The fol-
lowing account of this native was ga-
thered from him, at different times:—

'Kadu was born in the island of Ulle,
belonging to the Carolinas, which must
lie at least 1500 English miles to the west
from here, and is known only by name on
the chart, because Father Cantara, in 1733,
was sent from the Ladrone, as missionary
to the Carolinas. Kadu left Ulle with
Edock, and two other savages, in a boat
contrived for sailing, with the intention
of fishing at a distant island; a violent storm
drove these unfortunate men quite out of
their course: they drifted about the sea
for eight months, finding, but seldom,
fish for their food, and at last landed, in
the most pitiable situation, on the island of
Aur. The most remarkable part of this
voyage is, that it was accomplished against
the north-east monsoon, and must be par-
ticularly interesting to those who have
been hitherto of opinion that the popula-
tion of the South Sea Islands commenced
from west to east. According to Kadu's
account, they had their sail spread during
their whole voyage, when the wind per-
mitted, and they plied against the north-
east monsoon, thinking they were under
the lee of their island; this may account
for their at last coming to Aur. They
kept their reckoning by the moon, making
a knot in a cord, destined for the purpose,
at every new moon. As the sea pro-
duced abundance of fish, and they were
perfectly acquainted with the art of fish-
ing, they suffered less hunger than thir-
ty, for though they did not neglect, during
every rain, to collect a small stock, they
were often totally destitute of fresh water.
Kadu, who was the best diver, frequen-
tly went down to the bottom of the sea,
where it is well known that the water is
not so salt, with a cocoa-nut, with only a
small opening; but even if this satisfied
the want of the moment, it probably con-
tributed to weaken them. When they
perceived the island of Aur, the sight of
land did not rejoice them, because every
feeling had died within them. Their
sails had long been destroyed, their can-
oe the sport of the winds and the waves,
and they patiently expected death, when
the inhabitants of Aur sent several canoes
to their assistance, and carried them sense-
less on shore. A Tamon was present at
the moment; the iron utensils which the
unfortunate men still possessed dazzled
their deliverers, and they were on the
point of striking the fatal blow, to divide
their spoil, when Tigedien, the Tamon of
the island of Aur, fortunately came in
time to save their lives. When Kadu af-
terwards offered all his treasures to the
preserver of his life, he was generous
enough to refuse them: he took only a
trifle, and forbade his people, on pain of
death, to do any harm to the poor stran-

gers. Kadu, with his companions, went to Tigedien's house, who took paternal care of him, and conceived a particular affection for him, on account of his natural understanding and kind heart. According to his reckoning, it must be about three or four years since his arrival here. Kadu was engaged in the woods when the Rurick came in sight, and he was speedily sent for, as they expected from him, who had travelled far, and was generally accounted a very sensible man, an explanation of this strange phenomenon. He had often told them of ships, which, though they had visited Ulle during his absence, he had heard of; he even knew the names of two men, Lewis and Marmol, who had come from the great island of Britannia; and he, therefore, by the description, knew our ship. Being very partial to the whites, he urged the islanders to go on board, which they, at first, declined, for, according to tradition, the white men devoured the black. How they came to this opinion was an enigma to us, for, except an ancient tradition, that, at a very remote period, a large ship had sailed past Kawen, they had no other idea of European ships, but such as had been communicated to them by Kadu. His promise to harter some iron for them, at last induced them to come on board, and here he immediately remained with us, as the reader is already informed. The precaution with which we had him watched was quite superfluous; he slept quietly during the night, and awoke with the first dawn of morning, cheerful and happy.

Lieut. Kotzebue sailed on the 24th of February, for the island of Stobual, near which the Rurick cast anchor, in eight fathoms, on a bottom of fine coral. Five boats which had followed the Rurick from Aur, and in which there were three tamons, or chiefs, Tiarsur, Lebeuliet, and Kadu's benefactor, Tigedien, then went on board the vessel:—

Kadu, who had been presented with a yellow cloak and red apron, walked proudly in his ludicrous finery, without condescending to notice his companions, who gazed on him with astonishment from their boats, and could not conceive the metamorphosis. In vain they cried "Kadu! Kadu!" He did not deign them a look, but walked proudly about on the deck, always taking care to turn himself in such a manner that they might be able to admire his finery. When I learnt that there were three tamons in the boats, I commissioned Kadu to invite them, as I could not extend the permission to all the savages on account of their numbers; he felt greatly honoured, conducted himself with much dignity, and, after a short speech, first introduced to me Tigedien on deck, as the most distinguished. This old man, with silver-white hair and beard, had a venerable and pleasing

countenance, but his tall strong body was bent with age. He presented me with some rolls of Mogan; and, while I was conversing with him, Kadu invited the other chiefs, who were likewise very old, on board. The dress of the tamons differed but little from that of the other savages; they were only more tattooed, and wore round their necks ornaments of fish-bones, which I afterwards learnt supplied the place of orders. Kadu, to give himself consequence, conducted the guests about the ship, gave them explanations of all the wondrous things which they saw, and knew how to conduct himself so cunningly, as to make it appear that he had a perfect idea of every thing he tried to explain; he talked with particular diffuseness on trifling subjects, and generally produced laughter. When they saw a sailor take a pinch of snuff, and questioned him, who had never seen it himself, he was not at all embarrassed; he took up the box, and certainly told them many surprising things respecting it, as they listened to him with the greatest attention; but when, to make the matter quite plain to them, he took up the snuff to his nose, he threw the box from him, and began to sneeze and to cry so immoderately, that his astonished auditors ran from him in different directions; but he soon collected himself, and knew how to turn the affair into a joke. Kadu's explanation of the cannon convinced us that he was acquainted with them; for he told them that if the islanders ventured to steal any thing, they would beat down all the cocoa and bread-fruit trees with them; and further related, that Lewis and Marmol, in their visit to Ulle, when the inhabitants had stolen something from the ship, had not ceased shooting down the trees till the property stolen had been returned. Setting aside this little difference, they must have conducted themselves with much humanity, as Kadu had a very great respect for white men, and liked so much to be with us. The tamons now attempted to disavow him from his resolution, but he only shook his head, embraced me, and said, "I remain with you wherever you go!"

We learnt that there was still another chief, of the name of Lamary, under whose power the island groups, from Aur to Bigar, were subjected, and who was now absent to assemble a military force, with which he intended to seize upon the group of Mediuro, lying to the south of Aur. Its inhabitants often make incursions upon Aur, Kawen, and Otdia, to seize provisions, of which they are in great want, on account of the numerous population. An incursion on Lamary's island, by which a man lost his life, was now to be punished. Kadu told us that the most shameful pillage was committed upon Otdia; the enemy destroyed every thing they could not carry off. By this information the riddle was solved, why we every where had found newly planted trees. The people appeared to us unfit

for war, and their short miserable lives confirmed us in this opinion. We now learnt that even the women take a part in the war, loaded with baskets filled with stones, which they throw, as they form the rear-guard, over the heads of their warriors, into the hostile army; they likewise afforded succour to the wounded, and Kadu, who has been in many such battles, assured us that the women were of great service in war. Tigedien, the most distinguished of the three chiefs, supplied the place of Lamary during his absence, and was treated by the people with extraordinary respect. Lebeuliet, the second in rank and dignity, is possessor of the group of Kawen, but resides, in time of peace, in Aurick, and the young chief there, as well as the amiable princess, are his children. Tiarsur, the youngest of them, possesses the group of Otdia, and is father to our old friend Aurick; and it afforded him great pleasure that we were able to give him some account of him. The tamons returned to Stobual, with many presents, whither they also invited me; but as I had still to make observations to determine the situation of this place, I deferred my visit on shore. Kadu wished to accompany the tamons, which I permitted him to do, though I was firmly convinced, that inconsistent and sickle as the South Sea islanders are, he would not return. He was carried off in triumph. All the canoes followed that of Tigedien, hence, elevated to the rank of a distinguished man by our favour, he occupied the place of the tamon. In the afternoon I went on shore, and immediately took an excursion, accompanied by the active tamon Tiarsur. The island of Stobual is half a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth; the fine mould forms here already considerable hills. The palm and bread-fruit trees thrive extraordinarily, and I was agreeably surprised by a young plantation of twenty banana trees. There is more here than on the other islands; they daily brought us some of it. That the most, compared with that of the Sandwich Islands, is very small, is probably owing to the want of moisture, though the people assured me that they would thrive very well, if they were not so often destroyed by the inhabitants of Mediuro. Very numerous habitations convinced me of the thick population of this island. In my promenade I came up to the habitation of Lebeuliet, the chief, where a considerable number of men and women formed a circle round Kadu, who had been attracted by his new costume; but I was astonished when I saw him make a speech, at which his audience almost melted into tears; one old woman sobbed aloud. Tigedien's eyes were bathed in tears, and it was easy to observe the effort which it cost Kadu himself to suppress his emotion. He frequently mentioned Aur, Ulle, and Totabau. I was not sufficiently master of the language to understand the connection of the speech, but my supposition

seemed correct, that he was taking leave of the chief and the people. As much as I could understand from it, he first spoke of his sufferings on his voyage from Ulle to Aur, painted the generous reception of Tigedien, and concluded with the hope that he might, one day, through me, see his native home again. When Tigedien now began to speak, Kadu shed a flood of tears, the people were deeply moved, and an affectionate embrace of Tigedien and Kadu closed this truly affecting scene. Kadu accompanied us on board, and, as his determination to remain with us appeared to be immovable, he was received into the cabin among the officers, which flattered him very much, as he easily perceived the difference between us and the sailors, and thought he, belonged to the tamen of the ship. He sat with us at table, accustomed himself with incredible readiness to the use of knives and forks, and, in fact, conducted himself with as much propriety and good manners as if he had long associated with civilized people. Our gentlemen treated him with so much kindness that he soon became very much attached to them, and they likewise were happy to have him about them, on account of his good qualities. I cherished the hope, that when we had learnt better to understand each other, I should obtain from him much information, as well respecting the Carolinas, as the newly-discovered groups of islands.

Eddock now made a last effort to induce Kadu to return with him, but he still refused, although he appeared to suffer much in parting with him. On the 27th of February, the Rurick left Aur, amidst the sound of drums and the songs of the savages, which Kadu thought was done to wish them a good voyage: Kadu, to whom a shirt and a light sailor's jacket had been presented, appeared delighted with his dress and in excellent humour, till the motion of the ship made him low spirited and sea-sick. The vessel sailed for the group of islands called Ailu; three boats approached, in which Kadu recognised some old acquaintance, with whom he held a long conversation. The narrative proceeds:—

'Near Ailu, three boats immediately came up to our ship, and Kadu, in his sailor's dress, did not neglect to place himself on the deck, in such a position that he could be distinctly seen. He condescendingly called out to them that he was Kadu, they need not fear to come on board; but they, scarcely trusting their eyes, did not venture, till after they had had a long conversation with him. After they had sufficiently examined and admired the dress of their old friend, he explained to them with much dignity all the other objects, and thought it quite natural that they should behave to him with

as much submission as if he had been a distinguished tamen. Afterwards he had even the politeness to accompany them on shore, and took, without ceremony, the place of honour in the canoe; the simple savages sung and rejoiced, and carried him on their shoulders through the water, without considering that he had only been a common man like themselves a few days before; a zeal which he probably heightened by some old nails which he took with him from the ship to give to them. When he arrived on shore, he sat down with much gravity; they all surrounded him, standing, and he related to them his important adventures and experience.'

Kadu again went on board with Lieut. Kotzebue, and the islanders presented them with several coco-nuts, without desiring any thing in return. When off the group of Suwaroff Islands, our author continues:—

'Two of Kadu's fellow-sufferers, whom Lamary had brought to this island, came to us; one of them, a very old man, was particularly beloved by Kadu, and he resolved to take him with him without saying a word to me. The old Carolinian was beside himself for joy; but fell into a violent passion when I refused his request. He abused Kadu, and besought me to leave the latter in his stead; and in vain were all my representations, that he could not endure a voyage in his old age. I would willingly have complied with his unremitting entreaties, if I had not expected his death almost to a certainty. After the islanders had sufficiently admired all the treasures, Kadu asked my permission to accompany them. M. Chamisso also went, to make himself farther acquainted with the island. The old Carolinian was obliged to be taken by force into the boats, as he would absolutely stay; and they all left us. In a few hours M. Chamisso and Kadu returned on board, accompanied by several canoes filled with coco-nuts. They had not been able to land, as it was impossible to penetrate into the basin of the group, on account of the small opening and the contrary wind; and on the outer side they were unable to pass on account of the violence of the breakers, through which Kadu and the other savages swam, while M. Chamisso waited his return in the boat. I now again represented to Kadu, that it was the last moment that he had to reflect. I told him that we should never return to Radack; that he could have no hopes of ever going to Ulle; and that he had to expect a long and fatiguing voyage. He threw both his arms round me, vowed to remain with me till death, and nothing remained for me except to keep him, and with a firm determination to provide for him as a father. He distributed in haste all his treasures, and we left Ulrick.'

The Rurick encountered a dreadful tempest, which alarmed Kadu very

much, as he said he expected that the white waves would kill the poor ship. Kadu soon gained a knowledge of the Russian language, so that conversation was pretty well conducted. Nothing gave him so much astonishment as mountains of ice and snow, and no wonder, since he had seen nothing but low islands, covered with the loveliest verdure. He one day caught some flakes of snow on his hand, and was seized with shuddering when he saw them dissolve:—

'Kadu, who found himself very well in Onalashka, though he did not like the air, was much surprised that he did not see a single tree on the island, and that neither coco-nuts nor bread fruit were to be had. He took a lively interest in all the new objects which he saw; the Aleutian mode of living under ground did not please him at all; he thought it was better in Radack and Ulle, and asked us whether people lived so at St. Petersburg? We gave him such a splendid description of that city, that he was seized with the greatest desire to see it soon. He looked at the large oxen with astonishment and fear; and his joy was without bounds on being informed, that the meat which we ate daily on board the ship, was the flesh of these animals. We asked him why he was so rejoiced, and he timidly confessed, that he thought we ate men, and that it might one day be his turn. Soon after our departure from Radack, he had been present when a barrel of salt meat was opened; he observed a piece of the ribs; he remembered the warning of his friends, not to go with us, because we ate the blacks; from that moment, the poor fellow regarded himself as ship-provision, and looked forward, with horror, to the moment when we should be in want of food.'

A man on horseback, which Kadu saw at Woahoo, frightened him very much, as he thought him a dreadful monster. The Rurick afterwards sailed to Otdin, where Kadu saw Lagedinck, and several of his friends, to whom he related all his adventures while on board:—

'On the 3d of November, in the morning, M. Chamisso returned with Kadu, and I was disagreeably surprised with the news, that the latter intended to stay here. It was but yesterday that he promised never to leave me, and this sudden alteration of his resolution was quite an enigma, which Chamisso soon solved. Kadu had learnt on shore, that his little child in Aur languished very much after him, ran about in the woods all day to seek him, and could not sleep in the night. This news had softened his paternal heart, and brought him to the determination of remaining here. He seemed still to struggle with himself, when he related it to me with much emotion; but when I, though

with a heavy heart, as I really loved him, approved his plan, he resolved to execute it, and promised to raise our plantations with affection, and to call the different plants by our names. Future navigators will therefore find, instead of yams, taro, and potatoes,—timaros, tamisios, and totabus. Every one on board the ship would know from his own mouth whether he really intended to leave us; and he told to each, individually, how his child called "Kadu" in the woods, and could not sleep in the night. The separation was very painful to me, and I could only console myself with the idea, that he might be useful here, and would not, perhaps, long survive in our cold climate. As he intended to leave the ship to-day, because we sailed to-morrow, we all collected presents for him. He looked at his treasures with mute astonishment, and was only afraid that the Radackers could not resist the temptation of robbing him. I did not doubt that Lamary, as soon as he heard of it, would not fail to take from him the greatest part, and to avoid this, left some very considerable presents for him also. The old chiefs of Ormed and Lagediack were not forgotten. Some hogs and dogs, which I intrusted to Kadu's care, were then put into the boat, and I accompanied him with Chamisso on shore, he having previously taken an affectionate farewell on board the ship. Lagediack received us on shore, gazed with astonishment at the treasures, which were spread out, and was enraptured at the presents given to him. Kadu's riches I had brought into Rarik's habitation, where he concealed them, and the islanders, who were delighted at the sight of them, were, perhaps, already forming plans in secret, for appropriating them to themselves. To protect Kadu as much as possible against such an event, I intended to make an exhortation to all the savages. Lagediack immediately despatched two cryers, who went about the island, and made known his orders, that they should assemble. Some drums were beat, and all the inhabitants of Otdia, men, women, and children, were soon assembled. They were informed that Kadu intended to remain here, and that I was going to speak to them on the subject. The people, full of expectation, formed a circle, in the middle of which stood Chamisso and myself. Kadu, in the mean time, dressed himself in Rarik's house, probably to make a strong impression on the savages, on this solemn occasion. After we had been waiting for some time, he at last came out of the house, with measured paces; he had put on a white shirt, a sabre buckled round his waist, which he held naked in his right hand, and his head covered with a straw hat. The Radackers were astonished when they saw him enter with a serious countenance with his murderous weapon, and he sat down with much gravity on the branch of a tree. The sun had already set, when Kadu made the following speech, in which he had been tu-

tored. I must previously observe, that Kadu, from our accounts, had formed a very high idea of the tamon of Russia, of whom he told the Radackers a great deal. "The great tamon of all tamons," said he, "of the land of Russia, has commanded that Kadu shall remain here, to take care of the plants and animals left here by the Russians. Nobody dare hinder him on pain of death; on the contrary, every inhabitant shall assist him to cultivate the land, for which he is to be rewarded;" though the promised rewards were to arise from their labour itself. I also permitted myself the following fiction, in order to give more weight to the speech: "A large ship will come from Russia in ten months, to bring the Radackers iron and other necessary articles; but if it finds that the plantations are destroyed, the guilty persons will be punished with death! Let nobody venture to rob Kadu, or to do him any injury; this crime will also be punished with death." At the conclusion, I promised large rewards to such as should, on the arrival of the ship from Russia, come on board with their new cultivated fruits. Kadu delivered his speech with much dignity; the islanders promised faithfully to fulfil our wish, and, to make them acquainted with my great power, I had given orders on board, to fire, on a signal being given, two guns, and to throw up a rocket. It was now quite dark; I told the islanders to look at the ship, in order to see the fire with which we would punish their disobedience. The signal was given, the cannons thundered, and the poor savages were petrified with terror; but the rocket caused still more alarm, which; hissing through the air, illuminated the whole island. Lagediack threw both his arms round me, and begged me to put an end to the terrific scene; but Kadu was much pleased at the impression the fire had made, for he now thought himself secure against any attacks. Some presents which I distributed restored tranquillity. We gave Kadu two copper medals with the portrait of the emperor; the one he was to wear himself, and to present the other to Lamary, in my name. He resolved to bury some of his treasures, and go with the rest to Ormed, to his old benefactor. On taking leave, Kadu seemed to be fully sensible how hard it was to part from us, for he cried like a child, and implored me to come again. The attachment of this good-hearted man moved me very much, but I was still more deeply affected with the universal lamentations of the savages at our departure. Lagediack kept close to me, and frequently asked me whether we would really return. Men, women, and children accompanied us to the boat; Kadu went on before with a drawn sword; and the torches, with which they lighted the way, gave the whole procession a very solemn appearance. After we had put off, they all sat on the shore, and joined in a song, in which our names were frequently repeated.

Paramythia; or Mental Pastime; being Original Anecdotes, Historical, Descriptive, Humorous, and Witty: collected chiefly during a long residence at the Court of Russia, by the Author. 12mo. pp. 175. London, 1821.

THAT several of these anecdotes are original and that some of them are true, we will not deny; but few, very few of them indeed, are either descriptive, humorous, or witty. The author, who appears to be an artist that has passed many years in Russia, gives 'a local habitation and a name' to almost every fact he relates, and identifies himself with them. He is anxious to convince his readers that every anecdote is now published for the first time, and yet we meet with many old acquaintances among them. Who has not heard of the Highlander, who, on seeing a pair of snuffers for the first time, snuffed the candle with his fingers, and deposited the snuff in the socket; and yet our author relates this as having occurred to his own servant, a Russian boy!

We should not have noticed even this stale joke (and it is not the only one), had not the author assumed a high a tone as to the positive originality of every anecdote. We have another objection to this volume, less indurible even than its dullness and insipidity,—the silly plan of ushering in every 'Scrap,' by a sort of meretricious common-place sentimental introduction, which frequently has nothing whatever to do with the particular anecdote it prefaces. But a trace to criticism, and let the author speak for himself, which he shall do in a few of the best anecdotes we can glean from his volume:—

'General ——— was one of the parvenus, lifted, by the French revolution, from obscurity; his father having held the situation of Swiss, or porter, to Louis the Sixteenth. When appointed, by Bonaparte, ambassador to the court of Russia, he was much in the habit of boasting in society and at court, of his estates and possessions in Languedoc, Champagne, &c. &c.; upon which, a very witty and beautiful lady, the Countess Valerica Zooboff, said to him, with great naïveté, "Languedoc, Champagne: mon cher général, et moi je vous croyais toujours Suisse."

'In the reign of the Emperor Paul, his regulations and orders were promulgated with such rapidity, that it could only be equalled by the counter-orders that were often within a few hours issued. It was, indeed, impossible to know how to act, as to avoid offending, which gave rise to some one wittily observing, *it was all*

"order," "counter-order," and "dis-order."

"On birth days and other great occasions, it is usual for the foreign consuls to go to court. The consul went; and, placing himself in one of the rooms, took his station as usual, waiting to be presented when the empress passed by. The master of the ceremonies announcing, as she walked on, the names of the noblemen and gentlemen present, at last announced, 'the British Consul, Mr. C—.' The consul bowed, but unfortunately standing under a cut-glass chandelier, and being somewhat fidgety, as most of my countrymen are upon great occasions, had got somehow or other the toupee of his bag-wig entangled in the wire of the drops; so that, when he bowed (and that he did very low), there was at least two feet between his bald pate and the suspended perrwig, and he could not, on rising, get his head into dock again. The smothered laugh was against him, and it required all his good sense and good nature, when he got home, to make so unlucky a day as pleasant, as he did most others, to his amiable family."

"A very hospitable and very rich English merchant, in the city of St. Petersburg, who was much in the habit of receiving the young noblemen and gentlemen who visited that city, had at his table one day an English traveller of rank, who had that morning been to see the collection of wild beasts. On expressing his surprise that a large elephant he saw there should be able to endure the severe frost of so cold a climate, the merchant (to set him right on the subject) told him, that her imperial majesty had often said she would never again receive elephants as presents, as they were the most expensive appendages of her establishment. Each elephant, said he, eats a pond, or about forty pounds weight of nutmegs every day, to warm its system. The traveller stared, calculated the expense to a fraction, noted the information he had received in his common-place book, and, in his next letter to his honoured papa and mamma, delighted them with the result of his judicious statistic inquiries."

"Count Stroganoff, president of the Imperial Academy, a post he filled with infinite credit to himself, as he was truly a man of taste and virtue, so was he a nobleman of large fortune, great wit, and polished manners; and he had a splendid establishment. His urbanity led him to keep open table; and, indeed, so liberal was he in this respect, that on those days when he dined with his sovereign or with his fellow-peers, the table-cloth was still spread, and the guests very cheerfully set down to the repast, choosing one among themselves to do the honours of the feast. I was frequently one of his excellency's guests; and one day, when every thing went on well, the count got so happy, that, after the company had taken the usual parting glass of sparkling champagne, he ordered his butler to bring

more. The man, who always stood behind the count, did not whisper, but said, quite loud, *il n'y en a plus*. The count told him to go to his friend at the wine cellar, and get more. *Point d'argent, point de Suisse, votre excellence*. What then? said our noble host, wont he trust me any farther? *Non, Monseigneur*, was the reply. Why, then, sit still, gentlemen, sit still, and we must be content with a good glass of frozen punch till my rents come in. *Aha! pour le ponce si vous voulez, j'ai les moyens*, said the butler, rubbing his hands with delight, and running away to make it."

"When the present emperor came to the throne, and people were allowed to walk, ride, and dress rationally, and not like the old-fashioned wax-figures of the fifteenth century, her imperial majesty enjoyed, in common with others, this national reformation. She was walking in the summer-gardens, dressed with tasteful simplicity, and being really a beautiful well-formed interesting person, was noticed by an officer in the guards, who, having only seen her at court in a hoop-petticoat, lappets, and all the other cumbersome paraphernalia, did not know her. He was much struck with her, accosted her, and went a step too far in his behaviour and importunities. The empress was obliged to call a court servant to assist her escape from this enterprising knight, and, when she got to the palace, mentioned the circumstance to the emperor. He soon discovered the offender, but contented himself with saying, next morning, on the parade, that some officer in his guards had greatly insulted a lady who was dear to him in the summer-gardens: that when he relaxed the strict sumptuary laws which lately existed, he meant his subjects should enjoy a rational liberty; but he was sorry to find it had already degenerated into licentiousness. He further added his hope that such improper conduct would never be repeated; and concluded by trusting the gentlemen around him would think him mild, when they were told it was her imperial majesty who was the unfortunate lady so offended."

The Young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Arithmetic; illustrated by upwards of 400 Original Examples, and intended as an Introduction to the Author's Complete Course of Arithmetic. By W. H. White, of Bedford. pp. 108. 1821.

THE importance of arithmetical and mathematical science, needs no eulogium. Among the various authors, compilers, and editors, who have used their endeavours to encourage so laudable a pursuit, none are so eligible, none so successful, as those that express their intentions in simple terms and avoiding technical phraseology and abstruseness, are, paradoxically speak-

ing, when most learned, most easily understood. Mr. White's work, though one of the least, is one of the best, cheapest, and most perspicuously written works of the kind which we have ever reviewed.

Foreign Literature.

Histoire des Français.

History of the French. By T. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1517. Paris and London, 1821.

A HISTORY of France has long been a desideratum in the literature of Europe; and yet there is scarcely any subject which affords such ample materials. France has long been reproached for a want of historical talent; that reproach can attach to her no longer, since she has produced one of the most able historians of this or any age in the person of Sismondi. This gentleman is well known in the literary world, by his history of the Italian Republics, a History of the Literature of the South of Europe, &c.; and his well-earned fame will now be rapidly enhanced by his history of the French. In a very able Introduction, he thus states his views of history generally, and the cause why the French have been defective in this branch of literature:—

"We may, I think (he says), state generally, that the great cause of the coldness of the history of France, and of almost all modern histories, is the want of truth; of that complete, unreserved, unbiased truth, which is found only in the histories of antiquity. No modern history is absolutely free from those obligatory falsehoods, those conventional flatteries, those respectful reticences, which destroy at once our confidence in the historian, and our understanding of the events which he relates. The religion and the policy of the state, those two grand levers of human society, have never been approached with entire frankness: historians have never ventured openly to attach blame wherever they thought it deserved. Even those writers who dared to attack the church or the monarchy, have veiled accusations, often exaggerated, under protestations which were no less false. Their declarations of respect were no less false. Their declarations of respect were to mark their aggressions; they seemed to reckon on their readers not taking all their words literally; and they have exerted much ingenuity in depriving themselves of the character of sincerity, which is, of all others, the most essential to those who desire to be listened to. The slavery of the press has not alone hindered those who have written history from telling the truth as they had seen it

and knew it to be. The authority which is ascribed to past times, has disfigured historical criticism, by rendering it subservient to every party, and to every kind of ambition. Many great writers have not hesitated to distort facts, in order to sanction, under their guarantee, opinions which they would have ventured to lay down in theory: many others have fancied they saw in the past, every thing which they desired in the present. They have sought in history the rights of the present generation, and not examples to serve posterity as guides; they have applied to past ages for the limits of the prerogatives of the throne, or those of the liberties of the people, as if nothing could exist now but what had existed formerly; and truth has suffered, because all parties have disfigured ancient events, to convert them into arms in favour of new pretensions.

Speaking more particularly of the history of France, he says,—

‘Writers have always attempted to render it subservient to establishing the rights either of the kings, of the dukes and peers of the parliaments, of the prelates, or of the people, instead of investigating the errors of every species of power, to avoid them in future. Men no less ingenious than learned, have, on this occasion, done violence to all facts, in order to bring them in support of their own theories.’

‘The partiality which most historians have imposed on themselves as a national duty, fancying that their patriotism commanded them to be the advocates of the nation and its princes, and to show, in spite of the testimony of foreign historians and of subsequent events, that all the kings of France were good or great men; their armies always victorious, and their people (except when they threw off legitimate authority) always loyal and happy. To dissimulate the faults of the government is, in the historian, still more imprudent and criminal. In collecting national records, we should think less of the reputation of the dead than of the advantage of the living. Clovis, Philippe le Bel, or Louis XIII. will not suffer by the reproaches cast upon their memories; but the sufferings which they inflicted on their cotemporaries will be renewed for us or for our posterity, if we do not learn by their example what perfidy may be allowed to false piety, what crimes may be hidden under the cloak of policy, what cruelty may be the consequence of a single weakness: if we do not see in all the abyss to which absolute power leads.’

The rigid plan which M. Sismondi has adopted in his own work, is thus stated:—

‘My work was begun and completed from the originals, according to the advice which I formerly received from the great historian, John de Muller. I studied history in the cotemporary writers. I endeavoured to represent it in the light

in which it appeared to them; and it is only after having exhausted these original authorities, and formed an unprejudiced opinion from them, that I had recourse to subsequent writers. Then only I often learned the existence of historical controversies, of which I had not before suspected the possibility. I have lost something by this process; but the contrary method would, I think, have been more injurious. History, thus contemplated at its source, appears to me so new, so different from what I supposed it to be, that I seem to myself to have gained more by guarding against the prejudices of compilers, than I can have lost by renouncing the aid of their information.’

That portion of M. Sismondi's history, which has now appeared, embraces a period of six hundred years, from the fourth to the tenth century, and, consequently, includes the monarchs of the Merovingian and Carolingian race. The unimportant events M. Sismondi passes over slightly, but when he comes to subjects worthy of his pen, he labours them with great talent and ingenuity; hence the history of Pepin, Charles Martel, and Charlemagne, are admirably written; the last in particular, which is by far the best portion of his valuable work. We have already mentioned that M. Sismondi draws his facts from the original sources, and not from modern writers; and an instance of the value of such a plan is found in the letter to Louis the Germanic, in which the clergy condemned the memory of Charles Martel more than a century after his death. This letter has been generally misquoted; but M. Sismondi thus gives it from the original:—

‘It is because Prince Charles, father of King Pepin, was the first of the Kings and Princes of the Franks to divide and separate the property of the church, that, for that cause alone, he is damned eternally. We know, in fact, that St. Eucherius, Bishop of Orleans, whose body rests in the convent of St. Fridon, being in prayer, was carried into the world of spirits; and that, among the things which he saw, and which the Lord showed him, he recognized Charles exposed to torments in the lowest depths of hell. The angel who conducted him being interrogated on this subject, answered, that, in the judgment to come, the soul and body of him who takes away the goods of the church shall be exposed, even before the end of the world, to eternal torments, by sentence of the saints who are to judge with the Lord. The sacrilegious plunderer shall be laden with the penalties not only of his own sins, but of the sins of those who had bestowed their property, for the love of God, on holy places, on the lamps

of divine worship, on alms to the servants of Christ, and for the redemption of their own souls. St. Eucherius, when he came to himself, called St. Boniface, and Fulrad, abbot of the convent of St. Dennis, and first chaplain of King Pepin, to whom he related these things. He recommended that they should go to the sepulchre of Charles; and that if they did not find his body there, it would be a proof of the truth of his vision. Boniface and Fulrad accordingly went to the convent, where the body of Charles had been interred; and having opened his tomb, a dragon instantly sprung out of it, and it was blackened in the inside, as if he had been burnt. We ourselves have seen men who lived till our times, and who were present at these occurrences, and they attested the things which they saw and which they heard. These things coming to the knowledge of Pepin, he caused a synod to be assembled at Leptines, at which St. Boniface, together with George, a legate of the Apostolic See, presided. We have the acts of this synod, which attempted to restore all the ecclesiastical property which had been taken; but, as Pepin could not restore them all, on account of his war with Gaifer, Prince of Aquitaine, he at least mortgaged them to bishops, directing that they should pay tithes, and that each household pay twelve pennies to the church till the whole could be restored.’

A history, written with such care and such talents as this author has displayed, needs no other recommendation; it must necessarily supersede every work on the subject.

The Mediator,

AN OCCASIONAL PAPER,
No. I.

Cogito, ergo, sum.—DESCARTES.
I think, therefore, I exist.

It may naturally be required at the hands of the writer of this paper, to advance sufficient reasons (provided he hath them) for the revolutionary spirit evidently betrayed in the very title of his work: the why and the wherefore of his most unheard-of temerity in presuming to deviate from the supreme authority of Steele, Addison, and Johnson, to follow the more questionable one of Hawkesworth, in daring to insult the sense of the people of England, by using more than three syllables in the name of his paper. This abuse of language (which Mr. Locke hath unaccountably omitted in his chapter so intitled), as it nearly concerns the interests of science, and strikes at the root of learning in general, the title being that part of a work by which alone its merits may be

properly determined, and the knowledge of titles being that upon which the fame and character of our profoundest scholars depend; this, most flagitious of all attempts at undermining the fabric of our glorious constitution, demands some account of the causes which led to its commission, which may palliate though they cannot excuse it.

To so reasonable a request, the author hopes the following will afford a full and satisfactory answer; especially to those who are of an argumentative and a logical turn of mind, for to none other doth he profess himself accountable; for, as Mr. Locke justly observes, 'God made us men, but left it to Aristotle to make us reasonable creatures'; and, therefore, one might as lief expect to find truth in the bottom of a well, as to pretend to any degree of rationality without having sounded the profundities of irrefragable logic. The author takes this to be evident to the most illiterate, and so without farther delay will proceed to his justification.

His first reason, then, for the choice of the above title, and which, indeed, may seem to render all other superfluous, is this, videlicet: it suiteth his own fancy (this may be called, in the vein of Touchstone, the reason unmanly; or, after the practice of the schools, the reason, which is no reason at all).

To those accustomed to the logical method of proof, and the strict deduction of the conclusion from legitimate premises, any other reason will doubtless appear unnecessary; but, lest any scruples might arise in the minds of juvenals in ratiocination, there is another argument scarcely less cogent than the above, which is of that species beautifully denominated by Father Malebranche, 'knock him down,' and whose efficacy, both physical and metaphysical, he is said to have confirmed, by repeated experiment on the head of Antouy Arnauld, doctor of the Sorbonne, in their contest concerning the Theory of Ideas.

Secondly, then, the paper called the Meditator, is so denominated, because &c. If the reader remain not unconvinced, we must only hand him over to Pyrrho or David Hume, as one guilty of incurable scepticism; his last mode of argument being, that it is most approved use among the orators of the present day, and, indeed, to speak the truth on't, is wholly unanswerable.

The fair sex, indeed, of whom, in the outset, the author professeth himself a respectful and distant admirer, may require a looser and more popular explanation; and, though he cannot consider himself strictly as accountable to them, yet as *Cules potest pungere anak* (an elegant rendering of our vulgarism, 'a giant may sting a giant'), I would not wish to offend them by neglect.

Thus, then, to address them in *propria persona* (proxies in such matters being rather unlucky). As there hath already appeared a paper of this description, intitled 'the Bee,' I at first had intended, in order to make something of a flush, and shew what a noise it should create in the world, by giving it a title of similar import, to have christened it 'the Humbug;' but this thought I dropped, and for the following reason: I wished to give the public some insight into the manner of my own life and conduct. Now, these are peculiarly meditative, as will appear in the sequel, and hence have I chosen the appellation of Meditator, as a suitable title for papers which contain the history of myself. This, then, is a kind of a reason for the singularity of my option, but is not much insisted on, the two first being more conclusive and logical.

These papers, therefore, shall be devoted exclusively to myself, and if any one should be so of undiscerning a genius, as to prefer reading the life of Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great, I can only say to him, with the Archbishop of Grenada, 'Fare thee well, Mr. Gil Blas, and I wish thee a little more taste.' First, therefore, the public may be anxious to have some assurance that they are not holding evil communication, and that I am neither what the Spaniards have heretofore affirmed of our nation in particular, nor what my Lord Monboddo hath indubitably demonstrated of all nations in general, i. e. neither a devil nor a monkey. The following description of my outward man will, I hope, set their fears at rest. But, first, I beg leave to mention an attribute of mine, which, although not strictly referrible to my exterior, is yet a tacit proof that I shall become highly popular. I suppose if I can show any physical similitude between myself and the Spectator, it will be a sufficient passport to similar immortality, and though I may hereafter write blasphemy or sheer nonsense, my claim to a seat on Parnassus beside him, will be as undoubted as that of his shad-

dow. Listen, then, O Isles! I'm as silent as Queen Cleopatra in balm! and in this particular differ from the Spectator only in the cause of my silence: his was voluntary, mine, alas! is not so. Should I ever dare to write an epic, it shall begin with—'Hail, holy Babel,' or some such.

As to my physiognomy, I confess it is directly the reverse of my prototype. His, as he tells us, was curt and compressed, like the Dutch countenance of a lady's snap-dog. Mine, on the contrary, is rather of the Manchegan countour, as that of the monk of St. Francis,—pale, thin, and long, rather peculiarly cast, yet not so much so as to be fairly called ugly, grave as ever Cassius', and slightly inclined to the melancholy.

Now, sir, I warrant me, your superficial thinker will adduce this discrepancy from the prince of periodicals, as an argument against my wit, as my similitude, in point of taciturnity, was in favour of it; but, sir, on the contrary, I pledge myself to prove from this very discrepancy, and that logically too, the very opposite conclusion.

As thus, sir, I take as an undoubted premiss, the following proposition: Every man who possesseth a short phyz is a brilliant wit, for the truth of which we have a complete logical induction in the aforesaid example of the Spectator. If it be said this induction is vicious, being but a singular instance, evetible by an opposite one, my response comes as pat as a knight to a distressed virgin, though they should have as little probable connexion as the moon with a pot of ale; videlicet:—though the Spectator is certainly but one, I believe it will be allowed that he is a host in himself, so that, instead of one instance, we have a host of them, and so complete our induction sufficiently. Again, I take as an axiom, what I dare say the reader, having gone thus far with me, will find little scruple in granting, viz. that my head is turned; and being turned on the pillar of my neck, so us to bring the flat of the nose to an horizontal position, I believe it will be allowed that my visage is now as short as one could wish, when it is recollected that I premised a deficiency in its breadth, when lying in a natural position. Hence the conclusion is obvious, and my adversary's argument goes for nothing. Having satisfied the acute and metaphysical as to this point, it only remains to say that my person corresponds prettily with my countenance, being spare though not ill-

turned, my chest a little in the shade of my head and shoulders, and my waist not larger than that which might be supposed to fill a moderate lady's arms.

It may concern the public to know that I am about the middle size, wear a glass, and take my pocket handkerchief out of my left skirt. I declare, on the veracity of the oaks of Dodona (and that was never questioned, notwithstanding that a wooden prophet is somewhat akin to Dagon), I have no means of coming at the precise year in which I was born; for, being yet unmarried, there has been no perennial growth by which my age can be accurately computed. It may be said, even if there had, I should not have been an atom the wiser; such growth as I allude to, being coeval only with the date of marriage, and therefore in any case can be of no chronological importance, unless, like Eve, I was married the day I was born. But this objection is futile, and may be answered satisfactorily in this wise. That, beside marriage, by the laws of uxorious Scotland, legitimating all offspring antecedent to that blessed ceremony, and thereby giving the happy bridegroom a legal claim to an *ex post facto* coronation, I say, beside such consideration, it is on all hands allowed that before the performance of that laudable act, we are as nothing; our years of singleness vanish noteless amid the infinite waste of eternity, and our existence is nothing more than a state of lifeless vegetation, unless a man can be said to live who enjoys his health, his book, his friend, and his bottle, in comfort, peace, and serenity of mind—barely; an assertion which manifestly outrages all decency and common sense.

I have been thus particular in describing my person and physical qualifications, for another reason beside that cited above, viz. that of satisfying the vast curiosity which the public must undoubtedly have about every item which goes to make up the sum of my attributes; and, indeed, I have to apologise that my printer hath not as yet hit off a proper design of me, to embellish the head of this paper. For my own part, I wished to be drawn in my college academicals, with my right hand firmly grasping Aristotle's Logics, and an owl (emblematic of my wit) perched upon my left shoulder. To give life and truth to the picture, I might also be drawn as devouring a custard fresh from the pastry-cook, and wrapt in one of my own Meditators;

which would be at once a sign of my affluence and the estimation in which my work will be held by the public. But my printer is more ambitious: he wants me to agree to a device which shall represent me on Parnassus, and in the following position.

My body being thrown into the attitude of a fathered Mercury, with the finger and thumb of the right hand, I tweak Homer by the nose, taking Virgil under the short rib with the other; at the same time, my left foot is to be placed accurately on the culminating point of Shakespeare's belly, a section of which, perpendicular to my leg, being supposed parallel to the horizon: i. e. Shakespeare being on the flat of his back, the effect of this pressure on the aforesaid parts may be duly notified by a correspondent protrusion or expulsion of his eyeballs and tongue. My body being thus firmly supported upon one leg, the supernumerary one may be employed in dispossessing Milton, fundamentally, from his seat in the clouds.

Though I may thus be supposed to have gotten rid of my ablest antagonists, yet, the lower seats being still occupied by the inferior scribes, who are nevertheless generally most troublesome and clamorous about their right of precedence, they remained yet to be disposed of. It was here the invention of my printer shewed itself most happy, in the choice of a delicate and appropriate emblem. 'Twas a long time, indeed, before I could prevail upon the rascal to let me into what he called his master-stroke, which is this: he is to be introduced under a petticoat—as the Genius of Poetry, performing the part of my auxiliary, by emptying a chamber-pot on the heads of those who are seated below.

This design seems to me to border somewhat on the ludicrous, beside the conceit implied in it being rather presumptuous; for though I confess I am not without the—

Itch of picture in the front,

With bags and wicked rhyme upon 't,

yet I think the reader will agree with me as to the propriety of a few alterations I suggested, but to which the printer hath some unaccountable objections.

As I never perceive the spirit of composing so strong within me as when I am about going to sleep, I propose that Parnassus shall be converted into my flock-bed (which can be done by a few strokes of the brush); Homer's nose into the snuff of a candle I have just

extinguished with my fingers, and Virgil into a favourite cat, in the act of suffering for her depredations on my cream-basin. A joint stool, upon which I step when getting into bed, may appropriately represent Shakespeare, and my printer may retain his original occupation, merely substituting his own posteriors for Milton's, which would considerably improve the back ground, as Milton was, by all accounts, disproportionately heavy, in the last part of him which he shewed to the public. Thus, the reader will perceive the wonderful economy and keeping of my group; a printer, a joint stool, a candle, and a cat, perform all that was ever done on Parnassus by Homer, Virgil, Milton, and the Genius of Poetry.

My printer is, however, not quite satisfied with the part assigned him, but I hope to bring him round. His own device he calls by the name—Poet's Pinnacle, but will not allow mine to be denominated Printer's Province. I shall duly communicate to the public any future particulars of this proceeding, which I shall judge to make for their interests. P. WILDERSENE.

Original Communications.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—The impartiality and candour ever observable in the conduct of your paper, has induced me to trouble you with a few remarks on National Education,—a subject, sir, which I conceive will not be misplaced in a work whose aim is the welfare of society, and whose objects of research must naturally embrace every institution connected with the improvement and instruction of mankind. Should the following observations meet your approbation, by giving them an early insertion, you will oblige

Your constant reader
and correspondent, B.

ON a reference to the page of history, even in the earliest ages of society, we may discover the rudiments of national education. The Jews, as the most regularly organized nation, might, indeed, have been supposed to have pursued some fixed plan in the education of their progeny, since they lived under a divine legislation, whose principles were pure and wise as the Being from whom it emanated. But such was the complicated nature of the Jewish economy, so numerous its legal requirements, and so extensive the application of it

civil as well as religious enactments, that some fixed system of national education became necessary to instruct the people in all the particulars of their duty. This task was assigned to the high priest and his assistants; and it was positively commanded that the whole law should be read over once every seven years, at the feast of tabernacles, in solemn assembly of all the people; and the substance of it, as contained in the Song of Moses, should be learned by heart by every Israelite, and that every king of Israel should be obliged to make a copy of it, with his own hand, from that which was committed by Moses to the custody of the Levites, for his own private instruction. The Rabbies add, that if the king had not written a copy of it before he came to the crown, he was obliged to write two afterwards, the one to be deposited in his treasury, and the other to be kept about him for his daily meditation and direction. But, from the perfection to which this people arrived, at a very early period, in the arts and sciences, we are led to conclude that their great legislator, Moses, 'who was learned in all the learning of the Egyptians,' was careful to have them properly instructed in those trades and employments which would be so necessary to their prosperity when they came to be established as a nation in the land of Canaan.

But it is not to the Jews alone that we may refer for arguments in support of a national system of education, as every regularly established colony, however small in number and rude in manner, affords an example of its practice; though, to the persevering industry of Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster is to be attributed the state of perfection to which it has now arrived. After the controversy which has so long subsisted between these two champions of learning respecting their several claims to originality, I shall not dwell on the comparative merits of either, but view the system generally, as a public institution, whose ultimate object is the instruction of the rising generation.

Religion, the knowledge and practice of which involves both the temporal and eternal welfare of the human race, is here, as it was with the Jews, the great end and aim of the institution; and its principles, though they may be differently explained in the two establishments, are so clearly developed in both, as to lead the pupil to an intimate and practical knowledge of the duties he owes to God, his neighbour,

and himself. As the application of this system extends at present only to the children of the poor, the studies are confined to reading, writing, arithmetic, and needle-work, of the steady improvement in which, as well as the orthodox opinions of the children in the important article of religion, the yearly examination of the several schools offer convincing evidence. These elementary instructions, however excellent and useful in themselves, have been objected to by some, as being defective in extent; and it has been inquired, to what end is all this learning, if the children, when dismissed from the school, are totally ignorant of every means of gaining a livelihood? This observation has been particularly made relative to the girls, who, on going out to service, have been found totally incapable of every domestic employment, and qualified only for sempstresses and nursery governesses.

Though this is an evil of which there are too many examples (I may say in both sexes), yet it appears not to be without remedy; and, accordingly, means have been taken in an establishment at Mile End, to institute a manufactory, on the same principle as that at the school for the blind, where the various handicraft trades are taught. But this still appears to embrace only the boys, whilst the girls remain unacquainted with domestic employments. It has been suggested, that this may be remedied by sending out each girl above ten years of age, in regular rotation, one day in each week, to the houses of respectable families in the neighbourhood, to assist the servants, for their keep, by which means they will in time be qualified in those employments, on which, from their station in society, they will most probably depend for their livelihood.

If this plan was generally adopted, the evil complained of would be effectually remedied, and society at large proportionately benefitted. The extravagance, insolence, and ignorance so generally found among servants, and the high wages they frequently demand, would by this means be removed, whilst the instructions they had imbibed in the school, would tend powerfully to correct that looseness of morals, at present so lamentably prevalent among this class of society.

All this could be easily effected by the agency of the mistresses of the schools, who, by inquiry, could ascertain the proper places to send the girls

to; and there can be no doubt but every respectable housekeeper would willingly embrace such an offer, if made on the terms proposed. Let the plan be but generally adopted, and society will quickly find the benefit of its operation.

FOREVER.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Can you serve me, your most humble servant? *Forever!* You may depend on my importance, and find me in many places,—since an election never takes place without me, and I am there used in the way of expressing the highest triumph. Whenever your most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth appears in public, I am uppermost on the lips of his subjects. I was also to the lonely woman who is departed, of much consequence; and yet time shows how little I am attended to. I am used more than on occasion sanctions in many of your domestic circles, 'Forever quarelling!'—Then reproached as a sot,—'Forever drinking!'—As a book-worm,—'Forever reading!'—Sometimes 'Forever gossiping!' That woman's clack—is *Forever* going? Her ladyship—is *Forever* painting? And then, cries the wrathful divine, a wicked man—is 'Forever d—d!' I sincerely trust, sir, I am quite secure from any condemnation, seeing that happiness—is *Forever* sure! Doubtlessly so; yet pardon me, sir, if I tell you that an illiberal critic—is *Forever* abusive! I have great complaint to make against those persons who leave their property so illiberally, and to be so soon possessed. Why not leave it *Forever*? Ah! sir, how immense would my wealth be if I could ever hope to be in possession of it! which, like happiness to the fond pursuer, is ever within view, but never within grasp. I should be more successful if an angry foe called *Never* were not opposed to my interests; however, *Sometimes* aids my cause. Whatsoever, Whosoever, and several other relatives have my warmest thanks, and, to prevent your disliking me, reject every article sent you of every other description, since I assure you, with great modesty, there can be no writer like one who writes— *FOREVER!*

Islington, Aug. 1831.

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

SCARCE the shrill trumpet or the echoing horn
With real impatient chides the tardy men,
When Thames, meandering as thy channel flows,
Its ambient wave Aurora's Lord surveys:

No prouder triumph, when with eastern pride
The burnished galley burst upon the tide,
Thy banks of Cydnus say—'tho' Egypt's queen
With soft allurements graced the glowing
scene;
Though silken streamers waved and all was
mute,
Save the soft trillings of the mellow lute;
Though spicy torches chased the lingering
gloom,
And zephyrs blew in every gale perfume.
But soon, as pleased they win their way,
And dash from bending oars the scattered
spray,
The dome wide spreading greets th' exploring
eyes,
Where erst proud *Rufus* bade his courts arise.
Here borne, our Civic Chief the broken steer,
With pointing fingers, numbers o'er and o'er;
Then pleased around him greets his jocund
train,
And seeks in proud array his new domain.
Returning now, the pond'rous coach of state
Rolls o'er the pavement that groans 'neath its
weight,
And as slow paced amid the shouting throng,
Its massive frame majestic moves along,
The prancing steeds with gilded trappings gay,
Proud of the load, their accepted lord convey.
Behind, their posts, a troop attendant gain,
Press the gay throng, and join the smiling
train;
While martial bands with nodding plumes ap-
pear,
And waving streamers close the gay career.
Here too a Chief the opening ranks display,
Whose radiant armor shoots a beamy ray;
So Britain erst beheld her troops advance,
And prostrate myriads crouch beneath her
lance;
But though no more when threat'ning dangers
nigh,
The glittering cuirass clasp the warrior's thigh;
Aloft no more the nodding plume waves;
Or polished helm bedecks his manly brows;
A patriot band still generous Britain boasts,
To guard her altars and protect her coasts;
From rude attacks her sacred name to shield,
And now, as ever, teach her foe to yield.
Time's Telescope.

Original Poetry.

ORIGIN OF CHESS, ELUCIDATED FROM CHAVIER.

AT CHESS* with me she [can] do play;
With her false draughts in full array,
She stole on me, and take my first;
And when I saw my fets away,
Alas! I could no longer play,

* Again, in the *Frankelstein's Tale*, p. 11212.
'They danced and they play at chess and tables.'
Again, p. 11585—
'His tables Toletans forth be brought.'

These were the astronomical tables composed by order of Alphonso, King of Castile, about the middle of the 13th-century, and called sometimes *Tabula Toletana*, from being adapted to the city of Toledo.

† The piece at chess, next to the king, which we and other European nations call the queen, though very improperly, as Hyde observed. *Pheer* or *pherran*, which is the Persian name for the same piece, signifies the king's chief counsellor or general. See Hist. Shakilur,

But sayid, farewell suite! your's,
And farewell all that'er there is;
Therewith fortune sayid che! here,
And seat's in the myd point of the *chekere*
With a payne errant, alas!
Fai crafty to play she was
Than *Athalus*, that made the game
First of the chess, so was his name;
But God wold I had ones or twice
Toende and knowe the jeopardise
That could the Greke *Pythagoras*,
I should have plaice the bet at chess,
And kept my fets the bet therby.

The Dremes, pp. 652—660.

ANTIQ.

A COMPARISON.

THE dew-drop that glitters on you blooming
rose,
That sparkles so beauteous and bright,
The transience of this state of life truly shows,
And how certain and swift is its flight.

That dew-drop will waste when the bright
sunny ray

Shall around all its richness and sweetness
be spread,

And that glittering brightness will all fade away,
And naught shall remain in its stead.

When once 't has dissolved, it will never again
Grace the air in which lately it shone;

But, like ended life, may for ever remain
Deplor'd, tho' for ever 't's gone.

Like the dew-drop, life glitters and glories
awhile,

In the face of the sun and its ray;
But destruction and death do around them

both coil,
And both swiftly, alas, fade away.

A moment they glitter—a moment they glow,
And look as for ever they 'd last;

In a moment they flee,—all that's left is to
know

That they were, and that now they are past.
J. C. P.

THE CULPRIT AND THE COLONEL.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

THE other day, a hardy son of Mars,
Whose front bears many honourable scars,
Whose sun-burnt brow oft dropp'd the briny
sweat

Within the torid zone, in dog-star heat,
Was very dry, but fate severe

Denied the price of one poor glass of beer;
Hard was his case, indeed, so let me tell ye,
The veteran stripp'd his back to serve his belly,

For which poor back was doomed, with martial
rigour,

To pay with skin for linen and for liquor.
The appointed morning came, the bugle's
throat

Warned the battalion to the fatal spot,
Where the drum-major, with his hateful squad,
The instruments of torture had displayed;

The colonel gave command the lash to ply,
And thus the veteran spoke and heav'd a
sigh—

Thus he remonstrated; for no condition
Could bring him to the meanness of petition:

'Tis hard this back, which ne'er was turned
on foe,

Should, for a trifle, such treatment undergo,

† From Persian *shah*, i. e. king, and means
take care of your king. Ibid.

§ Struck dead—Gloss. Conquered, sub-

While others, whom I easily could name,
May with impunity commit the same.
Sir, in your regiment there is a man
Who from his neighbour stole a fine new suit;
You know the thing was done, you know the
man,
Yet on the business you've been always mas-
I humbly own I merit well the lash—
But why make fish of one and fether feed?
The colonel wisely look'd, and *Heracles* aside,
And swore it was an arrant lie by G—;
'However,' he added, 'name him, and by
heaven,
Thy sentence every lash shall be forgiven.'
The culprit sternly answered, 'that I can',
And (as the prophet said of old,) 'thou art the
man

Who stole the suit—nay, more, upon my life,
In that same suit you stole your neighbour's
wife!

To call this truth I can't, indeed, pretend,
But this I can inform you, to be brief,

The colonel heard it scarcely to an end,
When off he sneaked—not much unlike a
thief. D. H.

TO THE MEMORY OF A COURIER.

TEN winters 'tis indeed—it seems but yester-
day—

Since round the social fire-side, snugly placed,
The joke was wont to glad the merry circle,
And thine among the rest;

And now! where now? companion of my
youth—

Inseparable, till Death's icy touch
Chill'd all the springs that once gave play
To soul as lively as e'er warm'd mortal.

Where now, Companion—nameless—whit-
tles!

Alas! 'twere task full hard to trace a vestige
Of thy corporeal frame—except, perhaps, a
bone

Might still remain, memento of thy being;
All else commingled with the dust—
Corrupted—withered into naught.

Sad thought! but thought ineffably more do-
mal,

Were this the goal—the all-concluding aim!
No; thine immortal soul has wing'd its way
To realms of happiness serene,
To realms where sorrow, sin, corruption, are
unknown,

And yet regret thy earlier call to bliss:
Regret the summons of a much-lov'd kinship
To inherit the reward of spotless youth!

Wouldst fain withhold him from eternal bliss;
Nay, wouldst almost drag him back to this
pilgrimage,

To taste a little more thy bitter cup,
And mid allurement stand the test still longer.

Till, per-adventure, man's most deadly foe
Had so wound round him as to make his chain
To heaven full problematical—How strongly
How paradoxical a proof of friendship!

To wish him here again—again to struggle
With the world's evils—sorrow, pain, tempta-
tion.

And for what? to exchange a few more woes
Poor benefit, to set against the chance
Of deviating from the narrow path to glory?

No; let us rather feel contented—grateful
That he has been removed from jeopardy
Before temptation had the power to warp him
Grateful that he has gone to blissful mansions
Where he, please God, shall ever
nise us,
There in celestial harmony to dwell for ever.

8th Mo, 1821.

The Drama.

DERRY LANE.—On Saturday night, unold favourite made his first appearance for the season at this house, and was received with that ardent joy which always welcomes Munden after a temporary absence, however short. The part selected for him was Peter Post Obit, in the comedy of *Folly as it flies*. This is one of the worst comedies of a bad school. Its author, Reynolds, was a man of dramatic ingenuity, who knowing the stage and the talents of the performers well, wrote every piece for the moment and for the individuals. His comedies were for an age, and not for all time, and he might have increased them as the managers do their free admissions, 'not transferable.' Why this comedy was chosen we know not, unless to put Munden's talents to the severest test, by showing how much he could make of a bad part, and much he certainly did make of it. His anxiety to avoid the duel with Curator, and when that could no longer be done, his eagerness to render it harmless, were in admirable humour; but his best scene was his triumph after the bloodless rencontre. He returned from the field waving his pistol with great courage, and singing, with exultation, 'None but the brave deserve the fair;' fresh with his blushing honours thick upon him, he braved Dr. Infalible, and upon the bare supposition of an insult, threw his card on the floor, as valiantly as ever champion threw a glove. Munden's drollery in this scene was rich and exuberant. The part of Tom Tick was originally written for Lewis; on this occasion it was ably personated by Mr. Elliston. Harley's Dr. Infalible, Knight's Gilbert, Coper's Melmoth, and Mrs. Edwin's Lady Melmoth, all possessed as much spirit as the characters were susceptible of, and the comedy, on its revival, was well received.

On Monday, a new musical comedy, in two acts, was produced, entitled *Maid or Wife, or the Deceiver deceived*. It is founded on a French piece, in one act, performed last season at the Argyl Rooms; it has, however, been considerably altered in adapting it to the English stage. The following is an outline of the plot:—

Sir George Rakewell (Elliston), a gay married baronet, who affects to be very uxorious, has a smart valet, Ready (Harley), to whom he has promised annuity, so long as he shall remain single. Ready is, however, privately mar-

ried to Fanny (Miss Copeland), a villager. Lady Rakewell being from home, Sir George goes to the village to seek a pretty girl he had seen, and gives Ready orders to assume authority, in his absence, over the other servants. Of this Ready avails himself, orders dinner, and the chair to give his Fanny a drive. Sir George returns, after an unsuccessful search after Fanny, who is the new object of his passion;—she returns at the moment, and Sir George believes this to have been managed by Ready as an agreeable surprise; the dinner provided for Ready and his wife, is served up to Sir George and Fanny, and Ready is obliged to wait on them at table. Tormented with jealousy and trembling for his annuity, he despatches a messenger to inform Lady Rakewell that Sir George has been taken seriously ill. She returns, and, after some amusing incidents and well sustained equivokes, the marriage of Ready is discovered, and, though dismissed from the office of valet, he is made steward.

This piece is, we understand, the first production of a gentleman, who has also composed and selected the music. The plot is light, and the dialogue possesses little merit, but the situations are admirable, and the succession of incidents so rapid, that the attention is kept on the *qui vive* the whole time. The acting was very good; Miss Copeland, who has been transferred from the Surrey Theatre, where she was a great favourite, made a most successful debut, and played with great spirit. She sung a gay lively air, in the second act, with much taste, and was loudly encored. Harley was excellent in Ready; and in any thing bearing the semblance of an intrigue, few play better than Elliston. The piece was completely successful.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Tuesday night, Goldsmith's admirable comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was performed, for the purpose of introducing Mrs. Chatterley on this stage. We have seen this lady passing from one theatre to another, and gradually improving in every character she undertook, until we now find her at home, in one of the great winter theatres, and supporting characters in the first line of her profession. In the part of Miss Hardcastle, Mrs. Chatterley gratified the wishes of her best friends. To the most judicious conception of the character, which, however, is very original, she added a share of spirit and vivacity, and an arduous and intelligence which rendered it admirable. With a good person, highly expressive features, and a voice which is at once agreeable and well managed, she secured the audi-

vided approbation of a crowded audience, and proved herself worthy to sustain the high rank she had assumed. The whole of the performance was received with great applause.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—This theatre closed its season on Friday night, with an address, spoken by Mr. Terry, in which is the following passage:—'Our short summer privilege gradually encroached upon, and each succeeding year made less and less by the invasion of the winter houses, has at length been entirely taken away from us by one of them. Since, then, the winter theatres are becoming summer ones, and are striving utterly to deprive us of that small portion of the year which had hitherto been left free to our use, it is but fair, (indeed it is the only chance we have remaining,) that we, availing ourselves of the full extent of the royal license granted to the property, should, in return, endeavour, as much as possible, to make the summer theatre a winter one.'

We know of no circumstance connected with the drama which has given us so much pleasure as this declaration on the part of the managers of the Haymarket Theatre. We understand that the royal license extends to eight months, and since the experiment of producing a company independent of the two great theatres, has been tried and succeeded, we trust they will 'spin their term of freedom out to its due length.' It is a duty the proprietors owe to themselves, whose property has been invaded by an unfair monopoly; it is due to the public, who has been liberal in its support of this theatre; and, above all, it is due to the legitimate drama, to preserve its last remaining temple from the profanation of spectacle and pantomime. This is a subject on which we feel ardently, and, therefore, though we dismiss it at present briefly, we shall feel it our duty to return to it soon.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mr. Dibdin is determined, that if his autumnal season is short, it shall be 'a merry one;' a succession of novelties have been performed; and Miss S. Booth, who would be an acquisition to any theatre, has supported some of her most favourite characters, particularly Priscilla Tomboy, Amanthis, and Little Pickle, in which it would be difficult to find her equal. Notwithstanding nine theatres are now open nightly, in London, the Surrey has had an ample share of that patronage which it so justly merits. There have been some

new appearances, of which we shall speak in our next.

ADOLPH THEATRE.—Two new pieces have been produced at this house during the week; the first, intitled the *Marriage Bachelor*, is a spirited version, in one act, of the French piece brought out at Drury Lane on the same evening, under the name of *Maid or Wife*. The names of the characters are altered, but the plot and the principal incidents are of course the same. The parts sustained at Drury Lane by Mr. Elliston, Harley, and Miss Copeland, were, at the Adolphi, filled by Mr. Burroughs, Wrench, and Mrs. Baker (from the Haymarket), who played very well, and secured the piece a hearty reception. On Thursday, a burletta, called *Love's Alarm*, was acted for the first time. It, too, seems of foreign origin, and is an amusing trifle. It was well received. The house boasts nightly a crowded audience.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—We have not yet had an opportunity to visit this house, which opened on Saturday last; but if we may judge from the numerous favourite actors engaged, it must present very strong attractions.

WEST LONDON THEATRE.—A theatre, situated in Tottenham Street, which has successively had the name of the Tottenham Street, Regency, and West London Theatres, has made a bold attempt; nothing less than that of producing the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, which, says the play-bill, has not been performed for 2240 years. It is adapted to the stage by Mr. Fancit, the author of 'Justice,' the 'Miller's Maid,' &c.; the two first acts are principally from the plays of Dryden and Voltaire, on this subject; the third act is almost a literal translation from Sophocles.—Mr. Huntley, as *Œdipus*, and Mrs. Glorier, as *Jocasta*, were powerfully energetic; and *Œdipus* possesses a sufficient number of classic admirers to make it popular even in the humblest of the minor theatres. Who, then, will dare to say that the public taste is vitiated?

Literature and Science.

Discovery Ships.—Letters have been received from the discovery ships under the command of Captain Parry, dated 16th July; they were then at Resolution Island, in Hudson's Bay. They had met with some heavy icebergs and considerable obstructions from the ice, which was then melting

fast, but having passed these inconveniences, they were pursuing their voyage of discovery up the inlet at the north of the bay. The officers and men were all in the highest health and spirits; well and amply provided with every kind of provisions, and delighted with the security and excellence of their ships, which, though deeply laden, had proved quite manageable.

A Danish family, desirous of purchasing a beautiful mummy for one of the museums in Copenhagen, wrote to M. Dumreicher, Danish consul at Alexandria, who, assisted by M. Tedenat, the French consul, procured an intelligent man to set out for Upper Egypt, with a firman from the Pasha, to search the tombs of the ancient kings. For the greater dispatch, they employed two different parties of the natives, from Longsor and from Karnack. The former were the most fortunate, discovering a tomb that had never been opened, and where they found, on the third day, a mummy with five cases; they asked for this 6000 piastres of Egypt, (1331.) which was paid them. The fellahs of Karnack, thus disappointed, and having had three days' toil for nothing, had warm disputes with those of Longsor; and mischievous consequences might have ensued, as their villagers took a part in the quarrel, if the possessors of the mummy had not given 1000 piastres, (221.) extra to the Arabs of Karnack, to whom also some participation was made by those of Longsor. This mummy is the most superb and beautiful of all that have been hitherto discovered. To judge of it from the ornaments in relief, which decorate the cases, and especially one whereon gold has been lavished, from the rich style of the amulets, from the largeness of the papyrus, and all the hieroglyphical embellishments about the body, it must have been that of some Egyptian king or prince. This conjecture is corroborated by the number of cases, as the mummies of the greatest persons in general have only three.

The Russian frigate, *Voslock*, Captain Bellinghausen, has arrived from a voyage of discovery, &c. in the South Pacific. She reached 70° south, nearly in the track of Captain Cook, and reports his Sandwich land to be an island or islands.

The Emperor Alexander has erected at Abo, in Finland, a magnificent observatory, the direction of which he entrusted to Balbeck, the celebrated astronomer.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in salubem equis livet,
Omnia nos stident depascitur ævis.*
LUCRETIUS.

Wilkes one day, asked Garrick "What he called honesty?" "What is that to you?" said the Roscius, "meddle with things that concern you."

Characteristic Anecdote.—When Lord Amherst, on his return from his late embassy to China, mentioned to Bonaparte that the interesting people of the Loochoo Islands, according to Captain Hall's account, used neither arms nor money, Bonaparte broke forth—"No arms! Sacre! how do they carry on war then?" When the same circumstances were related to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he exclaimed, "No money! Bless me! how do they carry on the government?"

The author of a book, recommending abstinence from animal food, has received a severe reprimand from the Court of Aldermen, in London, for instilling pernicious principles into the citizens.

Advertisements.

THE KAMOOS.

AN INDEX, in Folio, to this celebrated Book, which has lately been Printed in India, is just published by MR. A. SALAM, who compiled it with great care and accuracy. All those Orientalists who possess copies of 'The Kamoos,' will find this Index very useful. Apply for it at No. 9, Finsbury Street, White Hall.

This day is published, price 6s. in boards. **PARAMYTHIA; OR, MENTAL RECREATIONS;** being Historical, Descriptive, and Humorous Anecdotes: collected chiefly during a long Residence at the Court of Russia, by the Author; who pledges himself they are perfectly original. To which he has added, a short Introduction, illustrative of Anecdote.

London: Printed for LAWLER and GILES, 9, Old Broad Street.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

The communications of ELIZA, L., Maria, Wm., and S. T. have been received.

We agree with every remark made by W. on the gullant Pensonby; but we can do nothing more.

Cæciliæ is requested to send to our editor a letter any time after Monday.

London:—Published by J. LINDLEY, at his shop in doors East of Exeter Change, where all orders are first received, and communications sent to the Editor (post paid) must be addressed, either by Dover, to St. Paul's Church, York; or by Marlborough, to Messrs. Groom, 1, St. John's Mall; Gravel, Lincolns; and by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by DODDING, at his shop, Covey Street.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early on a Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 131. LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1821. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Memoir of the Origin, Progress, and Improvement of Glass Manufactures: including an Account of the Patent Crystallo Ceramic, or Glass Incrustations. [By Apsley Pellatt, jun.] Post 4to. pp. 42. London, 1821.

MR. PELLATT, who is connected with one of the most eminent glass manufactories in town, has prefaced the account of a very singular discovery in the art of glass making, by a brief but succinct memoir on its origin and progress, from the glass-houses of Tyre to those of our own times. Pliny informs us, that some merchants being driven by a storm at sea to the mouth of the River Belus, were obliged, during their stay there, to dress their victuals by kindling a fire on the sand, where the herb *kali* grew in abundance; and that the salts of this plant, on its being reduced to ashes, incorporated with the sand, or with stones fit for vitrification, and thus produced glass; and Mr. Pellatt says, the sand which lay for about half a mile round the mouth of the river, was peculiarly adapted to the making of glass.

The art of glass making was certainly known to the Egyptians, although there exist but few specimens of antiquity to prove the fact. The glass-houses of Alexandria were celebrated among the ancients for the skill and ingenuity of their workmen, and from these the Romans procured all their glass ware:—

In the reign of Tiberius, a Roman artist had, according to Pliny, his house demolished,—according to other writers, was beheaded, for making glass malleable. The Roman architects are known to have used glass in their Mosaic decorations. Several specimens have been found among the ruins of the villa of the Emperor Tiberius in the island of Capri. Similar specimens also are yet to be seen in Westminster Abbey, cemented into the sides of the tomb of Edward the Confessor. They are flat pieces, of about a quarter of an inch thick: the underlayer has a reddish granulated appearance, and is perfectly opaque; the upper surface is of white transparent glass. Between the

two is a very thin layer of gold leaf,—the whole being fused into one substance. This description of gilded glass was, no doubt, highly valued; and the perfect state in which it is found, affords a convincing proof that the art of incrustation was, to a certain extent, known to the ancients. The pieces which have hitherto been found, are, for the most part, about an inch square, or of the same size in a diamond form.

During the reign of Nero, great improvements were made in the Roman glass. The perfectly clear glass, which bore the nearest resemblance to crystal, was so highly valued, that Nero is said to have given for two cups of no extraordinary size, with two handles, 6000 sesteritia, or near £50,000 sterling. The inferior kinds of glass had come into such general use in the time of Pliny, as to have almost superseded cups of gold and silver. The glass-makers of Rome were formed into a company, who had a street assigned them in the first region of the city. A tax was laid upon them by Alexander Severus, which existed in the time of Aurelius, and probably long after.

Glass-making in Britain, is supposed to be of very ancient date: if the opinion of Pennant be well founded, of a date prior to the Roman conquest. The art of manufacturing glass into such ornaments as beads and annulets, was certainly known to the Druids.

Our author, after an account of the relics of glass making, at an early period, found in England, notices the state of the art at Achaetee and in China, and then gives the following singular instance of ancient art:—

A most singular art of forming pictures with coloured glass, was practised by the ancients. It consisted in laying together fibres of glass of various colours, fitted to each other with the utmost exactness, so that a section across the fibres represented the objects to be painted; and then cemented by fusion into a homogeneous solid mass. In the specimens of this art which were discovered about the middle of the last century, the painting has on both sides a granular appearance, and seems to have been formed in the manner of Mosaic work; but the pieces are so accurately united, that not even by means of a powerful magnifying glass could the junctures be discovered. One plate described by Winkelmann, exhibits a duck of various colours, the out-

lines of which are well decided and sharp, the colours pure and vivid; and a brilliant effect has been obtained by the artist's having employed in some parts an opaque, in others a transparent glass. The picture appears to be continued throughout the whole thickness of the specimen, as the reverse corresponds in the minutest points to the face; so that were the glass to be cut transversely, the same picture of the duck would be found exhibited on every section. It is conjectured, that this curious process was the first attempt of the ancients to preserve the colours by fusing them into the internal part of the glass; which was, however, but partially done, as the surfaces have not been preserved from the action of the atmosphere.

Without going further into the history, we shall notice the subject of glass incrustation, which was known to the ancients but very imperfectly. About forty years ago, a Bohemian manufacturer first attempted to incrust in glass, small figures of a greyish clay; and although he was not very successful, the idea was caught by some French manufacturers, who succeeded in incrusting several medallions of Bonaparte, which were sold at an enormous price. England, always remarkable for perfecting the crude inventions of other countries, has done it in this instance:—

A patent has recently been taken out for ornamental incrustations, called Crystallo Ceramic, which bids fair to form an era in the art of glass-making. By the improved process, ornaments of any description, arms, cyphers, portraits, and landscapes, of any variety of colour, may be introduced into the glass, so as to become perfectly imperishable. The substance of which they are composed is less fusible than glass, incapable of generating air, and at the same time susceptible of contraction or expansion, as, in the course of manufacture, the glass becomes hot or cold. It may previously be formed into any device or figure by either moulding or modelling; and may be painted with metallic colours, which are fixed by exposure to a melting heat. The ornaments are introduced into the body of the glass while hot, by which means the air is effectually excluded, the composition being actually incorporated with the glass. In this way every description of ornamental

glass-ware may be decorated with embossed white or coloured arms or crests. Specimens of these incrustations have been exhibited, not only in decanters and wine glasses, but in lamps, girandoles, chimney ornaments, plates, and smelling-bottles. Busts and statues on a small scale, caryatides to support lamps or clocks, masks after the antique, have been introduced with admirable effect.

The composition used in the patent incrustations, is of a silvery appearance, which has a superb effect when introduced into richly cut glass. Miniatures, however, may be enamelled upon it, without the colours losing any of their brilliancy; and thus, instead of being painted on the surface of the crystal, may be embodied in it.

A most important advantage to be derived from this elegant invention, respects preservation of inscriptions. Casts of medals and coins present no equal security for perpetuating them. The inscription, when once incrustated in a solid block of crystal, like the fly in amber, will effectually resist for ages the destructive action of the atmosphere. Had this art been known to the ancients, it would have perpetuated to us many interesting memorials. In laying the foundation of a public edifice, an incrustation of this kind will be a record

are perennius.

It is probable, however, that a collateral advantage of no small importance will result from the invention, inasmuch as it will tend very considerably to enhance the value of British glass wares, and to extend the application of glass to new purposes of domestic utility. The highly ornamental effect which may by this means be given to glass, will recommend these incrustations in the place of metallic ornaments for door-plates or handles, bell-pulls, and the inlaid work of tables, looking-glasses, and other sorts of furniture, besides plateaus, and the decorations of the table or sideboard. The extension of any branch of national industry at the present time, is a consideration of the greatest moment. Nor will the invention be considered as wholly unimportant as connected with the progress of the arts. Whatever serves to connect more intimately the ornamental with useful, has obviously a beneficial operation more or less directly on the fine arts.

This interesting little work contains several engraved specimens of the art, which are coloured to represent the incrustations; and they are so elegant that there can be no doubt of the invention meeting that liberal patronage which it merits, and that the tables and side-boards of our nobility and gentry will soon be very generally adorned with glass of this manufacture.

Travels in Palestine, through the Countries of Bashan and Gilead, East of the River Jordan; including a Visit to the Cities of Geraza and Gamala, in the Decapolis. By J. L. Buckingham, Member of the Asiatic Society, Calcutta, and of the Literary Societies of Madras and Bombay. 4to. pp. 553. London, 1821.

THOUGH Palestine has been so often travelled by Protestant antiquaries and Catholic devotees, who have written largely on the subject, yet in a field so ample, and embracing so many recollections, there is still left ample gleaming to the industrious and intelligent traveller.

OF Mr. Buckingham's qualifications for the task, his valuable work bears ample testimony, but there is something so romantic in his personal history, that we cannot avoid rapidly sketching it, as detailed in the preface.

A passion for visiting distant regions was a prominent passion with Mr. Buckingham in his infancy. At nine years of age, he went to sea, and, twelve months after, in 1796, he was taken prisoner and conveyed to Corunna, and marched through a great part of Spain and Portugal. When he was liberated, he made several voyages to America, the Bahamas, and the West Indies.

The Mediterranean next became the scene of his wanderings; Sicily, Malta, the continent of Greece, the islands of the Archipelago, the coasts of Asia Minor, and the Gulf of Smyrna gave him a foretaste of future gratification. He next visited Alexandria, ascended the Nile, stopped a short time at Thebes, where he met the accomplished and lamented Burckhardt, and made an accurate chart of the Nile as far as he ascended. In traversing the desert, he was stripped naked among the mountains, plundered of money, papers, arms, and instruments, and left to travel this rocky path naked and bare-foot, scorched by day and frozen by night, in the depth of an Egyptian winter. He was two days without food or water, and the first nourishment he received was some raw wheat. At Cairo

Mr. Buckingham applied himself with great zeal to study the Arabic language, and, after making some progress, he assumed the dress of an Egyptian Fellah, crossed the desert of Suze to examine its port, and, after visiting the most remarkable ruins in Lower Egypt, crossed from Dametta to Rosetta, and returned to Alexandria.

Mr. B., in the dress of a Mamouk, next set out with a caravan of five

thousand camels and about fifty thousand pilgrims, for Mecca; the vessel in which he embarked upset in a squall, but he narrowly escaped, and arrived at Jeddah. Here he found a ship, with English colours; bound for India, in which he made the voyage; after a stay of some months in India, he returned to Egypt, well furnished with books and instruments, for the future travels of which his work contains the account. 'So much for Buckingham,' now for his book.

The most novel and interesting portion of Mr. Buckingham's work, is the description of the country beyond the Jordan; and, therefore, from that part we shall principally make our extracts. It was on the 25th December, 1815; that Mr. B. embarked on board a small vessel for Syria. After encountering a severe gale, which the ignorance and incompetence of the captain and crew rendered doubly dangerous, the vessel arrived at Soor, the ancient Tyre. Soor is about a mile in length and half a mile in breadth; it contains about eight hundred substantial stone-built dwellings, besides other smaller habitations for the poor. The dress of the mercantile people, who are chiefly Christians, is similar to that of the same class at Cairo:—

'The women were habited partly after the Egyptian and partly after the Turkish fashion; some wore black veils, with openings for the eyes; others only covered the mouth and the lower part of the face, as in Smyrna; and others again wearing over their heads a square piece of white muslin, which fell low down on the back, had their faces totally concealed by a veil of coloured but transparent muslin, like the women of Mekka and the southern parts of Arabia Felix.

In the court of the house where we lodged, I observed a female, whose garments appeared to resemble those of the Jewish women in Turkey and Egypt. The face and bosom were exposed to view, and the waist was girt with a broad girdle, fastened by massy silver clasps. This woman, who was a Christian, wore also on her head a hollow silver horn, rearing itself upwards obliquely from her forehead, being four or five inches in diameter at the root, and pointed at its extreme; and her ears, her neck, and her arms, were laden with rings, chains, and bracelets.

The first peculiarity reminded me very forcibly of the expression of the Psalmist, 'Lift not up thine horn on high; speak not with a stiff neck: all the horns of the wicked will I cut off, but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted;' similar illustrations of which Bruce had also found in Abyssinia, in the silver horns of warriors and distinguished men.

From Soor, Mr. B. proceeded to Acre; on his way he met with much hospitality, and found that the English were always spoken of with great respect. Our author gives an interesting account of Acre, now called Acco, having changed its Greek for its original Hebrew name; and we pass it over to quote an anecdote of the celebrated Hadjee Ahmet, Pasha of Acre:—

‘He was a man famous for his personal strength, his ferocious courage, his cruelty, and his insatiable avarice, as well as for the great power which the active exertion of all these qualities together procured from him. Some short time before his decease, he was conscious of the approach of death; but so far from showing any remorse for his past actions, or discovering any indications of a wish to make atonement for them, the last moments of this tyrant were occupied in contriving fresh murders, as if to close, with new horrors, the bloody tragedy of his reign. Calling to him his father-in-law, Sheikh Taha, as he himself lay on the bed of death, “I perceive,” said he, “that I have but a short time to live. What must I do with these rascals in my prisons? Since I have stripped them of every thing, what good will it do them to be let loose again into the world? The greatest part of them are governors, who, if they return to their posts, will be forced to ruin a great many poor people, in order to replace the wealth which I have taken from them; so it is best, both for their own sakes and for that of others, that I should destroy them. They will then be soon in a place where they will neither be permitted to molest any one, nor be themselves exposed to molestation. Yes, yes! that’s best!—dispatch them!” In obedience to the charitable conclusion of this pathetic apostrophe, twenty-three wretches were immediately added to the long list of the victims of Jezza Pasha’s cruelty; and, it is said, they were all of them thrown into the sea together, as the most expeditious mode of execution.’

Jezza had likewise in confinement at Caiphor, Naissif Pasha, whom it is supposed he had no intention of leaving behind him; but being probably surprised by death before he had made up his mind on the precise time and manner of his execution, Naissif Pasha escaped and retired to Damascus. This is the Pasha who took possession of Cairo while the French army marched out of it to attack the Grand Vizier, and who so gallantly defended that city against the united force of the enemy under Kleber, during thirty-four days, and at last made an honourable capitulation for his retreat.

In journeying from Acre to Nazareth, Mr. B. observed a party of men and boys playing at cricket, using a round staff for a bat, and a ball neatly covered with goat’s skin, and tolerably

elastic. Nazareth, Mr. B. says, is situated in a deep valley, not on the top of a high hill, as has been erroneously stated, but rather on the side of a hill, nearer its base than its summit. The fixed inhabitants of the town are about two thousand, five hundred of whom are Catholics, three hundred Maronites, and two hundred Mohammedans; the rest being Schismatic Greeks. Mr. B. took up his abode at the Franciscan Convent, where he was hospitably entertained. Speaking of the interior of the building, he says,—

‘Over the door of each small chamber, I observed painted a number and *Ace Maria*, while over that of the Padre Guardiano’s was written his title in addition. On the door of the chamber in which I slept was written *Ace Maria purissima*, and immediately opposite to it, *Hac sunt necessaria*, in large Roman capitals.’

Mr. Buckingham, in continuation of his account of this city or village, says:

‘The church of Nazareth is built over a grotto, held sacred from a belief of its being the scene of the Angel’s announcing to Mary her favour with God, and her conception and bearing of the Saviour. On entering it, we passed over a white marble pavement, ornamented in the centre with a device in Mosaic; and descended by a flight of marble steps into a grotto beneath the body of the church. In the first compartment of this subterranean sanctuary, we were told, had stood the mass which constitutes the famous chapel of Loretto, in Italy, and the friars assured us, with all possible solemnity, that the angels appointed to the task, took out this mass from the rock, and flew with it, first to Dalmatia, and afterwards to Loretto, where it now stands; and that, on measuring the mass itself, and the place from which it had been taken, they had been found to correspond in every respect, neither the one by the voyage nor the other by age, having lost or altered any part of its size or shape.’

Proceeding farther in, we were shown a second grotto, or a continuation of the first, with two real granite pillars, of about two feet in diameter at its entrance; and we were told, that one marked the spot where the Virgin rested, and the other where the Angel stood when he appeared to Mary, exclaiming, “Hail thou, that art highly favoured! the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.” The pillar on the right is still perfect, but that on the left has a piece of its shaft broken out, leaving a space of about a foot and a half between the upper and under fragment. The latter of these continuing still to be supported by being firmly embedded in the rock above, offers to the eyes of believing visitors, according to the expression of the friars, “a standing miracle of the care which Christ takes of his Church,” as they insist upon its being supported by the hand of God alone.

‘The grotto here, though small, and about eight feet in height, remains still in its original roughness, the roof being slightly arched. In the outer compartment, from whence the chapel of Loretto is said to have been taken, the roof as well as the sides have been reshaped, and plastered and ornamented; so that the original dimensions no longer remain; with-in, however, all is left in its first rude state, to perpetuate to future ages the interesting fact which it is thought to record.’

‘Passing onward from hence, and ascending through narrow passages, over steep cut out of the rock, and turning a little to the right, we came to a chamber which the friars called “La cucina della Santa Madonna.” They here shewed us the chimney of the hearth on which Mary warmed the food of Jesus while yet an infant, and where she baked the cakes for her husband’s supper when he returned from the labours of the day. This was an apartment of the house, as they observed, in which the Son of God lived so many years in subjection to man; as it is believed by all, that he was brought up from childhood to manhood in Nazareth.’

‘The fact of Joseph and Mary having resided in this house, and used the very room in which we stood as a kitchen, has nothing at all of improbability in it; and, as excavated dwellings in the side of a steep hill like this would be more secure, and even more comfortable than fabricated ones, it is quite as probable that it might have really been the residence of the Holy Family as of any other, since it is here, in the midst of Nazareth of Galilee, where Joseph and Mary are admitted to have dwelt, and the child Jesus to have been brought up.’

‘The church erected over this sacred spot is large, and well furnished with some few tolerable paintings, but still more gaudy ones. It has also a double flight of marble steps, and a gilt iron railway, leading up on each side of the grotto, which is left open, and faces the entrance to the church, producing an impressive effect. Below, in the grotto itself, is an altar of white marble, very finely executed, and a painting of the Annunciation, of great merit, as far as could be judged in this obscure depth, except that its effect is lessened by a diadem of gold and precious stones on the head of the Virgin.’

‘Among all the pictures I observed a departure from costume and propriety, which could only be accounted for by religious zeal. Joseph, the carpenter, was arrayed in purple and scarlet; Mary, beautiful, and dressed in the richest robes. If the painters could have taken their models from among the same class of people at Nazareth now, they would, perhaps, have approached nearer to truth; as these are, probably, still very similar in person, complexion, and apparel, to those described in the history of those times. In Europe, remote from the scenes them-

elves, Scriptural subjects may be treated in any way that best displays the talent of the painter; but it is impossible to witness certain delineations of country and costume upon the spot where the scene itself is laid, without being forcibly impressed with their want of even general resemblance.

There is an organ, which is played by one of the friars; an abundance of fonts, and altars, and candlesticks; a fine sacristy, or dressing-room, for the priests; and store-rooms for the moveables of the church, consisting of flags, tapers, silken curtains, silver crosses, incense-pots, &c. exhibited only on festival days.

The synagogue in which Jesus read and expounded the prophet *Isaiah* on the sabbath, is shown here within the town; while the precipice from which the exasperated people would have hurled him is pointed out at a place more than a mile distant to the southward, and on the other side of the vale. It is more probable, however, that the precipice which overlooks the town was really the scene of this outrage.

Mr. B. ascended Mount Tabor, on the summit of which were three gro-tos:—

In one of these grottoes, which they call more particularly "The Sanctuary," there is a square stone used as an altar; and on the 6th of August, in every year, the friars of the convent come from Nazareth with their banners and the host, to say mass here, at which period they are accompanied by all the Catholics of the neighbourhood, who pass the night in festivity and light large bonfires, by a succession of which they have nearly bared the southern side of the mountain of all the wood that once clothed it.

Mount Carmel, Dora, and Casarea, were next visited by our enterprising traveller, who then proceeded by Jaffa and Ramlah to Jerusalem. When at Jaffa, Mr. B., he says, determined to ascertain the truth respecting Bonaparte's having murdered his prisoners in cold blood; and, therefore, inquired of the son of the French consul, Damiani, who said such massacre actually took place:—

"It was related to us, that Bonaparte had issued a decree, ordering that no one should be permitted to pass freely without having a written protection bearing his signature; but publishing, at the same time, an assurance that this should be granted to all who would apply for it on a given day. The multitude confided in the promise, and were collected on the appointed day, without the city, to the number of ten or twelve hundred persons, including men, women, and children. They were then ordered on an eminence, and there arrayed in battalion, under pretence of counting them, one by one. When all was ready, the troops were ordered to fire upon them, and only a few escaped their destructive volleys. A si-

milar scene was transacted on the bed of the rocks before the port, where about three hundred persons were either shot or driven to perish in the sea, as if to renew the deeds of treacherous murder which the men of Joppe had of old practised on the Jews, and which their heroic defender had so amply avenged."

Mr. Buckingham carefully visited all the holy places in Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, of which he gives a very interesting description, and an excellent plan of the Holy City. While at Jerusalem, Mr. B. learnt that his present Majesty had, the year before, sent a present of £1500 to the guardians of the Holy Sepulchre. Of the friars we are told,—

"The mode of life pursued by the friars, is a mixture of indolence and exertion at intervals; and to them it is certainly not a happy one. They generally retire to sleep at eight o'clock, and are obliged to rise again at half past eleven, to attend the midnight mass. At one they again lie down, and are all stirring at five, the morning hour of service throughout the Holy Land. Coffee is made for them at this hour, and at ten they take an early dinner, after which they sleep until past noon."

On the sabbath of the Jews, Mr. B. attended the morning service at the Synagogue, which he thus notices:—

"After some time passed in reading and responses, we went into the central rooms, which were both of them longer than the outer ones; and at the end of these were curtains for the veil of the temple. In the principal room this veil was of purple cloth worked with gold; and on its centre were the two tables of the law in Hebrew, nearly in the same form as we have them in English in our own churches."

"The priest who officiated had, during this last week, arrived here from Amsterdam. The book from which he read rested on a piece of crimson velvet, worked with Hebrew letters of gold; after an apparent weeping on the part of the people, who covered their faces with the white head-cloth, and moved to and fro as if distressed for the loss of something, a man walked round the synagogue, crying out with a loud voice, and circling the first word only at every subsequent exclamation. This we learnt was the sum offered for the sight of the *Tozot* or Scriptures. Advances were then made by individuals of the audience, and repeated by the crier, until either a sufficient or some specified sum was raised."

"The priest then made a loud shout, and all the people joined; when some of the elders drew aside the veil of the temple, and opening a recess like that of a sanctum sanctorum, took from thence a cabinet, highly ornamented with silver. In this were two rolls containing the law of the law on parchment, rolled round a

small pillar in the centre, which, on being turned, exposed the writing on the roll successively to view. On the top of the roll was fixed two silver censers, with small bells, and it was carried round the assembly, when each of the congregation touched the writing with the cords at the front corners of his head-cloth, after placing these cords to his lips, then across his eyes. The cabinet was followed by a boy bearing four silver censers, with bells, on a stand, and after every one had touched it, it was placed on the altar, in the central sanctuary, before the priest."

From the retrospective view of Jerusalem given by our author, we learn that the city is about two miles and a half in circumference, and that it at present contains about eight thousand fixed residents, one half of which are Mohammedans; but the continual influx of strangers makes the total number of persons in the city from ten to fifteen thousand generally. In identifying the sites of many places mentioned in Scripture, Mr. B. says, the spot where as Calvary, may be still considered the place of the crucifixion of our Saviour, notwithstanding the objections that have been made:—

"The place called Golgotha, and translated "the place of a skull," has been, by all writers, supposed to have been without the precincts of the ancient Jerusalem; but there is no positive authority that I am aware of for such a position. It has been thought, first, that, as a place of execution, it would be held defiling; and next, as a place of burial, that it could not have been included within the walls. We are at least assured that the tomb in which Jesus was laid was near to the place of his crucifixion: "now in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein yet was never man laid, there laid they Jesus therefore, because of the Jews preparation-day, for the sepulchre was nigh at hand." It is fair to presume, that a respectable Jew, like Joseph of Arimathea, would hardly have been so near a sepulchre newly hewn in the rock, and in a place that was defiled by being the scene of common execution; and I think it very sufficient to induce a belief that it was not a place commonly devoted to so ignominious a purpose. All the groups represent Jesus as being hurried away by the multitude, who seized indiscriminately upon one of the crowd to bear his cross. "And when they were come to the place called Calvary or Golgotha, there they crucified him between two thieves. None of them, however, speak of a calvary as being a place without the city, or as being a place of public execution, but leave one to infer, that it was an unsuspicious place, just pitched on for the purpose as they passed."

(To be continued in our next)

The Revenge of Taran. A Poem.
By Edward Ball. 8vo. pp. 60.
London, 1821.

MR. BALL is, we believe, the author of some dramas, which were produced at the Norwich Theatre, where they were very well received, though we have not heard of their being transplanted to the London stage. The poem of the 'Revenge of Taran' is evidently the production of a gentleman acquainted with the stage; it is highly dramatic, or rather melo-dramatic, and is by no means deficient in those little artifices called clap-traps, which, to possess their due force, are carefully distinguished by a word or two of italics. So much for what we conceive the faults of the poem; and, in justice to the author, we must say, that the language is vigorous, and there are many passages of considerable beauty; the story is one of terrific interest, and it is well-told. The subject and the object of it are thus stated by the author:—

'The subject of this story may be traced to a legend, mentioned by Dr. Johnson, in his 'Journey to the Western Islands,' wherein it is recorded, that, in some remote time, the Macdonalds of Glangary, having been injured or offended by the inhabitants of Culoden, and resolving to have justice or vengeance, came to Culoden while their enemies were at worship, and shutting up the church, set it on fire. Their piper played a tune while the unfortunate victims were burning.

'The design of this story is, to prove that a tale of real horror may be produced by natural means, without resorting to super-human agents, as in the 'Vampire' and 'Frankenstein,' since we rest assured that such characters as are here represented, or worse, actually have existed.'

We shall select a passage from that part of the poem which introduces the legendary tale; it relates to an abused female, who takes shelter at the hall of Inis Thona, with a child in her arms, the history of which is thus unfolded:—

'Full to the sight, her beauteous charge, she offer'd

A blooming child in balmy slumber buried,
Whose form was such as cunning liars give

To Cupid sleeping in seraphic stillness.
This boy! nay, start not, in his infant veins
The blood is noble; hear me, Inis Thona,
I am a wretch, e'en by a witch betray'd.
Once, tho' these looks be bright, I was fair,
And a proud chieftain lov'd, or swore he lov'd me;

Ofte where the green oak hangs its manning shade,

We met in secret, O! I hate the word,
For honour thins not the broad glare of day;

Enough, I was betray'd, despis'd, abandon'd,—
I was a mother, and my guiltless boy
Possess'd no father—nothing, but my shame:
Well, well 'tis pass'd—I am not what I was—
My heart is flint now, I can tell it all.
He that I lov'd, another's prize became,
And e'en the image of himself, my child,
Was doom'd to leave his fond distracted mother.

O! I remember while my te-ris eyes
Bent calmly on the cone of that poor babe,
How my heart swell'd, till it did seem too big
For the narrow limits of its hiding place;
Revenge, I cried, revenge!
Yes, and I call'd on God to witness it.
Months roll'd away, a stern and sullen maniac;
Where'er I pass'd the voice of pity follow'd,
Or fear, with timid step, forsook the path.

'One tranquil eve, serene as hopes of heaven,
As I sat in scenes of strange and wilder'd fancy,
I wander'd sadly from my infant's grave;
On my lone way, for fate need'd have it so,
I met the hapless wife of him I lov'd;
(In one fair hand she led this sleeping boy)—
Is this my hated rival? I exclaim'd—
The fiend was in my heart, my brain, my looks,

And loudly vainly shriek'd that wretched mother—

I said upon her form, the gripe was death,
Black odious death that mars the loveliest vi-sage;

There, as she lay, I laughing gaz'd upon her—
My bless'd eye feasted on her blasted charms,
My glad ear triumph'd in her orphan's cries:
Her son became my prey—I bore him off
Far from the land and dwelling of his fathers,
And swore to train him up a curse, a scourge
To him that had a curse drawn down on me.'

We are tempted to make an extract of a somewhat different description; it is a pretty plaintive song:—

'The Mountain Chief now steers his way
Across the sil'ry water—
And now beneath her lattice greys,
He calls on Owlin's daughter.
Yon waning moon still lights the lake
To guide us safely over,
Then Ella dear, arise, awake,
And welcome back thy lover.

'Alas! alas! brave mountain chief,
The warble is not sleeping,
And the w't' by slain, O mountain chief!
In spite of Ella's weeping.
Come down, come down, my only love,
And let these arms entwine thee;
This faithful breast thy home shall prove—
This fond heart we'er resign thee.

'Strange fated sounds mine ear assail—
I hear some minstrel playing.
No, love, 'tis but the nightingale
That chides our rash delaying.
That sound, 'twas sure my father's rave—
I hear their fierce swords clashing.
No, love, 'twas but some angry wave
The rocky borders lushing.

'Now Ella with her lover flies,
But ere they cross the water,
Lord Owlin, ho! the beadsman cries,
A chief has stol'n thy daughter.
Still fester on that chieftain rides,
O'er moss, and mound, and bair,
Till Ella's angel form he guides
To Kelva's haunted prior.

'They kneel, the hallow'd rites prevail,
And Ella's cheek is blushing,

When lo! adown the sacred aisle,
Lord Owlin's band comes rushing—
A blow from Owlin's warlike blade,
The proud chief moves to slaughter;
O! spare my father, cries the maid,
He comes to bless his daughter.

'Subdu'd, the chieftain drops his brand,
His Ella's wildness heeding,
When, ah! from Owlin's cruel hand,
His gallant breast is bleeding.
He faints, his pale cheek paler grows,
His vain strength death oppresses—
But now, where late heav'n heard his vows,
The chieftain's young life closes.

'Frantic and loud is Ella's grief,
Her gold hair loosely flying,
She kisses wild her murder'd chief—
Help! help! the maid is dying!
The blue beam Ella's eye forsoakes,
Those phrenetic throbs are over—
It breaks, that gentle heart it breaks,—
She sinks beside her lover.

'The church is drear, the requiem slow,
The dirge, too, sadly kneeling—
But sadder far the strain of woe
In childless Owlin's dwelling.'

Sketches of Upper Canada, &c.

By John Howison, Esq.

(Continued from p. 705.)

In our extracts last week from Mr. Howison's interesting volume, we gave an account of Lake Ontario and the falls of Niagara, and we now quote a corresponding notice of Lake Erie:—

'Lake Erie is two hundred and forty-six miles long and sixty broad, at its widest part. The depth averages from fifteen to eighteen fathoms over its whole extent, and, in consequence of this remarkable shallowness, it becomes rough and boisterous when the wind blows strongly from any point of the compass. At these times a very high and dangerous surf breaks upon its shores, which, in many places, resemble the beach of the sea, being strewn with dead fish and shells, and infested with aquatic birds of various kinds. Often during storms the lake is covered with such a thick mist, that it is impossible to see to the distance of ten yards from the shore. The waves then roll with terrific violence from amidst the cloudy obscurity, and suggest to the imagination the appalling dangers which threaten those vessels that are exposed to the tempest; for the navigation of the lake is rendered highly dangerous, by reefs and projecting points of land, and by the nature of the banks, which, towards its western extremity, are so bold and precipitous, that, when a vessel is driven upon them, shipwreck becomes almost inevitable. Scarcely a summer passes in which there is not some shipping lost on Lake Erie. South-west winds prevail much during a great part of the year, and often, for weeks together, prevent vessels from sailing westward; hence steam-boats are the craft best suited for the navigation of this inland sea.'

'When tempests happen upon Lake

Erie, its waters sometimes suddenly rise to the foot of these perpendicular sandbanks, and beat against them with such dreadful vehemence as entirely to cover the beach. Persons travelling upon it during storms have sometimes perished in the waves, being unable to escape their fury; for the lake often rises with such rapidity, that one has no chance of gaining a place of safety before he is overwhelmed by the flood. At these times, the bateaux which coast along are so liable to be driven upon a lee-shore and beaten to pieces, that those who are on board often abandon their vessels and cargo, and try to save themselves.

A person who resides upon the shore of Lake Erie, related to me a very affecting incident which occurred there many years ago. An Indian woman, and her child, who was about seven years old, were travelling along the beach to a camp a few miles distant. The boy observed some wild grapes growing upon the top of the bank, and expressed such a strong desire to obtain them, that his mother, seeing a ravine at a little distance, by which she thought she could gain the edge of the precipice, resolved to gratify him. Having desired him to remain where he was, she ascended the steep, and was allured much farther into the woods than she at first intended. In the mean time, the wind began to blow vehemently, but the boy wandered carelessly along the beach, seeking for shells, till the rapid rise of the lake rendered it impossible for him to return to the spot where he had been left by his mother. He immediately began to cry aloud, and she, being on her return, heard him, but instead of descending the ravine, hastened to the edge of the precipice, from the bottom of which the noise seemed to proceed. On looking down, she beheld her son struggling with the waves, and vainly endeavouring to climb up the bank, which was fifty feet perpendicular height, and very slippery. There being no possibility of rendering him assistance, she was on the point of throwing herself down the steep, when she saw him catch hold of a tree that had fallen into the lake, and mount one of its most projecting branches. He sat astride upon this, almost beyond the reach of the surges, while she continued watching him in an agony of grief, hesitating whether she should endeavour to find her way to the camp, and procure assistance, or remain near her boy. However, evening was now about to close, and as she could not proceed through the woods in the dark, she resolved at least to wait till the moon rose. She sat on the top of the precipice a whole hour, and, during that time, occasionally ascertained that her son was alive, by hearing his cries amidst the roaring of the waves; but when the moon appeared he was not to be seen. She now felt convinced that he was drowned, and, giving way to utter despair, threw herself on the turf. Present-

ly she heard a feeble voice cry, (in Indian,) "Mamma, I'm here, come and help me." She started up, and saw her boy scrambling upon the edge of the bank—she sprang forward to catch his hand, but the ground by which he held giving way, he was precipitated into the lake, and perished among the rushing billows.

The inns of Canada, as might be expected, afford little accommodation; they have all the disadvantages without any of the conveniences of an American inn. A tolerable meal can scarcely be procured at any of them; some of them are not even provided with bread, and if the mistress of the hotel should fall short of tea, she will send one of her children into the woods to gather the leaves of hemlock, hickory, or evergreen, of which she boldly serves up an infusion to her customers. At one of these inns, Mr. Howison met with an Indian named Robert Turkeyfoot; he was a 'very harmless person,' who had only scalped eleven Americans. At the village of St. Catherine's Mr. Howison arrived on a Sunday, and went to church:—

'Most of the young women were adorned with a variety of the brightest colours; (but they did not seem to have adopted any particular fashion, each dressing herself in the style she conceived to be most becoming. There was as much vanity and affectation among them as would be found in a congregation of any country church in England; but they assumed greater airs than rustic females are accustomed to do there. The young men who came to church were generally mounted upon jaded farm-horses, the decoration of which seemed to have occupied more of their attention than that of their own persons; gaudy saddle-girths, glittering bridles, and other time accoutrements, being profusely exhibited by these candidates for the admiration of the fair. Large waggons carrying loads of amphibious Dutch, who had probably vegetated in some swamp during twenty or thirty years, occasionally arrived, and conveyed the ponderous *Fraus* and *Myneheers* to the door of the church, which I entered along with the congregation. Presently an old man, dressed in a showy blue coat, white pantaloons, top boots, and plated spurs, made his appearance, and, to my astonishment, proved to be the priest. The form of the service was presbyterian; and during the whole course of it the people continued going out and in without any regard to silence or decorum; while the schoolmaster of the village, with a string of pupils, made his appearance only a few minutes before the blessing was pronounced. At the conclusion of the service the clergyman gave out a hymn, which was sung by a party of young men who sat in the church gallery. The sound of a miserably-played flute

and a cracked flageolet, united with the harshness of the voices, produced a concert both disagreeable and ludicrous. When the hymn was finished, the preacher proclaimed several marriages, and dismissed the congregation.'

Between Queenston and the head of Lake Ontario, the farms are in a high state of cultivation, and their possessors comparatively wealthy; but our author represents them as untutored incorrigible beings. While in this part of the country, he witnessed a forest on fire, of which he gives an interesting description—

'The land around was covered with pine trees, and three months' drought had rendered these so dry and combustible, that hundreds of them took fire, in consequence of a few sparks, blown from an oven, having kindled the brushwood beneath them. Immense volumes of black smoke rolled from different parts of the forest, and, when the wind divided these, the flames were seen raging on every side, and ascending to the tops of the tallest trees; while the roaring, crackling, and crashing were incessant, under the cloudy obscurity. Large burning splinters of timber, that must have been detached from trees by the expansive power of steam, were sometimes projected high into the air like rockets, and descended again, leaving a showery train of glowing sparks behind them. The wind was hot and suffocating as the vapours from a furnace, and the vast glare of the conflagration overspread the heavens with a copper-colour most dismal and appalling. The inhabitants around hurried about in the utmost alarm, momentarily expecting that the flames would communicate to their barns and fences; and the tumult was increased by the bellowing of a number of cattle, which had rushed in a state of terror from the woods, where they had been feeding.

'About midnight, the conflagration, which had commenced the preceding day, had in a great measure ceased. Many of the largest trees were charred from top to bottom, and, being now in a state of glowing redness, they stood like dazzling pillars of fire in various parts of the forest. The upper boughs of others were still enveloped in flames, and resembled meteors as they waved in the wind, the trunks from which they projected being concealed by the darkness. In the morning I walked out to view the scene of devastation, which presented an aspect truly horrible. Many hundreds of acres of land were divested of the verdure that had lately covered them. The branches trees stood in dreary blackness, and the wind scarcely sounded as it swept among them. Not a single bird animated the prospect; and the desolate shriek of the racoon, deprived of its den, alone proved that the tenants of the forest were not entirely extirpated.'

Speaking of a body of the Mohawks

Indians, who are in Canada, but much degenerated by drunkenness and depravity, Mr. H. says,—

'The Indians are in possession of some valuable secrets, which nothing will induce them to disclose to any white person. They dye the quills of the porcupine, and other substances, of colours more beautiful and permanent than we know how to produce, and are acquainted with various vegetables that possess strong medicinal powers. Some can prepare a bait which never fails to allure certain animals into the trapset for them; and almost every Indian knows where salt springs are to be found; but these being the resort of deer, &c. they are particularly unwilling to tell where they are situated, lest other hunters should frequent them, and destroy the game.'

Mr. Howison fully believes in the power of fascination in snakes, which has been so often denied by naturalists. He saw a frog fascinated by a snake, and believes that this power is sometimes exerted on human beings; he, however, admits that fear alone is sufficient to produce upon the living system all those effects that constitute fascination. There is a colony formed here by Colonel Talbot, where great numbers of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland have settled:—

'Great numbers of emigrants, from the Highlands of Scotland, have lately taken lands in the upper part of the Talbot Settlement. These people, with the *clannishness* so peculiar to them, kept together as much as possible; and, at one time, they actually proposed, among themselves, to petition the governor to set apart a township, into which none but Scotch were to be admitted. Were this arrangement to take place, it would be difficult to say which party was the gainer, the habits of both being equally uncouth and obnoxious. However, the Scotch, notwithstanding their dislike to an American and Canadian neighbourhood, do not fail to acquire some of those ideas and principles that are indigenous to this side of the Atlantic. They soon begin to attain some conception of the advantages of equality, to consider themselves as gentlemen, and become independent; which, in North America, means to sit at meals with one's hat on; never to submit to be treated as an inferior; and to use the same kind of manners towards all men.'

Mr. Howison uses some very illiberal epithets against the Scotch peasantry settled in Canada; he accuses them of ignorance, cunning, and stupidity, and says, 'the *ne plus ultra* of vanity, impudence, and rascality, is thought to be comprised under the epithet—*Scotch Yankee*.' Mr. Howison, in travelling, had a creek to ford, which he knew not how to accomplish,

until he saw an Indian, to whom he called:—

'When he advanced, I rejoiced to find, by his salutation, that he understood English; and no sooner had I explained the nature of my difficulties, than he cried, "Stop, my friend, be patient, I will assist you." He accordingly began to cut away, with his tomahawk, the ice that projected from the edges of the stream; and having done this on both sides, he told me there was no depth of water, and I of course immediately forded the creek.'

'Perceiving that I was cold, he hospitably conducted me to his wigwam, which stood contiguous to the road, and was rendered comfortable by a blazing fire in front. In the interior I found a woman making leggings, and ornamenting them in the Indian style. At the request of her husband, I seated myself beside her, and entered into conversation with him, in the course of which he gave me a great deal of information respecting himself, and I gratified him by being equally communicative. The Indian wigwam, or camp, is constructed chiefly of bark, and is open in front, that its inmates may sit or lie with their feet to the fire. I found this one extremely comfortable, except when the wind blew the smoke in my face; and I believe I would have requested permission of its owners to pass the night with them, had not a regard for my horse induced me to proceed to the half-way house.'

In the course of his journey, Mr. H. witnessed an amusing scene between a woman afflicted with the rheumatism, and a doctor of the settlement she employed:—

'This gentleman happened to make his daily visit when I was present, and entered the room carrying a pair of large saddle-bags, in which phials and galleps were heard clattering against each other in a most formidable manner. He did not deign to take off his hat, but advanced to his patient, and shook hands, saying, "How do you do, my good lady, how I've done?" "Oh, doctor," cried the patient, "I was wishing to see you—very bad—I don't calculate upon ever getting smart again." "Hoity, toity," returned the doctor, "you look a thundering sight better than you did yesterday." "Better!" exclaimed the sick woman, "no, doctor, I am no better—I'm going to die in your hands." "My dear good lady," cried the doctor, "I'll bet a pint of spirits I'll raise you in five days, and make you so spry that you'll dance upon this floor." "Oh," said the woman, "if I had but the root doctor that used to attend our family at Connecticut; he was a dreadful successful man." Here they were interrupted by the entrance of her husband, who was a clumsy credulous-looking person. "Good morning to you, doctor," said he, "what's the word?" "Nothing new or strange, sir," returned the doctor.—

"Well now, doctor," continued the husband, "how do you find that there woman?"—no better, I conclude!—I guess as how it would be as well to let you understand plainly, that if you can't do her nether no good, I wouldn't wish to be run into no expenses—pretty low times, doctor—money's out of the question: Now, sir, can you raise that there woman?"

"Yes, my good sir," cried the doctor, confidently, "yes, I can—I offered to bet a pint with her this moment, and I'll make it a quart, if you please, my dear friend."—"But, doctor, are you up to the nature of her ailment?" inquired the husband. "Oh, perfectly," said the other, "nothing more simple; it arises entirely from obstruction and constitutional idiosyncrasy, and is seated under the muscular fascia. Some casual excitement has increased the action of the absorbent vessels so much, that they have drawn the blood from the different parts of the body, and occasioned the pain and debility, that is now present."—"Well now, doctor," cried the husband, "I swear you talk like a lawyer, and I begin to have hopes that you'll be pretty considerably apt to raise my woman." The doctor now opened his saddle-bags, and, having set forth many small parcels and dirty phials upon the table, began to compound several recipes for his patient, who, when she saw him employed in this way, put out her head between the curtains of the bed, and cried, "Doctor, don't forget to leave something for the debilitation." When he had finished, he packed up his laboratory, and ordered that something he had left should be infused in a pint of whisky, and that a table-spoonful of the fluid should be taken three times a day.

"Will that raise me *slick*?" said the woman; "I guess I had as well take it four times a day." As the doctor was mounting his horse, I heard the farmer say, "Doctor, don't be afraid about your pay, I'll see you satisfied; money, you know's out of the question, but I've plenty of good buck-wheat."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PERCY ANECDOTES. PART XXIV.

The last number of the *Percy Anecdotes* is devoted to *Pastime*, and, among a variety of other amusing articles, contains the following:—

'*The City Common Hunt*.—The citizens of London were formerly permitted to hunt and hawk in certain districts; and one of the clauses in the royal charter granted to them by Henry the First, says, that they "may have chases, and hunt as well and as fully as their ancestors have had; that is to say, in the Chiltre, in Middlesex, and Surry." Fitzstephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry the Second, says, that the Londoners delight themselves with hawks and hounds, for they have the liberty of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, all Chilton, and

In Kent, to the waters of Grey, which extends the limits far beyond the words of the charter. These exercises were not much followed by the citizens at the close of the sixteenth century. "not," says Stowes, "for want of taste for the amusement, but for want of leisure to pursue it." Styrpe, however, so late as the reign of George the First, mentions, among the modern amusements of the Londoners, "riding on horseback, and hunting with my lord mayor's hounds, when the common hunt goes out."

"This common hunt of the citizens, the only relic of which is in the Easter hunt, at Epping, is thus ridiculed in an old ballad, in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," called the *London Customs*; which shews that of old, as now, cockney sporting was not held in the highest estimation.

"Next once a year into Essex they go;
To see them pass along, O 'tis a most pretty show:

Through Chesepide and Fenchurch Street, and so to Aldgate pump,

Each man with his spurs in horse's sides, and his back sword 'cross his rump.

"My lord he takes a staff in hand, to beat the bushes o'er;

I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before:

A creature bounceth from a bush, which made them all to laugh;

My lord, he cried, a hare! a hare! but it proved an *Kesex calf*.

"And when they had done their sport, they came to London, where they dwell,

Their shoes all so torn and scratch'd, their wives scarce knew them well;

For 'twas a very great mercy so many 'scap'd alive,

For of twenty saddles carried out, they brought again but five."

"*Great Exploits*.—In France, the game was formerly so plentiful, that, according to Mr. Young, there was in the open fields about Mongeron, upon an average, a covey of birds in every two acres, besides favourite spots, in which they much more abounded. On the last day, which the unfortunate Louis XVI. enjoyed in the field, he himself shot 572 head of game, in eight hours.

"The feats of a royal party from Vienna, in the Bohemian territories, in 1753, which continued twenty days, is a curious record of slaughtered game; it gives the names of the twenty-three sportsmen and spoilswomen, and gives the list of game killed by each, commencing with stags, roebucks, boars, foxes, &c. The emperor or himself had the greatest number of shots, namely, 9794, of which 978 were in one day. Her imperial highness the Princess Charlotte was in the field every day, one of which she fired 889 times. The total number of shots was 116,351, and the game killed, 47,950.

"In the year 1758, the Emperor Francis I. had a grand shooting party on the estates of the Prince Colloredo, in Bohemia, which lasted eighteen days. The

party consisted of three princesses and twenty noblemen, besides the emperor and prince. They killed, after firing 116,200 shots, 1710 stags; 3216 fawns and deer; 932 foxes; 13,243 hares; 29,543 partridges; 9409 pheasants; 740 larks; 1343 quails; 1967 woodcocks; 513 wild turkeys; 117 wild fowl, and various other birds.

"At a hunting match given by the Prince Esterhazy, the Regent of Hungary, on signing the treaty of peace with France, in a single day's sport, there were killed 160 deer; 100 wild boars; 300 hares; and 80 foxes.

"The King of Naples, in a sporting journey to Vienna, in 1793, through Austria, Bohemia, &c., killed five bears; 1820 boars; 1960 deer; 114 does; 1625 roebucks; 1121 rabbits; 13 wolves; 17 badgers; 16,351 hares; and 354 foxes: the sporting monarch had also the pleasure of doing a little in the bird way, by killing, upon the same expedition, 15,350 pheasants and 12,335 partridges.

"As shots in the field at game, Mr. Jenkins, near Petworth, and Cottesingham, who was formerly game-keeper to Lord Ros, were the best of their day. The former has killed twenty brace of partridges in a day, at forty shots, without selecting the shots, but taking them fairly as they happened; and in four days shooting has never missed. The latter (says Mr. Daniel, in his excellent work, the "Rural sports") I was out with, when he killed, in two days, forty-three successive shots (many of them in *corer*) at partridge, pheasant, woodcock, and hare; and his style of shooting, when open, and he could give time, was most regularly deliberate.

"In 1810, John Lacy, Esq. of Wimborne Minster, shot, in one day, thirty brace of partridges, ten brace of hares, and twelve couple of rabbits. His day's sport was from sun rise to four o'clock.

"Lord Kingston made a considerable bet that he would shoot forty brace of partridges, on the first of September, on his manor, at Heydon. His lordship shot forty-one brace and a half before sun set.

"1811, Mr. S. Clark, of Worthingham, in Suffolk, engaged, for a bet of fifty guineas, to kill and bag forty-seven shots out of fifty. He killed the first forty-eight, missed the forty-ninth; killed the fiftieth, and continued shooting, until he killed the ten following, making sixty shots, with the loss of only one bird.

"His Grace the Duke of Rutland is very fond of field sports, and is deemed an admirable shot. One day, in October, 1815, this nobleman, when shooting at Cheveley Park, killed not fewer than a hundred and twenty-five head of game, in the course of five hours. These were forty-one partridges; nineteen pheasants; forty-three hares; and twenty-two rabbits.

"*Innocent Sportsmen*.—In the sporting season of 1784, on the day before one of the annual parties at Clumber broke up,

two sets of sportsmen went out, each consisting of three persons, and a bet was laid which should kill most game. Lord Lincoln, General Philips, and Captain Lascelles, were the one party; and their antagonists were the Rev. Mr. Lascelles, Mr. Cotton, and Lieutenant-Colonel Strickland. It was calculated that, on an average, each man of the six got sixty shots. The winning triumvirate killed—three birds!

"In 1806, four gentlemen of Camberwell undertook, for a wager of five guineas aside, to shoot at twelve pigeons, and great bets were depending; but, to the great amusement of the persons assembled to witness the determination of the wager, not one of the competition brought down a single bird!

"*Extraordinary Chase*.—Many years since, a stag was hunted from Whitfield Park, in the county of Westmoreland, until, by fatigue or accident, the whole pack was thrown out, except two fox-hounds, bred by Lord Thanet, who continued the chase during the greatest part of the day. The stag returned to the park whence he had been driven, and as his last effort, leaped the wall, and died as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the hounds ran to the wall, but being unable to get over it, laid down, and almost instantly expired. The other hound was found dead about half a mile from the park. The length of this chase is uncertain; but as they were seen at Red-irk, near Aunan, Scotland, distant by the post road about forty-six miles, it is conjectured that the circuitous course they took, could not make the distance run less than one hundred and twenty miles!

"*Reputation*.—Seneca relates, of one Canius Julius, that he was playing at dice when the Centurion, who led a troop of condemned men to death, commanded him also to join them. Having scarcely finished his game, he counted his men, and said to the person with whom he played, "beware, when I am dead, that thou believest me not, and say thou hast won the game." Then bowing to the Centurion, he said, "bear me witness that I have the advantage by one."

"*Leaping Treason*.—King William the Third was passionately fond of the chase, and made it a point never to be out of his in any leap, however perilous. A Mr. Cherry, who was devoted to the royal family, took advantage of this, to give the most pardonable design which is ever formed against a king's life. He regularly joined the royal hounds, and set himself foremost, and took the most desperate leaps, in the hope that William might break his neck in following him. One day, however, he accomplished what was so imminently dangerous; that the king, when he came to the spot, took him by the hand and drew back. "It is said that Mr. Cherry at length broke his own neck, and thereby relieved the king from his hazard."

"*Crow Shooting in Italy*.—A noble

traveller gives the following remarkable account of crow shooting in Italy. "Being called up (says the author) early in the morning, a few days after Christmas, we proceeded with two servants about a mile from the city of Milan, and entered a large meadow covered with hoar frost, when my friends conducted me to a cottage, a little on one side of the meadow, where we found five or six peasants, with a good fire, and several fowling-pieces, and abundance of ammunition in readiness. Being told that every thing was not prepared, we drank coffee till the peasants, who had left us about an hour, returned, and informed us that we might proceed as soon as we pleased. We, however, advanced no further than the porch of the house, where, as we waited some time without the appearance of any crows, I was questioning myself what this farce would end in, when we first saw about fifty of them flying at a considerable height, but directly towards us. I was eager to fire at them, but my friend checked my ardour; stay, said he, they will descend presently, and approach so near to us, that we may shoot them without trouble. And soon after, to my utter astonishment, I observed them stop their course all at once, take several circuits round the meadow, and afterwards descend a few at a time upon the ground upon which we were waiting for their appearance. Not knowing the secret, my curiosity still increased, especially as I observed that the whole of them not only descended, but that they seemed to have stationed themselves, as it were, in various parts of the field. But this was not all; for, upon a closer inspection, I found their heads were absolutely fixed upon the ground, from whence, after a struggle of some duration, I saw them successively rising, and apparently with a white cap upon their heads, and which I soon perceived to be made of strong cartridge paper. It was now that this comedy commenced, and began to take a tragical turn; for the crows, to liberate themselves, putting themselves in a number of laughable attitudes, brought forward the peasants, who, clapping their hands, and setting up a loud cry, the motion of the crows became the most confused imaginable; flight, if such an awkward movement deserves the name, was in all directions, often striking against each other, and that with such force, as frequently brought them to the ground. It should be observed, that the noise of their talons scratching upon the thick paper caps that inclosed their heads, had no small effect; till, in the end, taking to our fire-arms, we were employed near an hour in shooting them; at the termination of which, I was informed by my friends, that holes being purposely dug in the ground, and filled with papers of a conical form, and the narrow extremities of the latter containing each a piece of raw meat, it was the smell of the flesh that brought the crows to the spot. It is further to be observed, that

the inside of this paper cap was so copiously larded with birdlime, attached so much the closer by the pressure of the crow's heads after the meal, that it was impossible for them to disengage themselves."

The Anecdotes of Pastime are dedicated to the Earl of Darlington; of whom a sporting portrait is given.

Retrospection; a Tale. By Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar. 12mo. pp. 230. London, 1821.

Mrs. TAYLOR is a writer who blends, in the happiest manner, instruction with amusement. This is the character of all her works; whether she be relating the history of 'The Family Mansion,' pointing out the 'Reciprocal duties of parents and children,' giving 'Practical hints to young females, on the duties of a wife and a mother,' describing 'Maternal solicitude for a daughter's happiness,' or teaching children and servants to know their duties to their instructors or their mistresses, she is equally happy in adapting her style to the subject, and rendering it at once useful and attractive. *Retrospection* is, in these respects, equal to any of the numerous former productions of this lady; and, as few sensible persons can indulge in retrospection without advantage, so very few, we are confident, will read Mrs. Taylor's interesting tale on the subject without pleasure.

The Meditator, AN OCCASIONAL PAPER, No. II.

*Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.
Fool. No, faith! lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part; nay, the ladies, too, they'll not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.*
SHAKESPEARE.

In my first and last paper, I printed myself out—if I may be allowed to give that expression to the typographical delineation of my 'outward man.' I do not speak of that allegorical device of my printer, in which I am represented as a—

Feather'd Mercury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,

that being rather a representation—though, I confess, an immodest one—of the relations which my figurative parts bear to those of the great geniuses who are indebted to a generous world for leave to sit, night and day, upon forks—yes, forks—and, in return for all

their excellent sayings, their infatigable rhymes, which have peopled so many garrets and mad-houses, their spicy jests, and their juicy expressions—out of which is daily squeezed, spirit sufficient to enliven the insipid waterish humours of many a modern invention; in return for these, their authors are permitted, by general consent, to take the benefit of the Phœnician air upon their haunches; and, amid hail, rain, wind, or snow, to enjoy themselves eating grass, like so many Babylonish kings, and swallowing clouds to allay their poetical famine, a-top of a dragon-backed hill, which, I dare say, sprouts ample cushions of mossy plush and flowery velvet, to preserve such sacred and sweet-kissing netherlands from the granulous imbrications of bare earth, and the salient pumells of mountain-pebble.

I say, this is not the delineation I allude to, but to that which I myself, inspired less by vanity than by an empty ale glass, and more by a cup of pindaric beverage than by the ambiguous influence of the moon or stars, with pencil dipped, not in a rainbow, and I'll tell you why,—

First, because it is morally impossible. 'I will hang my bow in the clouds';—now I being but a beast of the earth, and clouds being fowls of the air, there can be no communication between us, unless I were a bat; but I am not a bat, inasmuch as I can distinguish a knave from a minister of state, and that without flying directly in the face of either, which is not what can be done by every one.

Secondly, because it is mathematically improbable that such a thing could be done. For, even suppose I had Pelion and Ossa, and the Peak of Teneriffe, and the mountains of the moon, all clapped on top of one another, like Peter's hats, and Jacob's ladder to boot; and suppose me as high in the heavens as a wild goose, or a poet out of his element, on Pegasus, I say suppose all this; well—I'm here, and there is the rainbow under my nose; well—I present the point of my pencil, when—bah! it's off, like a ghost at the voice of a priest in a holy circle, or a grame rock on a dung-hill, being, indeed, like the ghost, an optical delusion, and as little capable of affording me a drop of good luk as a ghost of braking my back-bone.

But, as I was saying, the delineation I allude to is that which I myself, inspired by what I told you above, and which, I dare say, is as much as any

modern author can say for himself,—with pencil dipped in—neither gall nor blood—nor the oil of flattery, nor—

In what, in the name of God? it's so long a-coming, and ashered in with such big insinuations and fearful protractions, that it must scare the senses and revolt the blood, else we shall laugh, perhaps, at a gray mouse disemborned by the opening chambers, or a swollen toad bolting into open daylight, the monstrous pile which inclosed them having shaken to its very centre, by the thick reverberation of its tramontane throes and unnatural labours,—as when the parrot screams from its cage, the monkey chatters on its stand, and the lap-dog yowls from under its mistress's chair, as the brazen knocker thunders through the halls and echoing corridors; the door opens, and who have we? The moon and seven stars, I suppose, dropped from the empyrean, to visit its sister Chastity at the west end; or St. George and the dragon bound hand and foot with a garter,—or the presiding deity of an earthquake, one of the clattering blacksmiths of Mount Etna;—no, but an old woman! an old woman, by all the immortals that ever kissed Hebe!

Three warnings!—no, but three thousand! one for every particular nerve, organ, and functionary of her body. The palsied head, scarce held from its dusky and eternal pillow, by most protractive vanity; the tremulous indistinctive voice, piteously requiring that it be no longer strung to mortal tendency; the dry inflexible palm, the next akin to utter marble, droops to the earth, and seems to court its closer neighbourhood, whilst the impotent and succumbing joints, which kept God's image perpendicular, now wearied by their long and unrequited servitude, which might have merited a cushion at the altar or the bed-side, in the peaceful attitude of piety, refuse their wonted subservency, and threaten to give down their unwilling burthen at every step beyond a sepulchre; but these, these are mere ensigns to a host of rebel dispositions; rebels to avaricious old age, which would possess the gift of life, though it cannot enjoy it, but loyal still to nature, which would bring the sapless, leafless, withered stalk again into its parent bosom, after a summer of four score years, when it founts, not scents, the air that shakes its fragile body, turning to inevitable dust even while it strives

to live beyond its time; but nature is invincible; the most elementary and indivisible particular of the whole frame cries out against this procrastination, and daily loosening the several bonds of that vast and wonderful cohesion, which held them in a certain form together, tell a tale by implication, which all can understand but those of whom it is told.

Or the burly dowager, unseemly excessive in the least allowable parts; preponderant over the crazy couch, which sinks under the oppressive mass, its surface does not measure; flushed with intemperate blood, unwieldy, super-solid, and gross,—feeding the inveterate flame, which burns like naphthaline fire in her countenance, with the never-failing unction, engendered of heated blood and unbecoming fleshlines;—pshaw! this suits well in a blazing saloon, jewelled, flowered, preciously robed, and bared to the shoulder-top and the nipples.—

—Pah! give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.

Now, I beg leave to ask, is not this an interruption? You imprecate, because I do not satisfy your own prurency, and, nevertheless, stop me on the very point of my apoclypse, by a *coc-a-lane* story of an impious gray-bearded dowager, and one over-fat; as if one could help her growth of beard, or the other her growth of size. No; but one might dedicate her beard to better purposes than having it plucked behind her back, by irreverend boys and wenches; the other might stand less in door-ways, nor occupy the useful dimensions of a drawing-room which she can't ornament.

Yes, but this is neither here nor there; let's shoot in the plane of our nose.

You ask, in what my pen was dipped. Why, what a vengeance should it be, but ink?—ink—plain, black, everlasting ink (if my readers choose, and its duration wholly depends on their wills; so that I am not to blame if my ink is not right Methusalem). I say, my pen or pencil was dipped up to the shoulder, in ink, made carefully from a strong decoction of the herb, known by every he that wears a head, under the name of the *Devil's tail*.

Now, mind, when I say this, I do not mean to make either of two uncharitable insinuations, which, by the retraction of the nasal nerve, and the crow's foot in my reader's eye, moreover by the apparition of sarcastic juices mantling to his lips, as he ticks them

in expectation of seeing, brought out by my assistance, the picture etched by his own wicked imagination, on the plain and innocent surface of my last expression; when I say that my pencil was dipped in ink, extracted by means of a scalding infusion, poured upon the ornamental scion which grows out of that part of Beelzebub's body which is the direct antipodes of, and corresponding member to his head; when I say this, namely, that my ink was so prepared, as affording the true and genuine black, so long denied by philosophers to exist at all, except in a sun-beam, but placed by the vulgar, with great appearance of propriety, in the person of the hero of Paradise lost, as is evident from the popular expression, 'as black as the devil'; I say, when I say this, I protest on a Quaker oath, I intend no reflection either upon the natives of Africa or the established church.

And I will prove this logically, and to every unbiased satisfaction. For, though both these fraternities wear the worshipful livery of Dan Satan, the former in their skins, and the latter outside of them, which unholy tan in all three, both sons and father, proceeds from one and the same cause, to wit, external heat; in the parent, from that of the everlasting flames of utter darkness; in the children, respectively, and in the inverse order of merit, from that of the arid sands and saltry winds of Africa, and from the total subjection of the body apostolical to the torrent influence of royal sun-beams, which, as Dr. Herschell lately discovered, beside their visible and lucid rays, possess latent and most powerfully-exciting ones; having this secret property among others, that, like the vile smoke of pitch and bitumen, they can make a sheet of white paper* a learned Theban fly, turn a Saxon-haired pigeon into a black rook; and by their alchemical tricketry, transform me one, whose God is a biped, with a bat, and ball, and cap, with diamond-bells, and whose bible is James Stuart's, into a

No light, but rather darkness visible. *My text.*

* Let us then suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper,—void of all character, without any ideas.—LOCKE.

+ I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.—SHAKESPEARE.

† I was I, and the rock, in this very.

With my prayer-book.

I read prayers.—DEATH OF COCK ROSS.

§ As it is atheism and blasphemy in a creature to dispute what the Deity may do, as it is presumption and sedition in a subject to dispute what a king may do.—WOMAN OF STRAITS.

B—not a bull's foot, to trample down aspiring liberty, nor a cat's paw to fright the senate with papist ascendancy, but—whatever you please—a vicar of Bray, if you wish.

Now, for all this, I am ready to prove that I have nothing of the kind in my head. What! though you have used the words which convey the insinuations in direct terms. Yes, sir; pray, am I the first person who used words without any ideas annexed to them? A fool, a poet, or an orator, could do that. I assure you, sir, the difficulty lies not in this; but in the very opposite.

However, to go on with my proof, which will effectually silence such objections, being in the purest strain of the logical. You'll grant me, I suppose, that the same body cannot be in two places at one and the same time; very good—and I have already proved, from my reader's indicative physiognomy, that these very ideas are in his own head; hence, if there's any truth in Aristotle, they can't be in mine;—which, I believe, at once clears me of the business, and so we proceed to—

What the reader may find in this next paper, if he chooses.

WILDERNESE.

Original Communications.

ON SERVANTS.

M. DENON, in his travels, observes that, in Egypt, servants are a species of vermin, which breed and feed upon you without your being able to prevent it, or to defend yourself from its injuries. If you have one domestic, you are almost sure to be served by another, who has never so much zeal as when he has no wages, and who never pays you real attention but while he is the servant of your servant; but scarcely has this latter acquired a garment, before he must have a horse, and next another officiator, who takes the third rank in your household, and which officiator proceeds like the rest. M. Denon continues: 'I have seen some servants, who, at the commencement of the campaign, (of the French when in Egypt,) were groans, masters at the end of it of three domestics, and by promotions, which they impudently made among themselves, retaining no other branch of servitude than that of holding the stirrup when their master mounted, during which there was a satellite at hand, to hold their pipe, or rather to testify to all eyes the dignity to which they were arrived.'

In a recent review, we gave some account of the aristocratic insolence of servants in the United States; and we now add, from a modern and intelligent writer, a summary of their delectable qualities.

When young women so far condescend as to go from home, to live in any family as helpmates, (servants they will not allow themselves to be called, nor will they stile their employer master or mistress,) one of their first inquiries is, which room they are to receive their friends in, when visited by them; and, when thus engaged as helpmates, they will still choose what kind of help they shall afford. I have known the lady of the house obliged to open the front door when any one knocked at it, if the black servant was not in the way; and the lady has assured me, that, though the young woman who attended her child and did a little needle-work was in the passage close by the door at the time, she would walk off and leave it to the master or mistress of the house, or any other that would condescend to open it; for she would quit the house immediately, sooner than be seen doing, or even be required to do, any thing so menial. To wait at table or tea is equally beneath her dignity; and should any visiting company wish to see the infant that is under the care of the young woman, as nurse-maid, I have known the child brought to the door of the apartment, for the mistress of the house to receive from her, but no farther; and I was assured that no persuasion could prevail on her to bring the child in, unless permitted to sit down as one of the company, and then she would be free and frolicsome enough, and handy as might be wished. We had with us a very worthy young woman, who went out as a servant; and, contrary to most that do so go out, would not leave us, though four times the wages were offered we had agreed to give her. She was proud to take our youngest child in her arms when walking in the streets; a thing so very menial, that I was told by some of the inhabitants, their proud wenches could as soon be prevailed on to draw a wheel-barrow along the streets; yet, in point of person, accomplishments, and even property, few if any of them could altogether vie with this our maid servant. The only exceptions are, when children have been left poor orphans, and bound out until eighteen or twenty-one years of age, but these are rare. The others will do as little as they can, will visit and be visited as often as they

like, for which they must have great wages; or, sooner than go out to service, they will stay at home with their fathers, mothers, brothers, or relations, who rather encourage their pride than their industry, and sit at their spinning-wheel, to earn from four-pence to six-pence a day. English families, being known to expect more attention, find much greater difficulty in procuring female servants; and, respecting male servants, whether for the house or farming, they are nearly as bad. Soon after making my first purchase, near Newport, in Rhode Island, I was frequently called upon by men, who, understanding I was an English farmer, had a desire to live with me, in expectation of learning something new. Their manner of application was curious enough, generally by walking in with their hats on, (let who would be in the room,) give a slight familiar nod of the head, take a chair and draw near the fire; and, inquiring if it was Mr. — they spoke to, they would commence the following dialogue: 'I hear Mr. — has bought a beautiful farm.'—'Yes.'—'I guess now, you've brought some strange notions with you from the old country.'—'I cannot say how strange they may appear here.'—'I warrant, now, you'll want some kind of help to assist on this farm.'—'Yes.'—'Well, I vow you, I should like to learn some of the old country notions.'—'Very likely.'—'Why, to tell the truth, I have heard a main good character of Mr. —, and, if we could agree on terms, I swear I don't believe that I should have any objection to live along with Mr. —, if it were only to learn some of your English notions, you.' But nine out of ten that applied, would walk off, without further inquiry, on understanding they were not to sit at my table at their meals; the same or similar provisions would not satisfy them. The very few that would condescend thus, must be paid extravagantly for it, and the whole of them must rather be advised with than directed as to what should be done upon the farm, especially if any thing was directed which they were not accustomed to, notwithstanding it was their avowed desire to learn something new. And, should they not approve when either directed or consulted, they are not easily persuaded to the attempt, but will refuse to do it, and say, 'I guess now this is one of your strange notions.' However, it should be acknowledged, they do all this in inoffensive language; just observing, 'if we

cannot agree it is better to part; well knowing that they can have other employ directly, while you may be weeks or months before you obtain other help.

THE ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION,

Under Lieut. John Franklin, R. N.

SOON after the expedition under Lieut. Franklin had arrived on the coast of Hudson's Bay, they proceeded from York Factory, the grand depot of the Hudson's Bay Company, towards their wintering ground at Cumberland, the central post of the interior, a distance of about nine hundred miles from the coast. Lieut. Franklin, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Back, and Mr. Hood, attended by the hardy Orkney men, who had been engaged to man the boats in the rivers of the interior, had worked in the Company's service several years, and understood the language of many of the Indian tribes, left the factory on the 7th of September, 1819, with a fair wind, under a salute from the depot, and amidst the acclamations of the officers and men of the Company. Of the immense quantity and variety of provisions supplied by Government for the use of the expedition, the greater part was left at the factory; those who knew the country and the difficulty of travelling through it, having represented the impossibility of conveying European food, which at the bay receives the name of luxuries, to any considerable distance. The hardships attending the progress of travellers were in fact shown to be so great, as would render it absurd to calculate upon such a thing as the slightest change of diet in the winter season; and when it was mentioned by Lieut. Franklin, that he had brought with him preserved meats and soups in portable cases, to support the expedition in the cheerless regions through which they were to pass, there was a general laugh amongst the officers of the Company, at the idea of associating any thing like comfort with the formidable character of the enterprise. Some of those difficulties may be estimated from the account of the sufferings of the adventurers, in their advance towards Cumberland, to which place the writer of this article accompanied them. On the third day after their departure from the factory, the boats of the Company, which were proceeding to the various trading posts in the interior, came up with the expedition in the Steel River, distant about sixty miles from the place at which they set out. Most of the rivers

in that part of America abound with rapids and falls. The rapids are generally more navigable near the banks, but they frequently extend across the stream, and then the labour of the boat's crew becomes excessive, every man being obliged to turn into the water and assist in carrying the boat, sometimes to the distance of half a mile before they gain the head of one of those terrible impediments. The Company's men, upon turning one of the points of the river, observed the officers of the expedition making desperate efforts to get through the mud along the banks; some of them were up to their knees, others up to their waste, while the men were handing the boats over a most violent rapid, which, though but half a foot deep, rendered it necessary that those who stood in the water should hold fast by the boat, the impetuosity of the stream being so extraordinary as not unfrequently to overturn a man in an instant, and dash him to pieces against the rocks and huge stones which lie scattered along the bed of the river. Indeed, before the Company's boats had reached those of Lieut. Franklin, it was suspected that the expedition had already met with more hardships than they had any notion of encountering at so early a period. Several of the tin cases which had contained the preserved meats, were seen at the different *up-pulling* places (the spots of ground on the banks chosen for passing the nights upon), and those miserable abodes were drenched with rain, and presented an appearance the most appalling. Two black bears were seen prowling about, and devouring some of the luxuries which the travellers had ascertained it was impossible to convey in any considerable quantities further up the river; and along the banks were seen strong symptoms of the inexperience of those who had gone forward. The traders with the North American Indians, in travelling to their posts, kindle fires of immense magnitude upon landing to put up for the night. Every man carries his fire-bag, containing all the necessary apparatus. They proceed to hew down the trees, an office which they perform with wonderful dexterity. The fires are lighted, the tents for the officers pitched, and the only regular meal taken during the twenty-four hours, served up in as comfortable a manner as possible under the circumstances. As the travellers advanced, the mild season not having yet begun to disappear, vast herds of grey deer were observed passing the ri-

vers towards the Esquimaux lands, and the Indians who were accompanying the expedition, gave extraordinary proofs of their activity, by rushing upon the animals in the water and striking long knives into their hearts. Lieut. Franklin, on entering the Hill River, so called from a neighbouring eminence, the only one that presented itself between York factory and Cumberland, had reason to express surprise that trading goods could be transported to the interior in spite of such frightful obstructions. His men were fatigued in the extreme, and he found it indispensably necessary to request that the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company would lighten his boat of the greater part of the luxuries and instruments. This accommodation was readily given, and, after the most laborious efforts, the expedition reached the Rock depot, one of the Company's posts, having devoted seven days to the exhausting toil of working up thirty miles of their journey. Upon arriving at the depot, the expedition were treated with great hospitality by Mr. Bunn, the officer in charge, who entertained them with the titmouse, a fish which they admitted was the most delicious they had ever tasted, and which was caught in God's Lake, an immense piece of water, so named from the abundance and excellence of its inhabitants. Mr. Hood, who is one of the draftsmen of the expedition, took a sketch of the Rock-fall and the post, which presented one of the most beautiful objects in these desolate regions, and introduced a distant view of a wigwain (an Indian tent) with its inmates.

Five days after the expedition left the Rock depot, they reached another post, having encountered numberless difficulties similar to those which have been described. There was, however, some relief to the painful sameness of the journey in several beautiful lakes, through which they had to pass. At Oxford House post, which was reached four days subsequently, they were provided with *pimmikin*, the celebrated winter food of the country, made of dried deer or buffalo flesh, pounded and mixed with a large quantity of the fat of the animal. This food constitutes the luxuries in winter, is the most portable of all victuals, and satisfies the most craving hunger in a very short time. The officers of the expedition were not a little surprised at the difficulty of cutting their meat, but they soon reconciled themselves to the established practice of chopping it

a hatchet. During the summer, ducks, geese, partridges, &c. are to be had in the greatest abundance, but the frost soon drives all those delicacies out of the reach of the active Indian, and pinnikin becomes the only resource of the traveller. The next post at which they arrived was Norway House, upon leaving which they entered upon Lake Winnipic, at the further side of which they had to encounter the grand rapid, extending nearly three miles, and abounding in obstructions quite insurmountable. Here they were obliged to drag their boats on shore, and carry them over the land, or, to use the technical language, 'launch them over the portage.' The woods along the banks were all in a blaze, it being the custom of the natives, as well as of the traders, to set fire to the trees around the up-putting places, for the double purpose of keeping off the cold and the wolves, whose howling was increased in proportion to the extent of the conflagration. The expedition passed several other rapids and falls along a flat, woody, and swampy country, across five miles of which no eye could see. At length they reached the White Fall, where an accident took place, which had nearly deprived the expedition of their commander. While the men were employed in carrying the goods and boats across the portage of the fall, Lieut. Franklin walked down alone to view the rapid, the roaring of which could be heard at the distance of several miles. He had the boldness to venture along the bank with English shoes upon his feet, a most dangerous experiment, where the banks are flint stones and as smooth as glass. He was approaching the spot from whence he could have taken the most accurate observation, when he slipped from the bank into the water. Fortunately, the water into which he was precipitated was still water. Had he lost his footing ten yards lower down, he would have been hurried into a current which ran with amazing impetuosity over a precipice, presenting one of the most terrific objects his eyes had yet fixed upon amidst all the horrors of the journey. Lieut. Franklin is an excellent swimmer, but he had on him a sailor's heavy Flushing jacket and trousers, heavy English shoes, and a large neck handkerchief, the weather having begun to set in very cold. He swam about for some time, and made vigorous efforts to get upon the bank, but he had to contend against a smooth precipitous rock, and was just exhaust-

ed, when two of the Company's officers, who were at a short distance from the fall, looked up and saw him struggling in the water. With the assistance of their poles, they raised him out of his perilous situation, in which he had been nearly a quarter of an hour. The moment he reached land, he fell to the ground, and remained without motion for some time. His powerful constitution, however, soon lulled the effects of the accident, and he had happily only to regret the injury his chronometer, for which he had given a hundred guineas, received in the water. After a tedious journey of forty-six days, the dangers and distresses of which rather increased than diminished as they advanced, the expedition arrived at Cumberland, a post situate on the banks of a beautiful lake, and blockaded against the incursions of savages, the attacks of wolves and bears, and the more ferocious assaults of rival traders.

THE MINE OF WIELIEZKA, IN POLAND,

Described in a Letter from a Traveller who visited it.

THE day after our arrival at Cracow, we visited the magnificent mine of Wieliezka, which may be appropriately termed the Palace of the Gnomes. The gigantic magnificence of the objects which it presents to the view, surpasses any thing which the most fertile and powerful imagination can conjure up. I was the first who descended into the abyss, by means of a rope, to which I had recourse, in order to avoid the labour of winding round a well-staircase, composed of not less than five hundred steps. On my descent, I found myself at the entrance of a large chapel, hollowed out of the salt, of which substance every thing it contained, columns, altars, and statues, was formed. This chapel has existed for four hundred and seventy-five years. Here I was joined by my fellow-travellers, who had descended by the staircase, and we proceeded through a vast labyrinth of galleries and passages, eight feet high by twelve in breadth, and which are self-supported. We at length reached a series of immense saloons, from three to four hundred feet in height, in the middle of which were wooden staircases, which descended deeper into the abyss, and were lighted by thousands of tapers. When we had descended one of these to the depth of about one thousand feet, we came to a lake of some hun-

dreds of feet in diameter, which we navigated by the light of tapers and torches, while the music of a military band was heard from a niche at its extremity.

The walls of the grotto were cut into pilasters and illuminated, and at least eight hundred spectators had assembled on the bank where we embarked. The vault, about three hundred feet above us, feebly reflected the ruddy flame of the torches. As we returned, we stopped upon a wooden bridge thrown over a chasm, on looking about which, we perceived at an immense depth down, a hundred miners, employed in excavating the rock. They did not seem larger than infants, and sang, in perfect unison, hymns, the sound of which appeared as though it arose from the centre of the earth, while the regular striking of iron instruments upon the salt rock marked the measure exactly. After we had wandered over immense tracts of the obscure regions, alternately ascending and descending thousands of staircases, sometimes constructed of wood, sometimes of bright and transparent salt, we at length stopped in the last saloon, which is cut in the most exact proportion, and ornamented with transparent arms of the House of Austria and Saxony. Here we found two tables, abundantly supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Having refreshed and rested ourselves, we made a second peregrination through the mine. Three immense columns of salt, upwards of thirty feet in height, fell with a loud crash at our feet. These immense blocks, blasted with gunpowder, were rent in a shower of unequal masses through the dusky void. The noise of the explosion, like a thunder clap, rolled with a heavy and gradually subsiding sound, from gallery to gallery. Farther on, we saw stables, in which were above forty horses, condemned to labour beneath the surface of the earth, and which had been deprived of their sight by continued darkness, at the end of a year or two. At length, having satisfied ourselves with the wonders, a part of which I have above described, we returned to the light of heaven, after a sojourn of three hours in the bowels of the earth.

Original Poetry.

TO MARY IN DEATH.

My Mary sleeps—the sleep of death!
Whilst here I mourn with life opprest,
My parted soul, with fainting breath,
When shall my woes and sorrows rest?

Not till I, love, like thee, and blest,
Shall o'er my heart its throbbings ease,
Nor till this image shines, confest
In Beh'n's, where all its joy and peace!

Lo! at thy shrine—O maiden fair!
With pallid cheek and hollow eye,
I come to shed the burning tear,
And court thy spirit how ring nigh!

And weaving where thy relics lie,
Methinks I hear thy angel tongue,
In flowing accents softly sigh,
"Thy Mary's mournful dirge is rung!"

Within thy mould'ring silent tomb
Be mine!—my best and last recess;
Where o'er our beds the flowers will bloom
And fondly lie, and anthers press!

Thrice hallow'd hour!—when we in bliss
With out-stretch'd arms, shall clasp en-
twined!

And love is free from cold distress,
And pure as thy seraphic mind!

Yes! Mary, we shall meet above,
No more to be in anguish torn;
Where thou and I shall taste that love
Which earth denied to hearts so warm!

From every wreck and chilling storm,
That o'er our lives impending hung,
When last I clasp'd thy lovely form,
That to this bleeding bosom clung!

Then, Mary dear!—departed shade!
No shadow shall pierce, from death's cold dart;
Nor sever'd love again invade
The bond which bound thee to my heart!

O sacred thought, never to part
From thee whom I all love deplore;
Where, Mary, thou wilt ease my smart,
And we shall live—divide no more!

HARR.

TO —

Oh, bright and rare was childhood's hour,
When first we felt wild passion's power!
But clouds, that disappointments raise,
Have darken'd our maturer days.

The joys we knew were form'd to fade,
The hopes we cherish'd soon decay'd;
But feelings grew within my heart
That may not alter or depart.

Better or worse it might have been,
If I had ne'er thy beauty seen;
But whether fraught with good or ill,
I know that I must love thee still.

Yet would to heaven, that unknown
To me thy many charms had shown;
That worthier lips than mine had kiss'd
Beatitudes, no bosom could resist!

Still I hear me—tho' the words be vain—
Through chance and change, through joy and
pain,
Thou hast not ceased one hour to be
My inmost soul's idolatry!

Aye, how wert still the dearest thing
That wealth, or power, or art might bring;
The object of each fondest thought,
Spirit of visions rapture-fraught!

Long years, even though we were apart,
Thy name was magic to my heart!
And never love, despair, fear, pride,
Were weak, if against thy influence tried!

Yet had it been unkind in Fate,
To link thee to so dark a mate;
Since crime and care must be my own,
'Tis best to bear them both alone!

J. W. DALRY.

THE RETROSPECT.

Ah! whither are flown the gay visions of
youth
That so sweetly deceived for a while;
And, cloth'd in the form of immutable truth,
So placidly spoke in the smile?

For then, my companions were Pleasure and
Health,
Ambition no charms could unfold;
Nor even the gorgeous apparel of wealth
Could tempt me to covet her gold.

Alas! how relentless the sentence of Time,
How unbouded his absolute sway;
The bower of my youth that was then in its
prime,
Is mouldered and sunk in decay.

The roses I trained with such diligent care
No longer their fragrance distil;
The laburnum and woodbine no longer are there,
And mute is the voice of the rill.

The briar and the night-shade now bend o'er
the spot,
Where echo was waked by the song;
And silence proclaims that each sound is forgot,
That once wandered its mazes among.

But still, as if weeping the joys that are past,
The dew-drop bespangles the thorn;
As it yields to the will of the turbulent blast,
O'er the desolate wilderness borne.

As faithful remembrance retraces the scene
So sacred to Friendship and Love,
Tho' the deep vale of years has widen'd be-
tween,
It can still a fond retrospect prove.

But, ah! desolation has blighted the rose
That once bloom'd in the shade of the bow'r;
Unskreen'd by the woodbine, the night-breeze
now blows
Where music had floated before.

So the day-dreams of Pleasure for ever are gone,
The blessings of health are no more;
But at Sorrow's keen touch every comfort is
flown—
And what can the prospect restore?

The life-stream flows languid and cold in my
breast,
That once bounded with youthful delight;
And that heart, where the beams of content-
ment would rest,
Is dark'ning the shadows of night.

But still 'mid the weeds of misfortune and woe,
The blossom of Hope shall arise;
And point, from this desolate region below,
To a brighter abode in the skies.

E. G. B.

SAMUEL.

Tis holy lamp burnt dull and dim
For Eli,—age had wearied him;
He sunk to rest beside the ark,
And Samuel watch'd the dying spark.

His golden ringlets gracefully
Curl'd on his snowy neck, while he,
With one faint glance to the holy light,
Closed his blue eyes, and welcom'd night.

Pale silence reign'd o'er dome and hall—
O'er chequer'd floor and sculptur'd wall;
Till a voice uprose from the holy ark,
And Samuel cried—'twas dimly dark—
The spirit of air seemed floating on
Sweet harmonies, 'till the sound was gone;
He started from the dream-like bands;
With trembling force, his little hands
Awak'd his guide in holiness,
Who hush'd his fear with mild caresses.

When yet again the vision'd sound
Stole on his ear in slumber drows'd,
And, like a dream of wild import,
Fitted by in shadowy sport,
He dropp'd before the darken'd fune—
In silence, and listen'd fearfully—
As the war-horse thunders o'er the plain—
On the airy wave roll'd the prophecy;
'Twas the voice of a spirit—a sound of the sky:
And the hand of the Lord war'd the chattering
fire,
For the sins of the son, on the head of the sinner—
1044 June, 1821. H. A.

A FRAGMENT.

And when his pale cheek rested on
The cheek of her who now is gone,
He felt love's truest happiness;
'Then, must we part,' he cried,—and 'yes'
Upon her lips reluctantly
Hush'd, while on her trembling eye
A dewy tear-drop vainly started,
And left him—left her—broken hearted.

The evening star, like blue-eyed love,
Rose the darkening clouds above,
And beamed the fountain grot upon,
Whose silver waters now are gone;
There came a flood—there came a blight—
And swept them both away in night;
The evening star—the twinkling rill—
The one has set, and both are still.

A desert wide is there, and by
The groat the moon beams tranquilly;
But naught is there that once has been,
And sky and clouds are only seen. H. A.

HASSAN, THE GALLEY SLAVE.

KIND Ocean, cried Hassan, as o'er the high
waves
The galley he urged to the opposite shore,
Why dost thou not open, and to thy cold grave
'Scatch me from the pains I endure at the oar.
Oh! ye waves that around me so furiously
drive—
Why not stifle my sighs in thy roar;
Why not snatch his life, who has no care to live,
For till death I must tug at the oar.

Why, ye arrows that round me in times past
have flown,
When facing the strong front of war,
Didst thou not to me as to others thou'st done,
Nor left me to sigh at the oar?

And why didst thou, Mercy, when 'twas by the
foe,
A misfortune I e'er must deplore,
Not allow me to feel the blest life-ending blow
That had saved me woe at the oar?

All the night long I sigh, and until the new
morn,
Think on that I shall never see more—
On my land, on the blest land from which I
was torn,
To waste all my life at the oar.

Yes, I have a land! the poor galley slave,
And I have led armies to war;
Oh! would in the battles that I'd found a
grave,
Which now I shall so at the oar.

He said; and his heart strings, too weak to
control
The sighs of his bosom, would heave and
more!
To naught sunk his senses—his God he
soul—
Never more to be vexed by the oar.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Monday night restored Mr. Kean to us, in excellent health, undiminished powers, and with all his popularity. It was really gratifying to see all the entrances to the theatre completely blocked up at an early hour in the evening, and, on entering the house a few minutes before the rising of the curtain, to be told by the box-keepers, 'every place taken.' We say this was gratifying, for we would cheerfully be squeezed up in a corner to see a crowded house paying homage to Shakespeare and the best living representative of the immortal characters he has drawn. The play was *Richard the Third*, one that has been so often played with Kean for the hero, that notwithstanding the excellence of the performance, we wonder it still continues so attractive. Mr. Kean, on his entrance, was greeted most enthusiastically, by loud cheers from all parts of the house, and never did we see him better deserving of applause. He was in excellent voice, and rendered his Gloucester a more complete performance than he, perhaps, ever before made it. It possessed all the beauties and all the spirit of his former representation, and was freed from the mannerism that attended some parts of it. Mr. Cooper played Richmond better than it has lately been represented. Mr. Penley was a tolerable Buckingham; Miss Smithson whined through the part of Lady Anne, but Mrs. Egerton gave due effect to the character of the Queen.

On Wednesday night, Mr. Kean appeared in the character of *Othello*; his performance of this part has long been acknowledged to be his masterpiece; and though we might vary the terms of praise, yet we could say nothing stronger than what we have frequently said, that it is the most finished performance on the stage. Miss Smithson was the Desdemona of the evening, and it is one of the few characters in which she is tolerable. This lady is, it appears, to be the tragic heroine of this theatre, and that, too, when Mrs. West and Mrs. Glover are without engagements; this is positively too bad. Mr. Cooper played Iago admirably, and really looked an honest Iago, 'though a perfect devil'; the performance throughout was justly honoured with loud and reiterated plaudits.

On Tuesday night, a new comedy, in three acts, was produced at this

theatre, entitled *Lost Life*. The plot is very complicated, and the characters very numerous. The scene is at a watering-place, Bognor, we believe, where a dashing milliner, Emma, from Cranbourne Alley, (Mrs. Edwin,) with her mother, (Mrs. Harlowe,) is attempting to form an opulent match, and has in her train, at one and the same time, Captain Freshwater, (Penley,) an amateur sailor, whose principal delight is to sail in his yacht from Blackfriars to Chelsea Reach; a young citizen, Featherbrain, (Cooper,) who has taken possession of an estate prematurely; and Daffodil, (Harley,) a poet and perfumer from Love Lane, who writes verses, celebrates the birthdays of all the poets at the Magpie and Punch-Bowl on Highgate Hill, and wears his hair divided on the forehead, and falling on his shoulders a *la Peterarque*. This character, which is a smart satire on the Cockney school of poetry, and one of its leaders in particular, is well drawn, and was admirably sustained by Harley: Emma keeps all these three lovers quite happy, until they, unfortunately for her, agree among themselves, each to bring his fair one at a given time and place, and they at last discover they had all been paying their adorations to the same object. Munden was a Mr. Solomon Pilgrim, the uncle of Featherbrain, who was reported to have lost his life, but only lost his Memoirs, and comes back to recover his estate, which had been taken by Featherbrain. Knight's part was a bad version of Dominie Sampson, but it was admirably played. Miss Smithson was a niece of Pilgrim's, with whom Featherbrain is also in love, and ultimately marries. A variety of equivocations take place, which terminate, as usual, in a full explanation. The piece, which is said to be by Mr. Moncrieff, is one of his best efforts, and if cut down to a farce of two acts, and stripped of about half-a-dozen characters, might be rendered a very amusing production. As it is it was well received, and will, with the Coronation, we doubt not, run for several evenings.

Mr. Fitzwilliam, from the Surrey Theatre, and Mr. Loveday, from Dublin, made very successful appearances at this house; the former in *O'Rourke O'Daisy*, in *Hit or Miss*; and the latter in Michael, in the *Adopted Child*. We shall have occasion to speak further of them by and by.

Beazely, was performed at this theatre, for the first and last time. It was entitled *The Venison Pasty* (a foul libel on a very excellent dish), and was an outrageous and an attack on the decency and good sense of an audience as we ever witnessed. It was broad and coarse ribaldry, not redeemed by a single stroke of wit, by a single turn of invention, by a single happiness of expression. It was dull downright indecency from beginning to end, and would have been hissed off the stage even in the unfastidious age of Charles II. From the rising to the fall of the curtain there was not a good scene, incident, situation, or expression; and disapprobation, which was manifested at the beginning, accompanied it throughout. We really pitied the performers: Jones endeavoured to be gay and lively; Liston to excite a laugh by his power of face; Blanchard, to keep his audience in good humour; Mrs. Gibbs to be cheerful;—but all would not do; poor Mrs. Chatterley, quite ashamed of her part, hung down her head, and endeavoured to stifle the disgraceful language she was doomed to utter. As soon as the curtain fell, Mr. Jones appeared, to announce that the piece was withdrawn; but as he was not clearly understood, the tumult continued, and Mr. Fawcett, the manager, after a short pause, made his appearance, to announce that the management acquiesced in the wishes of the public, and that on Monday the farce of the *Blind Boy* would be presented.

The Twelfth Night was performed early in the week, when Miss M. Tree resumed her favourite character of Viola. She sung sweetly, and acted with as much spirit as usual; but she appears not sufficiently recovered from her indisposition, and the effort was evidently painful to her.

SURREY THEATRE.—The celebrated melo-drama, *The Maid and the Magpie*, was produced here on Monday last, for the first time, for the benefit of Miss Booth, who sustained the heroine with great judgment and feeling. Since that evening, the part has devolved to Mrs. Fearman, in whose hands, it is but just to remark, it loses little or none of its interest; while the drollery of Herring, as the rustic, and Finn, as the Jew, give great zest to the performance. This latter gentleman, it may be recollected, we had lately to speak of in a very different line of character, and his able personation of the Jew shows him to be

possessed of much versatility of talent; indeed, we are at a loss to tell in which line he excels, though we hesitate not in pronouncing him already a great acquisition to the effective company of the Surry.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The 'management' of this theatre (we know not whether the 'minors' may be allowed this winter-theatre phrase or not) have shown considerable judgment in producing pieces admirably suited to the talents of the company, which, for broad farce and burlesque, is without a rival. Three new pieces have already been brought out, and a succession of novelties are promised. One of these pieces, intitled *Life in London*, has a great deal of good acting by Messrs. Oxberry, Tayleur, and a Mr. Power, from the Dublin stage, who possesses great versatility of talent. A sort of *Tom Thumb* tragedy was produced on Thursday, intitled *Rumfuskun*, in which Oxberry, Tayleur, and Miss Healy, were highly amusing. *Teresa Tomkins*, a burlesque parody on the melo-drama of *Thérèse*, which was a favourite last season, has lost none of its attractions in the transfer of many of the characters.

The Bee.

Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia limant,
Omnino nos istidem deponimus aurea dicta.

LUCRETIVS.

Restored Royalty.—The again-restored King of Sardinia wished to upset the finest bridges, built by Bonaparte over the Po, to take up the coins and medals impressed with his image and superscription; and his Austrian queen was so inimical to innovation, that even vaccination has not escaped her censure. On hearing that the Governor's bills, at Genoa, were over at two in the morning, she expressed her surprise at hours so revolutionarily early, and observed, that it was the effect of vaccination, which left the young people feeble, and unable to bear fatigue!

Ashton Theatre.—On paying a visit to the theatre of Ashton-under-Line, a stranger would think that he had mistaken the scene of amusement. At the front of the entrance is observed in great characters the following quotation from the Scripture:—'Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? come, and see.' The reason of this 'profane application of Scripture is said to be, that the building had originally been erected for a Methodist conventicle; and that the theatrical manager, upon the premises being converted to

their present purposes, thought the above an equally excellent invitation to his customers.

Women.—It is in vain that we make sometimes strong resolutions to avoid an intimate connexion with the fair sex. It is to no purpose that we make ourselves acquainted with their faults; we never can raise in ourselves a perfect dislike to the sex. We have in our hearts a love of women, implanted by Nature herself, that renders void every resolution we might have formed to hate them. Pygmalion, who had conceived so strong an aversion to women, that he had determined always to live single, continually amused himself with making beautiful statues of women; and entertained his fancy with designing those charms which nature has endowed them with. His heart betrayed itself by his employment, without his being conscious of it; and it appears as if Nature pleased herself with putting him to confusion and distress, by obliging him to seek in his art for that enjoyment, of which he is vain thought to deprive himself.

Singular Naval Costume.—The officers of the Swedish navy are considered as military officers, and in full dress are obliged to wear spurs! It used to excite the surprise of our officers, on walking aft, to see the captain of the ship strutting about the quarter-deck with spurs on. As to the Jack Tars, it put them in such a rage, they would have advised a war with Sweden to oblige the king to lay by the offensive costume, which irritated and offended them in a great degree.

Tompson, the most celebrated watch-maker of his day, was accosted, in Moorfields, by a brother of the trade, who, after the usual salutations and inquiries about business, said, 'I believe, Mr. Tompion, you and I are the two most distinguished men of our profession in existence.' 'Indeed!' exclaimed Tompion, who knew nothing of the individual's abilities. 'Yes,' was the reply: 'You are, of all watch-makers, the best, and I am the worst.'

The Cambrian Thief.

Not overtook I with wit or legal sense,
A Cambrian justice did the laws disclose:
Before his worship, deep in solemn thought,
A sacrilegious rascal once was brought;
A dozen witnesses gave ample proof
He stole the lead from off the church's roof:
'Shenkin, the justice cried, 'my message mark'

Now Shenkin Shenkin was his worship's clerk,
'Go bring me, Shenkin, down my great law-book,

And, 'mong the l's, for lead on church's lock;

• Ovidii Metamorph. lib. x. lin. 243.

I'll warrant, Shenkin, in a little time,
This thief shall hang, to expiate his crime:
In vain he looks for 'lead, no 'lead' he sees;
'Here's pewter, Sir,' quoth Shenkin, 'mought
the P's'

But pewter's not the thing, 'his worship said;
'Pity there is no law for stealing lead'
Then, with stern countenance, the legal chief
Most solemnly harangued the lucky thief:
'Till kindling into rage,—'Upon hur's bonnet,
Cot up hur's nails! right shall be done upon
hur!

If ever he caught pilloining pewter,
Hur shall be hang'd, that's a law, none can con-
fute a hur.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

The 'Mediator,' No. III. in our next.
Several communications have been received,
on which we must defer deciding until next
week.

By a singular mistake, *Chaucer* on *Chaucer*,
in our last number, placed under the head of
'Original Poetry.'

Errata: p. 705, c. 3, l. 6 from 'bottom, for
'prelatory' read 'prelatory'; p. 712, c. 3, l.
23 from bottom, for 'ego' read 'ergo'; p. 716,
c. 2, l. 13 from bottom, for 'bags' read 'bays.'

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and Tribanus.—14. 'Owain Gwynedd,' an

English Poem.—15. Carnarvon Eisteddfod.—16. Cym-

rodon Report.—17. Premiums of the High-

land Societies of London and Aberdeen.—18.

Literary Announcements.

The **CAMBRO-BRITON**, which is published
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to the cultivation of Celtic Literature; and the
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No. 132. LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1821. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

The Principles of Forensic Medicine, systematically arranged, and applied to British Practice. By John Gordon Smith, M. D. 8vo. pp. 503. London, 1821.

WHILE medical jurisprudence has been long and sedulously cultivated in many parts of the continent, and, since the revolution in France, has engaged much attention in that country, it has remained in comparative obscurity in England until the present day. The want of attention to this subject has been felt in almost every case where medical practitioners have been examined on questions belonging to the department of forensic medicine, as the discrepancy in their testimony has not only been very remarkable, but has been injurious to the profession.

The earliest production in this country professing to treat of medical jurisprudence, was an abstract from a foreign work, published under the name of Dr. Farr's Elements. The next appeared in 1815, and one or two other works, on the same subject, have appeared since, but they are little intended for practical reference.

Mr. Smith is the first of our medical professors to give us any thing like a systematic treatise on this important subject. Having, originally, intended to devote himself to the duties of a public lecturer on medical jurisprudence, he prepared a text book, and devoted his attention almost exclusively to the subject, which he appears to have studied with great zeal and attention. He treats the subject in a philosophical, professional, and popular manner; and we would recommend that no magistrate or coroner should be sworn into office until he had read this work; and that barristers, medical practitioners, and juries, should consult it before they undertake to speak or decide on the subjects which it embraces.

We will not follow our author through all the ramifications of this important subject, as we merely wish
Vol. III.

to call the public attention to it: we say the public attention, for this must not be considered as merely a medical work; and as there is no householder but may be called on a coroner's inquest, so we unhesitatingly assert, no one can go to such an inquest so well prepared to discharge the important duties of his office, as he would be if he had perused this work.

Mr. Smith has divided his book into several classes and sections, as—the reality of death and the phenomena attending it—sudden death—death by personal agency—poisoning, suffocation, drowning, hanging, smothering, strangling—deaths by wounds—suicide—infanticide—and questions arising from injuries to the person not leading to the extinction of life, mental alienation, personal identity, &c.

Although Mr. Smith's work requires to be viewed as a whole, and not to be judged by any extracts which may be detached from it, we shall not enter into a formal analysis, nor indeed make many quotations. The subject of poisons is very ably treated by the author in their classes, of animal, mineral, and vegetable; and as corrosive sublimate is one of the most common, we give Mr. Smith's tests for its detection:—

The following are some of the tests most to be relied on for the detection of this poison under various circumstances. The aqueous solution of cyanurate of mercury is transparent, without colour or smell. When applied to vegetable colours, it changes them as acids do. If to this fluid a saturated solution of carbonate of potash be added, a deep brick-coloured sediment is produced, consisting of carbonate of mercury at the maximum degree of oxidation, while there remains in the liquor a muriate of potash. The sub-carbonate of potash produces a clear brick-coloured precipitate, composed of carbonate and oxide of mercury.

Lime-water gives a precipitate of a deep yellow colour, which, by the quantity of the test being increased, becomes red, and consists of oxide of mercury, retaining a little muriatic acid. By the continued addition of lime-water, a precipitate of a fine yellow colour is obtained, consisting of an oxide at the maximum degree.

Ammonia produces a white precipitate, composed of muriatic acid, ammonia, and oxide of mercury, forming a true triple insoluble salt.

All the foregoing precipitates, if rubbed on a bright plate of copper, render it white and silvery.

A watery solution of corrosive sublimate made at a high degree of temperature, on being allowed to cool, deposits crystals of a slender, compressed, and tetradic form. If these be pounded in a glass mortar and exposed to ignition, volatilization takes place, a dense white smoke is evolved, and a pungent smell,—but not resembling that of garlic, the characteristic of arsenic. This smoke will tarnish a clean plate of copper, and on the tarnished part being rubbed, a silvery appearance will be produced, characteristic of quicksilver; and if a portion of these crystals be exposed to heat with charcoal, in the form of a paste, the product will be quicksilver, carbonic acid, muriatic acid, and oxygen; in other words, we shall obtain metallic mercury.

A concentrated solution of corrosive sublimate produces no change on milk; but if to milk containing one part of this substance in fourteen, the syrup of violets be added, the colour is changed to a pale blue. Pure potash will turn it to a blackish grey; and a plate of copper dipped in it then undergoes the same changes as with the sublimate.

Ordinary soup, if limpid, becomes slightly turbid when it contains a small quantity of this salt in solution; but as soup is frequently turbid of itself, the change might not be perceptible. The tests already mentioned will produce the effects as in an aqueous solution; but here we cannot draw any inference from the colour of precipitates.

On the subject of impostors, Mr. Smith has a curious chapter, from which we select a few passages:—

The shaking palsy is a frequent plea on the part of an idle beggar, and is always suspicious, especially where the person appears to be otherwise in an ordinary state of vigour. This ingenious order, however, understands the art of mimicking wretchedness too well not to have the details of their appearance in some degree of keeping. A man of the name of Drake, in the Royal African Corps, assumed an appearance of total insensibility, under which he resisted every sort of treatment. At the end of several months he was removed to Hulsea Hospital, in a state of

apparent natural sleep. At this time, an attempt being made to open his mouth forcibly, the temporal muscles were thrown into violent action, and the jaw remained firmly closed. He resisted even the shower-bath, and also electricity; but on a proposal being uttered in his hearing, to apply red hot iron, his pulse rose; and on preparations being made to remove him to Bethlehem Hospital, an amendment began to appear immediately. People have gone farther than this,—imitating even death itself, the very pulse becoming imperceptible. Such cases are at least reported; and the story of Colonel Townshend, who, in the presence of Dr. Cheyne and other professional men, put on all the appearances of death, and was resuscitated of his own accord, has long been notorious. In this instance, neither pulse nor respiration could be perceived for more than half an hour. He died in reality, however, the same evening.

‘People often affect blindness; and it might appear very simple to ascertain the truth by examination of the eye, or by placing the individual in circumstances of danger. Mahon records the case of a conscript who baffled every attempt to find him out. He was even placed on the margin of a river, and desired to go forward, which he did, and fell into the stream. Boats, however, were provided to pick him up, and no doubt he was aware of this. He afterwards acknowledged the imposture, upon receiving his discharge.

‘Of the deaf and dumb I have already spoken; but sometimes either the one state only is feigned, or the other. In the former case, a little ingenuity alone may detect the imposture—such as making matters that interest the individual strongly, the subject of conversation, and watching its effect on the countenance or on the pulse. As to willful mutes, who are not deaf, we know that the power of articulation seldom leaves a person without adequate or even manifest cause. We ought, perhaps, to be satisfied with the want of a tongue; yet cases are on record where persons did very well without that organ—although the muscles belonging to it were in all probability present. One is very satisfactorily reported by Jussieu the botanist, of a Portuguese girl, aged fifteen, who had been born without a tongue.’

In a note to this part of the subject, Mr. Smith relates a most singular instance of deception of a different kind: ‘In the ward of a general hospital where I was doing duty myself at the time, and which ward was an open church, containing about one hundred and twenty beds, a soldier, really confined between the sheets, with some surgical complaint that did not much affect his general health, contrived to coin part of his pewter utensil into counterfeit Spanish dollars—which were passed in the town by an accomplice!’

Our last extract shall be on the subject of personal identity:—

‘Not a few important events have turned upon the question whether a person be really the individual he pretends or is supposed to be. Some impostures of the greatest consequence have been maintained on the foundation of personal resemblance to the pretended individual, and which for a time have confounded the best informed and most judicious. Persons have also been arraigned for crimes, and have pleaded that they were not the individuals in question, while witnesses have maintained the contrary, on the ground of personal appearance. Some years ago, a man named John Hoag was indicted for bigamy at New York. He denied the charge, and said his name was Thomas Parker. Mrs. Hoag, however, and several of her friends, all credible witnesses, insisted that he was John Hoag—the woman positively swearing he was her husband. An equal number of witnesses of like credibility swore, on the other hand, that he was Thomas Parker—and Mrs. P. came forward to claim him as her husband. Several points as to his person were alluded to, which coincided with that of the prisoner, even to a particular scar on the forehead. At last, Mrs. Hoag stated that her husband had a particular mark on the sole of his foot, which Mrs. Parker allowed that her husband had not. Recourse was had to the foot, and although there was no mark, the ladies were still unsatisfied; when a justice, from the place where the prisoner had been apprehended, came into the court and identified him as Thomas Parker, whom he had known for many years.—But by what secret, unknown to the man’s wife, a magistrate contrived to identify him, we are left to imagine.

In January, 1817, the body of a woman was found tied to a boat, near Greenwich Hospital, and an inquest was accordingly held; but adjourned on account of vague evidence. At the second sitting an old man declared the deceased to be his daughter, who had been the wife of an out-pensioner, and between whom and her husband a fight had taken place, with sharp instruments, in his presence, which he had with difficulty quelled. Soon afterwards both the parties left his house, and he had not heard of them since. Other witnesses supported the statement that it was the body of the old man’s daughter.

‘A second adjournment took place; the constables, in the mean time, had sought in vain for the husband, though they had found the wife alive and hearty, who was produced accordingly. The coroner reprimanded the witnesses, though the strong likeness between the living and the dead woman was allowed to be sufficient to impose on better judges.’

We will not lengthen this review either by further extracts or remarks; for we think the specimen we have

given will show the author’s talents, while the subject itself is one which demands general attention.

The Garden of Florence and other Poems. By John Hamilton. 12mo. pp. 175. London, 1821.

A genuine Grub Street dedication chunts us into ‘The Garden of Florence,’ where we are introduced to Simoniida, a beautiful girl, sitting in innocence, and spinning at her wheel before her father’s cottage. Pasquino, a handsome Florentine youth, supplies her with wool; after great attentions and much silent admiration, they mutually exchange the pure passion of love in tones of artless devotion, when, at evening, her father returns from his daily employment in the woods, and she prepares his supper,—

‘And many a sweet smile ead
Upon her lover, as she simply stored
The fruit and homely viands on the board.
Night hurried on; but ere Pasquino went—

He agreed to meet her at an appointed place, and—

‘She press’d his hand, and closed
The door upon her lover,—and reposed.’

To-morrow came; and, by her father’s leave, after she had paid her Sabbath duties to Saint Guallo, she met Pasquino ‘and kissed a welcome’ and they wandered in pure rapture through the paths of flowery delight—‘A bed of sage was near them as they went: Pasquino, stooping, pluck’d a leaf and play’d’

With an old saying, that ‘the sage-leaf whitens teeth,’ he bit it, which proved fatal to his life. Simoniida shrieks for his death drew two other lovers to the spot, who supposing she might have murdered him, make it known to the Potestate of Florence. Hence she is led away in a state of excessive and pathetic grief, to the palace for trial. The Florentines conceive her guilty and request her immediate punishment, but the Potestate feeling extraordinary compassion for her, commands them to silence, and to take her to the body, which is just as she had left it; the sight of which recalls her mind to recollection, and she remembers the place and leaf that he had eaten in their delicious hour; she explains the circumstance of his death, and then plucks a leaf and eats it also, which producing similar effects, she in a short time becomes a corpse:—

‘In dark amazement, the terror-stricken crowd
Stood—let the judge speak, wood’ing, and
But remem’r seemeth in that bed of sage

To dwell and do death-work;
—and let it be dug up that it may be
Bur’d for our Florentines’ security.

This being done,

'—a huge and gloomy tomb
Sat in earth's dark and venomous shade;
Nay, none, might dare

To touch the bright-eyed reptile—but each
brought
Branches of scatter'd wood, and o'er him
wrought

A funeral pile; the roots of sage were thrown
Into a heap, and all was burned down.
The loam, side by side, were gently laid
In the golden of Florence,—and the tenderest
shade

Growing trees lull'd their pleasant tomy,
And wrapp'd it in a green and placid gloom."

It is something of the outline of Mr. Hamilton's Florentine Garden, which belongs to Boreaccio. There are sweet and delicate flowers in it, equal to the choicest exotics of most of our modern poets. 'The Romance of Youth' is the next in order, and thence the length of the 'Garden of Florence'; it is the first canto of a boy, who loves solitude, though to his mother's sorrow, rather than unite in the circles of cheerful companions; it sometimes partakes of the feeling of Beattie's Minstrel; but Mr. H. tells us he is not conscious of the likeness. However, be this as it may, no lovers of fancy and elegant imagery will deny the beauty of almost every stanza.—This youth—

'Left his home, array'd in pilgrim weed,
As he were bound for holy Palestine;
With staff and sandal—should he cross'd the mead
That lay before his cottage door,—the knee
Were at their evening meal, and the decline
Of the setting sun was beautiful to see:
He turn'd for one last look—the egantine—
The cot—the trees—the sunshine met his eye,
And not without a tear might that last parting
be.'

The remaining 'other poems' consist of songs, sonnets, epistles, and the 'Ladye of Provence.' Her ladyship will not be admired by many, because Guiglielmo Gardastagno and similar hard names are impediments to boarding-school readers.

The great error of Mr. Hamilton, or rather of the author, who, we understand, owns another name, is a redundancy of expression, and a most wanton and profuse application of certain favourite words, which meander through his verse in all the mazes of metaphorical absurdity: for instance, we have white—"lily white," "white as shining ivory," and "ghostly white;" the words "beautiful" and "golden," and a few other favourite adjectives, are also largely drawn upon. But we pass over these defects, to cull a few favourable specimens from the author's miscellaneous poems, which we do without further remark:—

STANZA.

FROM 'THE ROMANCE OF YOUTH.'

'How is it that the minds of mortals jar,
In what should be their music and their joy?
The spirit, which might make itself a star,
Doth wrap itself in clouds,—and all destroy
The innocent and jolly heart, and toy
With idle questionings of serious things?
Is it that men were made themselves to annoy
With dreams of ill and mystic ponderings,
And doubts of old Religion and the bliss she
brings?'

FROM 'DEVON.'

'I will be with thee!
My heart shall haunt the spots it loved the best,
Borne on by that strange voyager, the mind.
Though caged in cities, still my thoughts are
free

To visit the green fields and beautiful woods,
And rivulets, that chaunt a lonely ditty
to the sleepy ear of Summer,—and the sea,
That talks for ever to the quiet sands.'

FROM 'LINES TO A VALLEY.'

'I had an hour of that calm time
We read of in the first rhyme
Of pastoral poet. The sweet air
Hav'd round me like Apollo's hair,—
Rich, soft, and full of melody;
The bird sang late upon the tree
Its lonely song; the hush of night
Was born before its time; the light
Seem'd left unusually alone
In the wide heavens; and the tone
Of our own voices was endur'd
With the mellowness of solitude.'

FROM AN 'EPISTLE TO —'

'I thought of HIM—the deathless, the inspir'd—
Whose light my very earliest boyhood found,
And of his rich creations: have we not
sorrow'd at high Macbeth's distorted lot,
Sigh'd ever Hamlet's sweet and wilder'd heart,
And when we came upon that piteous part
Of Love's romance, where, long before 'twas
day,
The Lady of the moonlight pined away,—
Have we not lov'd young Juliet? and the wail
Of Lear swoon'd round the heart,—and still
the tear
Wrung from sweet Desdemona, by the austere
And darkling madness of her Moorish lord,—
Was dear to us; and many a conquering word
Of tender pity chupp'd at the wild fate
Of one so young and so disconsolate!'

FROM 'FANNY.'

'Fare thee well! may youth be slow
To pass from thee, who near'st it so;
For years are but the links of care
To one so innocent and fair!
Around thee joy, within thee truth,
Thou'rt worthy of perpetual youth,—
Worthy of that delight, which lies
Within thy blue and pleasant eyes,—
Worthy thy mother's fond caressing.
I owe thee, Fanny, many a blessing
For pranks of kindness and glee,
And words of childish charity;
For pleasures generous, light, and many,
And therefore do I bless thee, Fanny.'

SONG.

'By the river—by the river,
The round moon is rising;
Like the water she glideth,
In silence and light!
The tree-shadow faileth
In tremulous beauty,
And the swan yet abideth
The wane of the night.'

By the river—by the river,
At evening, in summer,
We have seen the moon rising,—
The same tender moon!
But we never—we never,
In summer, at evening,
Shall again sleep our eyes in
The balm of her boon.'

FROM 'VERSES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.'

'When I am gone—oh! wear
Sweet smiles; thy dwelling
Choose where the flowers feed the air,
And the sea is swelling;
And near where some rivulet lingers
In the grass, like an infant's fingers
In its mother's hair.'

The Art of invigorating and prolonging Life by Food, Clothes, Air, Exercise, Wine, Sleep, &c.; and Pæpæ Precepts, pointing out agreeable and effectual Methods to prevent and relieve Indigestion, and to regulate and strengthen the Action of the Stomach and Bowels. By the Author of 'The Cook's Oracle,' &c. &c. Second Edition, 12mo. pp. 276. London, 1821.

If the title of this work is not sufficiently explanatory of its nature and object, we may, for the further information of our readers, inform them that it is especially dedicated to the 'nervous and bilious;' and that the art of managing those temperaments is, in the title-page, stated to be 'easier in modo, sed fortiter in re.'

Dr. Kitchener, the author of this work, is well known to the public as the author of the 'Cook's Oracle'; and a work on Telescopes, in which he discovered himself to be an excellent optician; he is also known to his friends as a musical amateur, an advocate for good living at the least possible expense, for indulging in all the luxuries of epicurism, with due care to avoid its injurious effects. The work is the avowed result of experience; its author had, originally, an extremely delicate constitution, and, at an early period, devoted himself to the study of physic with the hope of learning how to make the most of his small stock of health. The system he adopted succeeded, and he is arrived at his forty-third year in tolerable good health; and this without any uncomfortable abstinence:—his regimen has ever been, 'dum vicimus, vicemus.'

Our author, without avowing himself one of the 'fancy,' is a great advocate for training, the principal rules for which are, 'to go to bed early—to rise early—to take as much exercise as you can in the open air, without fatigue, to eat and drink moderately of plain

nourishing food—and especially to keep the mind diverted, and in as easy and cheerful a state as possible." But we shall not dwell on the training system, as few of our readers, we are persuaded, are ambitious to be Tom Cribbs or Captain Barclays. The art of invigorating and prolonging life, after being generally noticed in an introductory article, is treated of more distinctly under the heads,—sleep—siesta—clothes—fire—air—exercise,—and wine,—with the addition of the peptic precepts. We shall not, however, attempt to give a full analysis of a subject embracing so many points, but, after quoting a few passages to show our author's style and manner, shall refer the more inquisitive reader to the work itself, which, we are happy to say, is published at a price which places it within the reach of almost all classes of readers. Sleep is a subject on which our author acknowledges his feelings are tremblingly alive; he is fond of a 'forty-winks' nap in an horizontal posture,' as the best preparative for any extraordinary exertion, either of body or mind. He is a great enemy to thin party walls, particularly if they only separate you from 'fashionable neighbours who turn night into day,' or 'such as delight in the sublimely-economy of cinder-saving or cob-weave catching.' Dogs, parrots, piano-fortes, and 'Little sweep, ho!' are all actionable nuisances to this lover of a good sound sleep, and as inimical as heavy suppers or curtain and tester to the bed in summer.

The 'Siesta' is strongly vindicated by our author, who recommends it warmly to all debilitated persons; half an hour's sleep being as refreshing as half a pint of wine.' The article of clothes we shall pass over very slightly, only observing that the doctor is an enemy to tight stays and braces, and recommends elastic worsted stocking stuff, as the best material for breeches. On the subject of fire we quote one passage, which we recommend to all the 'molidustas' and 'maids of all work' who steal a peep at their masters' copy of *The Literary Chronicle*:—

'The following plan of lighting and managing a fire, has been attended with great comfort and convenience to myself, (particularly at the beginning and the end of winter, when a very small fire is sufficient), and I think considerable saving of coals.

'Fill your grate with fresh coals, quite up to the upper bar but one, then lay in your faggot of wood in the usual manner, rather collected in a mass than scattered, that a body of concentrated heat may be

produced as soon as possible; over the faggot place the cinders of the preceding day, piled up as high as the grate will admit, and placed loosely in rather large fragments, in order that the draft may be free; a bit or two of fresh coal may be added to the cinders when once they are lighted, but no small coal must be thrown on at first, for the reason above stated. When all is prepared, light the wood, when the cinders becoming in a short time thoroughly ignited, the gas rising from the coals below, which will now be effected by the heat, will take fire as it passes through them, leaving a very small portion of smoke to go up the chimney.'

As to exercise, we are told,—

'The more luxuriously you live, the more exercise you require; the *bon vivant* may depend upon the truth of the advice which Sir Charles Scarborough gave to the Duchess of Portsmouth,—"You must eat less, or take more exercise, or take physic, or be sick."

'Exercise is the grand power to promote the circulation through the capillary vessels, by which the constitution is preserved from obstructions, appetite increased, and digestion improved in all its stages; the due distribution of nourishment invigorates the nervous system, gives firmness and elasticity to the muscles, and strength to every part of the system.

'Exercise, to have its full effect, must be continued till we feel a sensible degree of perspiration, (which is the panacea for the prevention of corpulence, and should, at least one a-day, proceed to the borders of fatigue, but never pass them, or we shall be weakened instead of strengthened.

'Health depends upon perpetual secretion and absorption, and exercise only can produce this.

'After exercise, take care to get cool gradually; when your head perspires, rub it and your face, &c. dry with a cloth:—this is better for the hair than the best 'bear's grease,' and will beautify the complexion beyond "la cosmetique royale," or all the red and white Olympian Dew that was ever imported.

'One of the most important precepts for the preservation of health, is to take care of the skin.

In winter, the surface of the body, the feet, &c. should be washed twice or thrice a-week, with water of the temperature of about 98, and wiped every day with a wet towel; a tepid bath of the like temperature once a fortnight will also conduce much to both health and comfort. Some advise that the surface of the body be wiped every morning with a wet sponge, and rubbed dry after, with not too fine a cloth.'

On the subject of wine, we confess ourselves rather at issue with the doctor, both as to quantity and quality, for we would neither wish to drink it when quite fresh from the cask, nor to limit ourselves to four ordinary wine

glasses; we will, however, give his own plan for taking liquid food after dinner:

'When he cannot get good beer, he has two wine glasses of sherry, or one of whiskey or brandy, and three-fourths of a pint of good toast and water, (which, when dyspeptic, he has warmed to about summer heat, i. e. 75 of Fahrenheit), and puts a wine-glass of sherry, or half a glass of whiskey, &c. into half a pint of the water, and the other glass of sherry, or half glass of whiskey, &c. into the remaining quarter pint, thus increasing the strength of the liquid towards the conclusion of dinner; after which he drinks from two to four glasses of port or sherry, as instinct suggests the state of the circulation requires: If it be very languid, a *liqueur* glass of Johnson's *White Curacao* is occasionally recommended as a *renouvant bonne bouche*. About a quarter of an hour after dinner, he lies down on a sofa, and sleeps for about half an hour; this has been his custom for the last twenty years; half an hour's horizontal posture is more restorative to him than if he had sat up and drank three or four more glasses of wine.'

We now pass on to 'Peptic precepts,' a portion of our author's book worthy the perusal of all who think health worth preserving or regaining. We quote an extract almost at random:—

'Be content with one dish;—from want of submission to this salutary rule of temperance, as many men dig their grave with their teeth as with the tankard; Drunkenness is deplorably destructive, but her demurer sister, gluttony, destroys an hundred to her one.

'Instinct speaks pretty plainly to those whose instruments of digestion are in a delicate state, and is an infinitely surer guide than any dietetic rules that can be contrived.

'That the food which we fancy most generally sits easiest on the stomach, is a fact which the experience of almost every individual can confirm.

'The functions of digestion go on merrily when exercised by aliment which the stomach asks for; they often labour in vain when we eat merely because it is the usual hour of dining, or out of necessity, to amuse the gastric juices, and "kill the grinding stomach's hungry rage."

'To affirm that any thing is wholesome or unwholesome, without considering the subject in all the circumstances to which it bears relation, and the unaccountable peculiarities of different constitutions, is, with submission, talking nonsense.

'Let every man consult his stomach; to eat and drink such things, and in such quantities, as agree with that perfectly well, is wholesome for him, whilst they continue to do so; that which satisfies and refreshes us, and causes no uneasiness after, may safely be taken in moderation, whenever the appetite is keen, whether it be at dinner or supper.

'What we have been longest used to is most likely to agree with us best.

'The wholesomeness, &c. of all food depends very much on the quality of it, and the way in which it is cooked.

'Those who are poor in health must live as they can; certainly, the less stimulus any of us use the better, provided it be sufficient to properly carry on the circulation: I sometimes hold it lawful to excite appetite when it is feeble by age or debilitated by indispotion.

'Those stimuli which excite the circulation at the least expense of nervous irritation, and afford the greatest quantity of nutriment, must be most acceptable to the stomach, when it demands restorative diet.

'A healthful impetus may be given to the system by a well-seasoned soup or a restorative ragout, at half the expense to the machinery of life, than by the use of those spirituous stimuli, which fan a feverish fire, exciting action without supplying the expenditure of the principle producing it, and merely quicken the circulation for a few minutes, without contributing any material to feed the lamp of life; which, if it be originally or organically defective, or is impaired by line or disease, will sometimes not burn brightly, unless it be supplied with the best oil, and trimmed in the most skilful manner.'

We shall conclude with an amusing extract relating to the difference in the *ours of the meals now and formerly*, is well as the quality of the food:

'The stately dames of Edward the fourth's court rose with the lark, deparched their dinner at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and, shortly after eight, were vrant in slumber. How would these reasonable people (reasonable, at least, in this respect) be astonished could they not be witnesses to the present distribution of time among the Children of Fashion!—Would they not call the perverse conduct of those who *rise* at one or two, *line* at eight, and retire to bed when the morning is unfolding all its glories, and *ature* putting on her most pleasing aspect—absolute insanity!!'

'What a contrast there is between the materials of the morning meal, A. D. 1550, when Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour began the day with a round of beef or a cold herring and a flaggon of ale, and in 1821, when the sportsman, and even the day-labourer, breakfasts on what cooks all "Chinese soup," i. e. tea.

'Swift has jocosely observed, such is the extent of modern epicurism, that *the world must be encompassed before a wash-woman can sit down to breakfast!* i. e. a voyage to the east for tea and to the east for sugar.

'In the Northumberland Household book for 1512, we are informed that—"a thousand pounds was the sum annually expended in housekeeping; this main-

tained 166 persons, and the wheat was then 5s. 8d. per quarter.

"The family rose at six in the morning; my lord and my lady had set on their table for breakfast, at seven o'clock in the morning.—

A quart of beer,
A quart of wine,
Two pieces of salt fish,
Half a dozen red herrings,
Four white ones, and
A dish of sprats!!'

"They dined at ten, supped at four in the afternoon, the gates were all shut at nine, and no further ingress or egress permitted."

'But now,—

'The gentleman who dines the latest
Is, in our street, esteemed the greatest;
But surely greater than them all,
Is he who never dines at all.'

We must now quit Dr. Kitchener and his book, so far at least as our critical labours are concerned; but we shall frequently turn to it in our closet, and though we may not regulate our mode of living exactly according to his precepts, yet we have sufficient faith in him to believe that he is as disinterested as he is sincere, and we doubt not, generally, as correct as he is disinterested. To the valetudinarian his work must be acceptable, and we feel persuaded that there are few persons, either in sickness or in health, who will not profit by its perusal.

Sketches of Upper Canada, &c.

By John Howison, Esq.

(Concluded from p. 725.)

MA. Howison describes minutely, and, we doubt not, accurately, the progress of emigration to Upper Canada, the expenses of the voyage, the plans to be adopted on arriving there, the different modes of settling, the expense of labour, the price of land and its produce, &c. He concludes by strongly recommending Upper Canada to emigrants, and particularly to poor people; as the expense of the voyage is not much, and the encouragement given to labour considerable. The people in Upper Canada live much better than persons of a similar class in Britain. It is not merely to the poor and necessitous that Canada affords a delightful asylum:—

'The second class of emigrants, viz. men of small income and increasing family, will find Upper Canada, in many respects, an advantageous place of residence. When I say this, I of course include those persons only who do not derive their incomes from the exercise of any profession, and who have no obvious means of improving their circumstances. Half-pay officers, annuitants,

&c. are in this situation. An individual of this class may do well in Upper Canada, if he possesses a farm, and raises enough of all kinds of produce to supply his own wants. With £250 a-year, and fifty or sixty acres of land, he might, by proper management, support a large family in comfort and abundance; but he would not augment his income by farming extensively, unless he engaged in the business *practically*, and were assisted by his children: the price of labour being so high, and that of produce so low, that the agriculturist cannot derive much profit from the returns made by the soil, if he employs hired men to work it. Respectable families suffer a good deal of inconvenience from a difficulty of obtaining household servants, most of whom are both negligent and unprincipled, and conceive themselves insulted, if the person who proposes to hire them makes any inquiry about their characters. Some will not engage themselves, unless they are allowed to sit at table with the master and mistress of the house. Emigrants sometimes bring servants from Britain; but such seldom remain long with them after their arrival in Canada, their ideas and prospects being directed into new channels, by the system of independence and equality which prevails in the country. The women are soon married, and the men become landholders. Some people bind their domestics by indentures, to continue with them for a certain time; but this plan seldom answers well, as persons so articulated are apt to grow insolent and troublesome, whenever their bondage becomes disagreeable to them. The chief objection which men with large families will have to Upper Canada is, that it does not afford them the means of educating their children. Schools, at which the essential branches are taught, exist in the most secluded parts of the province; but there is no seminary on a liberal scale, except at York and Kingston. However, the generosity which the Provincial government displays in the endowment of schools, and the encouragement which the inhabitants give to respectable teachers, will soon render the means of education as accessible in Upper Canada as they are in the country parts of Great Britain.

'To the man of capital, Upper Canada, I am sorry to say, offers few inducements. The province indeed requires the presence of such persons, and the circulation of their capital, more than any thing else; but the benefit of a country will, of course, always be a secondary consideration with every one, when individual interest is concerned, and, therefore, it cannot be expected that persons of wealth should as yet emigrate to Upper Canada. There are a good many ways of employing capital, but few which will ensure such a speedy return, as would in general be considered necessary. The mercantile business is already overdone. Merchants swarm in every part of the province, and have, in a great measure, been

the means of reducing public credit to its present low ebb. Farming is not profitable, for the reasons already stated, and, likewise, because there is, at present, no steady market for agricultural produce. Those who could afford to wait many years for the interest of money laid out, might speculate advantageously in lands. Large and excellent tracts may, at present, be purchased for half the sum they are really worth. These belong to individuals who are neither resident in the province nor at all connected with it, and who would gladly sell possessions in which they take no interest, and of which they do not know the value. Some people may suppose, that if such properties were in the market, the Canadians would buy them up, but they are prevented from doing so by a want of capital. The man who bought eight or ten thousand pounds' worth of land, would derive no revenue from it, for perhaps as many years. The persons to whom he sold it out in small portions, at a very advanced rate, probably would not be able to pay any part of the price until they had cleared and frequently cropped it, and thus gained something by their labours; but the speculator would secure himself all the time, by not granting a deed to any settler until he had paid the amount of his purchase. When money did begin to flow in, he would receive a return not only equal to the interest of the capital he had laid out, but triple or quadruple the amount of the capital itself. The man who buys lands at two or three shillings an acre, and sells it again at ten or fifteen, makes a fortunate speculation, although twenty years should intervene between the date of his making the purchase and that of his receiving the profits it has produced.'

The latter part of Mr. Howison's work consists of 'Recollections of the United States,' in which he sketches *currente calamo*, the peculiar manners and customs which he observed in a tour through this part of America, in 1820. As this is a subject on which our journal has lately contained much information, we shall be brief in our extracts from Mr. H.'s account.—Speaking of New York, he says,—

'The principal hotels are situated in Broadway; and, as they differ entirely from British hotels, it is worth while to say something about them. The City Hotel is the best and most fashionable place of resort for travellers. It is a large brick building, four stories high, containing a splendid dining saloon and a magnificent drawing-room, each 85 feet in length, a billiard room, several suites of apartments for private families, and more than a hundred bed-chambers. Upwards of eighty people breakfast and dine there every day, at the public table, during the summer months; and the charge for board and lodging is ten dollars a-week,

for which four meals a-day are furnished in the best possible style. At the City Hotel, a traveller neither has it in his power to dine alone nor to have private apartments, but must take his seat at the ordinary, at the established hours. Travelling parties, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, cannot even obtain separate sitting apartments, but must either remain in the bed-chambers or mingle together in a drawing-room allotted for their reception. They are all expected to dine at the same table and at the same hour; or, if any party chooses to deviate from this plan, the charge is more than double what it would otherwise be. Washington-hall, Franklin-house, Mechanics'-hall, Wall-street-house, and nearly all the other public establishments for travellers, are conducted in this style; which is evidently but little adapted to the taste of Europeans, who generally choose privacy when they reside at a hotel. The Americans, however, are not so fastidious; and many of them would be at a loss to conceive why a man should wish to take his meals alone, when he might command a greater variety of dishes by sitting down among the multitude.

'The persons who encircle these *table d'hôte* are, for the most part, genteel in their appearance, and polite in their manners. Many of them are permanent residents in New York, and merely board at an hotel for convenience. The conversation never becomes general; as no one addresses those who sit round him, unless he has been particularly introduced to them. When any person wants part of a dish, he sends the waiter for the whole of it, as no one troubles himself with carving for another. Every thing that is drank is charged extra to the individual that calls for it; but most of the guests take nothing but water, and the moment they have dined, they start up and hurry away. The Americans are not at all addicted to the pleasures of the table, being no judges of good cookery, and dining usually at two or three in the afternoon. Men of business hasten to their counting-houses or offices immediately after dinner, leaving good wine and convivial friends without the least regret. Should they feel inclined to drink a little in the course of the evening, they engage a few acquaintances, and carry them to their homes or boarding-houses; where, having called for some wine, the whole party drink it off as fast as possible, without either sitting down or taking off their hats. This is called a *flying glass*. However, people of wealth and fashion live much in the same way as respectable merchants in England, and have fewer *standing toasts* than their inferiors.

The number of private boarding-houses in New York is very great. Few young men have a house and domestic establishment of their own till they are married, and some not even then. The people who keep these boarding-houses are usually widow ladies, who have been left in desti-

tute circumstances; but most of them are quite superior in manners and respectability, to the same class of persons in Britain. They do not receive any one into their houses, unless he is recommended by a mutual acquaintance. He is then treated as a friend, and enjoys an easy intercourse with the daughters, sisters, or other members of the family, if he feels inclined; and is allowed to walk out with them, or escort them to public places. A young man will sometimes find a boarding-house rather dangerous, if there are agreeable females in it. Many widows procure husbands for their orphaned daughters by keeping one, though I do not mean to say that they ever have this object in view when they receive lodgers. The New York boarding-houses are not agreeable in general; for the social intercourse that takes place in them creates a restraint, which would not exist were there no communication at all between the parties.'

Though the fine arts are not deficient in patronage, the United States have made but little progress in them:

'The native painter most highly esteemed among them at present is Col. Trumbull. Government has engaged that gentleman to execute a series of national pictures for the decoration of the Hall of Congress, for every one of which he is to receive the sum of four thousand dollars. Last summer he had finished two, the subjects of which are the Declaration of Independence and the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis,—the last I saw while in New York; but was greatly disappointed in finding its merits much inferior to what I had anticipated. Colonel Trumbull is the most lady-like painter in the world; his colours appear to be laid on with the utmost timidity; he shows as much aversion to strong shadows as the Chinese do; and his faces have an expression of red-cheeked stupidity about them, which denotes a corresponding want of soul in the artist. However, in justice to Colonel Trumbull, it ought to be stated that his subject is an unfortunate one. The picture represents the French and American armies drawn out in lines opposite to each other, and surveying the British, who march between them, deprived of the honours of war; and surely no object can be farther from ideal beauty than soldiers standing stiff in their ranks, and dressed in pipe-clayed breeches, white belts, and black gaiters. Had the colonel put a row of poplar trees (which, by the bye, the Americans admire very much,) parallel to each of the armies, the composition and expression of his picture would have been complete.'

Another notice on the subject of the arts occurs in the account of Philadelphia, which we quote:—

'Next morning I went to see the celebrated picture of Christ healing in the temple, which Mr. West painted, and sent as a donation to the Pennsylvania

hospital. It is impossible to survey this magnificent performance without a feeling of awe, which the mere recollection of its beauties and expression never fails to revive. It is kept for public exhibition, in a small building erected expressly for the purpose, according to a plan given by Mr. West, who seems to have been fully aware of the value of his gift, or which he several times refused seven thousand guineas. He gave instructions that no other picture should be hung in the apartment, and that no visitor should be allowed to take a sketch of his painting. Some time ago, the directors of the hospital engaged a Philadelphian artist to make a drawing of the picture, that they might be able to publish a print, and promised him four hundred dollars for his trouble; but, after toiling three weeks, he found that his work was not half completed, and he accordingly abandoned the design, and lost both his labour and he expected remuneration. The painting contains fifty-four heads, twenty-one of which have full-length and half-length figures attached to them; and the variety of expression and intricacy of grouping in the representation of so many persons, sufficiently account for the difficulty which the American artist experienced in endeavouring to sketch them. The exhibition of West's painting yielded eight thousand dollars the first year, and five thousand the second; and it is supposed, that it will hereafter afford to the hospital an annual revenue of five hundred pounds sterling.

Although we spoke very favourably of Mr. Howison's work in our first notice, yet we confess it has still improved in acquaintance; and we hesitate not to pronounce it one of the most interesting and most entertaining works we have seen on the subject of America.

The First, Second, and Third Reports of the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity: established in London, 1818. 8vo. London, 1818-21.

EVERY person who has had occasion to perambulate the streets of this great metropolis during the last half dozen years, must have experienced the dreadful annoyance and importunities of turfy beggars; and must also have noticed that they are now less numerous and less insistent than they were three years ago. This important change has been effected by the Mendicity Society, which was established for the purpose of inquiring into the state of mendicity in the metropolis, affording relief to distressed and deserving individuals, and for punishing 'incorrigible rogues and vagabonds.' The Society, in one of their Reports, express a somewhat decided opinion against the poor law. These, however, they cannot

reform, and have been compelled to act in accordance with the spirit of them; but speaking of the nature of the Mendicity Society, they say—

'Whenever it shall be enabled to induce parishes to adopt a better system in regard to vagrants, a very important step will be taken towards the end it has in view. If the entire Suppression of Mendicity be at all attainable, it will probably be effected by slow degrees, and will depend upon an infinity of circumstances; but its advance has been already arrested, and its most resolving features are receding. The managers can look back with unmixed satisfaction, and forward with the most pleasing anticipations—taking the laws of the country for its guide, so far as their enforcement is consistent with the best principles of political economy—adopting a middle course between the advocates of, and the opponents to, the present system of parochial relief—seeking to combine the advantages of both, without the mischiefs of either; the society may not be improperly considered as operating to mitigate the partial evils which result from general laws, and, by so doing, to augment the amount of human happiness.'

It appears that, during the last year, 4546 cases were investigated by the Committee; in 1696 of which, the causes of distress were very apparent, and in 2350, want of employment, real or pretended, was the alleged excuse for begging; 542 were ascertained to be impostors and confirmed vagrants, and ordered to be prosecuted; a quantity of clothing was distributed to the really necessitous, and 46,417 meals given to applicants with mendicity tickets, the general use of which would soon suppress the professional beggar. Among the artifices by which mendicants levy contributions on the humane and credulous, the system of 'begging letters' is a favorite one, and the Committee have detected several cases of fraud of this nature:—

'In one case, the applicant acted upon a systematic plan, having an agent to collect donations, who was paid by a poundage on their amount. Although the residence of this man was stated to be in London, the Committee discovered that he had country lodgings, for which he paid 40l. a-year; that although supported solely by writing begging letters, he passed there for a person of respectable property; his apartments were occasionally ornamented with wax lights, and he appeared to enjoy not merely the comforts, but many of the elegances of life.

'The Committee are confident that there are many other individuals living by the same description of fraud; it is their custom to write under different names to a large circle of persons at the same time, a deception which the subsequent transmission of all the letters to one

office will immediately detect; and there is no doubt, that the limited investigation, commenced by the committee, has already considerably checked the practice altogether.'

It is not our intention to enter into a lengthened detail of the benefits of this institution or the zeal of its members. 'By their fruits shall ye know them,' and the Committee need do nothing more than to refer to the good they have done, and to the evils they have prevented, to recommend the Society strongly to public support, and to the co-operation of magistrates, parish officers, and 'all who are in authority under them.' We select a few cases which have been investigated by the Committee:—

'J. A. was apprehended by the society's officers while begging, and, on being brought to the office, was recognized as an old applicant, but in a different name. His statements not agreeing, the sitting managers directed him to be taken to Marlborough-street; the magistrate ordered him to be committed for seven days, and passed. This man was, however, caught a second time in Mount-street, when he made great resistance. On being again brought before the magistrate, he was imprisoned fourteen days, and the order to pass him repeated. Even this confinement had not the desired effect upon this determined vagrant, for he was a third time detected soliciting alms in St. Pancras, when he was conveyed to Marlborough-street; and, on its being stated to the magistrate that he had been there twice before, he committed him to be tried at the Sessions, when the society prosecuted. On the trial, it appeared he possessed an income of 70l. per annum. The court sentenced him to be imprisoned six months. It should not be omitted to state, that on one of the above occasions, he offered 5l., and on another 10l., if the officers would let him go. This case presents an instance of imposition and depravity seldom equalled.'

'E. H. aged 36, a native of Cork, who, through the hope of getting a livelihood in London, came over on the death of her husband (a master taylor), who left her with five children. On her arrival, she endeavoured to get into some way of providing for her family; but after repeated attempts, the only one left her to embrace, was selling fruit, which she continued, till poverty compelled her to give up even that occupation, for want of the means wherewith to go to market. Thus reduced to the last stage of human misery, she applied to the overseers of the parish wherein she slept; but they would not relieve her unless she was willing to be passed home.

'Enquiry was made into this woman's statement, when it appeared, that in a most wretched room in Whitechapel, these six human beings were dragging on

a miserable existence, totally destitute of food—not a bed to lie on, nor covering to protect them from the cold—their complete nudity only prevented by a solitary garment for each; and one of the boys severely ruptured. This was the scene which presented itself to the manager visiting this abode of wretchedness! He advised her to be passed to Ireland—she consented—a letter was written to the overseers, requesting their assistance for that purpose, which was afforded; and the society advanced a moiety for their journey—redeemed clothes to a considerable amount—gave the boy a truss—equipped the family—and procured the payment of a certain sum on their reaching Dublin. A letter has since been received, acknowledging their safe arrival, with the receipt of the money remitted.

'J. H. only twelve years of age, was taken by the officers, while asking alms from shop to shop in Piccadilly. He said he was a native of Shrewsbury; but on being taken before a magistrate, it came out that his friends were doing extremely well, in the vicinity of Leicester-square; but the boy, from some motive, had taken up the destructive habit of begging. The father was accordingly summoned, who stated, that his son had both breakfasted and dined at home on the day in question. After receiving an admonition from the magistrate, he promised to take more care of him in future. This case is confirmatory of the benefits arising from the society sending out officers, for had not this young delinquent been stopped in his career, in all probability, time would have hardened him into, at least, an inflexible vagrant, and perhaps into a more criminal character. His natural guardian likewise received a salutary warning of the consequences arising from his neglect. In several instances has this institution had the gratification of restoring runaway apprentices and children to their masters and families, whom they had left, from supposed injuries received, or in consequence of necessary correction for their faults.'

Travels in Palestine.

By J. S. Buckingham.

(Concluded from p. 722.)

On the 23th of January, Mr. Buckingham, dressed as a Syrian Arab, accompanied by Mr. Bankes in the garb of a Turkish soldier, and his Albanian interpreter, left Jerusalem for Jericho, and the following day passed the Jordan. Mr. B. says,—

'The stream appeared to us to be little more than twenty-five yards in breadth, and was so shallow in this part as to be easily fordable by our horses. The banks were thickly lined with tall rush or oleanders, and a few willows; the stream was exceedingly rapid; the water tolerably clear, from its flowing over a bed of pebbles; and, as we drank of the stream

while our horses were watering, we found it pure and sweet to the taste.

'From the distance which we had come from Jericho northward, it seemed probable that we had crossed the river pretty nearly at the same ford as that which was passed over by the Israelites on their first entering the promised land.

'The place of Christ's baptism by John, is but a little to the southward of this, as fixed on by the Catholics; but the Greeks assign a spot three or four miles still more southerly than that assumed by the former as the scene of this event.

'Ascending on the east side of the Jordan, we met large flocks of camels, mostly of a whitish colour, and all of them young and never yet burdened, as our guides assured us, though the whole number of those we saw could not have fallen short of a thousand. These were being driven down to the Jordan to drink, chiefly under the care of young men and dromedars. Among them many of the young ones were clothed around their bodies with coverings of hair-text-cloth, while the elder females had their udders bound up in bags, tied by cords crossing over the loins; and the males walking with two of the legs tied.'

'Of the ancient Geraza, now called Jerash, Mr. B. gives a very minute account. He says,—

'The city occupied nearly a square of somewhat less than two English miles in circumference, and the greatest length, from the ruined arched building on the south of the first entrance to the small temple on the north side of the opposite one, is about five thousand feet, as measured by paces, or nearly an English mile. The general direction of this square is, with its sides, nearly towards the four cardinal points; but none of these sides are perfectly straight, probably from the inequality of the ground along which they run.

'The city stood on the facing slopes of two opposite hills, with a narrow, but not a deep valley between them, through which ran a clear stream of water springing from fountains near the centre of the town, and bending its way thence to the southward.

'The eastern hill, though rather more extensive in its surface than the western one, rises with a steeper slope, and is consequently not so well fitted for building on. We found it covered with shapeless heaps of rubbish, evidently the wreck of houses, as the walls of some of them were still visible; but as neither columns nor other vestiges of ornamental buildings were to be seen among these, we concluded that this portion of the city was chiefly inhabited by the lower orders of the people.

'The whole surface of the western hill is covered with temples, theatres, colonnades, and ornamental architecture, and was, no doubt, occupied by the more dignified and noble of the citizens. The

general plan of the whole was evidently the work of one founder, and must have been sketched out before the Roman city, as we now see it in ruins, began to be built. The walls of the city were as nearly equal in length, and faced as nearly to the four cardinal points, as the nature of the ground would admit.

'The eastern portion was chosen for the residence of the great mass of the people; first, from its being of more extensive surface, and next, from its being adapted to the erection of fine buildings, or the production of architectural effect. The western portion was devoted purely to the grandeur of display and decoration, and the regularity of its arrangement is no less striking than the number of splendid edifices crowded together in so small a space.

'One straight and spacious street extends through the whole length of the city from north to south, ending at the gates of these respective quarters, their being only these two now remaining; nor are there indeed any confusive appearances of there ever having been any other than these two entrances into the city.

'This main street is intersected at nearly equal distances of one-fourth of its length from each gate, by two other streets which cross it at right angles, and extend through the whole breadth of this western portion of the city, the point of intersection in each being ornamented with a public square.

'From each of these intersections to their respectively nearest gate, the order of architecture that prevailed was Ionic; but in the central space between these intersections, and including a length equal to half that of the whole city, the predominant order was Corinthian.

'In the centre, or nearly so, of the central space, was a noble palace, probably the residence of the governor, with a beautiful Corinthian temple in front, and another more ruined one behind in right-lines with it, and the semi-circular remains of a still more highly-finished temple beside it. In a line with these edifices, and on the east of them, was a bridge crossing the small stream in the valley. In a line with the first or southern street of intersection was another bridge; and nearly in a line with the northern street, and also on the east of it, was a very extensive bath.

'Just within the southern gate of entrance was a peripteral temple, a circular colonnade, and a theatre; and just within the northern gate of entrance was also a theatre, a temple, and a military guard-house. Both the principal streets extending the whole length of the city, and those which crossed its road through its breadth, were lined by avenues of columns, extending in one unbroken range on each side, and ascended to by steps.

'There were also other edifices scattered in different parts of the city, which will be seen in examining the plan; but the whole was remarkable for the regularity

city and taste of its design no less than for its able and perfect execution.

Mr. B. afterwards examined the ruins of the ancient Gamala, now called Oorn Kais. The city forms nearly a square; its greatest length, from east to west, measuring 1670 paces, of about two feet each, and its breadth one fourth less:—

The upper part of the city stood on a level spot on the summit of the hill, and appears to have been walled all around the acclivities of that hill, being on all sides exceedingly steep, and having appearances of ruined buildings, even on their steepest parts. The eastern gate of entrance has its portals still remaining, and was near the northern wall. From hence a noble street ran through the whole length of the city, extending the number of paces mentioned, as it was along this that the measurement was taken. This street was fifteen paces, or about thirty feet in breadth, from pillar to pillar; as it had a colonnade of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, at intervals, lining it in avenues on each side, as at the ruins of Geraza. The street was paved throughout with fine squared blocks of the black volcanic stone, and this pavement was still so perfect that the ruts of carriage wheels were to be seen in it of different breadths, and about an inch in depth, as at the ruins of Pompeii in Italy.

The first edifice which presented itself, on entering at the eastern gate, was a theatre on the left, the scene and front of which was entirely destroyed, but its benches were still remaining, and it faced towards the north. Still farther on were appearances of an Ionic temple, the colonnade of the street being continued; and at about the centre of its length, a range of Corinthian columns on pedestals marked the site of a grand edifice on the left; not a column now remained erect, but the plan could be distinctly traced. This apparent temple was a hundred paces in depth from north to south, or from the street inward, and its façade, which fronted the street and came in a line with the colonnade before described, was about seventy paces in breadth. The chief peculiarity of this edifice was, that it was built on a range of fine arches, so that the foundations were higher than the general level of the street, by which it must have been rendered most conspicuous.

At the southern end of this edifice was a second theatre, open to the west and fronting the central cross-street, which were intersected the city from north to south, at right-angles with the larger one, running from east to west. This second theatre had only a small portion of its front preserved, but its benches and doors of entrance, the pavement of its stage, and part of its scene, were as perfect as either of those at Geraza, to which it was nearly equal in size, and nearly similar in design; but it was in less perfect preservation, and on the whole inferior in taste

and execution of its details to either of them.

Before we departed we were taken to see one of the ancient Roman tombs, now used as a carpenter's shop, the occupier being employed in constructing a rude plough, and in fixing the irons to one of those long Syrian goads, which serve to spur the animal with one end and clear the plough of clods with the other. On examining the size and weight of this iron at the foot, Maundrell's conjecture struck me as a very judicious one, that it might have been with such a weapon that Shamgar made the prodigious slaughter related of him in the Book of Judges.

From this tomb we went to a still more perfect one, which was entirely cleared, and now used as a private dwelling. Though the females of the family were within, we were allowed to enter, and descended by a flight of three steps, there being either a cistern or a deep sepulchre on the right of this descent. The portals and architrave were here perfectly exposed; the ornaments of the latter were a wreath and open flowers; the door also was divided by a studded bar and pannelled, and the ring of the knocker remained, though the knocker itself had been broken off. The door, which was of the same size and thickness as those described, traversed easily on its hinges, and we were permitted to open and close it at pleasure. On examining it closely, all that has before been said on the mode of fixing and of fastening it was confirmed, as we could here see every part of the construction more perfectly.

The tomb was about eight feet in height on the inside, as there was a descent of a steep step from the stone threshold to the floor. Its size was about twelve paces square, but no light was received into it except by the door; we could not see whether there was any inner chamber, as in some of the others. A perfect sarcophagus still remained within, and this was now used by the family as a chest for corn and other provisions, so that this violated sepulchre of the dead had thus become a secure, a cool, and a convenient retreat to the living of a different race.

Mr. B. afterwards visited Nazareth, Tiberias, Jeneen, Sanhoor, Neapolis, Gerazim, the well of Samaria, &c. At Sanhoor, he was introduced to the chief Hadjee Ahmed Gerar:—

Our conversation of the evening," says Mr. B., "was chiefly on the state of Europe, on the countries I had visited, and those I hoped to see. As the chief had himself been twice to Mecca, making the journey from Damascus, I learned from him also some interesting particulars on that route, and we talked a great deal about those parts of Arabia which we had both seen, namely, the ports of the Hedjaz. An excellent bed was prepared for me in a separate room, with clean sheets and cushions covered with silk, and every

arrangement was made for my comfort that I could possibly desire.

Among the party assembled round the fire in the court was an old amateur of muskets and pistols, called Sheikh Ibrahim, who asked me a thousand questions about the names of the celebrated makers in the different capitals of Europe, and brought me at least twenty different pieces to examine. His passion for arms was so strong that he had brought up his son as a gunsmith, though he himself had been self taught; and among some locks which were shown me as the work of the son, in imitation of English ones, with the name of Wilson upon them, there were several that would not have disgraced an European artist. When we talked of the perfection to which this manufactory was brought in England, and the improved methods used in working the metals there, as far as I was myself imperfectly acquainted with them, the old man swore by his beard, that if I would take him to that country only for a few months, that he might witness those wonders, as he called them, he would serve me in the capacity of servant, or soldier, or groom, or anything; in short, that I might command during the whole of the way.

Mr. Buckingham's work, which we consider as one of the most valuable of its class, and furnishing the best illustrations that Scripture has received from modern travellers, contains several good maps and other interesting engravings.

The Wit's Red Book, or Calendar of Gaiety, for the year 1822. A Collection of original Anecdotes, Facetiae, Epigrams, &c. By Ross Rosso, pp. 168. London, 1821.

Mr. Ross Rosso, Facetiarius Doctor, though not quite so witty as he would have us believe, is an amusing fellow, and his book is a good antidote for the blue devils, for half an hour at least, any day. He is strongly addicted to what is called the vice of punning; and as this species of wit is only to be practised when it is either very good or ingeniously bad, Mr. Rosso, whose puns are of a mediocre character, somewhat like those of Lord Norbury, is not entitled to much praise in this branch of his profession. He has, however, formed an entertaining olio, which may be consulted with advantage when the reader has dozed over the silly tales, sonnets, and epigrams, of those other annual publications, called—Pocket Books. But we will let Mr. Rosso speak for himself, and that to the best advantage:—

Agreeable Annotation.—"The late benignant and worthy Mr. Pleasants, of Dublin, who founded the Stove Tenter-House

in that city, and has thereby been the means of saving thousands of his countrymen from the wretchedness to which they were before exposed, was not only benevolent, but facetious and pleasant withal. Happening one day to hear a sermon with which he was much delighted, he sent to the preacher, requesting that he would permit him to peruse the discourse which had afforded him so much pleasure. His desire was immediately complied with, and next day he returned the manuscript with a letter of thanks, in which he said that he had taken the liberty to add to add a note to a passage which had particularly struck him. The clergyman, anxious to ascertain whether the passage in question contained any thing that required elucidation, or called for animadversion, immediately looked through his sermon; but what was his pleasure and surprise on discovering that the amiable annotator had inserted a *bank-note* of considerable value."

An illegal solicitor.—"An attorney, who was much molested by a fellow importuning him to bestow him something, threatened to have him taken up as a common beggar. "A beggar! (exclaimed the man) I would have you to know that I am of the same profession as yourself; are we not both solicitors?" "That may be, friend; yet there is this difference—you are not a *legal* one, which I am."

A Pun.—"The following excellent and witty pun, was uttered by a student at Cambridge at the time that the late bishop of Bristol, (Dr. Mansel, master of Trinity College), disapproving of the large Cossack trousers, which he thought favoured more of a martial than clerical air, forbade them to be worn by the young men of his college, who were ordered to appear in tight breeches. "The good bishop (observed one) does not approve of our present *loose habits*." "True (replied another, who perhaps would have been as pleased to have uttered the pun himself); true, and surely he behaves very inconsistently." "How so?"—"Why, you cannot but allow that it is both inconsistent and indecorous in him to *contract* the loose habits of the university!"

Titles.—"It is impossible (observed Joseph the Second to Madame Casanova), to entertain the least regard for those persons who purchase their nobility." "Certainly, sire, nor is it less difficult to esteem those who sell it."

Degeneracy of the present age.—"Mr. Harris, the learned author of *Hermes*, informs us, that on reading the following passage to a friend, "In our time it may be spoken more truly than of old, that virtue is gone, the church is under foot, the clergy is in error, the devil reigneth," the latter interrupted him, and said with a sigh, "Alas! how true a picture of the times!" "Of what times?" inquired Mr. Harris. "Of what times! why can you suppose that I mean any other than the present: when were there ever any half so bad, or to which such an observation as

that you have just quoted is applicable?" "Forgive me for interrupting you, but the times I am reading of are older than you imagine; the sentiment was delivered about four hundred years ago, and its author was Sir John Mandeville, who died in 1371."

Nautical Knowledge.—"In the warmth of argument, a Jack-tar said to a landsman, "Shiver my timbers, mate, what can you know about a ship?—you, who never yet saw either a drop of salt water or a ship in your whole life?" "There you are much mistaken, I can assure you; for I have seen a great many of the latter in the course of my life." "You!" exclaimed the tar in a tone expressive of surprise and incredulity, "Yes, friend, much to my sorrow—since, to confess the truth, they have been all hard-ships."

Reading.—"A Negro, who had learnt to read, wishing to give some of his countrymen, who had never seen a book, an idea of it, said, "reading is the power of hearing with the eyes instead of the ears."

The advantage of having a vote.—"An honest John Bull, travelling through Germany, on arriving at the gate of a city was requested to describe himself; not knowing exactly what designation to apply to himself, he answered that he was "an elector of Middlesex." As an *Elect* in Germany is rather a more important personage than those who bear that honourable title in England, the Germans immediately threw open their gates, and the guard turned out, and did military honours to the English Elector."

The Meditator,

AN OCCASIONAL PAPER,
No. III.

"He had been long taw'dra mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statistics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at phisiology."—*Ilusdibras.*

Tax delineation I alluded to in my last paper, as having been given in my first, was, as the reader might guess, without either Elijah's mantle or a cloven foot, that of the features and proportions of my real, carnal, and personal body; I was going to add—but for the duplicate and unconcourous interruption of my reader, the first imprecative and blasphemous, the other insinuating and uncharitable—that I had done thus after the example of my great archetype, the Spectator, to whom I conform in the genius and manner of my writings, as much as in the shape of my face.

I make no doubt of the great and paramount interest with which that description will be read by this curious nation, who find such intolerable gratification in every thing extraordinary

and out of the common stile of growth—exotics to the natural temperature and condition of their wholesome glebe, every paradoxical plant which springs in rank, weedy, and over-heated soil—receiving more pleasure from the view of monsters, prodigies, and unsightly births, generated in the warlike mounds of Nature, when she plays the jade with' blind Chance, and slacks her nightly fires in the arms of that misbegotten king of Chaos, than from her most perfect creations, bearing their divine origin in their all-adapted symmetry and the glory of their presence, and by this very similitude proving their legitimacy. Nature best pleases us when she is unnatural. A dog with two heads has been known to fill a hospital with zoologists.—

Indeed, for the satisfaction of this very philosophical spirit of inquiry, forming an essential and most intellectual attribute of British constitutions, from the spindle-bodied dilettanti, who admire, through glass corrective of the erring humours of his sight, his own animalculous counterparts in the cases at Montague-house, where—

Stop!—don't breathe the tenth part of a pulse—emit not an elementary globe of atmosphere, to carry irretrievable destruction to my splendid march of ideas—that thought should buter for Elysium, and yet leave me wherewithal to purchase fibres to crack for company in that doleful place of eternal blessedness and joy—I wouldn't lose that thought for a world of perfect chrysolith—

I have it! I have it! I shall pull straws with Solomon for the longest wit—I shall rap Archimedes o'er the knuckles, like a most tyrannical pedagogue and superlative master of deduction—I shall dichotomize Newton's philosophical coronet, and put one half in my pocket—I shall make mouths at the whole synagogue of wits, ancient and modern, from my seat of future exaltation.—

Yes! I have hit upon the solution of that great problem, which has puzzled the most learned doctors of the community—the true answer to that inexplicable riddle. *Eureka!* Make out my diploma, ye societies and colleges, for your different and egregious honours! Ye who breathe not in the eternal mill of science, but equipped in monkish trammels, and winks to keep you from deviating into day-light, sweating, pushing, shouldering, puff-

ing, basting your indomitable sides, you grind, grind; operarius mortals! you grind—grains of learned wisdom into dust—and covered with this pulverulentous—no farther—who ever went beyond six syllables but a lexicographer?

Though I have made many discoveries in my time, in the mathematics, physics, metaphysics, and all those other fanciful sciences, yet the solution of this problem surpasses them all. O well done! well done, thou brain of the best consistency! thou one and dissimilar gland! whereon the mind perches like a sparrow, and casting a hawk's eye o'er her crowded and imaginary levee, assembled in her presence-chamber, the *sensorium*, selects and separates, divides and distinguishes, disparts and dislocates, the mixed and heterogeneous multitude, who are all pining, and scraping, and flattering, and elbowing for precedence—I say, well done! thou Pope of a new communion! where the images worship the rope, instead of the pope the images—how hast it, invisible king of the castle! thou hast it, as sure as God's in gloster!

What?

What would crack the scull of a phynx to imagine in her very most himerical fancies—what would put an Edipus to inevitable nonplus in determining its meaning, if the monster had nagined it—what would make Solon hide his head in his mistress's lap, or very shame and scandal—what could craze a Linnaeus or a Buffon to distinguish head from tail—what could puzzle Omnipotence to decide here he should allot it, dignified neither for deity or devil—in short, what could braid the ciucture of a grey rat's hip-collar—what would meet an fallible come-through if it were tossed in a cobweb—what would bow down a oak if 'twere hanged in its topmast, at oak being grown of a Lilliputian orn—in a word, what would break e back of any simile to illustrate. An inconceivable chimera—an unrallable riddle—a witless puzzle-wit—indescrivable natural—a subject future annihilation—a free agent thout a soul—an animal without a dy—a bloodless, boneless, mindless, dyless, descriptionless—subject of our vereign lord, the king of Great Bri-

Where, in the name of the interminable symbol of Omnipotence, will all s end?

[1] despatch.—The reader, perad-

venture, hath seen an ape—'but that's not it'—or a root of a mandrake—'but that's not it'—or, if a female, hath, perhaps, bought a gingerbread husband—'but that's not it'—no—

Heaven and earth! what is it then?

Gentle reader, why exclaimest thou so hastily? Still the clamorous and be-deafening shout of thy climbing and pre-arrogate impatience.—Ev'n thus the zenith-washing billows of rude Ocean, hng in the clouds within the moon's dominion, whilst vexed imponderable volumes roar beneath.—Did Job live for nothing? Are there no dispositions of asses vendible i' the city? Does the Stoic philosophy sell for a plun? Go to—put that latter admirable simile of mine, about clouds and moons and volumes and so forth, into blank verse, as a task and penance—so:

The strange creature lately seen in England and the adjacent countries.

This affair,—for we are cautious of attributing to it any name, specific or generic, which hath lately made its appearance even in the streets of the metropolis, and frightened many young gentlemen out of their proper growth, is a thing bearing some remote resemblance to a *splackmuck*, not very unlike the spawn of a luminau frog, and is by many conceived to be the incarnation of the alphabetical letter Y, turned upside down. It very much resembles a calf in the hardness of its scull, and an ass in having flowery ears. It hath the port and gait of a goose, and somewhat of its gabble, being unnaturally large in the breast, walking with a constrained motion on account of the weight of its brains, and intelligible only to pure greek. Though it hath eyes, it cannot see an inch beyond its own body; though it hath ears, it cannot hear that every one is laughing at it; and though it hath brains, of quantity and quality to make a pudding for an ogre, it cannot spell its own name, tell for what purpose it came here, or if God made it. It hath the grin and chatter, but not the wit of an ape: walks generally upon two, with a pert, smirking, self-sufficient air, which might seem to indicate that it hath, at least, one idea,—namely, vanity.

Indeed, from other circumstances, we are pretty confident that it is not a vegetable; for it curses and swears, and talks politics, and poetry, &c. &c. which are not the functions of any vegetable that we know of, except a marrow-pudding, which grows upon

two stalks in and about Guildhall very abundantly—it is not an alderman.

N. B. Some rare specimens may be seen, between the hours of three and five, in Fleet Street and the Strand. Exhibited gratis.

Now, the origin and the *quo modo* of this nameless something, I propose to furnish the public; not that I pretend to reduce it to any class of animal or sentient existence;—it defies all the polytup ramifications of modern nomenclature, and that, let me tell you, 's a bold word; for, in the present rage of breaking down old languages, and patching up crazy sentences with the fractions, giving us Greek bats joined by a random blockhead, for a continuous parallel pipedon of English brick, weighty and homogeneous; and when we would examine the ruidity of the juncture, throwing the dust of antiquity into our eyes, and breknig our jaws when we endeavour to use them:—in this system every word is a constable, and it is very hard for any thing, however insignificant or obscure, to escape cuffing and pinioning in one sponge-house or another, though it should have as little business in that fraternity as the Pope in a dram-shop at Wapping.

But, though I cannot give the Onomatotomy of this non-descript, I can give its etionomy—and this it was which fired the tail of the third paragraph—this is what will get me lands in Hevelius's moon—and this is what the reader shall have before a rump could turn cavalier by the twitch of a God's anointed harlequin. Listen deeply and learn deeply.

Every one knows that the co-operation of the sexes is by no means necessary for generation: thus the *hippomanes* is the effect of a mare's impregnation by the gust of her own violent intension; a sooterkin is the product of a stove and a Dutch-woman; a moon-calf is the expatriated efflux of our virgin satellite.

Now, all these unnatural births owe their existence to nothing but an overheated imagination—and hence my argument.

Every one may remember the great rush of fenules, about the beginning of the present century, to visit the new assortment of insects, which the proprietor of a celebrated museum in this town had opened for inspection. We may also recollect how the imaginations of our inquisitive country-women were possessed by these creatures, so as to have them eternally in their mouths

—well, what is an insect?—head and tail, but no body—

And this is a clear account of the matter.

WILDERNESSE.

Original Communications.

NEW THEORY OF THE DELUGE.

[Mr. Augustus Mayerbach has sent us some 'Observations on the Disposition of the waters at the creation, at the time of the universal deluge, and at present.' The article is too long for insertion entire, but the substance of this gentleman's theory will be found in the following extracts.—Ed.]

'In attempting to suggest any mode by which this flood might have been caused, let it not be supposed for one instant that I am doubting the possibility of its being produced by a miracle, without the intervention of means intelligible to man. The Omnipotent, who had said, "Let there be light," and light was, had but to speak the word, "Let there be a universe of water," and the dry land would at once have vanished.

'Dr. Burnet's theory was in a measure similar to that which I am inclined to adopt, for he supposed "that the centre of the earth contained a great abyss of water,—that by sinking in many places, and rising in others, in consequence of shocks and earthquakes, a passage was opened for the internal waters, which issued impetuously from the centre, where they had been enclosed, and spread over all the earth."

'But Dr. Burnet makes it a feature of his theory, that the earth must have originally been smooth, round, and even, (although the Bible affirms that there were mountains then,) and that, previously to the flood, there could have been neither seas, nor rain, nor rainbow. The latter, indeed, he had some authority for assuming to have been seen only since the flood, because the Bible states it to have been so.

'My own supposition is, *that the firmament, or shell, which divided the waters from the waters, was, at the time of the deluge, broken only at two places, and that those places are the North and South Magnetic Poles.*

'That the shell having been broken at those two particular spots, the waters, which had been till then confined in the bowels of the earth, escaped from the abyss, mixed themselves with the oceans and seas, which overflowed their former boundaries, and gradually covered the whole earth.

'By the eruption of the waters from the abysses from a limited space only, a gradual inundation would be accomplished, which corresponds with the account given by Moses. By a general breaking up of such shell an immediate deluge, if

any, would have taken place; and this is against the authority of my Bible, which tells me that the flood went on increasing for forty days.

'The disappearance of the waters was as gradual as their eruption. And, if the great body of them had to return into the bowels of the earth by the same two cavities through which they had issued from the abyss, the withdrawing of the water must, of necessity, have been equally gradual.

'Rain, falling from natural causes, could not have caused a universal deluge; rain not being an additional supply of water to the earth which has not been on it before, but the mere alteration of the position of water previously upon the surface.

'Two objections of apparently potent weight will be made to this supposition. The one, that although the shell, which I am imagining to be broken in two particular places, so as to be capable of emitting the fluid through the opening, should be thus partially destroyed, still the equal pressure of the air upon all parts of the globe would prevent the water from bursting through its bounds; the other, that the law of central gravitation would equally prevent its leaving its position. In contemplating a miracle I do not require the assistance of Mr. Whiston's comet "descending in the plane of the ecliptic toward its perihelion," to enable me to believe in its existence. The deluge *did exist*—it *did* arise from the windows of heaven being opened, and the rains descending; and from the fountains of the great deep being broken up, and the waters issuing from their hitherto internal confinement.

'If the admitted doctrine of the tides be true, and they are caused by the attraction and influence of the moon and sun, such doctrine will receive, as it seems to me, confirmation from the proposed theory; as it will give a greater body of water for this attraction to act upon, and a depository for supplying the additional quantity of fluid of which the high tides apparently evidence the presence.

'As this attraction ceases, a portion of the waters may retire again to the chasm from which they have issued.

'So that, instead of the moon by its power of attraction merely altering the position of the water, in causing the tides, it may be considered as actually drawing forth, by its influence, a larger quantity of water to be diffused upon the surface of the earth from its interior recesses.

'The north magnetic pole is, according to Captain Parry's last voyage of discovery, above fifteen degrees distant from the north pole of the earth.

'The south magnetic pole may be considered as at an equal distance from the south pole of the earth.

'The mere rotatory motion of the earth round its axis may cause in certain positions (for instance, when either of the

chasms is directly towards the sun, and the pressure of the atmosphere consequently lessened from the greater rarity of the air,) a natural tendency in the water of the internal abysses of the earth gradually to escape to the surface.

'In magnetism the attracting power has always been considered by the best writers upon the subject, to be placed within the earth; and by late experiments it has been ascertained that electricity and magnetism are most intimately connected.

'Water is one of the great conductors of the electric fluid; and, if, within the abysses of the earth, is contained a great body of water which has constant communication with other waters on the surface, and to which the latter may be continually conducting the electric streams gathered in their exposure to the atmosphere, why may not this account for some of the phenomena of magnetism, so long an object of scientific but unsatisfied enquiry.

'Whether magnetic attraction is caused by a fluid, or by a mass of lodestone within the earth, I have made for you a hole in the shell at the magnetic poles, which will give an easier communication with the needle.

'The summary of the theory is, first,—That the internal parts of the earth are filled with water, originally separated from the superficial waters by a shell or crust.

'That, at the time of the flood, this shell or crust was broken in two places; and that the chasms, from whence the waters issued, still exist at the north magnetic poles and the south magnetic pole.

'That the flood arose from this breaking forth of the internal waters, caused either by a suspension of the rotatory motion of the earth round its own axis, while the chasm was turned towards the sun; or by a diagonal inclination of the axis of the earth, in its annual orbit round the sun; or by the immediate command of the Almighty, in the same way as when the sun stood still in the Valley of Ajalon.

'That the rotatory motion of the earth being resumed, the waters again retired into the abyss, but with the communication between the superficial and internal waters left free.

'That by means of this communication between the upper and lower waters, and in conjunction with the influence of the moon and sun, the tides are produced, and—

'That this is also the cause of the poles of the magnet.

'That objections may be urged to this system as to that which attempts to explain any phenomenon in nature, there can be no doubt; but I put it forth for the scientific to try their skill upon, and to build truth upon my errors, if even they should prove to be:

'I should not dare to suggest the theory for a moment, if I thought one word of

it inconsistent with the Bible, or the goodness of the great, universal, and benevolent Creator."

'AUGUSTUS MAYERBACH.'
'London, October 1, 1821.'

THE LADIES.

THE critics of the fair sex tell us, they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquetish, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are, it is the fable of the lion and the man; but since the ladies have become authors, they can take their revenge, were they not too generous for such a passion. Though they have learnt to paint, their sketches of man are gentle and kind.

But if the ladies were that surly misanthropes call them, who is to blame?—Is it not we who spoil—who corrupt—who seduce them?

Is it surprising that a pretty woman should be vain when we daily praise to surface her charms, her taste, and her wit? Can we blame her vanity when we tell her, that nothing can resist her attractions—that there is nothing so barbarous which she cannot soften—nothing so elevated that she cannot abdue; when we tell her that her eyes are brighter than day, that her form is fairer than summer—more refreshing than spring; that her lips are emilion; that her skin combines the biteness of the lily, with the incarnation of the rose?

Do we censure a fine woman as frivolous, when we uncensurably tell her at no other study becomes her but at of varying her pleasures; that she requires no talent but for the arrangement of new parties; no noisens beyond the might of the afternoon's amusement? Do we blame her frivolity when we tell her, that her hands were not made to touch the needle, or to soil their iteness in domestic employments? Do we blame her frivolity when we tell her, that the look of seriousness issues from her face the dimple, in which the loves and the graces wanton; that reflection clouds her brow with care, and that she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charming, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive?

How can a pretty woman fail to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught is, that beauty supercedes and senses with every other quality, that she needs to know is, that she is pretty; that to be intelligent, is to be antic, and to be more learned than her neighbour is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation?

Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her, that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beaux, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment, recommends the art of the beau, since he condescends to do with awkwardness what a monkey can do with grace. With all she is a goddess, and to her all men are equally mortals. How can she prefer when there is no merit, or be constant when there is no superiority?

Is she capricious? Can she be otherwise when she hears that the universe must be proud to wait her commands; that the utmost of a lover's hopes is to be the humblest of her slaves; that to fulfil the least of her commands is the highest ambition of her adorers?

And are men so unjust as to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just; let us begin the work of reformation. When men cease to flatter, women will cease to deceive; when men are wise, women will be wise to please.

The ladies do not force the taste of the men; they only adapt themselves to it; they may corrupt, and be corrupted; they may improve, and be improved.

ABSTINENCE.

THE following ancient testimonies respecting abstinence, may afford our readers some amusement. Pliny says, a person may live seven days without any food whatever,—and that many people have continued more than eleven days without either food or drink. Petrus de Albano says, there was in his time in Normandy, a woman thirty years of age, who had lived without food for eighteen years. Alexander Benedictus mentions a person at Venice, who lived for six days without food. Jubertus relates, that a woman lived in good health three years without either food or drink; and that he saw another who had lived to her tenth year, without food or drink; and that, when she arrived at a proper age, she was married, and lived like other people in respect to diet, and had children. Clausius mentions, that some of the more rigid Bannians in India abstain from food, frequently, for twenty days together. Albertus Krantz says, that a hermit in the mountains in the canton of Schwitz lived twenty years without food. Guaguinus says, that Louis the Pious, Emperor of France, who died in 840,

existed the last forty days of his life without either food or drink. Citois gives the history of a girl at Confulens, in Portou, who lived three years without food. Albertus Magnus says, he saw a woman at Coligno, who often lived twenty and sometimes thirty days without food; and that he saw a hypochondriacal man, who lived without food for seven weeks, drinking only a draught of water every other day. Hildanus relates the case of a girl who lived many years without food or drink. Sylvius says, there was a young woman in Spain, aged twenty-two years, who never ate any food, but lived entirely on water; and that there was a girl in Narbonne, and another in Germany, who lived three years in good health, without any kind of food or drink. It is said, that Democritus lived to the age of 109 years, and that, in the latter part of his life, he subsisted almost entirely, for forty days at one time, (according to some writers) on smelling honey and bread.

ARABIAN LITERATURE.

ARABIAN literature decayed at Bagdad with the decay of the Khaliphate; and though it was transplanted thence into Egypt, and fostered at Cairo, with every attention, by the Fathemite Khaliphs and Mamluc Sultans, it could never be brought to flourish with vigour; on the appearance of the Turks, it was irrecoverably blighted.

Since that time, Arabic has ceased to be spoken at the courts of princes, and has yielded its place in matters of business and literature to the Turkish or Persian; but from the many valuable works which were composed in it during the existence of the Khaliphate, the Arabian tongue still continues to be considered throughout the East as the vehicle of science, and, so long as Mohammedanism subsists, must always be studied as the language of religion.

As no examples taken from any epic or dramatic poems are found among the specimens here selected, it may be supposed that the Arabians were unacquainted with the two most noble exertions of the poet's art; and should we confine our ideas of these to the common notion, viz. 'A relation in verse of some action, either given by the author himself, or by personages introduced upon the stage for that purpose,' such a conclusion might not be erroneous; but if our definition of these kinds of poetry be not so strictly limited, we shall meet with many Arabian produc-

tions, which may justly claim to be ranked amongst epic or dramatic poems.

The Arabian writer, who attempted either of the above-mentioned species of composition, did not consider it necessary that his work should be constructed entirely in verse; the descriptions, the similitudes, the reflections, and many of the speeches he expressed in numbers; but the narrative part he was satisfied with delivering in simple prose.

Several of the tales of the *Thousand and one Nights* are written in this mixed manner, and their effects upon the passions of the reader, even under the mutilated form in which they appear to us, is pretty generally acknowledged.

Original Poetry.

SONG.

Au! that I but a moss-rose were,
To grace thy bosom, sweet,
And thou, my love, a lily fair,
Blushing, thy charms I'd greet,
And on that fleecy bosom lay—
My cares and fears at rest;
Nor should one thought be found to stray
The halcyon of thy breast!

Ah! were but I some fragrant flow'r,
That accents the evening breeze;
And thou a leaf in shady bowers,
I'd court the waving tress,
And on that silk white bosom, love,
With lightsome heart I'd play,
Nor envy then the peaceful dove,
That wing'd to heaven its way.

Ah! were but you the graceful vine,
And I the tendril true,
Around thy lovely form I'd twine,
And fondly cling to you;
And there, beyond expression blest,
I'd banquet on thy charms,
And thou, a joy beyond that rest,
Should wish when in my arms!

HATT.

TO LILIA.

O lady, there's a fairy spell
In thy rich beauty's azure eye;
Whose lucid charm demands too well,
The tribute of the tear and sigh.

And there's a magic in thy smile,
The ravish'd soul in vain would shun,
That yields a sweet enchantment, while
It binds the heart thine eyes have won.

I'm sure those sylphs of love and light,
That o'er the minstrel's vision fly,
And all their forms of fancy bring
And blissful beauty, blend in thee.

O think not, lady, all I own,
Is poetry's imagin'd theme,
Or falsely deem my love's alone
The fleeting wish of passion's dream;

But O! believe 'tis like yon star,
That shines for ever bright above thee;
Pure as its beams my feelings are,
And lasting as its light, I'll love thee.

C. LOCKHART.

THE BARREN WISH.

O could I mingle with the sky,
And see and hear the dwellers there!—
With what transported mind I'd fly
To that serene purer air.

As the young eagle leaves his bed,
To travel with the glowing sun—
Unchang'd, untir'd, with wing outspread,
And eye apace, he passes on—

So I would leave the world for thee,
Thy temple of the soul's abode!
Unchang'd, untir'd in flight to see
Th' effulgent image of my God!

In vain! the barriers of the grave,
Lies, dark and silent, far between!
No mortal arm may stem the wave
That wafts us to the world unseen!

Yet, viewless, fancy oft, at eve,
Delights the blissful haunts to rove,
A happy dream of youth to weave,
When all was ecstasy and love.

There shall my long-lost Mary meet
Her lover, as in days of old;
Together at our Saviour's feet,
Eternity will us enfold!

MAC.

THE GIRL HE ADORES.

When the anchor is weigh'd, and the ship under sail,
O'er the mild breast of ocean impell'd by the gale,
With eye firmly fix'd on the fast fading shores,
The tar heaves a sigh for the girl he adores.

When midnight's dark mantle envelopes the deep,
And sound in the hammocks his mates are asleep,
On fancy's warm pinion his thought swiftly soars
To the cottage where dwells the sweet girl he adores.

When the wings of the tempest bang dark in the sky,
And swift o'er the ocean the blue lightnings fly,
He heeds not their glare,—'tis in vain the storm roars,
His bosom still throbs for the girl he adores.

And when, homeward sailing, the land meets his gaze,
What joyful expression each feature displays;
The torrent of bliss thro' each artery pours,
To be prest to the heart of the girl he adores.

SAN SPIRITSAIL.

STANZAS.

AUTUMN'S echoes o'er the vales
Tell our fancies' dying tales;
Leaves, that wander to the earth,
Teach how much is beauty worth;
And the sun, that shortens day,
Shades ten thousand lives away.

Yet, how sweet to hear the wave
Drink those sounds the deep wind gave,
And to see those leaves protect
The graves of genius and neglect,—
To think the sun will all restore,
And bring to life ten thousand more.

Nov. 6, 1821.

MARIA.

I'VE NEVER HAD AN OFFER YET.

The most fastidious wights complain,
I'm not yet caught in Hymen's chain;
They whisper, as to church I go,
'Miss Polly's still without a beau;
An old maid sure she's doom'd to be,—
Heaven grant her prayers and keep her free.'

The truth, Sir, is, with much regret,
I've never had an offer yet!

If I but sigh, the men, so vain,
Think I am deeply cast in pain;
If affable with prudent grace,
They cry, 'my smiles are out of place,
My step is studied, like my glass,
My healthy hues for paint will pass,
That age is stealing off my hair,
And time transforming me to care.'

Though in the census twenty-one,
An age they rarely ladies shun.
Sir, I confess, 'tis with regret,
I've never had an offer yet!

The wicked rogues may laugh and joke
About the matrimonial yoke,
But chiefly, Sir, the fault is theirs,
That single ladies lose their hairs;
A woman must be courted,—not
The forward prattler to be caught;
Or better she an old maid live
Than fops unsanction'd freedom give.
But as for men,—I hate the set,
I've never had an offer yet!

P. P. P.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Kean has repeated his favourite characters of *Gloster* and *Othello* with their accustomed effect: and he is now actively studying Joanna Baillie's tragedy of *De Montfort*, which is to be produced next week. This play, which contains some powerful scenes, has undergone the revision of its authoress, who has re-written the last act. The appearance of Kean in any new character never fails to excite considerable interest, which is, in the present instance, not a little increased from the circumstance of Mrs. Baillie's popularity. We shall be happy to see the tragedy succeed; but Kean's task is one of no ordinary difficulty, for, with the exception of Mr. Cooper, he has not a single individual, on that stage, worthy of appearing in the same scene with him, in any thing of a tragic nature. Surely our country theatres are not well scrutinized, or they would yield us something more promising than what we now possess.

What has become of *Lost Life*? It has even vanished from the play-bill, which are the very last to relinquish their friends. *Lost Life* has, we believe, gone to the 'tomb of all the Compuets,' unless, indeed, it should be revived, as we hinted in our last, in the shape of a farce, beyond which it should not have presumed.

Miss Blake, the lady who played Captain Macheath so successfully at the Haymarket Theatre, sustained her part of Don Giovanni at this house a few nights ago; and, although she undertook the character at a very late

notice, and had to follow no less a favourite than Madame Vestris, yet she elicited much applause, and, what is much better, she deserved it, by the very spirited manner in which she acted. The airs of this successful burlesque are very pretty, and Miss Blake gave them with good effect.

COVENT GARDEN.—A lady, who is said to have selected the stage for a profession from her strong attachment to its ideal beauty, made her first appearance a few nights ago, in the part of Mrs. Haller. This lady, whose name is Miss Bakewell, has a good person, genteel manners, and seems to have been well educated. On her first appearing, she was very strongly affected, and seemed to suffer acutely by the novelty of her situation, though she met with every indulgence and sympathy from the audience. It is always difficult to speak decisively of a first appearance, and particularly of one so embarrassing to the fair debutante as his; we must, however, observe, that we suspect Mrs. Haller is not the character best suited to her powers. Her voice does not seem very capable of expressing passion or emotion, but her countenance is better adapted for exhibiting deep tragic woe, than the silent sorrow which racks the bosom of Mrs. Haller. Miss Bakewell always gave the dialogue correctly, and in some instances she was very impressive. The part of the Stranger, by Young, and Peter, by Mr. Meadows, and indeed all the other characters, were admirably sustained.

At the fall of the curtain, Mr. Egerton announced the *Exile* for the following evening, but a call was suddenly made, and we must add, partially made for the *Stranger*. Mr. Egerton retired; a call was continued, which created opposition, and as usual, opposition heightened the enthusiasm of the original disturbers. Mr. Fawcett at length appeared, and in his cautious gentlemanlike way, he said:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen, I present myself to you to know your wishes.” Some half dozen voices exclaimed “The ranger.” Mr. Fawcett proceeded. It is not usual for an audience to surround a play, but if it be your assurance to command the *Stranger*—were he interrupted by shouts of “no!” In this dilemma he hardly seemed to know how to act, and he very diciously made a kind of bow, which might be supposed favourable to the wishes of either party. The after-piece commenced; but the noise was still

continued; the first scene of *Figaro* passed in dumb show, and the malcontents persevered so obstinately, that the manager was obliged to come forward again. “It is always my wish,” said he, “as it is my duty, to obey the commands of the audience, and if it be your desire, the *Stranger* shall be repeated.” This address was applauded, and he withdrew. The first scene of the opera was acted over again, and every thing went on smoothly.

As the spectacular play of the *Exile* has had its day, or nearly so, the performances become more varied, though as yet the theatre has not produced any novelty. The tragedy of *Hamlet* has been twice performed during the week. There is not, perhaps, a performer on the stage so well able to enact the royal Dane as Mr. Young. His person, voice, and powers of declamation are here all put in requisition, and are all exerted to the best advantage. Miss M. Tree is a very interesting Ophelia, and the other characters of the play are well fitted.

SURREY THEATRE.—One of the most popular plays ever performed on any stage, *Pizarro*, was produced at this theatre on Monday night, under the title of the *Death of Rolla*, for the purpose of introducing Miss Macaulay to this stage, in the character of Elvira. Of this lady’s tragic talents we have more than once had occasion to speak, and we confess we have seldom seen them to more advantage. Rolla had a spirited representative in Mr. Bengough; Cora was very prettily played by Mrs. W. Fearnan; and Gourey was excellent in Alonzo. The piece was received with abundance of applause by a crowded audience.

The popular melodrama of *Tekeli* followed, and rendered the evening’s entertainment very attractive.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Miss S. Booth made her first appearance at this theatre on Monday, in a new piece called *Zoraida, or Scenes in Fashionable Life*; this burletta, as it is termed, is composed of scenes from some of our best dramas, made into a connected story of considerable interest by the ingenuity of the dramatist, and was well received. The great strength of the dramatic company at this very little theatre forms a striking contrast to the poor inefficient corps at the capacious theatres royal, and the mind naturally wonders how the receipts of so small a house can compensate the exertions of so much talent.

Life in London continues very at-

tractive, and is certainly a very laughable *ex parte* picture of the follies of the metropolis.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—The popular burletta of *Loeers of all Sorts* was very well played at this house on Monday night, with one or two exceptions, and went off with much eclat.—Mr. Walbourn had announced, vauntingly enough, to elicit new wonders in the art of dancing, which he attempted by being lifted up by wires fastened to his back, to assist his jumping; the corps de ballet is sufficiently strong here to need no such extraordinary assistance, and Mr. Walbourn’s ridiculous attempt was deservedly condemned.

The *Married Bachelor* continues to give great satisfaction to crowded houses, notwithstanding much of its wit is of a cast that must be offensive to delicate ears.

Literature and Science.

Sir Walter Scott is said to be engaged in editing an edition of the works of Pope, with a biographical memoir, and an estimate of the poetical merits of this favourite author.

A Mr. Green, of Alexandria (America), has discovered a machine for breaking ice of the thickness of six inches, at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The machine promises to be of advantage in opening a passage for ships frozen, or in clearing canals.

We learn that Dr. Grauville has undertaken to edit the *London Medical and Physical Journal*, lately so ably conducted by Dr. Hutchinson.

The Plague.—A writer in one of the daily journals gives the following, as an effectual cure for the plague:—

1st. When the disease makes its first appearance in any place, or it is feared that it will do so, large fires should be lit, and fumigations of gunpowder, &c. made in the streets and public places.

2nd. In order to preserve oneself from the disease, an oil skin silk dress should be worn next the skin, with the head and ears covered, as well as the whole body, and a mask worn strongly impregnated with garlic; five or six wine glasses of Madeira and bark should be taken daily.

3d. If a person is attacked by the disease, he should, on feeling the first symptoms, immediately drink a large glassfull of pure lemon juice, and then have his arms, legs, and thighs rubbed with cantharides, till large blisters are formed, and the water runs from them freely. He must also drink eight,

nine, or ten times a-day (according to his constitution) a large glass of hot Bourdeaux wine (if that is not to be procured, the red wine nearest in quality), mixed with an equal quantity of lemon juice, in order to excite and keep up a profuse perspiration; and continue this regimen till his convalescence.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia linunt,
Omnino nos itidem deparcitur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

Village Sign Board.—The following is literally copied from a board upon the window of a Huxter in a village, upon the St. Albans road:—

'Isaac Beeby, shoe maker, Higler and dealer in hold cloase sells hall sorts of grocery and wooden ware Bakun, sand &c. Goes to Lunnun and Sant Talbands twice a week; brings boys-ter and hall sorts of fish by land carriage.

'Hold hats made as good as new, as well as every bother heart-tickle in the cloas trade.

'Farmers Servants and Wenches hope to places at any other time but fare time upon happlication here.—They may enquire for Karacters they they like it.'

King James 1st.—Soon after that Solomon of his age came to the throne of England, he took it in his head one day to go and hear causes in Westminster hall to shew his learning and wisdom, of which he had no mean opinion. Accordingly, being seated on that bench a cause come on, which the counsel learned in the law, set forth to such advantage on the part of the plaintiff, that the sagacity of the Royal Judge soon saw the justice of it so clearly that he frequently cried out 'I've ken the matter unco weel! The gude man is i' the right! The gude man is i' the right! He mun ha it! he mun ha it!' And when the counsel had concluded, took it as a high affront, that the judges of the court should presume to remonstrate to him, that it was the rule *audire alteram partem*, before they gave judgment. Curiosity to know what could be said in so clear a case, rather than any respect to their rules, made him defer his decision; but the defendant's counsel had scarcely begun to open their cause, when his sacred Majesty appeared greatly discomposed, and was so puzzled as they proceeded, that he had no patience to hear them out, but

starting up in a passion cried, 'I've hear na mair! ye are a' knaves aleek! Ye gi' each other the lee, and neither's i' the right!'

Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet.—This play is founded on the story of Amleth, in the Danish history of Saxo Germanicus. It is to be found in Mrs. Lenox's Shakespeare illustrated. The story has a very romantic air, abounds with improbabilities, and is such altogether as would scarce have struck any imagination but Shakespeare's. Amleth, we are told, put on the guise of folly, rolled on the ground, covered his face with filth, raked the embers with his hands &c. How finely has our immortal bard availed himself of this hint! and what a dignified mind he has presented to us in his hero! The Ghost is entirely the invention of the author, and how nobly has he managed it. Every sentiment respecting this imaginary personage is fully in character with the feelings of the hero.

In the original story the catastrophe is full of terrors. Amleth, having made the nobility drunk, sets fire to the palace, and during the confusion goes to the usurper's apartment, and tells him Amleth was then to revenge his father's murder; upon which the King, jumping out of bed, is instantly put to death, and Amleth, proclaimed King.

Had Shakespeare adhered to this circumstance, he would, perhaps, have given the finest scenes of terror in the last act that ever have been imagined; and then a subject that opens so nobly would have been grand also in its close.—*London Chronicle*. 1757.

Broad boards made out of vines.—The great door of the cathedral at Ravenna is made of rough boards without any ornaments; but the most remarkable thing is, that these boards are sawed out of vines, and some of them are 12ft. in length and two spars in breadth. Pliny asserts that the temples of the ancients were often built of this wood 'the image of Jupiter in the city of Populonia cut out of a single vine, we see undecayed for so many ages, as likewise the dish at Marseilles.' The pillars of the temple of Juno at Metapantum were of vine tree, and even the steps to the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, are said to be made of the Cyprian vine; but I take them to be made of the wild vine.

George Abbott, archbishop of Canterbury, having accidentally killed Lord Zouch's keeper with an arrow, ever after kept a monthly fast on Tues-

day, the day on which this fatal mischance happened, and settled an annuity of 20l. on the widow; he died in 1633.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, ten pounds would purchase as complete a law library as can now be had for **fifteen hundred pounds!**

Fish.—The smell; the name of this fish is derived from its peculiar scent, i. e. *smell it*. There is no fish dies so soon as the herring when taken out of the water, whence arises the proverb, 'as dead as a herring.' Herring-silver is money formerly paid in lieu of a certain quantity of herrings for a religious house.

Conscience.—Mr. Pinkney, of Maryland, in his answer to the citizens of Baltimore, declining to deliver the 4th of July oration, on account of professional engagements, proceeds to declare his devotion to the people, without the slightest circumlocution, as follows: 'I am authorised, as I persuade myself to feel assured, that it will never be believed by any body, that I can be indifferent to the wishes of the people.'

The Scottish Proverb.—'It is well said; but who will bell the cat?' was occasioned by the following circumstance. The nobility of Scotland entered into a combination against one Spence, the favourite of King James III. It was proposed to go in a body to Sterling, seize Spence, and hang him; then to offer their service to the King, as his natural counsellors; upon which the Lord Grey observed, 'It is well said, but who will bell the cat?' alluding to the fable of the mice, who proposed to put a bell about the cat's neck, that they might be apprized of her coming. The Earl of Angus replied, that he would 'bell the cat,' which he accordingly executed, and was ever afterwards called 'Archibald Bell Cat.'

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

Guinepino, reviewed and praised by our contemporary as either 'Lord Byron's or the Devil's,' is not by the noble poet, but we cannot speak so decisively as to the authorship of the other illustrious personage.

We must apologise to our Correspondents this week for not noticing their communications, to all of which we will pay due attention in our next.

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Review of New Books.

Adonais, an Elegy on the Death of John Keats, Author of Endymion, Hyperion, &c. By Percy B. Shelley. 4to, pp. 25. Pisa, 1821.

THROUGH the kindness of a friend, we have been favoured with the latest production of a gentleman of no ordinary genius, Mr. Bysshe Shelley. It is an elegy on the death of a youthful poet of considerable promise, Mr. Keats, and was printed at Pisa. As the copy now before us, perhaps, the only one that has reached England, and the subject is one that will excite much interest, we shall print the whole of it.

It has been often said, and Mr. Shelley repeats the assertion, that Mr. Keats felt a victim to his too great susceptibility of a severe criticism on one of his poems. How far this may have been the case we know not. Cumberbund used to say, that authors should not be thin skinned, but shelled like his rhinoceros; but poor Keats was of so gentle a disposition for severity, and to a mind of such exquisite sensibility, we do not wonder that he felt keenly the harsh and ungenerous attack that was made upon him. Besides, we are not without instances of the effects of criticism on some minds.—Jawkesworth died of criticism; when he published his account of the voyages in the South Seas, for which he received £6000, an innumerable host of enemies attacked it in the newspapers and magazines; some pointed out blunders in matters of science, and some exercised their wit in poetical translations and epigrams. It was, says Dr. Kippis, a fatal undertaking, and which, in its consequences, deprived him of presence of mind and of life itself.

Tasso was driven mad by criticism; his susceptibility and tenderness of feeling were so great, that when his sublime work, "Jerusalem Delivered," met with unexpected opposition, the fortitude of the poet was not proof against the keenness of disappointment. He twice attempted to please his igno-

rant and malignant critics, by recomposing his poem; and, during the hurry, the anguish, and the irritation attending these efforts, the vigour of a great mind was entirely exhausted, and, in two years after the publication of his work, the unhappy bard became an object of pity and of terror.

Even the mild Newton, with all his philosophy, was so sensible to critical remarks, that Whiston tells us he lost his favour, which he had enjoyed for twenty years, for contradicting Newton in his old age; for, says he, no man was of 'a more fearful temper.' Whiston declares that he would never have thought proper to have published his work against Newton's Chronology during the life of the great philosopher, 'because,' says he, 'I knew his temper so well, that I should have expected it would have killed him.'

We have never been among the very enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Keats's poetry, though we allow that he possessed considerable genius; but we are decidedly averse to that species of literary condemnation, which is often practised by men of wit and arrogance, without feeling and without discrimination.

Mr. Shelley is an ardent admirer of Keats; and though he declares his repugnance to the principles of taste on which several of his earlier compositions were modelled, he says that he considers 'the fragment of Hyperion as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.' Mr. Shelley, in the preface, gives some details respecting the poet:—

'John Keats died at Rome, of a consumption, in his twenty-fourth year, on the — of —, 1821: and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.'

'The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses, was not more delicate,

and fragile than it was beautiful, and where cancer worms abound, what wonder if its young flower was blighted in the bud?' The savage criticism on his 'Endymion,' which appeared in the Quarterly Review, produced the most violent effects on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics, of the true greatness of his powers, were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

'It may be well said, that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shafts light on a heart made callous by many blows, or one, like Keats's, composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled calumniator. As to Endymion, was it a poem, whatever might be its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated with various degrees of complacency and panegyric, "Paris," and "Woman," and a "Syrian Tale," and Mrs. Lefanu, and Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Howard Payne, and a long list of the illustrious obscure? Are these the men who, in their venal good-nature, presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron? What goat did they strain at here, after having swallowed all those camels? Against what woman, taken in adultery, dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers but used none.'

'The circumstance of the closing scene of poor Keats's life were not made known to me until the elegy was ready for the press. I am given to understand that the wound which his sensitive spirit had received from the criticism of Endymion, was exasperated by the bitter sense of unrequited benefits; the poor fellow seems to have been hastened from the stage of life, no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius,* than

* We do not know to whom Mr. Shelley alludes; but we believe we may say that the city of London does not boast a bookseller more honourable in his dealings, or more liberal in rising genius or indigent merit than the publishers of Mr. Keats's poems.—Ed.

those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care. He was accompanied to Rome, and attended in his last illness, by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect to unwearied attendance upon his friend. Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from "such stuff as dreams are made of." His noble conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career:—may the unextinguished spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against oblivion for his name!

Of the beauty of Mr. Shelley's elegy we shall not speak; to every poetic mind, its transcendent merits must be apparent.

ADONAIS.

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, and hour, selected from all years,
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure competitors,
And teach them thine own sorrow, say with me

Died Adonais; till the future darts
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light into eternity.

Where wert thou, mighty mother, when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies

In darkness? where was born Urania
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
Mid listening echoes, in her paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,

Re-kindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the cone beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

O, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy mother, weep and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed

Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend—oh, dream not that the amorous deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again;
Lament a new Urania!—He died,
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lovely, when his country's pride,

The priest, the slave, and the libertine,
Trampled and mocked with many a wounded rite
Of lust and blood; he went unterrified
Into the gulf of death; but his clear spirit
Yet reigns o'er death: the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dare to climb;

And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time

In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road
Which leads, through toil and hate, to fame's serene abode.

But now thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The numbing of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cher-
ished,

And fed with true love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is over, past.

To that high capital, where kindly death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest
breath,

A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet its fitting charnel-roof: while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace,
The shadow of white death, and at the door
Invisible corruption waits to trace

His extreme way to her dim dwelling place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage nor dares die to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of mortal change, shall fill the grave which is
her man.

O, weep for Adonais!—The quick dreams,
The passion-winged ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living
stream

Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he
taught

The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and
mourn their lot

Round the cold heart, where, after their secret
pain,

They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home
again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold
head,

And fans him with her moonlight wings, and
cries;
"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a springing flower, there lies
A tear some dream has loosened from his
brain."

Lost angel of a ruined paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outworn its
rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;
Another clasp her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls beget;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbed fire against his frozen
cheek.
Another splendour on his mouth alit,

That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the
breath

Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded
wall,

And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp
death

Quenched its carress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor, stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clasp,
It flamed through his pale limbs, and past to
its eclipse.

And others came—Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendour and Glooms, and glimmering Tuar-
nations,

Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;—the moving group might
seem

Like pagentry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and seed
sown

Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the
ground,

Dimmed the aerial eyes that kinde day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Tale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in
their destiny.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds, perched on the young green
sprays.

Or her human's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into shadow of all sounds:—a drar
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woe
men hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she
threw down

Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves: since her delight is down,
For whom should she have waked the autumn
year?

To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both

Thou, Adonais; wan they stand and sere
Amid the drooping comrades of thy youth,
With dew all turned to tears, colour to sighing
ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lone nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain:
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's death
Her mighty youth with mourning, doth com-
plain,

Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent
breast,

And scared the angel soul that was its birth-
guest!

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief remains with the revolving year:

The airs and streams renew their joyous war:
The ants, the bees, the swallows re-align;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead be-
sons' bier;
The amorous birds now pair in spring again.

And build their mossy homes in field and brake;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimpaired flames, out of their trance
awake.

In the death chamber for a moment, Death
Shamed by the presence of that living Might
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Reverted those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear
delight.

'Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!' cried Urania: her distress
Iclouded Death: Death rose and smiled, and
met her vain caresses.

'Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else
survive,

With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to time, and cannot thence
depart!

'O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty
art

Dare the unspurred dragon in his den?
Defences as thou wert, oh where was then?
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had died from thee
like deer.

'The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they
fled,

When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smited!—The spoilers tempt no second
blow,

They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them
as they go.

'The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then;
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again:
So is it in the world of living men:

A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth and sea and veiling heaven, and
when

It sinks, the swarm that dimmed or shared its
light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful
night.'

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds
came,

Their garments ere, their magic mantles rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
O'er his living head like Heaven is bent,
Xen early but enduring monument,
Xene, veiling all the lightnings of his song
in sorrow, from her wilds lone sent
The sweetest lymd of her saddest wrong,
and love taught grief to fall like music from
his tongue.

Widest others of less note, came one frail form,
phantom among men; companionless
as the faint cloud of an expiring storm,
whose thunder is its knell; or, as I guess,
ad grazed on Nature's naked loveliness,

Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and
their prey.

A pardlike spirit, beautiful and swift,—
A love in desolation mask'd;—a power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce up-
lift

The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking bellow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can turn in blood, even while the
heart may break.

His head was bound 't' his panicles overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pæd, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that
crew

He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's
dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that
gentle hand
Who in another's fate now wept his own;
And in the accents of an unknown land,
He sung new sorrow; and Urania scanned
The stranger's mien, and murmured—'who art
thou?'

He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—'Oh! that
it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed above the dead!
Althwart that brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone?
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be he, who, gentler of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed
one,

Let me not vex, with inluminous sighs,
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless woe would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone,
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong;
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre
unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou nameless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be though free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Renown and self contempt shall cling to thee;
Not shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—
as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carion kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow

Through time and ad change, unquenchably the
same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth
of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantasms an unprofitable strife.
In mind and trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothing;—'tis the plea;
He cypreses in a claustral; fear and grief
Consume us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our
living clay.

He has outlasted the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which man miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives,—he wakes,—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young Dawn
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou
air

Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst
thrown
O'er the abandoned earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its
despair!

He is made one with nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moon
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself wherever that power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to his own;
Which wields the world with never weakened
love,

Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.
He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth
bear

His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compen-
ding there

All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its
flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the heav-
en's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty
thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal heir,
And love and life contend in it, for what
shall be its earthly doom,—the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and
stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal
thought,
Far in the unapparent Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,

Arose; and Lúcan, by his death approved:
Olivion, as they rose, shrank like a thing re-
proved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry,
'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty;
Silent alone amid an Heaven of song:
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our
throne!'

Who mourns for Adonias? oh come forth
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him
aright.

Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous
earth;

As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiates the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night,
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee
to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
O, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis naught
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their
prey;

And he is gathered to the kings of thought,
Who waged contention with their time's de-
cay,

And of the past are all that cannot pass away.
Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains
rise,

And flowering weeds, and fragrant copes dress
The bones of desolation's nakedness;
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lend
Thy footstep to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is
spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull
time

Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid, with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a never band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of
death.

Welcoming him we lose with scarce extin-
guished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as
yet

To have out-grown the sorrow which consigned
its charge to each; and if the seal is set
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well fill, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb—
What Adonias is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows
pass;

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost
seek!

Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak,
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to
speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my
heart?

Thy hopes are gone before: from all things
here

They have departed; thou shouldst now de-
part!

A light is past from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers
near;

'Tis Adonias calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join to-
gether.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and
move,

That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in
song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling
throng

Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are niven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar,
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of
heaven,

The soul of Adonias, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

—♦♦♦—
The Tour of Africa: containing a concise Account of all the Countries in that Quarter of the Globe hitherto visited by Europeans; with the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, selected from the best Authors, and arranged— By Catherine Hutton. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 536. London, 1821.

WHILE new voyages and travels continue to present themselves to public attention, in such massive and expensive tomes as to be beyond the purchase of ordinary readers, we are glad to see a person of Miss Hutton's talents engaged in condensing the labours of others, and presenting in three octavo volumes the spirit and interest of a whole library. In a work which does not present claims to originality, great industry, good taste, and sound discrimination, are the essential qualifications; and these the fair author of the *Tour of Africa* certainly possesses.

The first two volumes of this work, which have been some time before the public, are replete with interest; and the one now before us, which completes the whole, is of equal merit. While it contains all the most interesting

facts related by the most distinguished travellers, stripped of useless detail and personal feeling, it possesses a consecutiveness which it is difficult to preserve amidst such a variety of objects. With declaring our decided approval of the plan and execution of this work, we proceed to our extracts:—

The Boa Constrictor.—'The boa constrictor of the countries watered by the river of Sierra Leone is sometimes thirty feet in length, or, as the Negroes say, forty, and four feet in circumference: they also say that he swallows an ox or a buffalo entire. They give the following account of this prodigious serpent.

'He hides himself near some spring or pool of water, where he remains perfectly still, convolved in three spiral rows. While an animal is quenching its thirst, he springs upon it, twines himself round its body, compresses it with great force, and suffocates it. When he is convinced that it is dead, he untwists himself, and quits it. He then attacks it with his teeth, which he drives deeply into every part of its body. After this, he again winds himself round his prey, and by rapid motions, powerful contractions, and repeated efforts, he crushes every bone to powder. When this operation is completed, he moistens the body all over with a kind of thick saliva, which he discharges in great abundance, and stretches it out at full length by creeping along it on both sides. All things being now ready for swallowing his victim, he places himself opposite to it. He opens his mouth, approaches it in an erect posture, snaps in the head or muzzle of his prey, and swallows the whole, by degrees, without letting it go.

'But before this monstrous reptile devours any large animal, he carefully inspects all the surrounding places, to be assured that no enemy is near; for, after such a repast, he is so horribly full, that he is incapable of the least motion or resistance. During this state of absolute helplessness, the Negroes kill him, and regale themselves at once with his flesh and that of the prey he has swallowed. In this state of lethargy he is also attacked by the ants, which penetrate into his body by millions, through his ears, nose, and mouth, devour in less than twenty-four hours both the serpent and his prey, and leave nothing but the empty skin.'

The Bijagos.—'The Bissagos are called by the natives the Bijagos, and so they call themselves. They are the most uncivilized of all the Negroes, and are distinguished by the others by the appellation of wild men. They are muscular, bony, well proportioned, and active.—Their noses are more elevated, and their lips not so thick as those of their neighbours. Their hair is woolly, and shaven into every fanciful form that can be imagined; the part that remains is generally dressed with red ochre and palm oil.

Every Bijago is a warrior; his dress

is war, his amusement is the chase. Except a few days in the year, when he is employed in the cultivation of rice, war and the chase are his sole occupations. The *Bijagos* do not weave; the men wear only a goat or deer skin, the women only a large thick fringe of palm leaves hanging down from the waist. In their arms they are more splendid. A long buccavenger gun, kept in the most perfect order, is carried in the right hand; a sword about four feet in length, and sharp as a razor, not figuratively speaking, for it is sometimes used as one, is slung on the left shoulder, the hilt coming close under the arm. In the left hand is held a round convex shield, formed of withies, interlaced, and covered with a buffalo's hide; he same hand grasps a hasagay. The *Bijagos* are never without their arms, and so people understand the use of them better. With their gun they seldom miss their object; with their hasagay I have seen them strike a reed about ten inches long, and not thicker than a tobacco-pipe, at the distance of twenty yards; and in the use of the broad sword they are most expert and active. They consider the world as their own, and what it contains they have a right to plunder.

Punishment of Adultery.—During my stay at Teesee, Tigitty Segó held a palace on an accusation of adultery. The debates on both sides displayed much ingenuity; the fact was clearly proved, and the offender was sentenced to be sold as slave, or to find two slaves for his redemption, at the option of the complainant. The injured husband was unwilling to proceed to extremity against a man who had been his friend, and who was, besides, a very devout Muhammedan priest, & desired rather to have him publicly degraded, which was accordingly done; the number of stripes he received was precisely that enjoined by the Mosaic law, *forty, save one.*

Arabs of the Desert.—The Arabs of the Desert resemble in their complexion; mulattoes of the West Indies, but their physiognomy is very different. They are at an advantage over the Negroes by their knowledge of letters, and are the most modest and most intolerant people upon the earth.

An Arab can either fast or eat three meals in one. Those of Ludamar live chiefly on the flesh of their cattle. They chase their corn and their cotton garments in exchange for salt, which they bring from pits in the Sahara.

A woman of moderate pretensions to utility must be one who cannot walk about being supported under each arm by a slave; and a perfect beauty is a load to a camel. In order to become handsome, many of the girls are compelled their mothers to devour a large quantity of kouskous, and drink a large bowl of camels' milk, every morning. Their appetite demand it or not, these they swallow; and I have seen a girl sit crying, with the bowl at her

lips, for more than an hour, and the mother watching over her with a stick in her hand, which she used from time to time, without mercy, to enforce obedience to her commands. Strange as it may appear, this super-abundant quantity of food, instead of producing indigestion, soon covers the young lady's person with the degree of corpulence which constitutes beauty in the eyes of an Arab.

The women in general wear a cotton cloth wrapped round the waist, and hanging down like a petticoat; to the upper part of this are sewed two square pieces, one before and the other behind, which are fastened together on the shoulders. The head dress is a bandage of cotton cloth, with a broader part to draw over the eyes when they walk in the sun. The better sort, however, when they go out, are veiled from head to foot.

The dress of the men differs but little from that of the Negroes, except that they universally wear a turban of white cotton cloth. Their hair is always black, and commonly short and bushy. Such as have long beards display them with great pride.

Gold Mines.—The next day, being nearly in the parallel of Bamboouk, and but little, as I apprehend, to the southward of that kingdom, I requested permission of the chief of a village called Shorondo, to visit the gold mines in its vicinity; and having obtained it, I engaged a gold-washer to go with me. About half a mile west of the town, we came to a meadow of four or five acres in size, in which were several excavations resembling wells. Near the mouth of each was a wash-pit, and between this and the well was a heap of gravel.

The woman took up about half a pound of gravel with one hand, and having put it into a large calabash, she covered it with water about the depth of an inch. She then rubbed and divided the gravel between her hands, and threw away the large pebbles. She now gave the contents of the calabash a rotary motion, making a part of the sand and water fly over the brim; then put in a little fresh water, and continued to agitate the whole. I now observed a quantity of a black substance resembling gunpowder, which she told me was *gold rust*; and she immediately pointed to a yellow speck, and said, "See the gold." I took it out of the calabash, and found it to be a portion of pure gold, which would have weighed about a grain. The whole time of washing did not exceed two minutes. The woman then put in her calabash about two pounds of gravel, which, after having gone through the same process, produced twenty-three particles of gold, some of them very small. I remarked, in both instances, that the quantity of gold rust was at least forty-times greater than that of the gold. The woman assured me that pieces of gold were sometimes found as large as her fist. The pits are two feet wide, and twelve feet deep; the sides are

cut in notches, which serve as steps to descend by. The gold is found in a stratum of ferruginous pebbles, and yellow and rusty coloured sand and earth, about two feet in thickness, and ten below the surface of the ground.

The dress of the *Jalofs* consists of two pieces of cotton cloth; one worn round the waist, and descending below the calf of the leg; the other thrown over one shoulder, and leaving the other un-covered.

The chiefs, in addition to these garments, wear wide drawers, and a shirt. The women are covered only from the bosom to the knees. The ornaments of the wealthy are necklaces and bracelets of gold and silver; but, whether wives or slaves, they all labour for their common master.

Dancing is the predominant amusement of the *Jalofs*. The coolness of the night restores that vigour which the intense heat of the sun takes away, and they dance by moonlight till the break of day.

The *Jalofs* are kind to their slaves, and provide for their children as for their own. They seldom strike their slaves, and never impose tasks beyond their strength. If a free man violate a female slave, she is free, and the offender must give the price of a slave to her owner.

Every grave is covered with thorny shrubs, to protect it from wild beasts. These form impenetrable thickets, and under their shade trees spring up from seeds. The *Jalofs*, like the neighbouring people, have a contempt for weavers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, and musicians. Even a slave will not marry a woman whose family has been engaged in any of these occupations. The musicians are not buried among the *Jalofs*, but are laid in hollow trees. They say that the crop of millet would fail, if the body of a musician were laid in the earth.

The huts in Cayor are constructed with rushes, and the door is of straw. In general they are so compact as to keep out rain, but persons may converse through the walls; they are circular, and, at a distance, resemble bee-hives. Every man has at least two. These pliant habitations withstand storms, by yielding to their fury. Without the boundaries of the villages, are large rush baskets, raised on stakes, which are the depositaries of the grain, and these stores are never robbed.

Foota Toro.—In Foota Toro there exists a fraternity resembling the Purra of Sherbro, but not possessing such frightful power. The candidate for admission is shut up eight days in a hut; he is allowed to eat but once a day, and he sees no one, except the slave who takes him his food. At the end of this time, a number of men, in masks, employ all possible means to put his courage to the proof, and if he acquit himself with honour, he is admitted into the society. Boukari told me that he was once in a canoe with one of these men, when the rain fell in torrents all around them, and they remained

dry. He asked his companion to reveal his secret; but he replied, "If I do so, my brethren will destroy me." The society is called *Al Mousseri*, and its members perform the part of conjurers.

*The *Posas* believe that *Foota Toro* is the first country in the world, and that they are superior to every other people: the Arabs they rank next to themselves. Their huts are circular, with conical roofs, and are constructed with earth, and the dung of their cattle; but they are well built. Their cloths are woven with care, and curiously ornamented with figures, and they manufacture a kind of coarse muslin. They make sandals of a brilliant red Morocco leather; and their stirrups, ear-rings, silver bells, and other trinkets, display some ingenuity. Every village has its weavers, shoemakers, and blacksmiths; but these artisans, as well as the makers of songs, are not allowed to marry with the other *Posas*.

*The *Posas* wear wide drawers, and the long frock with wide sleeves, with a small cotton cap on the head. The women braid their long hair round their heads, which they load with amber and coral; their necks are covered with gold, and glass beads. They wear the cloth, the invariable garment of the females of Negro countries, fastened round the waist, but they throw a muslin veil over the head, and some have jackets with sleeves. They are not so slavishly obedient to their husbands as the negro women. If they are ill-treated, they lodge a complaint before the chief, and peace is not concluded without the husband presenting his wife with an ox, or a slave.

*When a rich young man designs to marry, he tells his father, who repairs to the father of the girl of his choice, and acquaints him with his son's intention. The young man kills a bullock, and sends it, and if the intended father-in-law eat of it, it denotes his consent to the match. From this time, the lover does not see either his mistress or her mother; if he meet them by chance, he avoids them. After some time he sends another bullock; and on the day of marriage, he presents three slaves to the bride, and to the father, mother, and all their other children, a bullock each. The parents of the bride give her three slaves, ten bullocks, and forty cloths, for herself, and four frocks and four pair of drawers, for her husband. In case of a divorce, the woman receives back her dowry, and, at her death, it goes to her children. A man who cannot afford to pay for a wife must labour for her father, as Jacob did for Laban.

(To be continued.)

Lectures on Architecture: comprising the History of the Art, from the earliest times to the present day. By James Elmes, Architect. 8vo. pp. 431. London, 1821.

This work consists of the substance of a series of popular lectures delivered

by Mr. Elmes at the Surrey and Russell Institutions in London, and at Birmingham; at all which places they were received with much approbation. Mr. Elmes takes an able and comprehensive view of the subject; tracing the history and progress of architecture among the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, explaining their different styles and pointing out their advantages and disadvantages, their beauties and defects.

Our author is particularly happy in describing the architectural antiquities of Ireland; from this part of his work we make an extract:—

'A very singular specimen of ancient Irish architecture, which is certainly one of the most curious fabrics in these kingdoms, must be noticed,—the stone-roofed chapel of the ancient king Cormac, at Cashel, who was, after the patriarchal mode, both king and bishop, and flourished about the year 908. It is supposed to have been erected about the year 1134, and dedicated to that celebrated royal priest; and yet Ware, in his *Antiquities*, says, that when Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, in the year 1161, built a stone castle at Tuam, it was considered such an extraordinary work that the natives called it the Wonderful Castle. The aforesaid chapel of St. Cormac, at Cashel, is a regular ecclesiastical edifice, divided into a nave and choir, the latter narrowing in breadth, and separated from the nave by a wide arch. Under the altar tradition reports the remains of St. Cormac to be deposited. There is a striking resemblance between this chapel and the church of St. Peter, at Oxford, with Grimbold's crypt beneath it.'

We now proceed to English architecture, of which we shall quote a rapid sketch:—

'Roman or Italian architecture was brought into England under Inigo Jones, who was born in 1572, and whose distinguished works at Greenwich, Whitehall, and Covent Garden, will ever secure him a place among names of the highest reputation.

'Sir Christopher Wren, an eminent mathematician and philosopher, as well as architect, executed many of the finest buildings in London and other parts of England, in the modern style. St. Paul's Cathedral, inferior to none but St. Peter's in point of magnitude, and undoubtedly superior even to that both in skillful construction and design, will perpetuate his name to the latest posterity. The exterior cupola of St. Paul's is constructed of oak timber, and is sustained by a cone of eighteen-inch brick-work, which has a course of stone, the whole thickness, every five-feet; and the intermediate parts are two bricks in length in thickness. This cupola was turned upon a centre, which supported itself without

any standard from below. From the inclined position of its supporting walls, it has little or no transverse pressure; yet, for greater security, it is hooped with iron at the bottom.

'Of the great English masters who flourished during this period, Jones was grand but unequal, as may be seen in his celebrated work, the chapel at Whitehall, the conception of which, as a part, and but a small part, of an immense palace, is certainly noble; its primary divisions few and simple, its openings large and handsome, but it is unequal in composition and in style. The play of light and shade produced by the breaks over each column, is in a minute taste, the very opposite to grand. The Ionic specimen is one of the worst and most impure he could have chosen; the modifications do not belong to the order, and approach too nearly to those of the Corinthian. If one order upon another be admissible, at all events the Corinthian should not have been excluded for the purpose of introducing the Composite.

'Wren was more equal and consistent than Jones; was possessed of more mathematical and general knowledge; was a man of a more expanded mind; but less of an architect by education, and had, generally speaking, less taste. Perhaps nothing of Wren's is equal in taste to Jones's water-gate at York buildings, and nothing of Jones's equals in scientific construction any thing of Wren's. Jones's Gothic, as shown in Lincoln's Inn Hall and Chapel, is decidedly bad; Wren's in St. Mary Aldemary, Bow-lane, is bold, if not pure; in the tower and pinnacles of St. Michael's, Cornhill, still better; and in the spire of St. Dunstan's in the East, unexceptionably fine; perhaps this is the best thing of its kind in Europe. St. Stephen's, Walbrook, has, I think, been beyond all its merits; although novel in principle, it is faulty both in construction and taste. His spire of Bow would alone immortalize any man; so beautiful is it in form, so novel in design, and so dexterous in construction.

'The works of Vanbrugh are solid and judicious; but he neglected the lighter graces of his art, and is, with all his picturesque beauties, cumbersome and inelegant in detail. Swift's epigram on the artist is pretty generally known:—

'Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.'

Yet Castle Howard and Blenheim will keep alive the name and memory of Vanbrugh among those of our greatest architects.

'Wyatt, who belongs more to our times, and will be spoken of in my concluding Lecture, was richer and more learned in his art than either Jones, Wren, or Vanbrugh. Equally inventive, and with as fine a taste as Jones; less scientific, perhaps, than Wren, but more admirable in his details than any preceding English architect; he is at the head of our

school, from which has emanated all the finest works of the present day.

Speaking of the commencement of the reign of George III. Mr. Elmes says:—

"Kent, Gibbs, and Burlington were gone, and left no disciples; so was Hawksmoor, (the pupil of Wren,) who erected those monstrous churches near the Post Office, in Lombard Street, Limehouse, and St. George's in the East; and Archer, the groom-porter, as Walpole justly calls him, who built that of St. John's, Westminster, which looks like the four clumsy ill-carved legs of a butcher's block, or an elephant on his back. The elder Dance, whose mansion-house, in the city, was preferred to a design of Palladio's, from a motive of encouragement to native talent, was a man of some taste, as is proved by his Shoreditch Church, the spire of which is a free and not unhand-some imitation of Bow. He was not a regularly-educated architect, but the best and nearly the only one of his day.

"Butty Langley, it is true, had a school or academy, but his disciples were all carpenters; a few of them, calling themselves surveyors and builders, and practising carpentry and box-making, were alive in my remembrance;—bating the "new-fangled Doric," as they termed it, without a base, as much as they did a shirt without ruffles, or a wig without two good portly curls over each ear and half a yard of tail behind; scorning its simple flutes without fillets, which they compared to ribbed stockings; and sincere in their admiration of the swelling shaft, the rusticated and twisted columns of Butty Langley. The schools at Oxford and the Royal Exchange were their schools; they lamented the shocking innovations of Wyatt and Soane, the more dreadful importations of Stuart, and were nearly going into a fever when the portico of Covent Garden Theatre was opened. Is it not dreadful, said one of these worthies to me, to see young men going back to the old Grecians, upon whom the Romans had so much improved? Had the poor man but lived to have seen his master's taste revived, it might have added a year or two to his existence. Although the taste of Butty Langley has been deservedly censured, he yet formed a class of clever workmen in a certain humble line of the art.

"Such was the state of architecture when our late monarch ascended the throne; and it was fortunate for the arts that he was endowed with a love for, as well as a considerable acquaintance with, them all. In his grandfather's reign, when he was Prince of Wales, he studied architecture, and was taught to delineate its proportions from the rules of Palladio, by the late Sir William Chambers, who was then naval officer, fond of the art, and who had availed. His Majesty also studied perspective under the late Mr. Kirby; and drawings, some of which I have seen,

were correct, and, for their day and style of art, tasteful and elegant.

"Chambers became the royal architect, but threw no new lights on the profession. In its practice, and in the more scientific part of construction, his knowledge was very limited, and his taste impure; yet his works have a chastened correctness of detail in the best style of Italian art.

"In the course of his travels Chambers had visited parts of China, and published a treatise on the gardening and architecture of that strange people; and to him we owe the introduction of their fantastic and inelegant style. We do not observe this out of disrespect to the memory of Sir William; but the existence of these whimsical demands reprobation from such as have a sense of the importance of a pure taste to the fame of our country; which feeling is of the more consequence in our noble art than in any other, it being more durable, and thus perpetuating the fame or disgrace of a good or a bad taste in a greater degree. The public expected much from one whose official situation rendered him a sort of leader in art; who, as the successor of Wren and Wyatt, should have elevated architectural taste; for if the fountain-head be pure, so will be the streams which flow from it. The beauty of the Parthenon and the Poikile, of the temple of Theseus and the Erechtheum, gave birth to the unequalled sculptures of the one and the pictures of the other, in the same style of high art, producing fruit after their kind; for the pure, the divine taste of the architect and his patron refined that of the painter and of the sculptor. Can we expect such fruit from the style which is now unhappily reviving?

If Mr. Elmes's work should be so fortunate as to infuse, what it is well calculated to do, a better taste among our modern architects, or to promote its study, he will have rendered a valuable service to the arts; and if not, we thank him for the endeavour.

The Union of the Roses, a Tale of the Fifteenth Century. In six Cantos, with Notes. 8vo. pp. 180. London, 1821.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the title of this poem refers to the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster, and that historical events connected with that period form its materials; these, though used with a poet's license, are converted into a tale of considerable interest. The poem contains many pretty passages, and it is not deficient either in vigour of sentiment or expression. The description of the battle of Bosworth Field is told with great spirit, and we select it as a fair specimen of the poem:—

On Bosworth's plain the valiant bed
Of noble Richmond made a stand:

In close array they firmly stood,
Fix'd as the mountain 'gainst the flood,
And fearless eyed the dazzling gleam
Of warriors, posted on Arme Beam.
There Richard's forces, vast and strong,
Like mountain torrents roll along;
And five to one, his powerful host,
Made him of victory proudly boast.

"The little army on the plain
Excited but the king's disdain!
"Cowards and vagabonds!" he said,
"A rebel Welshman at their head;
O'er ranks by such a leader train'd,
An easy victory were obtain'd."
Richmond now rode from wing to wing,
From rank to rank, and view'd the king,
Who 'midst his host distinguish'd shone;
His brow was girt with England's crown.
The earl, undaunted with the view,
To charge the squadrons forward flew:
"God and St. George! be ours!" he said;
"The people's rights rest on my blade!
This heart is as bold, this arm as strong,
As his who shines amid you throng;
Soldiers, we fight for freedom's laws,
And heaven will aid the rightful cause!"

"Now trumpet's blast aloud was heard,
And every spark of valour stir'd.
Brave Oxford led our vanguard on,
And soon the work of death began;
Barb'd arrows flew like hail around,
And ranks of foe-men strew'd the ground:
Long doubtful hung the dreadful fray,—
The king seem'd gaining fast the day,
When, through a cloud of smoke and flame,
To join our banners Stanley came,
Who long had held a centre post,
Ready to side with either host.
The tyrant fear'd this earl might change,
And hostage kept the young Lord Strange.
Soon as he saw the father's choice,
His mandate rang in thundering voice:
"What, ho!—behind Lord Stanley's soul;
Let Catesby see the deed is done!"
Had Catesby heard, no more the boy
Had fill'd his father's heart with joy;
No more had hail'd the rosy dawn,
Or felt the cheering breeze of morn:
Nature against the mandate heard,
And kindly bosoms interfered,
The unoffending youth to save,
A victim from an early grave!

"While ranks with ranks began to close,
And foe to foe their arms oppose,—
Nice was the judgment that could know
Where stood a friend, and where a foe:
True English valour warn'd each breast,
As fiercely to the fight they press'd;
Like courage in their bosoms glow,
One language speaks both friend and foe;
Perhaps the hand which wings the dart
Might speed it to a brother's heart!
And the deep groans, which stunn'd the ear,
Be those of friend or kindred dear!
So thought I, as the murky air
Rung with the sounds of keen despair,
With shrieks and agonising groans,
Or death's more faint, yet deeper moans:
Rayless, and set in darkest night,
The eye—which late shone fierce and bright;
The eye, which spoke the daring heart,
Which glanced along, like fiery dart,
From rank to rank, scanning them o'er,
Now closed in death to ope no more!

"Pale was the cheek, late flush'd with ire,
Glowing with youthful vigorous fire;
And still the heart, which beat so high,

With hopes of fame and victory ;
Here stretch'd in death the vigorous form
Which brav'd, so late, the impending storm ;

Thus, numbers of our foemen lay.
The King distracted, saw the day
Was well nigh lost—frantic with rage
He sought Earl Richmond to engage :
Breaking through thousands, near he drew,
Where Richmond's blood-stain'd banner flew ;

There be the gallant Brandon slew ;
Who, rather than the standard yield,
Bravely met death on Bosworth's field.
Fierce as ten thousand furies, he
Had brought brave Cheyney on his knee,
When Richmond saw the desperate King,
And rush'd through numbers, rank, and ring.

His course to check ; and hand to hand
They'd fought, had not a num'rous band
Th' intent oppos'd ; yet braver when
The danger most, to cheer his men
He strove but such attempts proved vain ;
Gasping they strew'd th' ensanguin'd plain.
Numbers in haste had fled the field,
And Richard's host were forced to yield !
Seeing all lost, with furious yell,
Amongst his foes he rush'd and fell.

* Thus bravely died, a man whose life
Had all been spent in fraud and strife ;
Who, from the cradle to the grave,
No virtue had, save being brave !
'Midst heaps of slain his corse was found,
Mingled with many a gaping wound :
Ghastly his visage ; black despair,
Revenge, and envy, settled there ;
The starting eyes, with frantic stare,
Still seem'd to roll in horrid glare :
All the base passions might be seen
Concenter'd in his livid mien.

That bauble crown, for which to gain
He scrupled not his soul to stain
With crimes of darkest dye, was found ;
And there the conqueror's brow it bound :
While shouts through both the armies ring,
Of—'Long live Henry !—England's King—'

The Meditator,

AN OCCASIONAL PAPER,
No. IV.

Ridiculum, acri

Fortius et melius, magnas plerumque vocat res.
HORACE.

For ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot, where graver reasons fail.

FRANCIS.

THE solution of that knotty problem which I gave in my last number, may seem to those who have not made logic their particular study, as somewhat irrelevant to my professed intention of dedicating this work to myself. But, as country wisdom says, which sees as far into cause and effect as an ass into a bundle of hay, viz. as far as the end of its nose,—

Now, if you'd reap,
Blind, if you'd keep,
Look, if you'd leap,
Stead not, if you'd sleep,
But read, if you'd peep
Into other men's brains,

And ensconce for your pains,
What will make you be taken
For Merlin or Bacon.

If the reader had profited as much by Aristotle as I have—if by vaporizing of cotton wrapped in molten cylinders, or by burning blessed daylight down to the socket of twilight, he had extracted as much wisdom from the art of reasoning, as would teach a duckling how to dabble, or a nurse to know a creek from a promontory—he would see that the apparent want of connection was owing to nothing more than the deficiency of middle terms ; and if he had the mother wit of a barnacle, he would have found that middle term in the name of my paper.

I should be but a sorry kind of a Meditator, if my thoughts were to follow each other like the stitches of knit hose, from one end to the other without dropping or breaking the thread of continuity. I might as well christen myself, The Poet, and then begin to write common sense. No—by jumping from one end of the extension of human imagination to the other, without a link of thought between—by making a wry face here, and then laughing at its phantom from the opposite point in the circle of conception—by changing the horizon of my wit to that of its antipodes, in the scintillation of a thunderbolt—in fact, by doing the very opposite to what I should—I am all the time letting the reader into my character—I am telling him what I wish him to know of my disposition, as plainly as a patriot that he wants a pension by declaiming against secret service-money, or a gospel-trumpeter, from a tub or a stool, that he wants a fat goose or a plum-pudding or an endowed pulpit-cushion to rest his miraculous elbows, when he preaches to you about laying up treasures in heaven.

To put this into a logical form. I engage in a delineation of my person—well—and being a Meditator, if I would do grace to my profession, I must think, not in train—but disjunctively, not in rea-on—but in paradox ; ergo,—

And, by the bye, I have always thought, that this immediate contact of our thoughts,—whereby the ideas, rubbing one against the other, triturate and pulverize themselves, so that at length they become like nothing else upon the face of God's earth, but the impossible globules of electricity,—having neither the substance, weight, or solidity of the most elementary ma-

terial particles—must be a chief cause why the glib and fluent imagery of modern compositions, in which the ideas are worn so as to become wholly invisible, I suppose by the aforementioned attrition arising from their number and closeness, kicks the beam when a sentence from Shakespeare or Milton is thrown into the opposite scale. Beside, this doctrine of a consecutive necessity in our ideas, each springing from the relics of the last, like resurrectionary phoenixes, hath a direct tendency to confirm an opinion which is daily making great strides to universality, and gaining almost as many proselytes as pork, in these mighty wise times of *noles noles* salivationists, who are so generous as to lend God a helping hand to fulfil his own purpose of Jewish redemption—a doctrine which I would give the reverend payment of the national debt to see knocked on the head—namely, that abominable and provoking attempt at demonstrating the identity of the biped which chatters vacant syllables at my lady's elbow, and that which grins fraternally at him from her other shoulder, with a chain round its hips, to prevent it ousting him from his station and office, for

—Change places, and handy-dandy ! Which is the monkey ? Which is the man !

You will say, how can this assist in proving a man and a monkey to differ both in education and posterior ? I answer—from the consideration of the pretensions put forth by the latter to be the first inventors of pendulums—the glory of which hath been falsely attributed to Huygens. Let us consider the foundation of these pretensions, and then calmly and dispassionately form our conclusion. The following fact, which is mentioned in several well-authenticated histories compiled by the reclaimed part of the species, is that chiefly relied upon by the other, in furtherance of their claims. A synagogue is proclaimed in the wilderness, and, after a due number of dissertations on the politics, poetry, laws, finances, &c. of the monkey-weal, accompanied—like the meetings of the heterodox part of the species—with various shrugs, grimaces, scandals, backbiting, squabbles, and mischievous tricks,—from which analogy, by the bye, they draw a strong argument in their own favour—and set forth, by divers exhibitions of oratory, jugglery, chentery, preaching, mumping, walking upright when they should be down on all-fours, po-

ting straws across their mouths and calling them pens, clapping birds' nests upon their heads, after having killed the owners and sucked the eggs, and with a pumpkin in one hand, a bull-rush in the other, calling themselves kings and emperors and autocrats; or having worked themselves into a perspiration, by shouting and capering and gesticulating on some rostral bough till they're frightened the woodlice out of their wits, calling themselves patriots and reformers—ranting, chattering, piping, squalling, *their* eloquence, *their* wisdom, *their* philosophy—they then proceed to the practical business of the state. The first mounts as high as he can go upon a lofty tree, and wraps me his queer round a horizontal branch, a good way out from the stem, and letting his body swing like a thief hung by the heels, affords short rope of descent for the second, who has followed him up the tree. 'his gentleman claps me his tail in the first gentleman's mouth, and swings at his turn, thus making a second link; and so on, each squire gives the hip-end of him to his posterior neighbour, till they form a pendulum of onkeys down to the ground. This clearly Huygens's principle, only a little more ingeniously set forth; for though I have not heard that they have applied it to correcting the motion of a sun, or furnishing the brotherhood with a clearer notion of time or eternity, yet it is manifestly superior in this, that it hath the principle of motion within itself; and if it regulates the clock, 'tis only because there is no clock to regulate, which is none of its alt, and, therefore, the objection is soundless. At all events, it is plain, at the wits of the wilderness of monies jumped with Huygens's, in the vention of this instrument, and he made use of it first, that's all! as Puffin. Hence we see, they have a well-defined notion of consecutive associations of bodies—but, as Mr. Hume has indubitably proved, bodies (and, therefore, monkeys) are nothing but modes of ideas—hence, having a notion of consecutive bodies, and bodies having ideas, it follows that they have a notion of consecutive ideas, i.e. they have consecutive ideas. Q. E. D. This people adduce many other proofs of their consanguinity, but none of them, I think, so clearly decisive as above. For, it does not prove really that we agree in the common property of having consecutive ideas—ch, I doubt, would go near proving

a monkey to be an angel as well as a man—but, moreover, that their intelligence is of the same kind as our's, existing itself upon such little mechanical contrivances as I have mentioned. Now all these similarities between the two bipedal sects, together with their close agreement in external form, afford a body of evidence too cogent to be dismissed, as it usually is with us, with the little consideration philosophers have given to the subject.

I may now go on with my logical form. Being a Mediator, which means,—not exactly a madman—but one who thinks in a style no person of common sense would conceive, the very opposite to what his last thoughts would lead him—this being the case, it follows, that having described a man, I hope, in my own person, my thoughts should then fly off to the very opposite of every thing human—and if this be not the *affair* which I described so categorically in my last number, why clap me in an oyster-shell, and sell me with a dozen, to fat an alderman or stuff a crammed turkey poult—I will be content to transfigure into the generation of a soprano-singer or a Spanish mule, if this make not the flesh and blood and spirit and life of the subject of the above-mentioned problem.

WILDERNESS.

Original Communications.

'EDWARD'S SHOVEL-BOARDS.'

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

Slender.—Ay, by these gloves did he (or I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward Shovel-boards*, that cost me two shillings and two pence a-piece of yead miller by these gloves.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

Sir,—Douce, Farmer, Malone, and other commentators, have noticed this expression. Stevens says, that one of these *pieces of metal* is mentioned in Middleton's comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:—

—'Away slid I, my man, like a shovel-board shilling, &c.

which seems to imply that he did not consider them as a current coin. But Farmer asserts, that the *Edward shovel-boards* were the *broad shillings* of Edward VI.; and that Taylor, in his note to his *Travel of Twelvemonth*, tells us, that 'Edward's shillings, for the most part, are used at *shove-board*.' Malone and Douce concur in the same opinion, but their notes are too long for me to quote.

Now, Farmer, (whom Malone, I think, extracts,) bears out Stevens in his supposition, that these pieces were not of silver; for he talks of having seen them of the weight of half-an-ounce and an ounce,—certes, an ounce of silver could not have been a saleable commodity at two shillings and two-pence of our friend Slender's money.

I happen to have one of the *broad shillings* of Edw. VI. The size of it equals one of our present half-crown pieces, but it is very thin, and has no milling nor raised edge to protect the impression from injury, and, consequently, a great part of it is obliterated, particularly on the reverse. Its weight, I take it, is about equal to that of the current shilling.

I should like to have a game of 'shove-board.'—I wish some of your readers would acquaint you with it for me. Your's, &c. L. L. D.

'AS SURE AS GOD'S IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.'

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

Sir,—Mr. Wildernessee having mentioned 'as sure as God's in Gloucester,' in your last number, I have sent you an explanation given in the British Apollo as its origin, and remain, Sir, your well-wisher and constant reader.

ANTIQ.

'When the Romish faith was universally received in England, Gloucestershire was, more than all the other counties, filled with convents, nunnies, and such like houses, dedicated to God's service; who, because his influence shone more brightly there than elsewhere, was imagined, by the common people, more immediately conversant with the men of Gloucestershire than other people.'

MISERIES OF AN AUTHOR.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

Oh, MR. EDITOR, MR. EDITOR!—Didst thou but know how many times we have essayed to procure a snug corner in one of the columns of thy most excellent periodical,—how many scraps, both of verse and prose, we have forwarded to thee,—how many sheets of paper we have used,—or, what is much worse, how many two-pences we have paid for the postage thereof;—I say, if thou didst know all these things, and hadst any bowels of compassion, thou wouldst take pity on us. How often have we seated ourselves in our arm-chair, by a fire almost as dull as

our own pericranium, to imagine, digest, and commit to paper some excellent and valuable article for *The Literary Chronicle*; oft have we twined our most respected nose, for no other earthly reason than to secure ourselves from the somniferous effects of our epistle; but when some bright idea has flashed in upon our soul, how our eyes have sparkled, we have rubbed our hands with delight, and—continued. When we had finished, with what a paternal fondness did we peruse what we had written; and, when we came to any happy expression or well-turned period, what a smile of self-complacency did illumine our visage. Having satiated ourself with its numerous beauties, we carefully folded it up, and putting our hand into our breeches' pocket, where we keep our share of the copper coin of the realm, we drew therefrom two pence, which we gave with the letter to our little maid Jenny, to take to the Post Office. How anxiously did we long for Saturday, and when it arrived and we received our Chronicle, with a palpitation of heart and with great emotion did we open each separate and individual page; but in vain did our eyes wander up and down,—we could not find our unfortunate communication! At this disappointment, the corners of our mouth did verily sink downwards at least an inch, and a long-winded sigh did issue from the very bottom of our lungs. We then turned to the part inscribed 'to readers and correspondents.' But even there we could find nothing that concerned us. This was certainly very vexatious, and, had it happened but once, we should have consoled ourself with the supposition that the postman had lost it, or that Jenny had pocketed the money and sent the letter to the—no matter where; but as the occurrence has been so frequent, we are compelled to conclude that our letters have formed a much closer connexion with thy fireplace than we had intended, and thus, like many other of our plans, ended in smoke, or that the precious offspring of our brain will find its way home as the envelope of a three-farthing rush-light or a quarter of a pound of cheese, which would undoubtedly be a severe shock to the feelings of thy already disconsolate humble servant.

NOODLE.

* We are quite unconscious of having neglected the communications of our correspondent Noodle, but should this have been the case, we hope he will accept, as the *omnino honorabilis*, our prompt insertion of his letter.—En

THE INQUISITION AT LISBON.

The most hateful of all tribunals, the Inquisition, was introduced into Spain in the year 1478, and established in Portugal, at the pressing solicitation of King John III., about the year 1536. From this time until the recent revolution in Portugal, its power has been unchecked, and the details of its proceedings, even such as have transpired, chill us with horror. With what delight then must every friend to humanity hail that act of the Cortes, in Portugal, by which this infernal tribunal is abolished.

In a recent sitting of the Cortes, it was resolved that the dungeons of the Inquisition should be thrown open. An Englishman, at Lisbon, who had the opportunity of examining them, gives the following description of this horrible place—horrible from its very plan and construction, but a thousand times more horrible from its having been the scene of so many murders, committed in the abused name of religion. The letter, from which we make the following extract, is dated Lisbon, October 20, 1821:

'I send you a description of the Inquisition at this place, which I have been to visit. At the sitting of the Cortes, on the 10th inst., Senor Figueras presented a letter from the keeper of the Inquisition, stating, that on the building being opened for public inspection, the people had behaved in a very disorderly manner, breaking open doors and carrying away papers, &c. and that several persons had actually cried out that the building should be burned, whilst they held lighted candles in their hands, as if about to put their threats into execution; which, he stated, they would have done but for the interposition of the guards. The keeper therefore prayed that measures should be taken to prevent the recurrence of such scenes. Senor Bascos said, that if any such disorders, as had been described, had occurred, it was owing to the refusal of the keepers to shew the instruments of torture and the lower cells of the prison to the visitants. In his opinion, these gentlemen (the keepers) cherished a religious respect for the tribunal, of which they spoke with apparent veneration. As it was apprehended the people might set fire to the place, it would be better to suspend lamps in various parts, and not allow the visitants to carry lights.—Senor Fernando Thomas proposed that an inscription, of

which the following is a translation, should be fixed on every place occupied by the Inquisition in Portugal:

"May eternal malediction follow every Portuguese who does not hold for ever in abhorrence an invention so infernal."

"On the 8th of October, the Inquisition at Lisbon was thrown open for public inspection, and, for the first four days, the concourse of people of all descriptions that crowded to view it was so great, that the pressure at the entrance made it an enterprise of some risk. The building is a large oblong, with a garden in the centre; there are three floors, with a number of vaulted passages, along the sides of which are cells of different sizes, from six to eleven feet to eight by nine feet. Each cell has two doors; the inner one of iron, the outer of oak, very strong. As there are no windows in the cells on the ground and middle floors, no light is admitted when the doors are shut. The cells on the upper floor are larger than the others, and each has an aperture like a chimney, through which the sky is visible. These were appropriated to the use of those who, it was supposed, might be liberated. In the roof of each cell (for they are all raised) is a small aperture of about an inch in diameter, and a private passage runs over each range; so that the persons employed by the Holy Office could at any time observe the conduct of the prisoners unseen, and, if two persons were confined in one cell, hear their conversation. There are seats in these private passages so contrived, that a person sitting might inspect two of the cells at the same time, as, by a turn of the head, he could fix his eye upon the hole over either cell at pleasure; or he could hear what was said in either. The persons appointed to listen to the discourse of the prisoners wore cloth shoes; so that their footsteps could not be heard.

"Frequently a familiar of the Holy Office was put into the cell of a prisoner, as a person arrested, in order to entrap the unfortunate inmate of this horrible place into admissions that might afterwards be used against him. I saw, in several of the cells, human skulls and bones; most of them appeared to have lain there for many years, as I broke some of them easily with my fingers; others were bird and fresh. In a number of the cells the names of the unhappy inmates were written on the walls; some had strokes apparently marking the number of

days or weeks the victims of this horrid tyranny had been confined. On the wall of one cell I counted upwards of 500 of these marks. On the wall of another of the cells was written, "Francisco Jose Curvalho, entered here the last day of March, 1809, and remained as many days as there are strokes in the wall." On the wall of another cell there was written "John Laycock;" the name had been covered with white-wash, which had scaled off. There were a number of strokes under the name, and the figures 18 were easily made out; the others were obliterated. Some of the cells, which had not been used for several years, were locked up, but the visitants soon broke them open. Human bones were found in many of these. In one was found part of a friar's habit, with a waist girdle of rope and some bones. The apertures, like chimneys, in some of the cells were closed; and I have been informed that it was a common mode of putting prisoners to death, to place them in these apertures, which were then walled up, and quick lime being poured in from the top, a speedy end was put to their sufferings. The furniture is very old; the chairs in the halls are covered with leather, studded all round with very large brass nails. I send you a piece of leather with one of these nails, taken from one of the best chairs. The large tables in the halls had drawers for papers; these the visitants broke open, every one being desirous of obtaining some relic of the once terrible Inquisition. In several of the cells there were mattresses, some of them old, others nearly new; which proves that the Inquisition was no bugbear up to a very recent date. Besides the three floors which I have described, there are a number of cells underground, which have not yet been opened.

"These, it is supposed, contain the apparatus for inflicting the torture, &c.—It is understood that these will shortly be thrown open to the public; when they are, I shall not fail to visit them, and shall send you a description. The spot on which the Inquisition stands was covered with houses in 1755, when the great earthquake happened, by which they were laid in ruins; so that the present building has not been erected more than sixty years, and all the victims that were immolated in it must have been sacrificed within that period."

For an account of the origin of the Inquisition, and a statement of the number of its victims, see *The Literary Chronicle*, Nos. 47, and 54.—Ed.

ORIGIN OF THE PRIDE OF RANK.

By the REV. G. TOWNSHEND.

I know that I shall indeed be deemed fanciful, if I merely hint at the possible origin of a strange peculiarity in the history of the human race,—the origin of pride of rank. The tables of pedigree were carefully preserved among the Jews, that the line in which the Messiah was to descend might be kept distinct; and the genealogy of the priests be recorded, to prevent the intrusion of improper persons into the sacred office. The tables of pedigree were handed down from the beginning, and, either in tradition or in letters, must have been preserved among the Patriarchs. The first beginnings of idolatry were, an attempt to set aside the acknowledged line of the future Messiah. Nimrod assumed the title of 'the Son;' assuming, most probably, as Mr. Faber with much ingenuity has attempted to prove, the name and office of their expected Messiah. To effect this, he must have been able to make out some title from his descent, which was from Ham, the eldest son of Noah; who, according to the usual customs of the Patriarchs, would have inherited the birth-right; one of the privileges of which was, to be the progenitor of the branch from which one parent of the Messiah was to descend. The Patriarchs esteemed that line of descent to be the most noble, from which the Messiah was to be born: the excluded tribes would not easily resign their claims; they too, therefore, would preserve their line of descent, and the ambition of being supposed to have descended from some celebrated ancestor would have become universal. Ishmael, for instance, as the first-born of Abraham, is said, by the best commentators, to have derided Isaac, because he claimed the inheritance and the birth-right, which were allotted to Isaac. The Arabians still commemorate the immediate descendants of Ishmael, and boast of their lofty descent; and there is much traditional evidence on record to show that it is not improbable that they remembered and asserted in those early times the claims of their progenitor. The Edomites undoubtedly opposed Israel on this account; and we know that this family were so tenacious of their pedigree, that it has even been inserted by Moses in the sacred canon; as if to prove to the surrounding nations at the time when the Pentateuch was written, by the miracles which he wrought, that the line of Esau was re-

jected, and that of Jacob approved. The people of Edom must have known that the ancestors enumerated in their tables, had apostatised from the worship of Jehovah, and could bring no proof that they were entitled to the birth-right, except the sole circumstance, that their father had been the elder born of Isaac. In opposition to this claim, he relates, minutely, the sale of his birth-right by Esau; the subsequent blessing of Isaac; the perseverance of Jacob and his family in the true religion; the uninterrupted pedigree of Jacob; and the evident proofs of a miraculous nature, by which God confirmed the right of the second brother to the forfeited inheritance of the elder. Though it is true that men wish to be renowned, as partaking in some measure of the honour of their fathers, yet when these tables of pedigree were first formed, little or no temptation of this kind existed. They were compiled for political and religious purposes; and were, therefore, entirely independent of any of those feelings which are the offspring of a more advanced stage of society. All this, however, is a theory which may be rejected at pleasure. The fact is certainly curious, that in the very earliest ages men should be so anxious to preserve the respective tables of descent, and identify themselves with the names of their fathers. *Classical Journal*, No. XLVII.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS.

The following stanzas were written to describe the feelings of an early acquaintance of the author's, who married a female in circumstances much beneath his own: he raised her from a state of poverty to comparative affluence, and treated her with the utmost kindness.—But what avails kindness when the heart is vicious? She left him, to mourn, too late, his weakness and the inconstancy of woman.

'Tis done, and thou hast left the heart

That beat for thee alone,

And I have lost my better part,

And now am sad and lone;

A friendless being 'mid the group—

Who compass me around,—

A wither'd tree condemn'd to drop

Beneath a careless wound.

It was not kind, it was not well

To fill my breast with care;

Thou'dst think'st, couldst thou view the hell

The crime has planted there.

I thought thy beauty firm'd to bless,

Nor deem'd thee what thou art;

I snatch'd thee from a wilderness,

And placed thee in my heart.

When wild ideas fly apace,

Along my aching brain,

I took thee as an antidote,
But thou hast prov'd my bane.

I might have cull'd full many a flower
Of fairer tint than thee;
I might have known a happier hour,
But now it ne'er can be.

Thou wert my heav'n's, my life, my love,—
All others I despis'd;
My place on earth, my hopes above
For thee I've sacrificed.

I laid my head at night to rest
In confidence by thine,
Nor deem'd there dwelt within thy breast
A thought to injure mine.

And thus hast thou my love repaid,
Thus perfected thy vow;
And thus hast thou my bosom made
The soulless thing 'tis now.

There heaves no heart in this wide world
Will feel one throb for me;
None from so lov'd a throne is hurl'd
As that I found in thee.

Yet would I not that throne regain,
Tho' deep the pangs I feel;—
I grant ye, it might ease my pain,
But never could it heal.

'Tis fixt within me far too deep,—
It dwells upon my breath;
Naught can remove it but that sleep,
Mismam'd by many death.

That slumber were more welcome now
Than any I have known
Before or since the time when thou
First saidst thou wast my own.

I need not tell thee what I felt
When came that lovely night,
And on each look, each word I dwelt,
In rapturous delight.

E'en now I feel it thrilling sweet
Along each glowing vein;—
Away the thought—I cannot meet
That look, that smile again.

Imagine all the breast can feel
In chains of rapture bound;
Perhaps that vision may reveal
A feeling yet unfound.

Imagine all the soul can know
Before its Maker's shrine,
When he forgives its deeds below—
And 'twill not equal mine.

Then smile not that I'm wretched now,
Nor sneer at what I bear,
Nor raise thy once angelic brow
In scorn of my despair.

When I am low, perhaps thou wilt
Remember me with grief,
And mourn thy deed, so cloth'd in guilt
It mocks at all relief.

O woman! woman! lovely thing,
Who prizes thee too much
Will find thou bear'st the viper's sting,—
There's ruin in thy touch.

Thy smile is but the deadly smile
The face of ocean wears;
Thy glance the unweakening wine
The tyger's eye-ball bears.

O, shun her smiles, as you would shun
The fiend that works your ill,
And you will find, as I have done,
Yourself a victor still.

For fatal is the pleasing thrill
She causes o'er the mind;

Take of her joys whate'er you will
There's bitterness behind.

I found it such,—ye 'll find it so,—
Ye 'll feel as I have felt;
The icy column of your woe
No sun of joy shall melt.

But thou, false woman, if thou e'er
Shalt know one hour of thought,
Oh! pause amid thy wild career,
And sorrow as thou ought.

I would not wish thee wretched, tho'
My peace thou hast destroy'd,
Nor would I that thy breast should know
In mine the dreary void.

There are but few—there breathe but few
Who grieve at my distress,
And fewer still are they who know
Or felt its bitterness.

And fewer still are they who feel
The agony it brings;
And fewer yet, who wish to heal
Or rid it of its stings.

The time has been—the time is now,
When I must feel it more,
Nor knows my aching bosom how
It bore it so before.

Then come what will, or come what may,
That bosom shall not shrink;—
Some tell me of a better day—
Of that I dare not think.

That day has past, and I am thrown
Upon the restless sea:
Alas! so desolate and lone
I never thought to be.

There was a time when fortune's dart
Hath no remembrance left;
But what avails it now,—the heart
Of every joy bereft.

But tell me, tell me not of joy,—
Away, away the thought;
To me 'twas but a foolish toy,
Alas! too dearly bought.

With it I busy'd my spirits up,
Nor thought upon the past,
I quaff'd the sweet, the poisonous cup—
Oh, would it were the last!

Far, far away my footsteps roam,
In wild and hostile climes;
But these are better than the home
Polluted by thy crimes.

Farewell, for ever—oh, farewell,
Once dear and lovely!—Yet
I would, but cannot wish thee well!
Thought dares me to forget.

SAM SPRITRAIL.

Fine Arts.

*Assassination of L. S. Dentatus,
painted by B. R. Haydon, drawn
on Wood and engraved by his pupil,
WILLIAM HARVEY.*

It has been too much the fashion to speak very slightly of wood engravings. Mr. Harvey will, however, by this single performance, redeem that branch of the Fine Arts from neglect: for it is not only one of the largest, but is, on the whole, the finest wood engraving we ever saw.

The art of wood engraving, which is now beginning to be duly cultivated, and will be more so, when it is seen from this picture of how much it is capable, is much older than copper-plate engraving. The first engraving on wood, of which we have any record in Europe, is that of 'The Actions of Alexander,' by the two Cunio, which was executed about the year 1285. These were eight in number, of a good size, being about nine inches by six. In a frontispiece, decorated with fanciful ornaments, there is an inscription which states these engravings to have been by 'Alessandro Alberico Cunio Cavaliere and Isabella Cunio, twin brother and sister,' and that they were 'first executed in relief with a small knife, on blocks of wood made even and polished by this learned and dear sister; continued and finished by us together at Ravenna, from the eight pictures of our invention, painted at times larger than here represented; engraved, explained by verses, and thus marked upon the paper to perpetuate the number of them, and to enable us to present them to our relations and friends in testimony of gratitude, friendship, and affection. All this was done and finished by us when only sixteen years of age.'

Such was the origin of wood engraving; the art, thus early discovered, owed its greatest improvements to the Germans. Albert Durer, Scharschellen, Burgman, and other able masters of the German school drew the designs upon the blocks, and left the cutting to the ordinary engravers. The engravers of the present day seldom draw themselves, but get the designs executed upon the wood by some other artist. It was not so, however, with Mr. Harvey, who, we believe, was a pupil of the celebrated Bonick, of Newcastle—a name dear to the Fine Arts, and which is intimately connected with the history of wood engraving.

The original picture, one of the best painted by Mr. Haydon, is so well known and the subject so familiar to every reader, that we need not revert either to history or the merit of the painting. The drawing, from which the engraving has been executed, was made by Mr. Harvey himself, and we recollect it as one of the most exquisite we ever witnessed. All the spirit of the drawing, and, we had almost said, all the beauty of the original picture, have been transferred to the wood block, at least as closely as we conceive engraving of any kind can ap-

proach painting. The expression and anatomy are so excellent, and every varied texture, whether of flesh, air, fur, or metal, is so distinctly marked, that we are quite astonished at the art which approaches so near to reality.

This engraving, which places Mr. Harvey in the first rank of British artists, also places the British school of wood engraving above every other in the world.

Statue to the Memory of the Duke of Kent.

It will be recollected that soon after the death of that amiable member of our royal family, the Duke of Kent, a subscription was opened for the purpose of erecting a statue to his memory. This subscription amounted to 1300*l.*, and a committee was appointed to carry the object into execution. Several models were submitted to the committee, (for it was open to competition, and not the job of an artist,) and that by Sebastian Gabagan being most approved of, it was adopted. The statue is now nearly ready for public inspection. The duke appears in an erect posture, standing in his robes, underneath which the uniform of a field marshal is conspicuously blended. His Royal Highness leans on a pedestal. The right arm reclines on the Bible; the left supports the flowing drapery, underneath which appear the arms of the House of Guelf. The pedestal is composed of a pure block of Aberdeen granite. There is in the countenance a mingled expression of august dignity, pious awe, and chastened ecstacy, which gives an air of sublimity to the whole. No place is yet fixed upon for its erection; but it is supposed, that the crescent, at the top of Portland-place, will be the spot selected.

The Ladies' Monument to commemorate the Victories of the British Arms in the Peninsula.

* Who would fill a coward's grave when heroes are so distinguished that even ladies express their admiration, not merely as Desdemona did of the exploits of Othello, but in erecting splendid monuments to perpetuate their well-earned glories. It is now, we believe, about six or seven years since a very liberal subscription was raised by the ladies of Great Britain for this purpose; and the stupendous and magnificent work of art for which they contributed is now completed, and will shortly occupy the place of

the 'Regent's Bomb' in St. James's Park.

The monument is a colossal statue, eighteen feet high, and is cast from cannon taken during the war. The original of the figure is on the Monte Cavallo; it is naked and in an attitude of defiance not unlike the gladiator. In the right hand is a Roman sword, and on the left arm an orbicular shield. A massive fold of drapery falls over the left arm; and behind the body of the statue on the right side is placed the cuirass and armour, about seven feet high, which is introduced for the purpose of balancing the height of the figure. The figure is not so muscular as the Hercules of Praxiteles, but it has the fulness and energy of youth. The statue weighs three tons, and has been executed by Mr. Richard Westmacott, R. A.

Such is the description (stripped of a few embellishments) given in some of the papers of the 'Ladies Monument.' Of its merits as a work of art we will not speak until we have seen it, which, we confess, we have not; but we shall make a few remarks on the propriety of habiting a British hero or a statue to commemorate British victories in a Roman costume. We admire the prowess and military talents of the Romans, but is there any thing more glorious in their whole history, in this respect, than Wellington and the band of heroes who fought with him in the Peninsula exhibited? Did Fabius evince more caution, or Caesar and Scipio overcome greater difficulties, or gain more glorious triumphs than the hero of Waterloo? Why, then, shall we erect a Roman statue to perpetuate a British triumph? The Greeks and Romans did better: the statues they erected in honour of their heroes portrayed not only the countenance but the national costume; and what was a laudable custom in ancient Greece and Rome, that of perpetuating their manners and their customs, is not unworthy of our imitation.

The antiquary, when searching the ruins of Herculaneum, of Pompeii, of Palmyra, of Athens, or of the splendid monuments of antiquity in Egypt, values every relic he finds, not so much for the mere stone or marble, or even for its age, but that it enables him to form a more correct opinion of the Romans, the Greeks, or the Egyptians;—the form it wears being some contribution towards illustrating the manners and customs of the people, the great object of his researches. Let

us, by anticipation, transport ourselves to the year 2821, a thousand years hence. Every thing at present breathing in the world will then have returned to its primitive dust, and scarcely an existing establishment will rear its head. Let us picture to our imagination the curious (of God knows what people) searching in the dust for some relics, and, meeting with those of the present generation, they find the 'Ladies' Monument' to perpetuate British victories, mutilated sadly no doubt: What will be their opinion of our taste and their disappointment, when they find a British hero, not in the dress of his time—not in the dress of his country, but in the inappropriate habit of a Roman. The inscription may, perhaps, assure them for what it was intended, but they must condemn it as a strange instance of perverted taste, and rank us very differently from what we rank ourselves.

* They order these matters better in France.' The celebrated piece of sculpture, erected to the memory of General Desaix, who fell at Marengo, combines all the grace and expression of the Greek school, but in strict union with the French costume. We there see the brave Desaix as it were in the agonies of death, habited as he really died, and surrounded with the genuine emblems of his profession, and which, in future ages, will be doubly valuable for their fidelity. With us the case is different: in our public monument 'the voice [inscription] is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau.'

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—On Tuesday evening Mr. Kean appeared in a new character, a circumstance which always attracts considerable interest among the lovers of the drama. It was that of De Montfort, in Mrs. Joanna Baillie's tragedy of that name. It is generally known that, many years ago, this lady wrote a series of dramas, not intended for the stage, entitled 'Plays on the Passions,' in which it was attempted to construct each play on some particular passion of the mind. That of De Montfort was founded on hatred, one of the most repulsive of all the passions. It is now, we believe, twenty-one years since this tragedy was tried on the stage, when the principal characters were sustained by Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons; their talents carried it through a few nights; since

which time De Montfort has been read and admired in the closet. It has now been re-modelled by the fair author herself, and produced a second time: of the policy of this we say little, though it might have suggested itself, that what failed in the hands of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, was not likely to be very successful with Mr. Kean and Mrs. Egerton. It must, however, be admitted, that the character of De Montfort was not suited to the talents of Kemble; for although he was the 'noblest Roman of them all,' he was incapable of expressing sullen hate or undignified revenge, and such are the pictures of De Montfort's character. As it is long since the tragedy appeared, we shall give an outline of the story:—

The temper of De Montfort, which was naturally amiable, has been clouded and his health injured by an unaccountable hatred which he conceives against the Marquis Rezenvelt, (Mr. Cooper), a nobleman resident in the neighbourhood. Lady Jane, (Mrs. Egerton), De Montfort's sister, observed the dejected and changed character of her brother, without knowing the cause; but her affectionate kindness keeps his feelings under some restraint. De Montfort and Rezenvelt quarrel,—a duel ensues,—the former is disarmed by Rezenvelt, who, however, gives him his life, and afterwards they meet at a splendid fete given by Count Freberg, (Mr. Barnard.) Here Lady Jane mingles with the company, disguised under a veil. De Montfort not recognizing her, pays her particular attention, but afterwards discovers she is his sister, and confesses to her his hatred of Rezenvelt; a temporary reconciliation is effected; but De Montfort suspecting an attachment between his sister and Rezenvelt, his hatred revives with double force, and he secretly waylays and murders him, in the recesses of the forest. The murderer is seized and taken to a neighbouring convent, where Lady Jane and Freberg arrive, and witness his remorse and disgrace. The agony of De Montfort at last becomes too great for nature to sustain, and he expires by the side of his victim's corpse.

Although there is much vigorous and elegant language in this tragedy, yet we think its construction decidedly objectionable. In perceiving the diminutive seeds of hatred swelling till they extend to a base, foul, and unnatural murder, we seek for the cause; and what do we find? Why that Rezenvelt, a generous, gay, and amiable fellow, offended De Montfort when a school-boy; that in after life he became richer and more beloved; and that lastly, he twice gave this fiendish hero of a tragic tale, that life of which

he had twice sought to derive his unoffending friend. There is now another reason for De Montfort's hate alluded to in the renovated tragedy, that of Rezenvelt having thwarted him in love, but this is merely glanced at; and for the first three acts of the play we consider him a pitiable maniac, in the two last an atrocious monster. Mrs. Inchbald has said, that the author's talents 'invest with dignity this cowardly assassin, and he inspires a sublime horror to the last moment of his existence.' We differ, however, with this excellent critic, and think the horrors terrific but not sublime. The acting of Mr. Kean in this character will add another ray to that glory with which his 'brows are crowned.' There were scenes in which he gave such an appalling picture of those baneful passions, hatred and revenge, that we feared to look upon him, and almost instinctively shrank with horror from the frightful spectacle. In the scene in which he sees his sister walking with Rezenvelt, and watches all his attentions towards her until he takes her hand, his passion works him into an absolute phrenzy; and when, burning with rage, he rushes on his victim and is disarmed by him, the mortified disappointment which he felt was depicted in a style which we thought beyond the reach of art; and was only equalled by the expression of fixed despair, remorse, and anguish, which he exhibited in the convent when left alone with the cold corpse of his murdered victim.

The character of Jane de Montfort, which is as amiable as that of her brother is repulsive, was played with much judgment by Mrs. Egerton. We have seen Cooper to more advantage than in Rezenvelt, for which he has scarcely sufficient buoyancy. The other characters were well sustained, and the play was extremely well received by a crowded audience; the acting of Kean during the performance being frequently interrupted by the loudest plaudits. The tragedy was repeated on Wednesday and Thursday with increased effect.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Macready made his first appearance for the season at this theatre on Tuesday night, in Mr. Knowles' tragedy of *Virginia*. The return of this gentleman to the metropolis at a time when it is by no means rich in talent, is a subject of congratulation to the frequenters of the theatre; and he was welcomed, on his entry, with overwhelming applause.

The part of *Virginius* is one peculiarly suited to the powers of Mr. Macready; and, perhaps, he seldom exerted those powers more happily than on this evening. His pleadings before the consular throne, when urging his claims as the father of *Virginia*, were very energetic; and when *Illicius*, doubting that he would have the hardihood to stand the test of his claim to call *Virginia* daughter, exclaims, 'Sure he will not swear!' the tone and manner of the distracted father's reply—'To be sure he will!' electrified the house, and called down the most enthusiastic approbation. In the absence of Mr. Charles Kemble, who, we believe, has quitted this theatre for the Haymarket, Mr. Abbott assumed the part of *Illicius*, and, though certainly much inferior to his predecessor, exerted himself considerably, and, we had almost said, successfully; at all events, it would have been difficult to get a better representative of the character in the present company.—Mr. Young, who cannot play second, excepted, Mr. Foote was lovely as ever in *Virginius*, which is a character in which it always delights to see her.

The *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, converted into a sort of opera, like the *Comedy of Errors*, was produced at this theatre on Thursday evening, in a style of uncommon splendour. It is too late in the week for us to enter into details; but we may remark that the songs introduced are principally from the works of Shakespeare, and that the execution of them was entrusted to Miss M. Tree and Miss Hallande, who sustained the characters of *Julia* and *Sylvia*, and were warmly encored in several of the airs. *John's* *Valentine* was excellent, and *Luston's* *Launce* amusing but coarse. We had the aid of a large Newfoundland dog, 'Crab,' who played his part as well as the best of them. In the fourth act there is a great deal of rich and gorgeous scenery, representing the *Carmina*, the emblematical procession of the Seasons and the Elements, with *Thetis* and *Cleopatra's* galley, and the *new Cydnus*, and "all that." As a spectacle it was certainly excellent (it might have been a good substitute for a Christmas pantomime); but it was Mr. Farley's, and not Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; it was, however, quite successful.

SURREY THEATRE.—On Wednesday night Miss Macaulay had a beautiful success at this house, which, owing to the nature of the evening, was not as well attended

as her merits deserved. The play was *George Barnwell*, in which she supported the character of the infamous Millwood with great talent. *Le petit Sotier*, a melange which Miss Macauley has given with great success in other parts of the metropolis followed; and seemed to afford much gratification to the Surrey visitors.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—A new piece, from the pen of Mr. Mouchieff, was produced at this house, on Monday night, on a scale of magnificence which is seldom witnessed in a minor theatre. It is entitled *Tom and Jerry*, and is founded on Pierce Egan's *Life in London*, a work in high favour with 'the fancy.' The object of this piece is to represent, faithfully, the varied scenes which the metropolis presents; and this is done in twenty excellent scenes, exhibiting life in all its varieties, and 'showing the very age and ho of the time, its form and pressure.' The story is that of a young country gentleman, Squire Hawthorn, coming to London to see 'Life,' where his friends, Corinthian Tom and Bob Logic, take him to every place at which 'life' is to be seen, from Almack's down to the Noah's Ark in the Holy Land. The last scene presented a group of beggars, as well dressed for the purpose of exciting pity and operating on the feelings of the humane, as the Mendicity Society itself could collect: even the costume and the names of some of the most notorious of the London mendicants were preserved in this fac simile of a Beggar's Opera in St. Giles's. The scenery was excellent, and the performers exerted themselves with much spirit, particularly Wrench, Burroughs, and Wilkinson, the heroes of the piece; and Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Waylett, and Mrs. Hammersley, the heroines, assumed a variety of characters which they enacted very appropriately. Mr. Callaghan sustained, we believe, nine different characters, which, though extremely varied, he portrayed very happily. The house was crowded to excess before the rising of the curtain, and the piece is likely to prove a great favourite.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A new melodrama of extravagant but powerful interest, was produced at this theatre on Monday night: it is called *Le Solitaire, or The Recluse of the Alps*, and is adapted from a French piece now performing at Paris with great success; it is indebted for its English dress to Mr. Planché. The following is an outline of the story:—

Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, struck with remorse for the crime of murder, of which he had been guilty, determines to retire altogether from society, and, by a life of solitude and repentance, to endeavour to atone for his misdeeds; and he suddenly leaves his court, and takes up his abode in a lonely cottage on the summit of a portion of the Alps, called the Desert Mountain. Here he assumes the garb and habits of a recluse, but occasionally visits the poor inhabitants of the valley, alleviating their distresses and dispensing good to all, always, however, appearing closely disguised, and seldom exchanging a word with them. In this valley is situate the Priory of Underlach, the seat of D'Hertall, with whom is residing his niece, Eloise, the orphan child of St. Maur, who had been murdered by the Solitary. The fame of the Solitary has reached the priory, and his many acts of benevolence have already excited a strong interest in the mind of the fair Eloise; and he, having had opportunities of seeing her in her walks, is inspired with the strongest passion, but, conscious that his crimes preclude the possibility of a union, he resolves to watch over and protect her with the solicitude of a guardian angel. At this time, the Count de Palzo, an ambitious intriguing libertine, sees Eloise, becomes enamoured of her, and having obtained permission of the baron to rest a day or two at the priory, he employs his confidant, Michelli, and others of his vassals, to carry her off. The plan, however, is thwarted by the Solitary, who rescues her from the ruffians, and drives Michelli to the Desert Mountain, where he extorts from him all the villainous secrets of his master, with which he acquaints Eloise. De Palzo then asks Eloise in marriage, but she rejects him, and in an interview in the gardens of the priory, she discloses her knowledge of his secrets, at which he becomes furious, and is about to stab her, when she is again preserved by the intervention of the Solitary, who declares his passion to Eloise, and obtains an acknowledgment that it is reciprocal. Still the dreadful obstacles which his crimes present, rush upon his mind, and, after a powerful struggle, he resolves to leave her for ever, now that he has secured her from danger; and he accordingly returns to the mountain. De Palzo, meanwhile, attacks and fires the priory, and D'Hertall and Eloise escape to the Desert Mountain, where the Solitary ventures to solicit her in marriage; D'Hertall demands as a preliminary, that the Solitary should disclose his name and quality; the latter raises his vizor, and the Baron with horror discovers in the sutor of his niece, the seducer of his own child and the murderer of his brother. The Duke solicits forgiveness, but in vain: the Baron imprecates the heaviest curses upon his head. The discovery is too much for the tender-hearted Eloise; a death-chill comes over her, and she dies in the arms of the Duke.

From this sketch it will be seen that the piece abounds with striking situations, and with incidents of a powerfully interesting nature. Mr. H. Johnston, who made his first appearance at this theatre in the character of the Recluse, portrayed the conflicting passions which agitate the soul of Charles the Bold with great feeling, and Miss S. Booth made a powerful impression on the sympathies of the audience in her delineation of the feelings and emotions of the amiable and interesting, but ill-fated Eloise. Mr. Power was excellent in the Baron, particularly in the last scene.

The scenery deserves much praise, particularly the Summit of the Desert Mountain by moonlight, and a Mountainous Pass, with a distant View of the Devil's Bridge.

Literature and Science.

Professor Lee is preparing, in Persian and English, the whole controversy of Mr. Martyn with the learned in Persia, as a manual for missionaries, whereby they may establish the truth of the Scriptures against Mahomedanism.

Mr. I. G. Walker is engraving a Print, the Portrait of Dame Brettell, late of Twickenham, who lived to the age of 103 years, 10 months, and 24 days, enjoying her faculties to the last.

Singular Proof of the Efficacy of Soot in the Preservation of Animal Matter.—A short time since, on the removal of a board in the interior of a chimney in a gentleman's drawing-room in York, a pigeon was found that had been missing nearly five months. Its body had become quite hard, and the feathers so firmly attached to it, that, with the addition of a pair of glass eyes, it would have equalled almost any preservation in the finest collection of the feathered tribe.

Galvanic Phenomena.—The body of George Thom, who was executed at Aberdeen, last week, having, agreeably to his sentence, been given for dissection to Drs. Skene and Ewing, was subjected to a series of galvanic experiments, of which, with their results, we subjoin the following brief account:

The body was brought into the dissecting-room, about an hour after suspension, and still retained nearly its natural heat. The upper part of the spinal cord and the sciatic nerve were immediately laid bare, and a galvanic arc was then established, by applying the positive wire to the spine, and the negative to the Sciatic nerve

when a general convulsive starting of the body was produced. Another communication was then made between the spine and the ulnar nerve, and considerable contractions took place in the arm and fore-arm. When the circle was formed with the spine and radial nerve, both at the elbow and wrist successively, powerful contractions of the muscles of the whole arm and hand were produced. The hand was closed with such violence, as to resist the exertions of one of the assistants to keep it open. When a connexion was established between the radial nerve and the supra and infra orbital nerves, strong contractions of the muscles of the brow, face, and mouth were produced, so as to affect the under jaw, and to distort the countenance in a very singular manner. The eye-lids were strongly contracted; and when the wire was applied directly to the ball of the eye, the iris contracted and dilated very sensibly. A galvanic circle being formed, first between the par vagum and diaphragm, and then between that muscle and the great sympathetic, little obvious effect was produced. After applying galvanism directly to the nerves above-mentioned, the skin of the face was moistened with water, and, upon running the wire over different parts of it, similar effects were produced in the muscles of the face, as by direct communication made with the nerves. The tongue also moved in all directions, by touching the surface with the galvanic wire. The whole experiments were performed in about an hour and a quarter, when the heat of the body was considerably diminished. A powerful galvanic apparatus (consisting of about 300 pair of plates) was used; but, from not being insulated, a considerable quantity of the galvanism escaped, so that every metallic substance about the table was highly charged.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem despicimur aura dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

Specimen of the pun annoying:—Oxbery, in life in London, gets a box-o'-the-ear, upon which he exclaims—'Now am I a pickled donkey; I am ass-salted.'

One of his Majesty's frigates, I forget her name, being at anchor on a winter's night in a tremendous gale of wind, the ground broke and she began to drive. The lieutenant of the watch ran down to the captain, awoke him from his sleep, and told him the anchor had come home;—'Well,' cried the captain, rubbing his eyes, 'I think our anchor is perfectly right, for who the devil would stay out in such a night as this.'—*Sam Spritsail.*

Thesaurus relates, in his history, that at the siege of Groningen, in 1594,

at the moment when the besiegers were ready to fire a cannon, and had applied the match, a ball fired from the garrison entered the mouth of the cannon, and, without doing any mischief, was re-discharged from the cannon which it had entered!

In the 7th year of the reign of William the Third, there was a tax of 30l. upon the birth of a duke, and two shillings upon that of a common person; for the burial of a duke 50l.—a common person four shillings.

French Modesty.—It is related by a Latin historian, (says the editor of a Paris paper) that in every one of the great exploits which added to the lustre of the Roman arms, a Gaul has always been present. In spite of the partizans who would degrade this race, it is evident that we have not degenerated.—We can with pride affirm, that Frenchmen have been found in all places where dangers were to be encountered, or glory gained. It is to French refugees that the inhabitants of New Orleans attribute the honour of the victory which they gained over the English. They were Frenchmen who assisted in gaining the battle that insured the independence of Chili.—There was also a Frenchman in that glorious and sacred battalion which was exterminated by the Turks, after it had made them purchase their shameful victory at so dear a rate. His name was Bordinier, and he died on the field of battle, after performing prodigies of valour. At that time fortune was not favourable to the ranks which contained a child of France. But men, who so often conquer, are worthy of dying at Thermopylae.

Carolina Criminal Code.—At a sessions in Charlston, J. Hutton, for killing a Negro, was fined 50l. and G. Burrows and R. Welch, for Negro stealing, were sentenced to be hanged!

Anecdote.—In the hard frost in the year 1740, the Company of Vintners bought a large ox in Smithfield, to be roasted on the ice, on the river Thames. Mr. Hodgeson, a butcher in Saint James's Market, claimed the privilege of knocking down the beast, as a right inherent in his family, his father having knocked down the ox roasted on the river in the great frost 1684, and as he himself did that roasted in 1715, near Hungerford Stairs. The beast was fixed to a stake in the open market, and Mr. Hodgeson was dressed in a rich laced cambric apron, a silver steel, and a hat and feather, to perform his office!

At a sale of farming stock in Gloucestershire, the auctioneer gave the following poetical and extempore description of a beautiful cow:—

Long in her sides,—bright in her eyes,
Short in her legs,—thin in her thighs,
Big in her ribs,—wide in her ribs;
Full in her bosom,—small in her skin;
Long in her face,—fine in her tail,—
And never deficient in filling the pail.

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TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'MODERN Periodicals,' or the Vision of Peter Penefra; 'The Lily and the Rose,' 'Goth and Alice,' and 'Stanzas by Eliza,' in our next.

'Parish Feasting' shall be inserted in the course of a fortnight; our official duties, as churchwarden, will then have expired, and we shall be as much in love with economy as any of our neighbours.

The 'Sonnet on Life,' 'Search after Happiness,' the favours of Mr. Hart, J. W. D., G. A. N. Thomas (we wish it had been John Clare, and Mac, shall be inserted as early as we can make room for them).

S. T.'s 'Dove' must not find a resting place in our ark.

The author of the 'Fragments Dramatic' will find a letter at our office.

We wish some of our poetical friends would write any thing rather than birth-day odes, or have already a stock by us for every day in the year, and sonnets to fair ladies of all ages from 'the girl of fifteen to the widow of 80.' Erratum: p. 737, c. 2, l. 12 from bottom, it 'near'st' read 'wear'st.'

London:—Published by J. Lindley, 35, North two doors East of Berkeley Square; where all communications are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid), are to be addressed to Mr. Lindley, 35, North two doors East of Berkeley Square; or to Messrs. Marshall, Stationers' Court; or to Messrs. Maltby, Graph, Liverpool; and by all the principal Booksellers in the Kingdom, and at the well known Court, Curry Street.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 134. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1821. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Illustrations of Biblical Literature; exhibiting the History and Fate of the Sacred Writings, from the earliest Period to the present Century; including Biographical Notices of Translators and other Eminent Biblical Scholars. By the Rev. James Townley, Author of *Biblical Anecdotes*. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1606. London, 1821.

NUMEROUS as the bibliographical and historical works are, in which the different versions of the Scriptures, their multiplied editions, and general history have been expressly considered or incidentally noticed, yet we do not recollect any that embraces so extensive, or we might add, so able a view of the subject as the work now before us. Though Mr. Townley is a clever investigator of biblical antiquities, and displays a research, deep, patient, and acute, yet his work is not merely a dry collection of facts, fit only for the studious, but it possesses a general interest, likely to rivet the attention of the desultory reader.

Mr. Townley, who was already favourably known to the public by his *'Biblical Anecdotes,'* has, in the present work, given a connected view of the history of biblical translations, and of the state of sacred literature from the earliest date to the commencement of the present century, with such occasional sketches of the manners and superstitions of the earlier ages, as serve to illustrate the advantages derivable from a more general dissemination of the Sacred Writings.

In the first part of the work, which contains the history of biblical literature 'from the giving of the law to the birth of Christ,' we have a most erudite and interesting account of the origin of writing, and the materials used at various periods and in different countries for that purpose. Mr. Townley does not think letters of merely human invention, but that Moses was instructed in the knowledge of alphabetical characters by di-

vine revelation. He thinks that the Hebrew, the Samaritan, the Syriac, and the Greek alphabets, have had but one author, and that the Samaritan is the oldest, its ancient characters being those originally in use among the Hebrews. In this character he supposes the Decalogue to have been inscribed on the tables of stone, and that it was continued in use among the Jews until the time of Ezra, when the Chaldee or present Hebrew characters was adopted. After noticing the engraving of the Decalogue on stone, by the order of Moses, and similar species of record since adopted,—as the celebrated laws of the Twelve Tables among the Romans, the engraving of laws on tables of brass, by the Greeks, &c. Mr. Townley thus traces the progress of writing:—

'According to Pliny, one of the most ancient methods of writing was upon the leaves of the palm tree, and afterwards upon the inner bark of trees. This mode of writing is still common in the east. In Tanjore and other parts of India, the Palmyra leaf is used, on which they engrave with an iron style or pen; and so expert are the natives, that they can write fluently what is spoken deliberately. They do not look much at their *ollas*, or leaves, while writing, the fibre of the leaf serving to guide the pen. The aptitude of the Christian Hindoos to copy the sermons they hear, is particularly noticed by the Rev. Dr. C. Buchanan, in his *Christian Researches*, p. 66, where he observes, that "whilst the Rev. Dr. John delivered an animated discourse in the Tamul tongue, many persons had their *ollas* in their hands, writing the sermon in Tamul shorthand." Dr. Francis Buchanan, in a valuable essay "on the religion and literature of the Burmas," informs us, that "in their more elegant books, the Burmas write on sheets of ivory, or on very fine white palmyra leaves. The ivory is stained black, and the margins are ornamented with gilding, while the characters are enamelled or gilded. On the palmyra leaves the characters are in general of black enamel, and the ends of the leaves and margins are painted with flowers in various bright colours. In their more common books, the Burmas, with an iron style, engrave their writing on palmyra leaves. A hole through both ends of each leaf serves to connect the whole into a

volume, by means of two strings, which also pass through the two wooden boards that serve for binding. In the finer binding of these kinds of books, the boards are lacquered, the edges of the leaves cut smooth and gilded, and the title is written on the upper board; the two cords are, by a *knot* or *jewel*, secured at a little distance from the boards, so as to prevent the book from falling to pieces, but sufficiently distant to admit of the upper leaves being turned back, while the lower ones are read. The more elegant books are in general wrapped up in silk cloth, and bound round by a garter, in which the Burmas have the art to weave the title of the book."

'A beautifully written Indian manuscript now lies before me. The characters are minute and neatly executed. They have been written or engraved so as to enter into the substance of the leaf. The ink is black. The whole is composed of seven distinct portions of leaf, each portion being 10½ inches in length and 1½ inch in breadth, the lines running parallel to each other from end to end of the leaf. Two holes are made in each leaf about six inches asunder. A string passed through the holes at each end, secures the whole; but the leaves being written on both sides, must be untied before they can be read.

'The Ceylonese sometimes make use of the palm-leaf, and sometimes of a kind of paper, made of bark, but most generally employ the leaf of the Talipot-tree. From these leaves, which are of immense size, they cut out slips, from a foot to a foot and a half long, and about a couple of inches broad. These slips are smoothed, and all excrescences paired off with a knife, and are then, without any other preparation, ready to be used. A fine pointed steel pencil, like a bodkin, and set in a wooden or ivory handle, is employed to write or rather to engrave their letters on these talipot slips, which are very thick and tough; and in order to render the writing distinct and permanent, they rub them over with oil mixed with pulverized charcoal. They afterwards string several slips together, by a piece of twine passed through them, and attach them to a board in the same way as we file newspapers. In those letters or dispatches which were sent by the King of Candy to the Dutch government, the writing was inclosed in leaves of beaten gold, in the shape of a cocoa-tree leaf. This was rolled up in a cover richly orna-

ment, and almost hid in a profusion of pearls and other precious stones. The whole was inclosed in a box of silver or ivory, which was sealed with the king's great seal.

Diogenes Siculus affirms, that the Persians of old wrote all their records on *skins*; and Herodotus, who flourished more than five hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, informs us, that sheep skins and goat skins were made use of in writing by the ancient Ionians. Mr. Yeates even thinks it exceedingly probable, that the very autograph of the Law written by the hand of Moses, was upon prepared skins. In Exodus xxvi. 14. we read that *rams' skins*, dyed red, made part of the covering for the tabernacle; and it is a singular circumstance, that in the year 1806, Dr. Claudius Buchanan obtained from one of the *synagogues* of the black Jews, in the interior of Malaya, in India, a very ancient manuscript roll, containing the major part of the Hebrew Scriptures, written upon goats' skin, mostly dyed red; and the Cabul Jews, who travel annually into the interior of China, remarked that, in some *synagogues*, the Law is still found written on a roll of leather, not on vellum, but on a soft flexible leather made of goats' skins, and dyed red. Of the six *synagogue* copies of the *Pentateuch* in rolls, which are all at present known in England, exclusive of those in the possession of the Jews, five are upon skins or leather, and the other upon vellum. One of these is in the Collegiate Library at Manchester, and has never been collated. It is written upon *baal*, or brown African skins, and measures in length one hundred and six feet, and is about twenty inches in breadth. The letters are black and well preserved, and the whole text is without points, accents, or marginal additions.

The skins of *fishes* were also sometimes employed for writing upon; and Zonaras relates, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer were written upon the *intestines of a serpent*, in characters of gold, forming a roll one hundred feet in length. This singular work is said to have been consumed in the dreadful fire which happened at Constantinople in the fifth century, and destroyed nearly the whole city, together with the library, containing twenty thousand volumes.

From Job xix. 24, it appears to have been usual in his day, to write or engrave upon plates of *lead*, which might easily be done with a pen or graver or style of iron, or other hard metal. Montfaucon assures us, that in 1699, he bought, at Rome, a book entirely of lead, about four inches long by three inches wide. Not only the two pieces which formed the cover, but also all the leaves, in number six, the stick inserted into the rings which held the leaves together, the hinges, and the nails, were all of lead, without exception. It contained Egyptian Gnostic figures and unintelligible writing.

The *Works and Days* of Hesiod are

also said to have been inscribed on a *lead* table, carefully preserved in the Temple of the Muses, which, when shewn to Pausanias, was almost entirely corroded through age. According to Pliny, the public documents were written in leaden volumes after the use of the puggillares, or wooden tablets, had been laid aside. Thin plates of lead, reduced to a very great degree of tenacity by the mallet, were occasionally used, particularly for epistolary correspondence. Enes Poliorceticus tells us, that they were beaten with a hammer until they were rendered very thin and pliable; that they were sometimes sewed up between the soles of the shoes; that even the messenger who carried them was ignorant of the circumstance; and that while he slept, the correspondent to whom they were addressed unsewed the shoes, read the letters, replaced others, and thus carried on a secret intercourse without suspicion.

It was also an ancient practice to write upon thin smooth planks, or tables of wood. Pliny says that table-books of wood were in use before the time of Homer. The Chinese, before the invention of paper, engraved with an iron tool upon thin boards, or upon bamboo; and in the Sloanian Library at Oxford, are six specimens of Kufic, or ancient Arabic writing, on boards about two feet in length and six inches in depth.

The original manner of writing among the ancient Britons was by cutting the letters with a knife upon sticks, which were most commonly squared, and sometimes formed into three sides; consequently, a single stick contained either four or three lines. (See Ezek. xxxvii. 16.) Several sticks, with writing upon them, were put together, forming a kind of frame, which was called *Peithyen*, or *Elucidator*, and was so constructed that each stick might be turned for the facility of reading, the end of each running out alternately on both sides of the frame. A continuation of this mode of writing may be found in the *Runic*, or *Log Almanacks* of the Northern States of Europe, in which the engraving on square pieces of wood has been continued to the present time. A late writer informs us, the Boors of *Æsel*, an island of the Baltic Sea, at the entrance of the Gulph of Livonia, continue the practice of making these rude calendars for themselves; and that they are in use likewise in the Isles of *Ruhn* and *Mohn*. Two curious specimens of the *Runic Almanacks* are in the Collegiate Library at Manchester.

Bishop Nicholson, in his English Historical Library, remarks,—“The Danes (as all other ancient people of the world) registered their more considerable transactions upon *rocks*, or on parts of them hewn into various shapes and figures. On these they engraved such inscriptions as were proper for their heathen altars, triumphal arches, sepulchral monuments, and genealogical histories of their ancestors. Their writings of less concern, as

letters, almanacks, &c. were engraved upon wood; and because Berch was not plentiful in Denmark, (though Fir and Oak he so in Norway and Sweden) and most commonly employed in these services, from the word *bog*, which, in their language, is the name of that sort of wood; they and all other northern nations have the name of *book*. The poorer sort used *bark*, and the *horns* of rein-deer and elk were often finely polished, and shaped into books of several leaves. Many of their old calendars are likewise upon *bones* of beasts and fishes; but the inscriptions on tapestry, bells, parchment, and paper, are of later use.”

A singular custom still prevails at *Pamber*, near *Basingstoke*, in *Hampshire*. The court-leet holden annually for that manor, is opened *rud die*, in a small piece of ground called *Lady-Mead*, which belongs to the tithingman for the year. Thence an adjournment is made to a neighbouring public-house. The proceedings of the court are recorded on a piece of wood, called a *tally*, about three feet long, and an inch and a half square, furnished every year by the steward. One of these singular records, was some time ago produced in evidence in a law-suit at *Winchester*. The mode of keeping accounts by *tallies*, or clef pieces of wood, in which the notches are cut on one piece conformably to the other, one part being kept by the creditor, the other by the debtor, is still practised in many parts of England, in particular cases. A tally continues to be given by the Exchequer, to those who pay money there upon loans; hence the origin of the *teller*, or tally-writer of the Exchequer; and also of the phrase—*to tally*, to fit, to suit, or answer exactly.

The Scythians also conveyed their ideas by marking or cutting certain figures and a variety of lines upon splinters or billets of wood; and amongst the *Lacedæmonians*, the *scytale lacemonia*, which they made use of to write their secret letters. In the *Apocrypha*, (2 *Esdra*s, xiv. 24, 31, 44) we read of a considerable number, i. e. two hundred and four books being made of box-wood, and written upon in the official by certain swift writers. *Aulus Gellius* (lib. ii. c. 12) says, that the ancient laws of *Solon*, preserved at *Athens*, were cut in tablets of wood, and denominated *axones*. These were quadrangular, and so contrived as to turn on axes, and to present their contents on all sides to the eyes of the passers. The laws on those wooden tables, as well as those on stone, were inscribed after the manner called *boustrophædon*; that is, the first line beginning from right to left, or from left to right, and the second in an opposite direction, as ploughmen trace their furrows.

A similar mode of writing was in use among the ancient Irish, by which it was called *Cionn-fa-dia*. [From

disused by the Greeks about four hundred and fifty-seven years before the Christian era, but the Irish retained it to a much later period. Mr. Townley is of opinion, that several of the prophets wrote upon tablets of wood:—

"In the year 483, during the reign of the Emperor Zeno, the remains of St. Barnabas are said to have been found near Salamis, with a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew, in Hebrew, laid upon his breast, written with his own hand, upon leaves of thyme-wood, a kind of wood particularly odoriferous and valuable. (Suid. Lex. v. *Θύμιν*) Tablets of this kind were generally covered with wax, sometimes also with chalk or plaster; and written upon with styles or bodkins. In epistolary correspondence, they were tied together with thread, and the seal put upon the knot. These tablets, when collected and fastened together, composed a book called *codex* or *caudex*, i. e. a trunk, from its resemblance to the trunk of a tree, sawed into planks; but when they consisted of only two leaves, they were termed *libri diptychi*.

"Waxen tablets continued to be occasionally used till a very late period. Du Cange cites the following lines from a French Medieval Romance, written about A. D. 1376:—

"Les uns se prennent à écrire,
Des gressés en tables de cire;
Les autres suivent la coutume
De former lettres à la plume.

Some with the antiquated style;
On waxen tablets promptly write;
Others, with finer pen, the while
Form letters lovelier to the sight."

"There are many ample and authentic records of the royal household of France, of the 13th and 14th centuries, still preserved, written on *waxen tablets*. In the religious houses in France, they were constantly kept for temporary notation, and for registering the capitular acts of the monasteries. Specimens of wooden tables, filled up with wax, and constructed in the fourteenth century, were formerly preserved in several of the monastic libraries. Some of these contained the household expenses of the sovereigns, &c. and consisted of as many as twenty pages, formed into a book by means of parchment bands glued to the backs of the leaves. One remaining in the Abbey of St. Germaine Des-prés, at Paris, recorded the expenses of Philip le Bel, during a journey that he made in the year 1307, on a visit to Pope Clement V: a single leaf of this table-book is exhibited in the *Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*, tom. i. p. 468. Amongst the monks of St. Victor, of Paris, where the rule of silence was rigorously observed, certain signs were enjoined, to prevent the necessity of speaking; Du Cange, (*v. Signa*.) notices many of them, and among others, those by which they asked for the style and tablet. In an account-roll of Winchester College, for the year 1395,

there is an article of disbursement, for a tablet covered with *green wax*, to be kept in the chapel for noting down with a style, the respective courses of duty alternately assigned to the officers of the choir. Shakespeare alludes to this mode of writing, in his "Timon of Athens:—

"— My free drift
Hails not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax."

"Even so late as A. D. 1718, several of the collegiate bodies in France, especially the chapter of the Cathedral of Rouen, retained these tablets, for the purpose of marking the successive rotation of the ministers of the choir.

"Tables, or table-books, were sometimes made of *state*, in the form of a small portable book, with leaves and clasps. Such a one is engraved in Gesner's treatise *De Rerum Fossilibus Figuris*, &c. Tigur, 1565, 12mo. and copied by Douce, in his illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 227. The learned author thus describes it:—"Pugillaris è laminis saxi nigri fissilibus, cum stylo ex eodem. A table-book made of thin plates of black stone, with a style of the same material."

"By a law among the Romans, the edits of the senate were directed to be written on tablets of *ivory*, thence denominated *libri elephanti*. And Pliny, (*lib. viii. ch. iii.*) says, that from want of the teeth of the elephant, which are alone of ivory, they had lately begun to saw the bones of that animal.

"Dr. Shaw, (*Travels*, p. 194.) informs us, that in Barbary, the children who are sent to school write on a smooth thin board, slightly daubed over with whitening, which may be wiped off or renewed at pleasure, and thus learn to read, to write, and get their lessons by heart, all at the same time. The Copts, who are employed by the great men of Egypt, in keeping their accounts, &c. make use of a sort of pasteboard for that purpose, from which the writing is occasionally wiped off with a wet sponge. References to a similar mode of writing are frequent in Scripture: see particularly Numbers, v. 23; Nehemiah, xiii. 14. *et al.* In India, it has been the practice from time immemorial, to teach children to read by writing in sand; and from thence are derived some parts of the present Madras and Lancasterian systems of instruction, practised by the Rev. Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster."

"When the ancient Egyptians designed their writings to last, they used linen rags; several specimens of which are preserved in the British Museum, and other depositories of antiquities:—

"The bark of trees is another material which has been employed in every age and quarter of the globe; and was called *Xylocharton*, by the Greeks. Before the use of the papyrus became general, the bark of the *phylira*, a species of the linden tree, was frequently made use of for

writing upon; and books written on it existed in the third century. The bark of oak was also used for the same purpose. Hence the Latins called a book *liber*, which signifies the *inner bark* of a tree; and the Greeks used the word *Φλοιός* (*Phloios*), which also means bark.

"The use of bark for this purpose still prevails in some parts of Asia; thus the sacred books of the Burmans are sometimes composed of thin stripes of bamboo, delicately plaited, and varnished over in such a manner as to form a smooth and hard surface upon a leaf of any dimensions: this surface is afterwards gilt, and the sacred letters are traced upon it in black and shining japan; the margin is illuminated by wreaths and figures of gold on a red, green, or black ground. The Battas also, one of the nations who inhabit the island of Sumatra, form their books of the inner bark of a certain tree; one of which, in the Batta character, is in the Sloanian Library, (No. 4726.) written in perpendicular columns, on a long piece of bark, folded up so as to represent a book.

"Of the several kinds of PAPER, used at different periods, and manufactured from various materials, the Egyptian is unquestionably the most ancient. The exact date of its discovery is unknown; and even the place where it was first made is matter of dispute. According to Isidore, it was first made at Memphis; and, according to others, in Seide, or Upper Egypt. It was manufactured from the inner films of the papyrus or *biblos*, a sort of flag or bulrush, growing in the marshes of Egypt. The outer skin being taken off, there are next several films or inner skins, one within another. These, when separated from the stalk, were laid on a table, and moistened with the glutinous waters of the Nile. They were afterwards pressed together, and dried in the sun.

From this papyrus it is, that what we now make use of to write upon hath also the name of *papyrus*, or paper; though of quite another nature from the ancient *papyrus*. Bruce, the well-known Abyssinian traveller, had in his possession a large and very perfect manuscript on papyrus, which had been dug up at Thebes, and which he believed to be the only perfect one known. "The boards," or covers for binding the leaves, "are," says he, "of papyrus root, covered first with the coarse pieces of the paper; and then with leather, in the same manner as it would be done now. It is a book one would call a small folio, rather than by any other name. The letters are strong, deep, black, and apparently written with a reed, as is practised by the Egyptians and Abyssinians still. It is written on both sides. I gave Dr. Woide leave to translate it, at Lord North's request; it is a Gnostic book, full of their dreams." The form of the book, in Mr. Bruce's possession, appears to be different from that in general use among the ancient Egyptians, for Pliny (*Lib. xiii. ch. xxiii.*) af-

firms, that the books made of papyrus were usually *rolled up*; and that every such roll consisted of an indefinite number of sheets, which were fastened together by glue, care being taken always to place the best sheet of papyrus first, that which was next in superiority second, and so in gradation to the last, which was the worst sheet in the roll. This practice is confirmed by an ancient Egyptian MS. taken from a mummy at Thebes, and preserved in the British Museum, which, before it was expanded in the manner in which it is now seen, was closely rolled up; and which, if held up to the light, will be perceived to have the first sheet composed of a much finer piece of papyrus, than any of the succeeding sheets. Manuscripts of this kind are by far the most ancient manuscripts which have reached our times. The few which have been found have been observed to lie close to the embalmed figure, underneath the resin and bandages, which have been employed to envelope the body. The mummies of distinguished persons, are said to be seldom without one of these rolls; and no mummy has been known to contain more than two.

Many manuscripts, written upon papyrus, have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum, which was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79. The manuscripts thus obtained are completely calcined, though by incredible labour and patience, fragments of some of them have been unrolled and copied.

Paper made of bark, is said to have been anciently used for the Imperial Protocols, in order to render the forging of false diplomas more difficult. Montfaucon notices a diploma, or charter, written on bark, in the *Longobardic* character, about the beginning of the eighth century, preserved in the library of Antony Capello, a Senator of Florence. It is a judgment given at *Reate*, about Guardianship. The parties contending are either *Goths*, or, as is more likely, *Lombards*; the judges are *Romans*. It is remarkable, that the date was originally inserted in it; but has been defaced by a mouse gnawing it, as it lay rolled up: it is, however, one of the first charters in which the Christian computation has been used. The Chinese generally make their paper from the bark of the bamboo and other trees; but occasionally manufacture it from other substances, as hemp, wheat, or rice straw, the cocoons of silk-worms, and even *old paper*. The Rev. Robert Morrison, an English Protestant Missionary in China, sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1810, has translated into the Chinese language several portions of the Old and New Testament, some of which, beautifully printed on paper of Chinese manufacture, have been transmitted to England.

The Japanese make an exceedingly strong paper from the *morus papyrifera sativa*, or true paper-tree, by the Japanese called *kaadui*. Several other

eastern nations employ bark also, in the manufacture of paper.

A kind of paper has also been lately made of the *shavings of leather*. A sheet of it now lies before me, of a reddish yellow or orange colour; it is exceedingly tough, and will bear ink, but is rather greasy to the pen.

According to Montfaucon, *charta bombycina* or *cotton-paper*, was discovered towards the end of the ninth, or early in the tenth century. Casiri states paper to have been first manufactured in Bucharra; and that the Arabs ascribe its invention to Joseph Amru, in the year of the Hegira 88, of Christ 706. Other learned men have thought, that we are indebted for it to the Chinese, from whom it passed successively to the Indians, Persians, and Arabs; and by the latter was communicated to the western nations. The manufacture of cotton-paper is said to be still carried on to a considerable extent in the Levant.

Paper, fabricated from *linen rags*, is now used throughout Europe, and almost every part of the world whither Europeans have penetrated; and is a much more valuable material for writing upon than the *cotton-paper*. We are ignorant both of the inventor and of the date of this important discovery. Dr. Prideaux delivers it as his opinion, that *linen-paper* was brought from the east, because many of the oriental manuscripts are written upon it. Mabillon believes its invention to have been in the twelfth century. One of the earliest specimens of paper from linen rags, which has yet been discovered, is that in the possession of Pestel, Professor in the University of Rinteln, in Germany. It is a document, with the seal preserved, dated A. D. 1239; and signed by Adolphus, Count of Schaumburg. But Casiri positively affirms, that there are many MSS. in the Escorial, both upon cotton and linen-paper, written prior to the thirteenth century. This invention appears to have been very early introduced into England; for Dr. Prideaux assures us, he has seen a register of some acts of John Cranden, Prior of Ely, made on linen paper, which bears date in the fourteenth year of King Edward II. A. D. 1320; and in the Cottonian Library are said to be several writings on this kind of paper, as early as the year 1335. The first paper-mill erected in this kingdom is said to have been at Dartford, in 1588, by M. Spilman, a German. Shakespeare, however, refers it to the reign of Henry VI. and makes Jack Cade (Henry VI. pt. ii.) say, in accusation of Lord Sandys, "whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the *score* and the *tally*, thou hast caused *printing* to be used, and contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a *paper-mill*." During the same reign, the head of the Duke of York, with a *paper crown* upon it, was placed on the walls of the city of York.

But, although paper made from *linen-rags*, is preferable to most other materials

for writing upon, it is, nevertheless, inferior to *parchment* or *vellum*.

We now proceed to the other materials used in writing, enumerated by Mr. Townley:—

Our Saxon ancestors appear to have sometimes used the *Style* without ink, when writing upon *parchment* or *vellum*, but for writing with ink or coloured liquids, reeds or canes, and afterwards quills, were employed, and sometimes pencils made of hair.

The most beautiful reeds for this purpose grew formerly in Egypt, near Crocodus, a city and district in the province of Caria, in Asia Minor, and likewise in Armenia and Italy. Chardin speaks of reeds which grow in the marshes of Persia, and are much sought after in the Levant.—"Their writing pens," says he, "are made of reeds or small hard canes, of the size of the largest swan quills, which they cut and slit in the same manner as we do ours, but they give them a much longer nib." The Tartars and Indians still write with small reeds, bearing the hand exceeding lightly.

Pencils made of hair are used by the Chinese for their writings; they first dip their ink, and then dip their pencils into it. The curious large capital letters used in Italy, in the decline of the Roman empire, and until the sixteenth century, were made with hair pencils. After the invention of printing, they were drawn by the illuminators.

Quills of geese, swans, pelicans, peacocks, crows, and other birds, have been long used in these western parts, but the exact date of their introduction is uncertain. St. Jafidore of Seville, who died in 636, describes a pen as in use in his time. "The instruments necessary *for a scribe* are the reed and the pen." In the same century, Aldhelm wrote a short poem on a writing pen. In the eighth century, writing pens are mentioned by Alcuin, after which period, proofs of their use occur so frequently as to place the matter beyond all doubt. Mabillon saw a MS. of the Gospel, which had been written in letters of gold, in the ninth century, in which the four Evangelists were represented with quills in their hands. In the twelfth century, Peter de Clugery, who, by scholastic writers, is called the *Feu-able*, and who died in 1157, wrote to a friend, exhorting him to use the pen instead of the plough, and transcribe the Scriptures instead of tilling land.

The use of inks or coloured liquids was early known among the ancients. Jeremiah, who flourished about five centuries before the Christian era, speaks of writing with ink, which then, as now, was black, though afterwards coloured inks have been occasionally used.

Notwithstanding the length to which our extracts have been extended, Mr. Townley's work contains so much that is valuable, we shall resume it next week.

The Author of Junius discovered, in the Person of the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield. 8vo. pp. 124. London, 1821.

As to who was the author of Junius's Letters, we suspect the public is now almost 'weary of conjecture,' especially such portion of it as have read the various pretensions that have been set up in behalf of Charles Lloyd, Samuel Dyer, John Roberts, William Gerard Hamilton, Mr. Burke, Dr. Butler, (late Bishop of Hereford,) the Rev. Philip Rozenhagen, John Wilkes, General Lee, Dunning Lord Ashburton, the Earl of Chatham, Henry Flood, Hugh Boyd, Lord George Sackville, Glover, (the author of *Leonidas*), the Earl of Shelburne, (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne,) the late Duke of Portland, Horne Tooke, De Lolme, Dr. Wilmot, Sir Philip Francis, and several others.

The claims of all these lords and gentlemen, with the exception of the last seven, (which have since been preferred,) have been very satisfactorily set at rest by Mr. Woodfall, the son of the faithful publisher of these extraordinary letters, with the exception of that of the Earl of Chatham, against whom the evidence is not so decisive. As to Horne Tooke, the principal reason for supposing him the author is, that Junius, who triumphed over every other antagonist, left Tooke in possession of the field. To believe that these truly English letters were the production of a Frenchman, is a species of insanity of which we should not even have suspected the champion of De Lolme. The claim of Dr. Wilmot rests on very questionable authority, the *vox et preterea nihil* of Mrs. Oliver Wilmot Serres, alias the *soi-disant* Princess of Cumberland.

As to Sir Philip Francis, we confess that such a claim of circumstantial evidence was adduced, as would render it extremely difficult to believe that he was not the author of 'Junius's Letters,' had it not been met by a denial from himself, which we cannot consider equivocal, as well as the improbability that if he really was the author, there could now be any motive for concealing it.

The new claimant for the vacant honour of being one of the ablest political writers that ever wielded the pen, is the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield. To us it appears a most unhappy one, for few persons differed more either in character or style than the Earl of Chesterfield and Junius, and notwith-

standing the comparison of dates, some trivial coincidences, and forced illustration by parallel passages, we see no better reason for supposing the Earl of Chesterfield to have been the author of 'Junius's Letters,' than that he was living at the time they were written,—and, therefore, why might not he have written them as well as any other person? The whole of the circumstantial evidence is feeble and inconclusive, or rather, we would say, conclusive against the very point attempted to be proved. The author, however, discovers some ingenuity, and we suspect it was merely to exercise it that he undertook to prove what his good sense must have told him he was not able to establish. With this conviction, we dismiss the last pamphlet on this hitherto impenetrable secret, and shall only quote two passages brought forward by the writer in proof of the identity of the authors. The one is a speech by Lord Chesterfield, and the other part of a letter written upwards of thirty years afterwards:—

'Junius:—The bravest and freest nations have sometimes submitted to a temporary surrender of their liberties, in order to establish them for ever. At a crisis of public calamity or danger, the prudence of the state placed a confidence in the virtue of some distinguished citizen, and gave him power sufficient to preserve or to oppress his country. Such was the Roman dictator; and while his office was confined to a short period, and only applied as a remedy to the disasters of an unsuccessful war, it was usually attended with the most important advantages, and left no dangerous precedent behind. The dictator finding employment for all his activity in repulsing a foreign invasion, had but little time to contrive the ruin of his own country, and his ambition was nobly satisfied by the honour of a triumph, and the applause of his fellow-citizens. But as soon as this wise institution was corrupted, when that unlimited trust of power which should have been reserved for conjectures of more than ordinary difficulty and hazard, was without necessity committed to one man's uncertain moderation, what consequence could be expected, but that the people should pay the dearest price for their simplicity; nor ever resume those rights which they could vainly imagine were more secure in the hands of a single man, than where the laws and constitution had placed them.—*Miscellaneous Letters*, No. 1, vol. 2, p. 431, 432.'

'Chesterfield:—The dictatorial power was a part of the Roman constitution even from the beginning of their republic. But while they preserved their virtue—while they preserved their liberty, this power was never granted but upon the most important, the most urgent occasions,

and was never granted for a longer term than six months.—When the virtue and public spirit of that once brave people began to decay, this power indeed was often granted upon trifling occasions. It then began to be granted for a longer term, and was soon after granted for life. With this last grant, they gave away the liberties of their country for ever. The dictator might die, but the power was handed down immediately to another—the tyranny became perpetual. The power now asked for is, in some measure, a dictatorial power; it has but of late years crept into our constitution; it was never yet granted but on the most urgent occasions; but if once we begin to grant it for a time indefinite, and on such suppositions as *may-be*, we can easily foresee what it will be. It will at last, nay, it will soon either be granted or taken for life, and then adieu for ever to the liberties of Great Britain.—*Speech on the King's Message to the House of Lords*, 1734, for a power to augment his forces, if necessary, during the want of Parliament.'

The Tour of Africa. By Catherine Hutton. Vol. III.
(Concluded from p. 756.)

HAVING already expressed our opinion of this well-digested work, and given a few extracts, and having also another work on Africa before us, we shall conclude with an excellent description of the city of Marracco, compiled from the works of Chenier, Lempriere, Ali Bey, and Jackson:—

'The city of Morocco is in latitude 31° 37' north, in longitude about 7° 35' west, and is about ninety miles to the eastward of Mogador, and 350 to the southward of Tangier. It is situated in a beautiful plain, which is bounded on the east and south by the Atlas. It is enclosed by remarkably strong walls, which are flanked by square towers, and surrounded by a wide and deep ditch; the walls are about eight miles in circumference, but a great part of the space they inclose is covered with ruins or with gardens. The city has a number of entrances, large double porches, in the Gothic style; the gates are shut every night at a certain hour.

'A stranger, passing through Marracco, would regard it as a miserable city; but behold here conceals itself, and a house furnished with all the luxuries of the east may be hidden by the half-ruined wall of its court yard. The streets are very unequal, and the same street is in some parts broad and in others narrow. The entries to houses of consequence are furnished by lanes so narrow and crooked that a horse can with difficulty pass. Half a dozen men may defend one of these lanes, and the house becomes a castle. The houses, like all the others in the empire, consist of rooms built on every side of a square court, each with a door open-

ing to the court, but having no window. The principal houses have two or more of these courts; very few have windows towards the street. The roofs are of terraces, to appearance flat, but having an insensible declivity, which conducts the rain water, through pipes, into the subterranean cistern. The moveables within consist chiefly of mats, carpets, a chest, a low table, and a bed, which runs along one end of the room, and is concealed by a curtain.

Every house in the city of Morocco has a serpent, or will retain one when it approaches, and food is left at night for it, by which it is gradually domesticated. These serpents are said to be very sagacious and susceptible of kindness, and their presence is considered as a token of good fortune. They are not often visible; but they are sometimes seen crawling along the beams of the roof of an apartment, and they have been known to suck the breasts of women while asleep. The feet of the bedsteads are frequently set in tubs of water, to avoid bugs and scorpions.

The Jews' quarter is about a mile in circumference. The Jews live in great filth; and the dung-hills and ruins are, in some places, as high as the houses. The city of Marokko, or Morocco, which once contained about 700,000 inhabitants, was said, in 1795, to contain only 270,000; and, in 1803, the numbers were said to be reduced, by war and pestilence, to 30,000.

The Kassinia is a part of the town where stufts and other valuable articles are exposed to sale. It is composed of a number of small shops, foined in the walls of the houses, about a yard from the ground, and of such a height within as just to admit of a man's sitting cross-legged. The goods and drawers are so arranged, that he reaches every article without moving, and serves his customers as they stand in the street. These shops, which are found in all other towns of the empire, afford a striking example of the indolence of the Moors. Here people resort, as to an exchange in Europe, to transact business and hear news; and independent gentlemen often hire one of these shops, and pass their mornings in it for their amusement.

A market is held at Morocco every Thursday, at which are sold prodigious numbers of horses, camels, and cattle, and great quantities of grain, fruit, and other articles. To these may be added slaves. The crier conducts these through the market, crying, occasionally,—"Fifty dollars on the increase!" When he finds no farther advance in the price offered, he reports it to the owner, who either accepts it or takes the chance of another market day, as he pleases.

In Morocco is a tower with three golden balls on its top, weighing, together, 1205 pounds, *avoirdu-poise*. Several emperors, when in want of money, have endeavoured to take them down, but without success, as they are firmly and artfully fixed. It is said that they are guard-

ed by a spirit, and it is probable that nothing less than the belief of supernatural guardianship could have defeated human attempts to send them to the mint. Another tower in this city is seven stories high, and has walls four feet thick. The ascent is not by stairs, but by a winding road of hard cement, by which it is said that a horse may mount to the top. From the lantern at the top may be seen Cape Cantin, distant about one hundred and twenty miles.

The minarets of the mosques are square, as broad at the top as at the base. On these are erected a smaller square, with a flag-staff, from which is suspended, every day at noon, a flag, the signal of preparation for prayers. Some of the mosques are paved with black and white marble, in alternate squares; some with glazed tiles, about two inches square, of blue, green, and white; and others are covered with terraces, which is composed of lime and small stones, beaten down with wooden mallets. The mosques have no ornaments. The place where the Fakier reads prayers is covered with mats or carpets; the rest of the floor, on which the people prostrate themselves, is bare, except that some individuals have the skins of lions or leopards, finely dressed. On entering the mosque, every man takes off his slippers.

The Imams, who regulate the prayers, and the Mueddins, who give notice of the hours for their observance, work and pay taxes; and if one of these happen to be absent from the mosque, any other person may officiate for him. The Muhamedans believe the divine mission of Noah, Abraham, and Christ, and acknowledge Christ to be the Spirit of God and the Son of a Virgin; but they deny his death, as, according to the Koran, he ascended into Heaven without dying. A Jew cannot be admitted into the corps of the Faithful without professing his belief in Jesus Christ. The Muhamedans believe that the Arabic is the most eloquent language in the world, and that it is the one which will be spoken at the day of judgment.

On Friday a discourse is preached similar to our sermons. The Moors do not shut their shops wholly on this day, but they work less than on the others; and they will not work for Christians at all, unless they are extraordinarily or clandestinely paid, when they will condescend to do almost any thing.

In all Muhamedan countries in Africa, the gates of the towns are shut on a Friday during service in the mosques, as they believe, according to ancient tradition, that their country will, at this time, be attacked by Christians, and taken from them by surprise.

Total immersion is practised by the rich; washing the head, arms, hands, and feet, by the poor. Dog and hog are synonymous terms of contempt and detestation. If either of these animals have drank from a cup, a Musselman will not

use it till it has been washed seven times, nor will he sit where a dog has been, nor wear its skin, though made into leather.

The palace of the sultan is composed of a group of vast buildings. Within its walls are apartments for the sovereign, for his sons, for a legion of women belonging to each, and for the different offices of the court. There are two mosques, three gardens, and three immense courts, in which the sultan gives his public audiences. The whole has the appearance of a town, and is about three miles in circumference. On entering, we first pass through the courts of audience; then a fourth court, in which is the guard-house; then we arrive at a fifth court, in the centre of which is a small square room, elevated some feet from the ground, where the great officers wait the orders of the sultan. This court leads into an antichamber filled with pages and guards, and the chamber opens into a garden planted with oranges, grapes, and other fruits, and containing a pavilion, about forty feet square, covered with a pyramidal roof of glazed tiles of various colours. The inside is painted and gilt in the Arabesque style, and ornamented with passages from the Koran, in square compartments. The furniture is simple, consisting only of two sofas, a clock, some china, a water-pot, carpets to kneel upon in prayer, and a few arms, which are hung round the walls. Here the emperor takes coffee or tea, transacts business with his officers, and admits foreign merchants to their audience of ceremony. In the interior of the palace are some very handsome apartments, with large windows looking to the garden. The second garden resembles the first. The third, which is called the garden of the Neel, from its containing the fruits and flowers of Timbuctoo and other parts of Sudan, is smaller, and is entered by a private door. The flowers are extremely odoriferous; the scent of the roses, which are the roses of Taiselt, is unequalled. From this flower is distilled the celebrated attar of roses; one rose is sufficient to perfume a large apartment; and matresses for great men to recline upon are filled with the dried leaves.

Muley Soliman, the present Emperor of Morocco, is a fakier, or doctor of the law. He passes the greater part of the day in prayers, disdains every kind of luxury, is generally clad in a coarse tunic, and endeavours to inspire his subjects with the same devotional austerity. Notwithstanding his contempt for splendour, his household is expensive, on account of the number of his women and children. He repudiates his wives, and takes new ones, as often as he pleases, and sends the discarded ladies to Taiselt, where they subsist on pensions. The inhabitants of Morocco often present him with their daughters, who are at first admitted into the harem as servants, and, if they please him, they are raised to the rank of concubines or wives, to be dismissed in time

'No government can be more absolute than that of Morocco. It has no invariable principle which may restrain the will of the monarch, who makes, breaks, and changes the laws according to his convenience or caprice. Throughout the empire, the subject cannot say of any thing, "It is mine;" not even of his existence, for he is deprived of all at the will of the despot.

'The Emperor of Morocco intrusts no one with the administration of his affairs. He would suppose his power were mutilated, if he were to delegate a portion of it to one of his slaves; and assuredly it would lead to his becoming the slave of his substitute, as may have been seen in the governments of many of the negro kings. All persons in the service of the Emperor of Morocco have only one duty to fulfil, which is to execute his commands, however variable or contradictory they be. "Des't thou take me for an infidel?" said an Emperor of Morocco to a stranger, "that I must be the slave of my word! Is it not in my power to say and unsay, whenever I please?"

'Muley Abd Allah was raised to the imperial dignity in 1729; Muley Ali, in 1734; and the deposed Abd Allah again in 1736. All these barbarians made murder their pastime.

'An Alcaid, in the reign of Arsheed, returning from a journey, boasted of the security of the roads, and said that he had seen a sack of walnuts, undisturbed, on the highway. "And how didst thou know they were walnuts?" demanded the emperor. "I touched the sack with my foot," replied the alcaid. "Sever that foot from his body," commanded Muley Arsheed, "as a punishment for his curiosity."

'Ismael, wholly regardless of the lives of men, made it his amusement to destroy them with his own hand. The days set apart for prayer were distinguished by these massacres, and he estimated his devotions by the number of murders he committed. Ismael was fond of building, and all his workmen were either fined, or they received some chastisement peculiar to their profession. If the bricks were too small, they were broken on the head of the brick-maker.

'Dehebbay was frequently in a state of helpless intoxication; and he was so cruel when sober, that his wives and attendants had no other means of safety than by making him drunk.

'Muley Abd Allah, on being remonstrated with by his mother, on his cruelty, said, "My subjects have no other right to their lives than that which I think proper to leave them; and I have no pleasure so great as that of killing them myself." Not a week passed in which he did not immolate some victim to his anger or caprice.

'Abdallah one day presented a favourite domestic with two thousand sequins, and bade him quit him wholly; lest he

should, at one time or other, kill him in a passion. The servant's attachment to his master prevailed; he refused to leave him; and, in one of his savage fits, Abdallah actually shot him, reproaching him, at the same time, with his folly, in disregarding his advice. Another time, in fording a river, Abdallah was in danger of being drowned, and was rescued by one of his negroes. The slave congratulated himself upon having saved his master; the emperor drew his sword and cleft him down, exclaiming, "What an infidel, to suppose that he had saved me! As if God stood in need of his intervention to save a sheereff!"

'Abdallah was five times deposed, and as often replaced on the throne. Faction might replace him there; but one would almost renounce kindred with his subjects, as men, if they had submitted quietly to his authority.

'One of these imperial savages, in a fit of inebriety, ordered all the teeth of one of his wives to be drawn. A week after, he desired to see her, and was told she was ill. On inquiry, he found it was in consequence of the cruel operation she had undergone. He had no recollection of the order he had given; and, to make some reparation to the injured lady, he ordered all the teeth of the operator to be drawn, and sent to her in a box.

'Seedy Muhamed, who succeeded Abdallah, in 1757, was of a milder character. It may here be observed, that an Emperor of Morocco, whose name is Muhamed, is called seedy, inaster, if he have any other name, he is called muley, prince.

'An ambassador was sent from Great Britain to Seedy Muhamed, and when he appeared at court, he was told by the master of the audience, that it was customary for all persons to take off their shoes before they appeared before the emperor, and to prostrate themselves in his presence. To these ceremonies the ambassador objected, saying, that he wore his shoes before the king, his master, and stood erect. On this being reported to the emperor, he seemed to think the ambassador rather presumptuous in placing a Christian king on an equal footing with a Muselman sultan; but he ordered him to be dismissed, and to attend on the following day. He then directed the master of the audience to inquire how the Christians conducted themselves in prayer; and when he was informed that they prayed standing, and uncovered only the head, he said, "Let the ambassador be presented to me in the same manner; for I cannot require more respect from a man than he pays to Almighty God."

'In whatever part of the empire the monarch happens to be, he gives public audience, sometimes four times, and always twice a week, for the dispensation of justice. He sits on horseback, under an umbrella, which is held by one of his grooms. Here none but the sultan, his

sons, and brothers, dare make use of an umbrella. All his subjects, without exception, who have any complaint or remonstrance to make, have liberty to come to the public audience, and no one retires unheard. The meanest may boldly tell his tale. Indeed, if he hesitate or appear diffident, his cause is weakened in proportion. Each is expected to accompany his complaint with a present, according to his condition; and it is invariably accepted, if it be only eggs, fruit, or flowers. Judgment is always prompt, decisive, plausible, and generally correct.

'Punishments are always inflicted in the presence of the emperor, but not, as formerly, by his own hand; he having resigned the respectable office of executioner to one of his soldiers. One of the emperor's sons having promised to speak to him in favour of an European, excused himself for not having yet done so, by saying, "When I saw my father, he was engaged in putting some persons to death."

'A sovereign should no more be an executioner, than a butcher should be a jurymen.

'The Emperor of Morocco is never seen on foot but in his palace, at his devotions, and, on some few occasions, in his gardens. He eats alone, and the officers who attend him are afterwards served from his table. Cuscusee is the principal dish, in the palace of the emperor as in the hovel of the subject; and it is dressed in such quantities in the former, that the vessel which contains it is sometimes carried by poles, like a sedan-chair. The emperor is served by slaves, who receive no emolument but the perquisites arising from the business they transact. They are clothed once a year. The tailors of the city, who are mostly Jews, are obliged to perform their work without reward, except so far as they can indemnify themselves by filching the materials.

'The word death is not to be mentioned in the presence of the emperor. If a person have to inform his majesty of the death of a Muselman, he says, "he has completed his destiny," and the answer is, "God be merciful to him." If the death of a Jew were to be reported to any great man, it would be said, "he is dead, sir; pardon me for mentioning in your presence a name so contemptible" (as that of a Jew.) If the deceased were a Christian, the expression would be,—"the infidel," or "the cuckold," or "the son of a cuckold is dead."

'In places remote from the emperor's court, the petty officers learn, by their spies, when any person is possessed of considerable property, and an excuse is never wanting to deprive him of it. But it happens, also, that the emperor has his spies, and that he obliges his substitutes to transfer their ill-acquired wealth to the imperial treasury. This system of depre-dation renders each man afraid of his neighbour, and all are careful to make no display which might awaken the avidity

of their governors. "Thou must need'st be very rich," said a sheriff to a Moor who, to preserve his garden-walls, had them white-washed. The Moors wear no jewels, and few of them have even a ring or a watch.

Power and weakness, rank and meanness, opulence and indigence, are equally dependent and equally uncertain in Morocco. There are instances of a sultan elevating, at one stroke, a private soldier to the rank of a bashaw, or making him a confidential friend, and, at another, reducing him again to the situation of a common soldier, of sending him to prison; of a governor deposed by the sovereign, and condemned to sweep the streets of the town he had governed. Yet, with such examples before them, when these people have attained a high station, they seldom fail to afford their sovereign a plea for punishing them, by abusing their trust. Once stripped of his effects, however, the governor may be re-instated in his former dignity, the sinner being absolved by rendering up his riches.

Near the north-west point of the walls of Morocco is a village of lepers. They are obliged to wear a straw hat, with a brim about nine inches broad, as their badge of separation from persons who are clean; but they are allowed to beg by the highway side, where they hold a wooden bowl before them, and exclaim, as people pass, "Bestow upon me the property of God! All belongs to God!" I rode through their village, and saw many of them collected at their doors. In general, no external disfigurement was apparent, but their complexion was sallow, and some young women, who would otherwise have been very handsome, had either scanty eyebrows or none at all.

The Mediator, AN OCCASIONAL PAPER, No. V.

Mercutio. I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Beget of nothing but vain phantasies,
Which is as thin as substance as the air,
And more unconsubstantial than wind; who
wouds.

E'en now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Benvolio. This wind you talk of, blows us
from ourselves. SHAKESPEARE.

If the reader will be so good as to reckon back as many ideas as will bring him to where he accompanied me in the eulogium I passed upon that philosophical spirit of inquisitiveness which less than this sapient nation by the nose into so many foolish predicaments, he will find that I was about making a proposition of some kind or other; but, by a sudden impulse on the organ of meditation, I bounded from my purpose, like a dishevelled coquet, when

struck by the air-drawn shuttle of omnipotence, from one end of the inauguration to the opposite. At that point of disjuncture, I was about acquainting my reader with a design my brain hath long been great with, which, when duly brought forth into actual existence, I reckon will occasion such an inordinate confluence of the sexes—such rival exertions between breeches and petticoat in crowding to behold it, as hath not occurred since the days of King Romulus, of rapturous memory. My design is this: to enter into an agreement with the proprietor of some exhibition, for the hiring of a cage or stall, wherein to exhibit myself to the inspection of the curious public. Indeed, I had already gone so far as to take the dimensions of a cage in Exeter Change, which I thought would about suit my person; but, upon my getting into it for trial, I was so pestered by the neighbouring monkeys thrusting out their paws to shake hands with me upon this new addition to their society, and perpetually endeavouring to scrape an acquaintance, some of them passing their jokes on my total want of spiral appendage,—others challenging me to a trial of skill in tumbling and grimacing, while not a few attempted to sound my opinion on—the real essences of animal species—the distinguishing attribute between men and animals,—with the like sort of questions, all of which were so many intrusions on my love of taciturnity, that I was forced to relinquish the attempt in a hurry. I have now cast my eye on Mr. Bullock, and from his known liberality in providing a succession of monsters, prodigies, extraordinary sights, and such other objects as may hit the delicate taste of the public, I dare say we shall soon come upon terms.

Besides this my intention of satisfying the epidemic desire for ocular knowledge, I wish particularly to afford all the assistance in my power to the professors and disciples of all those egregiously sensible sciences, to wit, Physiognomy and Craniognomy, by furnishing them with a living and unimpeachable standard whereby to regulate the cut and fashion of a true genius; and by a reference to the form and mould of my features and cranium, to pass an infallible judgment on the faculties and dispositions of every soul they meet with. For I have ever looked upon the above theories, and a few others, such as—

palmistry, botany, zoology, chemistry, &c. as having performed a wonderful service to the cause of true philosophy, over and above whatever increase they may have brought to our stock of knowledge. In the first place, I think it is to those studies that we are indebted for our present laudable ignorance of the ancient classics, and the utter extirpation of those nefarious syllable-hunters, usually denominated commentators or philologists, who, by interpolations, conjectural emendations, obliterations, and false interpretations, wrasted the originals to their own particular fancies, and permuted the same text into as many different forms, as the letters in it were capable of different combinations; so that it was nothing extraordinary to find a sentence which, in one editor, told you of—the innate nobility in kings and patricians,—by a trifling alteration of the letters, and affixing a mark of interrogation, in another, ask you,—which, a grub or a gnat, was the better meat to fatten a sparrow with? Hence it is, that a man of great classical acquirements has now come to be considered in the light of an incubus on the body of literature; and a philologist is now another and a shorter name for a mighty dull fellow. No, sir; if you would be called a great genius by the men, and the cleverest creature in the world by the women, take a friend's advice, and though you don't understand the meaning of the term, set up for a philosopher. This is now the universal practice; so that I believe it would not be going beyond the truth, were I to assert, that in all our seminaries, societies, and universities, the number of philosophers far exceeds the number of learned men. By the by, a word or two about universities.

It is on all hands agreed, that one of the strongest incentives to learning is the reverence which is paid to it. This principle is fully understood, and most incontinently acted upon, by our two great universities—Cambridge and Oxford. In both these seminaries, the reverence paid to one author is so great, that to it may be traced their present notorious superiority, in point of science, to their neighbours on the continent. Newton is a god, not a poetical god—not a god by the figure hyperbole, but a god infallible; and what is more, omnipotent, though he could not work a problem, which a chit of the French Polytechnic School, in the present age, would reckon upon

his fingers. This, it must be allowed, is a little extraordinary, and yet, however extraordinary, it is nevertheless perfectly true. Our universities do not consider Sir Isaac Newton as a man who, by the most stupendous faculties ever granted to mortal, and by sagacity, indeed, little less than divine, managed, somehow or other, to drag the secrets of nature into open daylight, from the profound darkness in which they were concealed; they will not allow that he did this but partially and imperfectly; though, at the same time, wonderfully, when we recollect the difficulties he had to struggle with, the infancy of the science in which he had engaged, and the unwieldiness of the instruments he wrought with; no—their reverence goes much farther. In some, it partakes so largely of the nature of fear, that they never open his book, through excess of respect. In others, it is so much akin to amazement, that their intellects are quite lost in their admiration, and though they peradventure do prevail upon themselves to open his book, they do not understand a syllable from the beginning to the end. Most of the professors, especially in the latter university, are so enraptured of the first seventeen propositions of the *Principia*, that they never go beyond them; but after having muddled and dabbled there, till their beards change from down to grizzled, they die contented and full of glory, in having found out a new quip or deducible, which is of about as much use and importance to the cause of science, as a globule of ether to the weight and magnitude of the earth, in preserving the balance of the solar system or universe. The most adventurous, who have sufficient feignity to read the whole book, stop there; arguing, very plausibly, on the uselessness of knowing too much, and the facility of knowing so little. They pore, in an ecstasy of blind and stupid admiration, over old Sir Isaac's long-winded proofs and eternal *compounded* and *dividends*, while, as a maxim of intellectual exertion, they venture on a few applications of the doctrine of limits and ultimate ratios. Ponderous geometries, and a few puling ricks played over and over again in that frightful science, fluxions, form the *ne plus ultra* of British mathematical knowledge. The French have invented a quite contrary method. What is the consequence? Why, ignorant are they, that they actually laugh at Sir Isaac's unwieldy and

impotent theorems, while they look upon their brothers at Cambridge with the profoundest contempt, and have the impudence to call the best of that university, (God shield us!) ignorant blockheads. Some waggish philosophers among them, such as La Place, La Grange, and others, pretend to have given solutions which baffled even Newton's astronomical calculations to effect, by a new method of investigation peculiar to themselves; but that this is all gasconade, appears manifestly from these solutions being utterly unintelligible to the Cambridge and Oxford men of wisdom. A Cambridge philosopher, at a lecture in a French mathematical academy, would be like an ass at a concert of music. At first he does not know what the devil to make of it—his head is all confusion and zigzaggery: he shakes his ears, looks wise, and endeavours to catch the harmony,—but, at length, finding it totally incomprehensible, the creature becomes nervous and impatient,—so getting upon one of the benches,—pointing his throat and extending his tail, he summons up the man within him, and begins to bray at the musicians, till he has drowned all their notes in the roar of his own vocabulary;—then, presenting them his posteriors, and playing a number of awkward gambols, to show his learning, he scampers off to his own herd, who set up an assinine shout on the prowess and triumph of their doughty companion.

* The differential and integral calculus. Nothing can show the miserable and truly infantile state of science in this country, better than a comparison of the French calculus with English fluxions. These are the same study in theory, but in practice—they are as the works of omniscience to the tricks of a mountebank. Whilst the former is employed in investigating the lunar motions or the phenomena of the tides, the latter is at its wit's end to find the centre of a sugar-loaf or the superficial content of an egg-shell.

† It would astonish the learned universities to hear that the advanced French mathematics are read and understood by the *under graduates* of their *silent sister*, the Dublin University; and that a little work, published at the university press, by a Mr. Lardner, who has but just graduated in that college, contains more than half *Job's Examples*, in thirty pages octavo. The professor of mathematics (Dr. Lloyd), and the late provost (Dr. Elrington, Bishop of Limerick) by the introduction of these studies, have set an enlightened example to the other universities of the empire, well worthy of imitation, and deserving the unequalled thanks of their country, for raising it to that rank in the scale of science, which had been so long denied by the ignorance and superstition of their predecessors. As a proof of the wide dissemination of knowledge among the students of the

In the midst of all this, I have somehow managed to forget myself; but this is a condition of my nature, and, therefore, the reader must either excuse me or pass me over.

WILDERNESS.

Original Communications.

MODERN PERIODICALS.

THE VISION OF PETER PINDEGRASS.
(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

Diluculo surgere, which, but that I abhor a pun, I should call the *amputation* of a night's rest, is a good maxim it cannot be denied; but then it should be observed, according to the reading of Sir Toby Belch: 'For not to be in bed at midnight is to be up betimes;—well construed Sir Toby, most caustical knight!

Poor Thomson lay in bed because he had no motive for getting up. Now I have so many motives for getting up that I lie in bed long after every one else in the house has risen, purely to consider which motive has the best right to rouse me; and sometimes it unfortunately happens that before I have arrived at a conclusion on this head, I fall into another sleep, and am obliged at last to yield to the most unbefitting and least philosophical of all, namely the wrath of Mrs. P. who dashes into my chamber and rattles a storm in my ears, signifying that she has been waiting breakfast for me nearly an hour, and is come to the very extremity of her patience. Yet though on such occasions, I rise instantaneously protesting my great sorrow, making an hundred apologies, and avowing both internally and externally that I will forthwith adopt a better system, I must confess that I am not improving in this particular. For ah! how sweet is the supplementary hour to a good night's sleep! how well worth the preceding eight or nine! To 'lie in dead oblivion'; to 'steep the senses in forgetfulness'; during the first long sleep after getting into bed, is nothing. There is no sensation allied to this state. It is for the time, a total cessation of existence: 'it is death's counterfeit.' But after being awakened from this state, to feel still drowsy

Dublin University; and their general superiority to those of any other in the united kingdom, I beg leave to refer to the 'Cambridge Problems' and the 'Questions for the Gold Medal,' which latter are published yearly by the examiner, (Mr. Robinson, F. T. C. D.) from a comparison of these, it will be easily seen if my assertions are borne out by fact.

enough to wish to close the eyes again; to yield to the soft desire; to go off with a consciousness of the value of the time so devoted; to indulge in so costly a luxury; ah! what a pleasure! how delicious is every wink!

This preamble introduces the narration of a very strange occurrence, which attended a stolen nap a few mornings ago. Mrs. P. had called me once, and, by way of inducing me to rise immediately, had reminded me that it was the first day of the month, and that my magazines had come in on the preceding evening. Before I obeyed the summons however, I turned myself round and began to speculate on the probable contents of the present numbers, and rambling on from subject to subject in a kind of half doze, I went off to sleep again, my mind still occupied with the same speculations. Suddenly, I thought that my door was opened with great violence, and Betty rushing into my chamber with looks of astonishment and alarm, begged me to get up, for God's sake, for that there was a most unaccountable uproar in my study. I forthwith sprang out of bed, (so my dream was) and hastily slipping on my small clothes, stockings, slippers, and camblet gown, proceeded directly to my study, where, indeed, I found matters as Betty had represented them. The noise, which was a strange confusion of voices, as of people at a distance quarrelling, seemed to issue from that part of my library where I deposit my Magazines and Reviews, and upon looking up to the shelf, I found, to my great surprise, that no longer a set of books, but figures in human shape, though not larger than the books themselves, occupied the place; the figure of each most admirably corresponding with the spirit of its respective publication. My presence imposed silence among them; taking advantage of which, 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'pray what am I to understand by this? How is it that you do not agree together? What has happened that you fall out and make such a disturbance in a place sacred to peace and good understanding? Let me hear your complaints—let each make his grievance known to me, and if any thing in your situations shall seem to require redress it shall be promptly prepared. Come down to me here, one by one; come quietly and orderly, and let me hear how this quarrel originated and what is the object of it.' So saying, I took my seat in my large elbow-chair, and drew up my footstool with a majestic air, while

forth from the crowd came an old man-book, with very white locks, and a certain air of antiquity in his gait. [gate.] He was dressed in the costume of Sir Charles Grandison; that is, he wore a cocked hat, long coat with stiff skirts, waistcoat with embroidered flaps, black satin breeches, white silk stockings, and buckled shoes. He had, like Shout the bellows mender, a little lime and rough cast about him, and smelt strongly of tombs and charnel-houses. His face was puckered with wrinkles, his complexion was cadaverous, and his voice tremulous, and, like his type, somewhat indistinct. His eyes were assisted by glasses of great power, with which he pored over the inscriptions upon old tomb-stones, and his finger ends were soiled with venerable green rust from old coins and curiosities. I easily recognized him, and with great respect gave ear to his complaint, which he began as follows:—'Shall I, who am the most ancient and the most respectable of magazines, the father of the race, in whose pages, among the contributions of all the wits who have appeared within the last century, the lucubrations of the playful Goldsmith, the learned Johnson, and the satirical Savage, have pleased, astonished, and electrified the town; whose information is on points of great and general utility,—whose contents, in short, are deep, solid, and important; shall I be jostled from my station by ephemeral upstarts, the beings of a day, who have nothing but their wit and fine clothes to recommend them? Am I to be elbowed by a pair of hot-headed jack-an-apes, who quarrel and call names, and go to pistols with each other, without decency or remorse? and are those two soaring reviews for ever to disturb the repose of this literary repository? Ah! if these new works are a fair specimen of the taste of the age, times are sadly altered since Johnson and Savage used to meet under St. John's Gate. Here we have new conceits, new principles, new fashions, and new types. Their subjects are neither historical nor scientific, but merely speculative and jocular. Their style in prose is flimsy and bare, compared with the richness and rotundity of the Johnsonian period; and their poetry wants harmony and flow, being altogether vain and conceited; and far beneath the majesty of that which gave to my younger days the name of the Augustan age of English literature.'

He would have proceeded farther,

but was checked by a violent fit of coughing which his wrath had brought on, and I availed myself of the opportunity to put in my reply. 'Most reverend Mr. Urban,' said I, 'I respect your years and your place. You are a very patriarch of magazines, a father Abraham, or, more properly, a venerable Nestor among periodical publications. To you is assigned the very first station in this compartment of my library; and due deference is paid to you, whether your mood happen to be felicitous or melancholy, sober or frolicsome. I have an esteem for your character; your industry is commendable, and your gravity and patience deserve the exercise of mine. You settle small questions in topography with admirable skill, have much merit as a chronologer, are pretty deeply learned in ecclesiastical architecture, and well read in old tomb-stones. Your obituary is copious, and your biographical memoirs, if not generally interesting, are flattering and valuable in particular circles. But do not, dear Mr. Urban, wholly despise your younger brethren. Perhaps it may as deeply concern posterity to know what pleasant things were written by Elia, and what smart pieces of table-talk by T., as whether an old church, fit only to harbour owls and bats, was built in the thirteenth or fourteenth century; hereafter it may be as eagerly inquired, what was the state of our morals as displayed in the popular literature of the age, as whether an old pot was made in the reign of 'Tiberius or Galba, or whether John Jones died in January or July.'

I could see that my harangue was heard with great impatience by a short fat man-book, in black clothes and canonicals, and with a very florid countenance, somewhat rubicund, which, issuing from a large full freshly-powdered wig, resembled a cornelian brooch on a lock of white cotton. Having, therefore, disposed of the old gentleman, with a promise to attend to his accommodation, I was immediately attacked by this petulant personage, who poured forth his complaints with so much rage and volatility, that I could scarcely understand them so as to make a suitable reply. Blasphemy, infidelity, modern philosophy, jacobinism, trash, loyalty, and religion, were the only words which I could for some time distinctly catch, but for sense I could collect nothing but a kind of furious and indignant railing at a noble poet, and

equally indiscriminate praise of some learned divines, particularly the Bishop of Peterborough. Having exhausted his breath sooner than his choler, he stopped short in the midst of his vituperation, and I took occasion to ask him the substance of his complaint, and to promise him redress, if needful. Understanding that he felt aggrieved at being stationed in what he was pleased to call the company of reprobates, I thought it right to give him a calm reproof. 'Reverend Mr. Critic,' said I, 'it does appear somewhat unreasonable that you should expect, in the library of a gentleman of moderate income, a distinct space for your special occupation. I am surprised, too, that a book of your character, a learned and professedly pious, almost exclusively Christian publication, should be so very quarrelsome a neighbour. The books at which you are so very indignant are peaceable and well-behaved, as far as I can discover, and really you profit very little by the example of those sober volumes which stand just below you. See you not old Tillotson in company with Noland and Tindal? Not far from them are Marvell and Butler, almost near enough to pull each other's noses, if they were not more rational than to submit to the impulse of such unworthy passions. Behold Milton there. By some accident he has got stuck in between Salmasius and Johnson; yet the venerable politician and bard observes the utmost propriety in his demeanour, and not an angry word has escaped from either him, his antagonist, or his libeller. If Rousseau and Voltaire, Pope and Addison, Macpherson and Johnson, Newton and Whiston, Barrow and Gibbon, Godwin and Malthus, can refrain, though in each other's presence, from disturbing good order upon my shelves;—but here I was interrupted by my revered colloquist, who burst into such a torrent of foul language, as it would have been very difficult for me to oppose, had not some horrible twinges of the gout come, most fortunately, to my relief, and altered both the nature and tone of his complaint.

The next application came from a lady-book, of a soft and delicate figure, somewhat lax in her gait, and bending like an osier, with her head reclined in a kind of perpetual languishment. She sighed out her grievances in a plaintive *Della Cruscan* kind of tone, and called on me to rescue her from the rude jostlings of cer-

tain insolent boy-books. 'Look, sir,' she exclaimed, 'at my lace tucker, of the newest pattern, I assure you, rumpled to death by that unceremonious fellow, who ought to understand good breeding better, as he comes from the vicinity of Bond Street. Gallantry and deference to the softer sex are no parts of the education of modern beaux, or that smart young citizen, from St. Paul's, would not have pressed so rudely by me, to the infinite detriment of my dress, planned, sir, I declare, expressly for my embellishment, and intended to be the model for all ladies of taste and refinement for the present month.' Before I could reply to this pitiful damsel, my notice was attracted by the fury of two enraged disputants, of thrice the bulk of those which I had hitherto given ear to. One of them was dressed in a blue coat and buff waistcoat, and wore a large old wig on his head, which seemed to have undergone several alterations to suit the prevailing fashion. He spoke English, but with a strong Scottish accent, and appeared to be, in the language of his country, a *paukie auld earl*. The other had on a suit of drab colour, and, by his rapid enunciation, extreme violence of gesture, and ferocious aspect, formed a striking contrast to the deliberate and supercilious Scot. But the joke to the by-standers was that, though differing thus conspicuously in externals, they were continually changing ground with each other in dispute, and although it was manifest to every one else, that their opinions, on many points entirely coincided, yet between themselves they could come to no other agreement than that of never agreeing. I knew how to reduce these gentlemen to order, without giving myself the trouble of performing the office of mediator, on such an hopeless occasion, and accordingly placed between them a volume of *Cobbett's Register*, upon which they instantly relinquished their dispute with each other, and, with the most perfect harmony, commenced a joint attack upon the sturdy radical. This suggested to my mind, with a suitable alteration, the simile of Lord Grizzle:—
 'So when two dogs are snarling in the street,
 With a third dog the savage puppies meet;
 With angry tooth they bite him to the bone,
 And this dog snarls for what those dogs had done.

Tranquillity between the critics being thus restored, I was called on to observe the conduct of another northern man-book, who was fighting up his way to a place on the shelf, over the

backs and through the sides of several very peaceable volumes that happened to stand in his way; and, like a scavenger in a throng, succeeded by the mere force of the stench, and filth which he flung around him. He resembled the fellow described in *Hudibras* as forming part of the procession, made in honour of the triumphant scold:—

Next one upon a pair of plumes,
 Full fraught with that, which for good manners
 Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grime,
 Which he dispens'd among the syrens,
 And busily upon the crowd,
 At random round about bestowed.

As he passed 'Rimini,' I observed him give it a most savage kick, and instantly run off to conceal himself; and having made good his retreat to a spot where he could not be discovered, he continued to throw dirt on every volume which happened to displease him. 'Cenci' and 'the Revolt of Islam,' were almost covered with his filth. Not choosing to harbour such a pestilent rogue as this, I took him down, and without deigning to expostulate with him, crammed him at once into the basket, for the service of the house-maid. This act of justice performed, I returned to my shelves, in order to pacify some other malcontents; for there was still a sort of wrangling going on amongst a few. It was now no difficult matter to effect this, except with one corpulent periodical, who was exceedingly wrath with a relation that had the misfortune of having been christened after him. It was easy to see, however, that the contest was not likely to produce serious consequences; for the younger of the two, though too strong for his opponent if he had chosen to engage, absolutely declined the contest, and treated his angry assailant with the most mortifying indifference. I was just congratulating myself on the return of peace and good order, when a noise, like that of thunder, burst upon my ears. I turned suddenly round; opened my eyes;—the scene was changed from my library to my bed chamber; the door stood open, and Mrs. P. was at my bed side, exclaiming, in the usual interrogatory tone—'Mrs. P., Mr. P., how much longer am I to wait?'

PETER PENDEGRASS.

RIDING THE STANG.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—I lately saw an account, in some of the daily papers, of a 'procession extraordinary,' along the Strand. It was that of a coal-heaver, seated on

a ladder, slung on the shoulders of two coal-heavers. It appeared this man had been guilty of an intrigue with the wife of a fellow labourer; and the circumstance being made known to the rest of the men, the male offender was paraded as above described for a considerable time, and instead of finishing by giving him a ducking or a castigation at the cart's tail, they adjourned to a public-house, where oceans of gin were eagerly inhaled by himself and comrades to a late hour.

Until I saw the last part of the paragraph, I was led to consider this as one of those summary modes of punishment which the vulgar, in various parts of the country, exercise illegally, it is true, but not without advantage.

In some of the villages in Kent, when a man is known to have beaten his wife, it is usual to strew chaff before his door, when the joke runs through the town that such a man was *thrashing* last night, as the chaff was seen in front of his house. Such notoriety is said to be a more wholesome restraint on bad husbands than any legal enactment.

But there is a still more curious mode of punishment adopted by what are termed the 'lower orders,' but who, on the subject of morals, may boldly challenge those who are considered their betters. I believe the custom is peculiar to the North Riding of Yorkshire; at least, though I have travelled through most parts of the united kingdom, I have not met with it elsewhere. It is called 'Riding the Stang,' and is generally adopted in cases of criminal, or where a man has been brutal enough frequently to quarrel with his wife and use personal violence towards her. It was a case of the last description which I witnessed, about fifteen years ago, at a little village on the north road in Yorkshire.

When it becomes public that a man is often beating his wife, the mechanics and apprentices determine on punishing him by riding stang; for this purpose, a small cart is prepared in the evening, into which the best orator of the troop mounts, while the rest draw him through the streets. The procession stops at various places, but most particularly in front of the residence of the offending party. At all these places, proclamation is made of the offence in uncouth rhymes, the commencement of which is as follows:—

Hey tinkle, hey tinkle, hey tinkle tang.
It is not for my cause that I ride the stang,
But it is for [mentioning the name] his wife
who did tang.

The orator then relates, in the best doggerel the village wits have been previously able to indite, the peculiar circumstances attending the event they are publicly exposing. Each proclamation terminates with three cheers.

In cases of peculiar atrocity, the offending party is burnt in effigy, either on the village green or in front of his own house.

Perhaps some of your readers can give me some information as to the origin of this singular custom, or at least of the name 'riding the stang,' with which, I confess, I am unacquainted, but I pledge myself to the fact.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
EPHRAIM WOOD.

BET, OR BE SILENT.

This is an argument which, in England, puts an end to many a discussion. If the argument is not such as would be allowed by the soundest logic, it is, however, one which is consecrated by custom, and admitted as infallible, and which is not without its advantages. It reduces to silence, by the fear of loss, those whose obstinacy is elsewhere encouraged by the impunity of erroneous opinions or false assertions. Unfortunately, however, it also interrupts those whose only error in disputation is the inability to bet; and it is much easier for most men, and disputants especially, to produce crowns from their pockets than reasons from their crowns. We shall only adopt the maxim of *Bet or be Silent*, when clever men shall have as much money as fools; but both seem determined to prevent the arrival of this new era. A volume might be filled with the extravagant bets which are laid and taken in England in the course of one year. There is a taste, a furor, a rage for it; and the most amusing thing of all is the religious respect with which those who are not concerned in the bet indelict whatever might prevent it from being carried through. We shall cite one for example, which is worth a thousand. A man fell into the Thames—he struggled and endeavoured to swim, but he swam badly. Will he reach the bank? Will he be drowned? Here was at once a wager. Twenty guineas were laid that he would save himself; this was taken; the bet was increased and multiplied, and, in two minutes, considerable sums were depending on the head of the poor swimmer. He was,

however, perceived by some watermen, who rowed towards him with the intention of saving him.—There is a bet, there is a bet,' was bawled out from every quarter. At these magical words the boatman stopped, the unfortunate man was drowned, and the bet was gained!—*Paris Paper.*

THE GREEKS.

The revolt of the Greeks against the Ottoman government affords one instance among the many recorded in history, of the certain and dreadful consequences which flow from the exercise of despotic power. No people on earth appear to have been so much the sport of their rulers as the Greeks. Viewed in the light of infidels by their oppressors, they have been treated worse than dogs, and a Muselman, arrayed in 'a little brief authority,' could not more effectually recommend himself to his superiors than by loading the Greeks with taxes to an extent which left them scarcely the means of subsistence. Pachas of three tails—Pachas of two tails, subordinate to the other, who are accountable, in their turn, to a superior, who also is answerable to the government, are established in every province, to see that the cadis exact with fidelity the contributions of the state. Under the cadis there is a class, called Agas, who, like farmers of the revenue, purchase of the Pachas the privilege of exacting all the money they can squeeze out of the natives. As this class pay pretty high to obtain the situation, and are invested with the authority of lords, they take special care to indemnify themselves as quickly as possible, well aware that if they are merely suspected of being tardy in the execution of their powers, nothing more is wanting to insure their disgrace or occasion the forfeiture of their lives.

An aga has a right to demand a seventh of the produce of the land. He is sole proprietor of the mills, to which every one is bound to carry his oil, and to pay another seventh of all the oil extracted, besides an indemnity to the labourers and for the horses and machinery used in pressing the olives. The police of the village belongs to the aga; for this purpose he appoints a deputy—a Muselman like himself—a subaltern tyrant, always more greedy and more untractable than his master. This wretch incessantly occupies himself in exciting disturbance among the Greeks, of which the aga has

how to take advantage to fill his coffers. Frequent attempts have been made to conciliate the Greeks by allowing them to have a captain or primat to adjust their differences; but this appointment only served to aggravate their misfortunes as the primat or captain never failed to second the views of the aga, by whose influence alone he secures the office.

No Greek can marry without the permission of the aga,—a permission which he must purchase by a present. If the fair one please the tyrant, he frequently keeps her for himself, without any one daring to whisper that he does wrong. Any complaint to the Pacha or the Porte would occasion the loss of the complainant's head. Not unfrequently, after having kept this woman two or three years, he turns her off for another, and marries her to some Greek inhabitant of the village, who dares not refuse her. Married men are not permitted to leave the islands, unless they are seamen or merchants. Bachelors obtain the privilege by paying a tax. If a murder happens in the village, and the culprit is not known, the aga must pay a sum of money to the Pacha, which he levies upon the inhabitants, besides a large additional premium for his own use. If it be a Muselman who is murdered, there are no bounds to the rapacity of these tyrants. The sum demanded is exorbitant, because, say they, 'religion has been outraged in one of its members. Such an assassination, besides, is almost always followed by the death of several Greeks; the relations of the deceased thinking it their duty, and as a step in which their honor is concerned, to assassinate, in their turn, the first of the inhabitants they chance to meet. When a Greek is accused of any other offence, which is the same thing as being guilty, it is impossible for him to escape, unless he has the means of bribing the aga to deliver him up to the pacha, who is only pacified by a similar bribe. He who has nothing, pays with his head.

It is thus that a people, who so long prospered under the laws of a Minos, have been for ages governed; that the inhabitants of a country where liberty had its birth, have been bent under the yoke of the most shameful slavery.—Who that has a spark of independent feeling in his breast, does not wish that their present efforts to emancipate themselves from this horrid thralldom may ultimately prove successful.

Biography.

THOMAS WHATELY, Esq.
LATE MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

HOWEVER painful the bereavement, the biographer feels no comparative reluctance while employed in tracing the map of a good man's warfare through the labyrinth of society, to his calm and long home,—the grave. The victory of an immortality, at once glorious and memorable, is viewed with a hope that cherishes us, to press for our exalted privilege, and gives us faith to endure the storm, in the belief of our becoming finally the possessors of benignant reality and eternal love.

Thomas Whately, Esq., whom this brief and perishable memorial records, was the son of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Whately, of Derby, who had filled the civic chair of the corporation three successive years with characteristic dignity, urbanity, and lasting reputation. Born of a good family and highly respectable parents, Thomas, the subject of this notice, had received a liberal education; after which, suitably with his inclination, he was apprenticed to the medical profession, and became fellow apprentice with the celebrated author of the 'Botanic Garden,'—Dr. Darwin. Naturally, though young, attached to studious habits and the pursuits of anatomical and literary information, Master Whately, very different to many young men, cultivated every opportunity for his mental improvement, examined his principles by the nicest scrutiny, and formed his judgment upon the foundation of ocular truth. As he advanced to manhood, so he progressively enriched his mind, which, as a physiological student, he considered of the first importance to his present and future interests, so zealously, indeed, that his intense application induced a nervous headache, which continued, in modified degree, to the last moment of his life. Perseverance, the bright herald of success in all undertakings or occupations, led him into the world endowed with a great store of valuable knowledge. As a botanist, he was particularly distinguished, and he never ranged external nature for specimens, to dissect their genius, classification, and variety, without rendering their infinite Creator that praise which discovers the sensibility of a refined understanding and grateful heart.

About this time, he invented an improved plan for the better management

and more durable preservation of plants in sand and paper, which met with the cordial approval of the most eminent votaries of the verdant and blossoming shrine of Linnaeus; and testimonies of its utility are recorded in the best and later works on botany and horticulture.

Free from the versatile and pre-disposing influence of hospital associates, he passed the several examinations of the colleges, societies, and critical ordeals in Scotland and England with so much advantage, that he gained the countenance and friendship of men of letters and medical fame. Thus honoured, he was encouraged to persevere yet more diligently, and he gleaned the scattered fragments of science like a wise husbandman. London, which has the strongest claims for practice and experience, now began to invite Mr. Whately to exercise his talents in pharmacy and the more scientific branches of physical operations. This apostrophe in his life gave him further chance of acquiring celebrity, and brought his surgical skill into deep and forcible action. Theory is a guide to practice, and serves its benevolent purpose in the study; but it is practice that strengthens ability, inspires courage, patience, or intrepidity, so essential to the operator and prescriber. The quickness, ease, and certainty of Mr. Whately's performances on his patients, in the most difficult cases, decided his choice of confining himself wholly to surgery. Hence his fame spread widely and justly among the afflicted, and his elevation as a surgeon became maturely and honourably established in the highest circles. As a writer, he was signalized by the several works which issued from his pen, and which are consulted by students on account of their character for practical and experimental utility. They are principally—a work on 'Ulcers'—the 'Tibia'—'Strictures'—'Polypus,' with improved forceps—'Necrosis,'—and some other tracts and papers, periodically inserted in medical publications. Mr. Whately and Sir Everard Home carried on a paper controversy, which ended by proving that his method of treating strictures caused less pain to the sufferer, and was equally felicitous, perhaps more, in performing speedy and permanent cure than the right worthy baron's.

Mr. W. was a great and constant friend to the poor and afflicted, both with his advice gratuitously and his benefactions. He was the friend of Christianity, and acted up to its dic-

tates by his uniform example and daily walk. He was formerly on the most intimate terms of friendship with the reverend and venerable Mr. Newton, with whom he corresponded for many years. He was thrice married, and his seven children and young and amiable widow, who have survived him, were his habitual and indulgent pride.

Fond of domestic retirement and the study of phytology, in the cloisters of leaves and beautiful flowers, he avoided the ostentatious glare of fashionable life, and resigned his spirit with serene prospects of felicity, in the seventieth year of his age, at Isleworth, into the hands and keeping of that eternal Being, who never leaves nor forsakes those who put their trust in Him.

* * *

Original Poetry.

HUMANITY.

O, dear Humanity! reside with me;
Of all my stars, the brightest thou shalt be!
Rather would I, with unsuspecting heart,
Relieve the one whose feelings do not smart,
Than send a fellow creature from my door
Without a pittance from my trifling store.
How many a one, array'd in decent vest,
With peaceful face, is sadden'd at the breast!
How many a painful throb and sickly care
Steal to the grave those forms which loveliest
are!
Come, then, and light the gloom where wretches
pine,
Since thou, of all my stars, shalt brightest
shine.

P.

STANZAS.

Tao' sadly changed is my lot
To that when first we met,
Yet think not all that I have felt
Can cause me one regret.

Oh, no! tho' mirth, with laughing eye,
Thou canst not find in me,
There still shall be a soothing smile
For ever kept for thee.

There's many a one I thought sincere
Too soon has prov'd unkind,
Yet never cease I found to doubt
Thy gen'rous noble mind.

And tho' at times I sigh to think
Of those I left for thee,
Dearer than home and kindred too
Is thy true love to me.

ELIZA.

SONG.

Thy cheek of my love is bright as the rose,
With softest blushes beaming;
And her skin will vie with the lily's hue,
In purest whiteness streaming.

Her voice is sweet as the evening breeze
O'er beds of violets straying,
And soft as the harp of Eolus sounds
When summer winds are playing.

But there's still a charm beyond the rest,
To me the most endearing—
Tis the modest glance of her sweet blue eye,
So gentle like appearing.

ELIZA.

LIKE A RAY OF THE MOON.

Like a ray of the moon is my love,
And serene as its beam is her breast;
She's as pure as the spirits above,
That dwell in the realms of the blest!
As bright as the stars are her eyes,
Her breath is as soft and as sweet
As the scent of the rose, as it flies
The sportive young zephyr to meet.

Her soul is as pure as the dew,
That drops on the pale lily's bud,
And her sense is to virtue as true
As the fishes are true to the flood.
To Hymen's blest altar I soon
Shall hie with this beauty so bright,—
I'll be constant as night to the moon,
And as she as the moon to the night.

Tho' the stillness of joy will we rove,
By the light which affection shall shed,
Till, bound by the firm bonds of Love,
We fly to the realms of the dead.
On one breeze shall our spirits then soar,
By one seraph be wafted to heav'n,
And one angel shed purity o'er
Our souls, as our sins are forgiven.

J. C. P.

COLIN AND ALICE.

Young Colin was courting fair Alice at eve,
Where the gate, when it shut, them divided;
He had told her his heart, that could never de-
ceive.

But she laugh'd and his innocence chided:
'O, I fear love's a dangerous passion,' she
cried,

'That will visit affection with sorrow,
And we should not so early to care be allied;
Good night! I will tell thee to-morrow—'

A glance and a kiss, with a press of the palm,
Were tokens of sympathy's beating;
Their bosom was puls'd, but their parting was
calm,

Though their love-stolen moments were fleet-
ing,
'O, I fear love's a dangerous passion!' she
cried,

'If we wed, that will fill us with sorrow:'
And all the consent he could gain for his bride,
Was,—'Good night! I will tell thee to-mor-
row!'

MARIA.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

FROM THE GAELIC.

UPON a day—a lovely day,
The day that June shook limbs with May,
A day when Nature's breath was balm,
A day of health-inspiring calm,
A day of sunshine and of showers,
A jubilee among the flowers;—
A lily of the vale,

Her snowy hue half changed to pale,
Thus sighing did her grails disclose

To a half-drooping neighbouring rose;
'When buds began to soo and sing,
And Hebe usher'd in the spring—
That spring, you'll understand, I mean,
When lovely Mary was sixteen—
I well remember you and I
That very spring, my love, we wed';
And, borne on a soft zephyr's sigh,
We went and made our bridal bed
Where revelled many a youthful grace
On Mary's love-inspiring face;
Upon her cheek, beneath thy glow,
I shone as pure as mountain snow,

* The Gaelic language places the rose in the masculine gender.

And when I flew to deck her breast—
A bosom then to pain unkind—
Her lips ambrosial joy impress'd,
And borrow'd fragrance not your own;
I, too, did from her breast poison
More than my native loveliness.

'But, ah! misfortune's shafts unkind
Too soon our seats of joy invade—
And when misfortune wrings the mind,
The lily and the rose soon fade—
The brother of her love his low—
We must be gone—ah, day of woe!
But time, perhaps, and Colin's love
May heal her deeply-wounded mind—
For these the sorrows can remove
That in naught else a balm could find—
Then, happy day, we may resume
Upon that lip and neck divine.'

She sighed amid her weight of woe—
Grief stopp'd what more she had to say.
Responsive sighed her spouse, the rose,
As young Hygeia pass'd that way,
And pointed to a waving willow,
Beneath whose shadow Mary lay—
A tuff of downy moss her pillow,
The zephyrs 'midst her locks at play,
And sealed in sleep those eyes of sparkling
blue,

That lived in brightness with the morning dew—
Hygeia breathed upon the slumbering maid—
The rose and lily by enchantment flew—
Upon her cheek, her lip, her bosom sped,
Giving their beauties to the ravished rose,
She rose and sought her faithful Colin's side—
A cheerful, graceful, lovely, blooming bride.

AULD DORNEY.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—On Wednesday night, Mr. Kean appeared, for the first time this season, in the character of Brutus, in the tragedy of that name. There are few characters even in the extensive range which Mr. Kean's talents embrace, in which he appears to more advantage than in Brutus. The assumed idiocy under which he veils his indignation and resentment, until it bursts all restraint, and falls with tenfold fury on the head of Tarquin, though requiring great art and skill, was powerfully portrayed by Mr. Kean. In the judgment scene, where the principles of justice, and the love of country triumph over the feelings of a father, he was great; the sternness of the Roman and the affections of the parent were seen struggling with each other, in a manner which excited the pity and admiration of every one capable of the slightest feeling. Mrs. West, who we were happy to see restored to the theatre, played Tarquinia, and in those scenes which afforded any opportunity for her talents, she exerted them in much advantage.

The tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* was performed on Tuesday evening, when Mr. Cooper resumed the charac-

ter in which he first appeared on these boards—that of Romeo: he played it with much spirit and feeling, and Mrs. West was a most tender and loving Juliet; the scene in the garden was very excellent. The *Coronation*, which has been performed upwards of eighty times, continues to be repeated almost every other evening.

Mrs. Baillie's tragedy of *De Montfort* is withdrawn; the revival has been as unfortunate as its first trial.

On Thursday night, *The Road to Ruin* was performed: Old Dornton, by Mr. Munden; Silky, by Mr. Knight; Sulky, by Mr. Gattie; and Goldfinch, by Mr. Harley,—in point of merit, much in the order in which they are placed; but the novelty of the evening was Henry Dornton, for the first time, by Mr. Cooper, in which he excited but small interest, till he became fully sensible that his profligate conduct had brought ruin upon his indulgent father and upon his respected firm; then the strong emotions of affection and remorse, friendship and phrenzy, were forcibly depicted, and to the end of the piece were displayed in appropriate and masterly delineations. Miss Kelly's Sophia was an admirable piece of acting, and the Widow Warren was well sustained by Mrs. Harlowe.

COVENT GARDEN.—The operatized play of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, has been frequently represented during the week, and been as attractive as mere pageants, (for we no longer consider it a play of Shakespeare's, or go to see it as such,) generally are, when got up with the splendour for which this house is distinguished. It is difficult to speak in too high terms of the scenery in this piece. In the fourth act, a carnival is represented, among the entertainments of which are introduced several fancy scenes of such extraordinary lustre and richness as to set language nearly at defiance to describe them adequately. The first presents the square of Milan, with the superb public buildings illuminated. The procession of the *Seasons* and *Elements* crosses the stage, in all the profusion of illustrative embellishment which the arts have adapted to the personifying of them.—The buds spring out in blossom, the corn rushes up in ripeness, and the fruits grow suddenly mellow, as the different portions of the procession advance.

The machinery which represents Winter is a highly curious and beautiful specimen of dramatic engineering,

but the most splendid and gorgeous of all the scenes exhibited, is Cleopatra's galley sailing down the Cydnus, which comprises all the luxury of description with which historians, poets, and painters have adorned it. It filled the whole frame of the stage, while thunders of admiring applause resounded, instead of the music of the orchestra, to the plying of the oars. The galley is of great size, and is framed on the model of that which Shakespeare has so beautifully described:—

'The barge she sat in, like a bargeah'd throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten
gold;

Purple the sails;—
—the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of notes kept stroke.

—On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling cupids,
With divers colour'd fans.

—At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers.'

In consequence of the sudden indisposition of Miss Hallande, who played the character of Sylvia delightfully, it was undertaken, on Saturday evening, by Miss Boyle, a young lady from the Dublin stage, who made a very successful *début* in the part; and on the following evening she undertook the part of Zelinda, in the play of the *Slave*, a character about which Miss Stephens has thrown so matchless a charm, as to impose an arduous task on her successor. Miss Boyle, however, sang sweetly and acted prettily, giving considerable promise of future fame.

On Saturday evening, a new farce was produced, called *The Two Pages of Frederick the Great*. It is founded on the well-known anecdote of the King slipping a purse of gold into the pocket of a sleeping page, in consequence of his discovering that the boy kept himself impoverished by sending his money to relieve the wants of a needy and affectionate mother. In the farce, the distresses of the mother are developed at some length. It appears, that her late husband fell in Frederick's wars, and that she is seeking shelter in the capital from the rapacity of a local magistrate. She arrives at the house of a notable but generous inn-keeper, who, on learning her name and quality, shelters her gladly, and undertakes the responsibility of the pecuniary claim brought against her. The King happens to be in the street, and is made acquainted with the whole affair, just after he has deposited the money in the pocket of the page. The piece ends, of course, with a consummation of good fortune to all those

whose conduct turns out to be properly laudable. There is besides this another page, who is a very dashing *cavaliero* sort of person, though with the warmest feelings of kindness for his fellows.

On Thursday evening, an unfortunate accident occurred at this theatre, during the representation of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In the bandit scene, Mr. Abbot, who plays Proteus, received a very severe cut in the face, immediately under the eye, from the sword of one of the bandits. He shrieked out loudly, and was carried off the stage. It was thought that the wound was dangerous, but Mr. Egerton afterwards stated from the stage, that it was less severe than was at first thought, and that the eye, which it had been feared was injured, was untouched. The audience, with characteristic sympathy, feeling no wish to see a performance continued which had been attended with so painful a circumstance, called for the piece to be immediately terminated, and the curtain fell.

This is a lively and amusing trifle, without any thing very striking either in story, incident, or dialogue. The two pages, one of a sentimental and the other of a lively disposition, had charming representatives in Miss Foote and Mrs. Chatterley; and Farren, as Frederick, and Mrs. Fawcett, as a generous innkeeper, contributed to the success of the piece, which was decisive.

SURREY THEATRE.—This house terminated a brief autumnal season on Monday night. We understand arrangements are making for opening it with great *clat* at Christmas, for which the prolific pen of its present actor-manager, Mr. T. Dibdin, is in active employment.

Literature and Science.

A German traveller, of the name of Waldeck, has recently arrived in England, from India, and is preparing an account of his travels through Africa, from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope. It appears, that at the foot of the mountains of the moon, he found an inscribed pillar, erected by a Roman Consul, about the period of the reign of Vespasian. On the top of these mountains he found a level, nearly four hundred miles broad, on which he discovered a temple of the highest antiquity, and in fine preservation. It is still used for religious purposes by

the inhabitants. South of the level he passed a descent of fifty-two days' journey, and, when advanced about nine days, he found the skeleton of a man, with a telescope slung on his shoulder, marked with the name of Harris, and also a chronometer, made by Manchard. There were also two other skeletons, and it was supposed the persons must have perished for want of water.

The author of 'Calthorp' and 'The Mystery' has in the press a tale, intitled 'Lollardy,' founded on the persecutions of the fifteenth century.

Lady Jane Grey and Mary Queen of Scots have found new biographers in Mr. George Howard and Miss Benger.

Royal Society.—On Friday, the 30th ult., St. Andrew's Day, the Royal Society held their Annual Meeting at their apartments in Somerset House, when the President, Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. (after an appropriate address), presented, in the name of the Society, two gold medals (called Sir Godfrey Copley's), one to John Frederick William Herschel, Esq., for his mathematical and optical papers, printed in the Philosophical Transactions; the other to Captain Edward Sabine, for his observations on the magnetic needle and pendulum, made during the late voyage to the Arctic Seas, published in the same work. Afterwards the Society proceeded to the choice of a council and officers for the ensuing year; when, on examining the lists, it appeared that the following gentlemen were elected:—

Of the Old Council.

Sir H. Davy, Bart. J. F. Herschel, Esq.
W. T. Brande, Esq. Sir Everard Home, Bt.
Bishop of Carlisle. John Pond, Esq.
Taylor Combe, Esq. W. H. Wollaston, M.D.
Davies Gilbert, Esq. Thomas Young, M.D.
Charles Hatchett, Esq.

Of the New Council.

Earl of Aberdeen. James Ivory, Esq.
Matt. Baillie, M.D. Marq. of Lansdowne.
John Barrow, Esq. Alex. Macrot, M.D.
H. C. Brodie, Esq. Thos. Murdoch, Esq.
W. Hamilton, Esq. Sir R. Seppings, Knt.

And the Officers.

President.—Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. LL. D.
Treasurer.—Davies Gilbert, Esq.
Secretaries.—William Thomas Brande, Esq., and Taylor Combe, Esq.

After the election, the members of the Society dined together, as usual, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand.

Dr. Wilkinson, of Bath, has obtained a patent for an improved retort, or vessel for making coal and other gas; and for distillation, evaporation, and concentration of acids and other substances.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia liliatis,
Omnia nos itidem depascimus aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

Capital Punishment in Spain.—The species of capital punishment the proposed penal code recognizes, is the garrote. 'I was curious,' says a recent traveller, 'to see the death inflicted, and I confess that I had no notion it could be caused with so much humanity. A man should witness such a spectacle, as his opinion as to the best mode of its infliction may, one day or other, have an influence. The extinction of life seemed the affair of an instant. The victim occupies a seat which is attached to an upright post, an iron collar is placed round his neck, and strangulation is produced by turning half round a multiplying screw, which brings the collar close to the post. I observed no convulsion—no movement of agony. The garrote is as expeditious as the guillotine, and it sheds no blood. The power of society over human life has always appeared to me a very doubtful question—if life is to be taken, I can conceive no means more fit for its adoption.'

Coats of Arms.—Henry, surnamed the Fowler, Emperor of the West, who regulated the tournaments in Germany, was the first who introduced those marks of honour, armours or coats of arms. Before that time we find nothing upon ancient tombs, but crosses with gothic inscriptions and decorations of persons entombed. The tomb of Clement IV. who died A. D. 1268, is the first whereon we find any arms, nor do they appear struck upon any coins before the year 1336. Camden refers the origin of hereditary arms in England to the time of the first Norman kings.

Epitaph on Cardinal Richieu, by Benserade, for whom the Cardinal had procured a pension: (imitated from the French).—

Poor Richieu has lost his breath,
By a fell blow from tyrant Death;
What grieves me more, alas! to mention,
That blow has blown away my pension.

AUTO DOMINIE.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

Erratum in the present number, p. 781, col. 3, the paragraph commencing 'This is,' &c. should have proceeded that relative to Mr. Abbott's accident.

The favours of Mr. Hart, Mac, H., & Co.,

Dramatic, are intended for insertion, as is also 'Wisdom, a Vision.'

We have received the books, forwarded some time ago by our Correspondent at Islington, though we forgot to acknowledge them.

'The Maniac of the Lake' might be much improved by attention; until that is done, we cannot admit him into our family.

Errata: p. 769, col. 1, l. 2, from bottom, for 'Thesaurus' read 'Theatrum'; col. 2, l. 17, from bottom, for 'Anecdote' read 'Anecdotes.'

Advertisements.

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Royal Edition (to correspond with 'Eggs' Life in London'), 1s. 6d.; Penny Edition, 1s.

Published by JOHN FAIRBURN, Broadway, Ludgate Hill—Sold by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court; Wilson, and Chappell, Royal Exchange; Humphrey, St. James's Street; Sams, and Chappell, Pall Mall; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Hodgson, Wimpole Street; and by all other Booksellers and News-men in Town and Country.

London.—Published by J. Lindard, 20, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Church; where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed.—Sold by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Smith and Marshall, Stationers' Court; Chappell, Pall Mall; Colver, Piccadilly; and by all Booksellers and News-men.—Printed by D. Colver, 20, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Church.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published only every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 135. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1821. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

A Voyage to Africa: including a Narrative of an Embassy to one of the interior Kingdoms, in the Year 1820; with Remarks on the Course and Termination of the Niger, &c. By William Hutton, late Acting Consul for Ashantee. Illustrated with Maps and Plates. 8vo. pp. 488. London, 1821.

MR. HUTTON, who has made four voyages to the Gold Coast, engaged himself as secretary to the unfortunate Major Peddie, who, with so many of our adventurous countrymen, perished in the attempt to explore the interior of Africa. The fate and particulars of this expedition are well known, and Mr. Hutton, speaking on the subject, says, 'experience has convinced me that such formidable missions will never succeed in exploring Africa, as the natives are too jealous and too much alarmed at such a force.' Owing to some misunderstanding between the parties, Mr. Hutton did not proceed with Major Peddie; but, in 1820, he formed one of an embassy to Ashantee, under the direction of Mr. Dupuis.

The last mission to Ashantee was in 1817, and was conducted by Mr. Bowdich, under the direction of the African Committee. The object was to conciliate and form a commercial treaty with the King of Ashantee, as well as to gain all the information possible respecting the extent and resources of this kingdom, and the interior of Africa in general. The results of this embassy have been detailed by Mr. Bowdich, in an interesting volume, and it was to strengthen and improve the intercourse thus opened, that the embassy of M. Dupuis and Mr. Hutton was undertaken; and perhaps few persons could have been selected better qualified for the task.

The work of Mr. Hutton may be considered as valuable; for, although much has been conjectured by former travellers, Mr. Hutton has given us the fruit of eleven years' actual observation of those mighty resources open-
Vol. III.

ed to us for civilization, 'colony and commerce.' Mr. Bowdich's mission, under the African Committee, pointed out and left much to be done by future embassies, and without wishing to detract from that gentleman's endeavours, we may observe, that the limited circumstances under which his mission was undertaken, deprived it of much of its importance; for it could hardly be expected that the wily monarch of Ashantee would place much faith in treaties entered into with the company's servants—with whom he was in continual squabbles; and, as might have been foreseen, treaties formed and held together by such a slender tenure, were rent by the first shock of a contested palaver. The king, in fact, declared that these treaties had not been properly explained to him by Mr. Bowdich, by whom he said he had been deceived. Mr. Hutton, speaking of an interview with the King of Ashantee, says,—

'In reply to an observation which was made by Mr. Dupuis, that the king had consigned over to the British Government the natives residing under the forts on the coast, his majesty produced the original treaties, and requested me to read them over, and explain the contents to him; which being done, he said that they had not before been properly explained to him, as he never had agreed to give up his power over those people, whom he declared were his subjects, from Apollonia on the west to Danish Accra on the east.'

Our author and his companions, therefore, found the treaties, if not altogether set aside, yet so little adhered to as to be of trifling value. New treaties, in consequence, became necessary, and it required all the address and perseverance of the embassy to place the alliance with the King of Ashantee on a foundation which should leave that powerful monarch no room to fear its infraction. Accordingly, we see, when our ambassadors spread before him the well selected presents sent by the British Government, and heard the proposals that were made, his sable majesty—

'Expressed great satisfaction that the

King of England had been pleased to take so much notice of him, to appoint one of his own officers to reside at his capital; and this evidently made the most favourable impression upon all present.

'As soon as the commission was read, the linguists and captains rose, and each of them, in succession, taking one of the king's swords (which was about the size and shape of a bill, with the handle cast in gold, but the blade rusted in blood), flourished it about for two or three minutes, within an inch of Mr. Dupuis's nose. During this time, they made a solemn oath of allegiance and fidelity to his Britannic Majesty. The king rose last and took the same oath; after which, his majesty stated that he was sensible the King of England was a great king, greater than all the other kings in Europe; and that if he wanted ten thousand of the Ashantee troops at any time, they should be ready to march to any part of Africa, to forward the views of his Britannic Majesty. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the king expressed himself upon this occasion in favour of Great Britain; and the delight and satisfaction which beamed on every countenance was most gratifying to our feelings.'

Upon this declaration, our ambassadors acted, and the treaties which are now entered into, rest upon a more durable foundation. Mr. Dupuis and any successor he might appoint as consul were to be recognized; the claim of one thousand six hundred ounces of gold, made on the Governor of Cape Coast, was relinquished; his sable majesty acknowledged allegiance to the King of England—putting to rest all differences and palavers, resolving to encourage mutual commerce, admitting the natives under British protection to be intitled to the protection of British laws, and to be amenable to them only in case of any act of aggression; and stipulating that the path between Cape Coast and Coomassie should, for the future, be kept in good order; half by the British authorities at Cape Coast, and half by the King of Ashantee.

From this, it will appear that the embassy has been conducted with very considerable address, through obstacles difficult to encounter—and through very dangerous and heart-
3 D—53

pulling scenes. And too much praise cannot be bestowed on them, for having, in so short a time, accomplished such solid advantages.

Mr. Hutton's observations and suggestions as to the exploration of the noble rivers in the Bights of Benin and Biafra, are made in such feasible terms, that we doubt not but the Colonial Department will largely avail itself of his suggestions, and improve them to the benefit of our country.

We have hitherto only noticed Mr. Hutton's embassy in a political and commercial view; but we must observe that his work contains a good deal of information respecting the country through which he travelled; and, therefore, we shall make a few extracts. Of the haughty conduct of the sable King of Ashantee, we may judge from the following fact:—

'After the King of Ashantee had returned from the war with the Buntokoos, or Adinkiras, so called from their king's name, he sent (as is usual on such occasions) several jaw-bones to Cape Coast, Elmina, Commenda, and Accra, to convince the natives of those towns of his having conquered his enemy, Adinkira. At Commenda, a British settlement, about twenty miles from Cape Coast Castle, the pygmies, or chiefs, drove the king's messengers out of the town, without allowing them even a draught of water, and the boys hooted and pelted them with stones.

'The Ashantee messengers, on being driven from Commenda, proceeded to Cape Coast, where they complained of the ill-treatment they had experienced; but instead of receiving any redress, they were sent back to the King of Ashantee, without being shewn the common rights of hospitality. When his sable majesty became acquainted with it, he sent a messenger to the Governor of Cape Coast, and to the principal men of that town, demanding satisfaction for the insulting conduct of the Commendas, stating that they were under the protection of the Cape Coast natives; and, "therefore," says the king, "you shall give me satisfaction in the present case." He preferred making his demand on the town of Cape Coast, as he well knew the poverty of the Commendas rendered them incapable of paying the penalty; but this demand was refused by the governor-in-chief, principally on account of the message being couched in improper language, and accompanied with insulting advice to the governor, to build the castle-walls higher, and to prepare for the Ashantee army, which, it was intimated, would march to the sea-side in forty days, if the demand were refused. The governor answered, that the king might march his army down in twenty days if he thought proper, as in that time he should be prepared to receive him. This reply

gave great offence to the king, who was then at war with the Buntokoos, and several months elapsed before any thing further transpired on this subject; but, at length, his sable majesty's displeasure was manifested by a prohibition of all trade with Cape Coast; and thus was our commercial intercourse interrupted, and the departure of the embassy for a considerable time delayed.'

The Ashantees, we are told, have great powers of oratory, and Mr. H. gives a curious account of a palaver:—

'The criers* of the court having called "silence," Endo began by stating the origin of the dispute, the ill-treatment of the king's messengers by the Commenda people,—the first message sent by the king to the governor, with the governor's answer,—and the king having accepted the present sent him by the governor, while he refused that which was sent by the pygmies of Cape Coast, which evinced his desire to be on friendly terms with the white men, while the contrary was manifest as regarded the natives under the fort, who had given him offence, and, therefore, he refused their present until they had given him satisfaction. Eukassu followed, and stated that no insulting message was sent to the governor, advising him to build the castle-walls higher, and that if the messenger had said so, he was in confinement, and would lose his head. He added, that the king being tired of sending messengers to the governor, had now sent down his nephew, Prince Adoom, with full powers to negotiate and settle the dispute; but that the king demanded one thousand six hundred ounces of gold from the natives of Cape Coast, and the same quantity from the governor, for having broken the treaty.

The substance of the two speeches having been interpreted to the governor and council by the linguist (De Graft), they made answer by desiring the linguist to ask Adoom, or any of his attendants, if ever they heard of a governor of a British fort paying a fine to the King of Ashantee, or to any black men whatever? The reply to this was a negative; when the governor said, "then tell them I am now going to begin."

Upon this spirited reply, a great uproar and confusion ensued, and the meeting broke up; but a second hearing took place some days after, when it was determined that the embassy should immediately depart for Ashantee, with an assurance from Prince Adoom, that Mr. Dupuis and his companions should be protected and allowed to return to Cape

* These criers have a singular appearance, wearing monkey-skin caps, with a gold plate in front, and long tails hanging down their backs; at the end of almost every sentence delivered by the linguist, or person speaking, they call out loudly, "tehawoom! tehawoom!" silence! silence! There are upwards of a hundred of these criers, who attend the linguists, and are all deformed.'

Coast, at any time they thought proper, in the event of the differences not being amicably settled. Accordingly, the day was fixed for our departure, and Prince Adoom agreed to supply three hundred Ashantees and two captains, to conduct the embassy to the capital, and to assist in carrying the presents to the king.'

In travelling to the capital of Ashantee, our author says,—

'Our hammock-men, after travelling eight miles, halted, and expressed a wish to rest until the morning under a large cotton-tree, which spread its lofty branches so as to protect us from the dews of the night. This, however, I was unwilling to listen to, from the impression that it would be better to proceed to the nearest village; but after it became dark, and as our difficulties increased, I registered our departure from the cotton tree; for we found the path so bad, that the hammock-men frequently fell down, and I would willingly have halted for the night if there had been any town at hand to enable us to do so, as we did not travel more than a mile and a half in an hour, and that in the greatest misery. At last we lost our way, when we halted, and after some difficulty in getting a light, we made two large fires in the woods, around which we all seated ourselves for nearly an hour. But as we were exposed to the heavy dew which always falls at night in this part of the world, as well as to the wild beasts which infest the forest, I did not conceive it prudent or safe to remain in this situation; and, notwithstanding the unwillingness of our people to leave the fire, and their intrigues to rest themselves until the morning, I ordered them to proceed, which, after some expressions of dissatisfaction, they complied with.

'Here we entered a miserable hut, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, we found several of the natives cutting up a bush hog. We requested them to direct us to the cabocceer's house; but this they were unwilling to do, and regarded us with so much apathy and indifference, not even offering us a draught of water or a seat to rest ourselves after our fatigue, that we felt not a little irritated at their inhospitality. We, therefore, told them that we were travelling to the king of Ashantee, and exposing ourselves, at that late hour of the night, for their benefit, to settle the palaver between the Ashantees and Cape Coast people, and once more requested them to shew us where the cabocceer lived. Reasoning, however, with these barbarians, had no effect, and finding them still immovable, I was so provoked by their conduct, that I drew my sabre, and told them, if they did not instantly lead the way to the cabocceer's house, I would cut their ears off. This threat (however puny it may appear to those who have no apprehension of losing their ears in such a barbarous manner) had the desired effect; for the man who was cutting up the bush hog

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with a large knife, immediately put it down, and taking the light from one of his attendants, very respectfully complied with our repeated solicitations; and being provided with a lodging for the night, we retired to rest after swallowing a draught of dirty water.

The next morning, at five o'clock, we mustered our hammock-men and baggage-bearers, and set off for Paintrey. Just as we were leaving the town, a messenger arrived from the caboccer, with his compliments, saying he would pay his respects to us; but this mark of distinction we declined, as we had got into our hammocks, and were anxious to proceed on our journey. We passed through several rooms, which had been deserted in consequence of disputes with the Ashantees. The path was chiefly through a wood, but occasionally led us into an open plain for a short distance, where the picturesque scenery and luxuriant foliage burst upon us with a pleasing effect, and the diversity of hill and dale was not wanting.

The high Guinea grass and bush were particularly unpleasant to our feet and legs, from the dews which had fallen in the night; and the hammock-men being fatigued, we got out and walked about two miles, to relieve them as well as ourselves, being tired from sitting so long in one posture.

As his majesty's government has taken the forts from the African Committee, Mr. H. recommends the cultivation and civilization of that part of Africa called Paintrey or Doonqua, which is nineteen miles beyond Cape Coast; not merely by sending missionaries, but by also teaching the Negroes the advantages of industry:—

The natives of Paintrey live chiefly upon plantains, yams, cankey, and dried sea-fish, which they get from the coast. The flesh of monkeys and deer, which are very abundant all over the country, they frequently make soups of. Soup is also made from the oil of the palm-nut, and is a common dish. The Europeans, indeed, are very fond of it, when made into what is called a black soup, which is frequently sent to table at relish (luncheon). A mess of it was once dished up in London, at the house of a gentleman who had been in Africa, and was considered a great treat. The nut, if roasted when young, is very pleasant to the taste, and when old, the oil is expressed from it, which is of a red colour, and very rich. They have besides plenty of poultry, sheep, and hogs, but do not commonly indulge in this sort of food, as it is too expensive, and they prefer reserving these articles to sell to any principal men, either in the town or to travellers.

During the day, the higher orders amuse themselves chiefly in sitting about in lazy postures, drinking palm-wine, and talking palavers, which they are very clever at, and seem never so happy as when they have a good subject to debate upon,

which, indeed, they are seldom at a loss for. They have also a game called worree, or worra, with which they often amuse themselves, but I could not understand it. Bowditch says it is played in Syria, but gives no account of it, neither can I, further than that they have a small board, with fourteen holes cut in it, large enough to admit pebbles about the size of the marble, which boys in England play with, and these pebbles are tossed from one hole to the other by the persons at play. A great part of the morning is regularly devoted to washing themselves, from head to foot, which they do by sitting on a small stool in the middle of their court-yard, and sometimes in the open streets, as they do not pay much regard to privacy on these occasions. After washing, they grease their skins with a vegetable ointment, called *Ashantee grease*, which comes from the interior, and is very pure and useful, being extracted from a tree called *tinkeka*; it is frequently used for rheumatic pains, and as a salve for sores, &c. and much esteemed at Ashantee, as well as on the coast. It is supposed to be the shea butter mentioned by Park, and is known all over the coast. I met with it several years ago in the Gaboon river and other places.

Palm wine is the common beverage, not only at Paintrey, but all over the coast, as well as in the interior, but I never tasted any so good as at this place. The natives drink it occasionally during the day, as well as at meals, but after three o'clock in the afternoon it turns sour, and is not fit for use. It is brought from the tree every morning early, and is procured in the following manner: a hole is made in the thick part of the tree, and in this hole a small tube is inserted, through which the palm wine passes, and drops into a pot, which is placed underneath at night, so as to fill by the morning; but this it seldom does, as it distils very slowly. The tree yields wine for twenty or thirty days, and when perfectly drained, withers. As the country abounds with palm trees, there is seldom or ever any scarcity of wine. This tree, I have already mentioned, produces the palm-nut, as well as the palm wine, and is very valuable to the natives; it also produces the bamboo, which is used for rafters for the houses. The age of the palm tree, at its maturity, is about ten years. It seldom yields more than fifteen or twenty gallons of wine. The height of its trunk is about five feet, but the branches shoot out at least fifteen feet. We passed a great many of these trees on the path, some of which were in a decayed state, having the wine drawn off, and consequently deprived of all their nourishment.

The great value of the palm tree is, perhaps, felt as much by Europeans as the natives; for, besides the supply of beverage and soups made from the oil of the nut, (both of which they are almost as fond of as the natives themselves,) it is

also used instead of yeast in making bread; and during the rainy season at Cape Coast, I have frequently been obliged to go without bread at my breakfast, in consequence of not being able to get any palm wine the day before.

I have already mentioned that wine I have drank here is better than I ever tasted on the coast, but this is to be accounted for by our getting it pure from the tree, as our house-master, Quarante Hoynesse, (who is exceedingly attentive and obliging,) sent one of his slaves to a-day to get it fresh; whereas at Cape Coast, the natives take good care to adulterate it with water, although, even in that state, it is very intoxicating. It is a sweet, pleasant, and wholesome beverage, if not taken in too large quantities. When it is drank to excess, it not only intoxicates, but it is said to create some pleasant effects upon the body. A gentleman, who was many years governor of Apollonia, informed me, that he particularly observed this among the natives at that place, where the palm wine is procured in great perfection, as well as at the settlements in the Ashanta country.

We shall now give an account of the reception of the embassy at Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, to which we shall conclude for the present:—

On entering the capital, we were welcomed by thousands of people, men, women, children, crowding in all directions to us. The courtesie of people was so immense, I should suppose not less than fifty thousand, besides warriors. The principal streets, and the avenues leading from them, were completely crowded with all descriptions. The porticoes of the houses were crowded with the ladies of Coomassie, who were greeted by some women, and courteously handed their hands to us as we passed. The young girls, not more than thirteen or fourteen years of age, and dressed in the best clothes, followed us from our entrance into the capital, and kept close to our hammocks, smiling, and appearing, by their looks and gestures, to invite us to notice them. The shouts of the multitude, and the noise of the drums, horns, and flutes, made it impossible to hear the sound of our bugle, which our buglers kept almost constantly blowing before. Many thousands had flocked from various parts of the country, for at least thirty miles round the capital, to witness our entry.

In the first place, we were conducted by our Ashantee guide to the palace. Here we halted under some trees, at which the presents were deposited; we were almost immediately attended by a party of the king's body guard, in uniform, the same as is worn by our soldiers at the Cape. They were drawn up in a line on our right to keep us off, which we much required, as the heat was very oppressive. The spirit

firmness which these men manifested on one or two occasions, in driving back the mob that pressed upon us too closely, convinced me of their good discipline. While we were thus amused in reflecting on the novelty and variety of objects which surrounded us, one of the Ashantee captains (Adoo Quamina) rode past on a fine white horse, but did not appear to notice us. After waiting about half an hour, we received a message from the king that his majesty was ready to receive us. This message was conveyed by the executioner, who was loaded with massy gold ornaments, and had a solid gold hatchet upon his breast. He was an amazing strong and powerful man, and wore a war-cap, with eagle's feathers (as represented in the plate of Adoo Quamina), and having his face painted, was altogether a terrific figure.

Proceeding a short distance, we were once more desired to halt, which we did for about ten minutes, when we again moved on slowly to the assembly of cabboceers and captains, who, with their warriors and attendants, were drawn up in a circle, leaving room sufficient for us to walk round and shake hands with every person of consequence.

We entered this circle a few minutes after four o'clock. Here a splendid spectacle presented itself: at least twenty thousand warriors, with bright muskets and long Danish guns, now appeared in view, and a hundred bands of music began to play at the same moment. The king and his captains, many of whom had been summoned to the capital upon this occasion from distant parts of the kingdom, were all dressed in cloths of the richest manufacture, and decorated with ornaments of the purest gold and aggré beads. Their banners and flags of different nations, English, Dutch, and Danish, and at least a hundred large umbrellas, were seen in every direction. The majestic appearance of the cabboceers and captains, the richness of their dresses, the glittering and costly gold ornaments which were seen every where, as far as the eye could reach, had a most imposing effect, and left us for a moment in doubt whether we were not then in the presence of the king; but our guide, Captain Adoo, who preceded us upon this occasion, with our linguist, to point out those men possessed of most power and influence, informed us that the chiefs we then saw were only some of the king's captains. We, therefore, shook hands with them and passed on. Mr. Dupuis going first, followed by myself and the other officers of the embassy. As Mr. Dupuis preceded me, I had the advantage of seeing that some of the inferior captains, with whom he did not shake hands, appeared to look sullen and displeased, and whenever I observed this, I made a point of conciliating them by shaking their hands as well as the superior chiefs. This I could perceive had a great effect, and produced an instantaneous smile, accompanied by ex-

pressions of their approbation of what they evidently appeared to consider a condescension.

We passed nearly the whole assembly of cabboceers before we reached the king. His majesty was seated in a low chair, the back of which was profusely studded with gold nails, and ornamented with small pieces of gold. His chair was elevated a little, and placed about a yard in the back-ground; a small avenue was formed by his attendants in front of him, so that we had to step out of the circle to approach the throne. His majesty and all his captains were screened from the sun, by large umbrellas or canopies, made of scarlet and other cloth, capable of covering thirty or forty people, crowned on the top with elephants, crescents, &c. of gold. The king appeared about forty-five years of age, and rather corpulent; his cloth was a rich green silk, and he wore a necklace of aggré beads and small pieces of gold. Saphires, rased in gold, were suspended over his shoulder, and he had a number of gold rings upon his fingers, and gold castanets on his finger and thumb. His wrists, knees, and ankles were richly adorned with bracelets and knee-bands of the finest gold and aggré beads; and his sandals were of white leather, curiously worked and neatly ornamented. His features were remarkably handsome, his head was entirely shaved, with the exception of a small part on the left of the crown, about the size of a guinea, and his beard (of which he is extremely proud) was at least three inches long.

On appearing in the royal presence, we all took off our hats, and each of us, in regular succession, advanced and shook hands with his majesty. We were received in the most condescending and affable manner, and his majestic and dignified deportment surprised and delighted us. He was evidently much pleased at the mark of distinction which we paid him in taking off our hats, although he did not appear the least surprised.

It has been justly observed, that—

"A king's face—
Should give grace;"

and it may be truly said of this African monarch that he possesses such a face; a mild and pleasing countenance—open, lively, and animated; and a quick and penetrating eye. Indeed, I never saw a more handsome or dignified black man.

The guards behind his majesty wore belts cased in gold; the royal stool was also cased in gold, and displayed, under a large umbrella, with drums, horns, &c. of the same metal; and the breasts of all his majesty's attendants were decorated with stars, crescents, &c. of the purest gold.

Apokoo, the chief general of Ashantee, made a grand display of gold ornaments, and I particularly observed that the king's scales and weights, the blow-pipe, and box, were of solid gold.

The chamberlain, the gold-blower, the captain for royal executions, and the other officers of the household, were severally pointed out by our guide, and were all adorned with massy gold ornaments. The cook displayed his majesty's plate, consisting of immense large bowls, salvers, tankards, tea and coffee-pots, some of which were of English, but the most of Portuguese manufacture.

As soon as we had passed the king and the officers of his household, we shook hands with Adosee and the other three principal linguists, who were seated on the right hand of his majesty, and were loaded with a profusion of ornaments of the purest gold; their gold caps were elevated before them.

It is impossible to describe correctly so much splendour and novelty as was upon this occasion displayed; but what has been said, will give some idea of the riches of Ashantee, and our reception at the capital.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Time's Telescope for 1833; or, a Complete Guide to the Almanack: containing an Explanation of Saint Days and Holidays, Contemporary Biography, Astronomical Occurrences in every Month, and the Naturalist's Diary. To which are prefixed, Outlines of Conchology, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 314. London.

There is not an annual periodical, we had almost said a periodical of any description, which we greet with half the pleasure that we do the 'Time's Telescope'; for while almanacks, pocket-books, souvenirs, remembrances, &c. like dogs, have their day, (or rather their year,) 'Time's Telescope' is ever pleasing, ever new. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find so many estimable qualities concentrated in one individual, as the author of this delightful little annual displays—a strong moral feeling, an ardent love of nature, a fine taste, diligent research, and liberality of sentiment;—these breathe in almost every page of his work, and must make it respected and admired 'by saint, by sinner, and by sage.'

Presuming that the eight volumes of 'Time's Telescope' which have preceded the one before us, have made it pretty extensively known, we shall only observe, that it improves as it advances, and that its sires and grandsons to the seventh or eighth generation, need not blush for their distant offspring. Although no single extract can give an adequate idea of a work so various, yet we shall hazard one from the Introduction, which forms an admirable treatise on Conchology, &c.

fessing that it is probable our selection has rather been suggested by our supper, in this instance, than our judgment:—

'*Ostrea*, oyster and scallop; inhabitant, a Tethys.

'This shell-fish is widely distributed, being found in the seas of Europe, Asia, and Africa. But since the days of the Luxurious Romans, the oysters of Britain have been held in the highest estimation. They were noted in the time of Juvenal, when, satyrizing an epicure, says,—

'He, whether Circe's rock his oysters bore,
Or Lucrine lake, or distant *Richborough's* shore,
Knew at first taste.'

'The luxurious Romans were very fond of this fish, and had their *lucres* or stewers for oysters as we have at present. The ancients ate them raw, and sometimes roasted. They had also a custom of stewing them with mallows and docks, or with fish, and esteemed them very nourishing. Oysters are found on various parts of our coasts, from the southern shores of England to the sheltered bays among the Zetland Islands; but those chiefly celebrated for them are the coasts of Essex and Suffolk: here they are dredged up by means of a net, (with an iron scraper at the mouth,) which is dragged by a rope from a boat over the beds. As soon as taken from their native beds, they are stored in pits formed for the purpose, furnished with sluices; through which, at spring tides, the water is suffered to flow. This water, being stagnant, soon becomes green in warm weather, and in a few days afterwards oysters acquire the same tinge, which renders them of greater value in the market; but they do not acquire their full quality, and become fit for sale, till the end of six or eight weeks. The principal breeding-time of oysters is in the months of April and May, when they cast their spawn, or *spats*, as the fishermen call them, upon rocks, stones, shells, or any other hard substance that happens to be near the place where they lie, to which the spats immediately adhere. These, till they obtain their firm or crust, are somewhat like the drop of a candle, but are of a greenish hue. The substances to which they adhere, of whatever nature, are called *cultch*. From the spawning time until about the end of July, the oysters are said to be sick, but by the end of August they become perfectly recovered. During these months they are out of season, and are bad eating.

'The oyster fishery of our principal coasts is regulated by a court of admiralty. In the month of May, the fishermen are allowed to take the oysters, in order to separate the spawn from the cultch, the latter of which is thrown in again, for the purpose of preserving the bed for the future. After this month, it is felony to carry away the cultch, and otherwise punishable to take any oyster, between whose shells, when closed, a

stirling will rattle. The reason of the heavy penalty on destroying the cultch is, that when this is taken away, the ouse will increase, and muscles and cockles will breed on the bed and destroy the oysters, by gradually occupying all the places on which the spawn should be cast. There is likewise some penalty for not treading on and killing, or throwing on shore, any star-fish that happen to be seen.

'The prickly star creeps on with full deceit,
To force the oyster from his close retreat.
When gaping lids their widened void display,
The watchful star thrusts in a pointed ray,
Of all its treasures spoils the ridged case,
And empty shells the sandy hillocks grace.'

'The common oyster (*o. edulis*) is contented to remain fixed to his first station, surrounded by an innumerable progeny, continually increasing with wonderful fecundity. His motions consist only in turning from one side to the other, which he accomplishes more by sagacity than any natural agility or inherent strength. He contrives to bolster up one side by a gradual deposition of soft mud, till he stands nearly upright; then, availing himself of the flowing or ebbing of the tide, he opens his shell, and is tumbled on by the pressure of the water. And as expedition is not his object, this mode may answer well. It has, however, been observed, that the young fry possess the power of swimming very swiftly by means of an undulatory motion of the branchiae. The poet of nature thus characterizes the oyster:—

'Condemned to dwell
For ever in his native shell;
Obedient to move when others please,
Not for his own content or ease;
But tossed and buffeted about,
Now in the water, and now out:

Yet in his grotto-work inclosed,
He nothing feels in that rough coat,
Save when the knife is at his throat;
Wherever driven by wind or tide,
Exempt from every ill beside.'—COWPER.

'Strong locomotive powers have been attributed to the scallop, which are, it is said, exerted in a most singular manner. A very rapid progress is effected by the sudden opening and closing of the shell. This is done with so much muscular force as to throw it four or five inches at a time. In the water, an equal dexterity is evinced by the animal, in raising himself to the surface, directing his course *ad libitum*, and suddenly, by the shutting of his valves, dropping to the bottom. The scallop was held in high estimation by the ancients, and is still sought after in Catholic countries. The *pecten maximus* is frequently used in England. It is found gregarious in moderately deep water, and is taken up by the dredge. It is pickled and barrelled for sale, and esteemed a great delicacy. The fishermen suppose that they are taken in the greatest quantity after a fall of snow. Another species, the *pecten opercularis*, is employed for culinary purposes in Cornwall, where it

is known by the name of *frills* or *queens*. In the Frith of Forth, this species is frequently dredged up along with oyster, but it is thrown, by the Newhaven fishermen, to the dunghill, along with sea urchins and star-fish. The scallop was commonly worn by pilgrims on their hat or the cape of their coat, as a mark that they had crossed the sea in their way to the holy land; in commemoration of which this shell is still preserved in the armorial bearings of many families of distinction.'

Illustrations of Biblical Literature.

By the Rev. James Townley.

(Concluded from p. 770.)

MR. TOWNLEY takes such an able and comprehensive view of the history of biblical literature, that no analysis, confined to the limits we could allow it, would be in the least satisfactory to the inquisitive reader; we shall therefore confine our notice to a few extracts, and, first, of the ignorance and superstition of the tenth century:—

'The tenth century, which presents one of the darkest periods of the Christian era, was an age of the profoundest ignorance, and of the most degraded superstition. Some, who filled the highest situations in the church, could not so much as read, while others, who pretended to be better scholars and attempted to perform the public offices, committed the most egregious blunders. In Spain, books were become so scarce, that one and the same copy of the Bible, St. Jerome's Epistles, and some volumes of ecclesiastical offices and martyrologies, served several monasteries; and in the famous monastery of Iona, there seems to have been, in the ninth century, no other work, even of the fathers than one of the writings of Chrysostom. Germailus, a Spanish bishop, by his will, bearing date A. D. 953, bequeathed about sixteen volumes of books to certain religious houses, with the express condition that no abbot should be permitted to transfer them to any other place; but that they should be kept for the monks of the monasteries specified in the will, who should accommodate each other as much as possible in the use of them. The will is subscribed by the King and Queen, as well as by bishops and other persons of rank.

'Of the deplorable state of religion, and of the wretched superstition that reigned in this and several succeeding centuries, no other proof need be adduced than that of the *FEAST OF THE ASS*, celebrated in several churches in France, in commemoration of the Virgin Mary's flight into Egypt. This festival was celebrated at Beauvais, on the 14th of January. They chose a beautiful young woman, whom they richly attired, and placed a lovely infant in her arms. She then mounted an ass richly caparisoned, and rode in procession, followed by the bishop and clergy, from the Cath-

dral to the church of St. Stephen, where she was placed near the altar, and high mass commenced. Instead, however, of the usual responses by the people, they were taught to imitate the braying of the ass; and at the conclusion of the service, the priest, instead of the usual words with which he dismissed the people, *brayed* three times, and the people *brayed* or uttered the imitative sounds *Hinham! Hinham! Hinham!* During the ceremony, the following ludicrous composition, half Latin, half French, was sung with great vociferation in praise of the ass:—

TRANSLATION.

‘From the country of the East
Came this strong and handsome beast,—
This able ass, beyond compare,
Heavy loads and packs to bear.

Now, Seigneur Ass, a noble Bray;
That beauteous mouth at large display;
Abundant food our hay-locks yield,
And oats abundant load the field.

True it is, his pace is slow,
Till he feel the quick’ning blow,—
Till he feel the urging god,
Ou his buttock well bestow’d.

Now, Seigneur Ass, &c.

He was born on Shechem’s hill,
In Reuben’s vales he fed his fill!
He drank of Jordan’s sacred stream,
And gambled in Bethlehem.

Now, Seigneur Ass, &c.

See that broad majestic ear!
Born he is the yoke to wear;
All his fellows he surpasses,—
He’s the very lord of asses!

Now, Seigneur Ass, &c.

In leaping he excels the fawn,
The deer, the colts upon the lawn;
Less swift the dromedaries ran,
Boasted of in Midian.

Now, Seigneur Ass, &c.

Gold from Araby the blest,
Saba myrrh, of myrrh the blest,
To the church this ass did bring;
We his sturdy labours sing.

Now, Seigneur Ass, &c.

While he draws the loaded wain
Or many a pack, he don’t complain;
With his jaws, a noble pair,
He doth crunch his homely fare.

Now, Seigneur Ass, &c.

The bearded barley and its stem,
And thistles yield his fill of them;
He assists to separate,
When it’s a thresh’d, the chaff from wheat.

Now, Seigneur Ass, &c.

Amen! Bray, most honoured ass,
Sated now with grain and grass;
Amen repeat, Amen reply,
And disregard antiquity!

‘The final chorus, as given by Du Cange,’ is certainly an imitation of assine braying; and when performed by the whole congregation, must have produced a most unharmonious symphony.

- We give the translation only.—REV.
- † Here the ass is made to bend his knees.
- ‡ The final chorus is as follows:—
- ‘Hez va! hez va! hez va he!
- Biaix Sire Asses car aliez;
- Belle byeue car chapitre.’

‘M. Millin has published an account of this festival, as practised in the cathedral of Sens, in the thirteenth century. The details are taken from a manuscript missal of that church, now kept in the town library, originally composed by Pierre Corbeil, Archbishop of Sens, who died June, 1822. The MS. is said to be beautifully written, and the covers of it to be ornamented with representations of all the operations of vintage, and other analogous mythological subjects. At the time the missal was written, the ceremonies were become entirely bacchanalian and impious. The priests were besmeared with lees of wine, and entered the choir dancing and singing obscene songs; the deacons and sub-deacons prepared the altar by eating in the filthiest manner, and playing cards upon it, whilst the priest was celebrating mass; pieces of old shoes were put into the censor, and burnt instead of incense; and the deacons and their companions were afterwards carried through the streets in carts, practising various indecencies. For several days, the most disgusting and extravagant actions were continued, and riot, drunkenness, and wanton singing, universally prevailed, both among the clergy and laity.

‘Attempts were made at different periods to suppress these sordid superstitions, but, unfortunately, without success. Maurinus, Bishop of Paris, who died in 1196, laboured to abolish them, but the missal already noticed, which appears to have been drawn up *ex officio*, shews how completely he failed. In 1245, Odo, Bishop of Sens, prohibited the offensive disguises, and repressed some of the mummeries and licentiousness, which had become part of the festival, but did not remove the whole, for, in 1444, the Faculty of Theology, at the request of several bishops, wrote to all the prelates and chapters to abolish this custom. It is nevertheless evident, by the acts of the council held in 1400, that the grossnesses merely of this ceremony were retracted. The council forbids caricature habits, false and uncouth singing, and orders, that on the *precentor of the fools*, as he was called on this occasion, *not more than three pails of water, at most, should be thrown*, and on the other naked men, *only one pail each*, and that *not within the church*: the other ceremonies, if practised out of the church, were permitted. From so gentle a remonstrance, it could not be expected that the festival would be materially checked; and we are not surprised to learn that it was officially permitted by acts of the Chapter of Sens, in 1513 and 1517. Still later permissions are found, but with gradual prohibition of indecencies, till, at length, it ceased towards the end of the sixteenth century.

‘This ridiculous festival was not limited to France; Michaelis, who supposes that annual fairs originated in the conventions of the people for religious purposes, conjectures that one of the German annual fairs, denominated *Mäusen*, from the masses

formerly said at those times, owed its rise to some ceremony of this kind. The fair is held on the Wednesday after Easter, near Querfurt, in the place called the Area Meadow. In England, Robert Grosseteste, or Greathead, Bishop of Lincoln, in the eleventh century, ordered his dean and chapter to abolish the Feast of Asses, which had been annually celebrated in Lincoln Cathedral on the feast of the Circumcision, on account of its licentiousness.

‘The festival itself probably derives its origin from that principle of accommodation to the manners and prejudices of the people, which led to the adoption of rites and ceremonies in imitation of the Pagans: the Coronation of the Ass was a part of the ceremony of the feast of Vesta, an honour conferred upon this quadruped because, according to the Pagan mythology, it had by its braying saved Vesta from being ravished by the Lampadon god.’

‘We shall now detach a few amusing anecdotes of the ignorance of the clergy at various periods, from the 14th to the 16th centuries inclusive. Wiclif said, that in his time there “were many unable curates that kunnen not the ten commandments, ne read ther Sauter, ne understood a verse of it;” and Edward III. complained to the Pope, “that the encouragements of religion were bestowed upon unqualified mercenary foreigners, who neither resided in the country nor understood its language.”

‘Lewis Beaumont, bishop of Durham, was one instance, among many, of the necessity of Edward’s remonstrance. He was a very lame and illiterate French nobleman, so incapable of reading and spelling, that he could not, although he had studied them, read over the bulls announced to the people at his consecration. At the word “metropolitane,” he paused, tried in vain to repeat it, and at last said, “Soit pour di,”—(suppose that said.) Then he came to—“In Enigmat:” this puzzled him again. “Par St. Louis,” said he, “il n’est pas courtois qui a écrit cette parole ici,”—(by St. Louis, it could be no gentleman who wrote this stuff.)

‘In the middle of the fifteenth century, the study of the Scriptures was far from being general, and the most profound ignorance reigned amongst the major part even of the clergy. Few of them, comparatively, were acquainted with the Latin, though constantly used in the offices of the church, whilst feasting and debauchery are declared to have been their ordinary occupations.’

‘In 1448, Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, on the presentation of Merton Priory, in Surrey, instituted a rector of the parish of Sherfield, in Hampshire. The rector, however, previously took an oath before the bishop, that, on account of his insufficiency in letters, and defects

of knowledge in the superintendence of souls, he would learn Latin for the two following years; and that, at the end of the first year, he would submit himself to be examined by the bishop, concerning his progress in grammar, and that if, on a second examination, he should be found deficient, he would resign his benefice.'

Prior to the publication of the Greek Testament by Erasmus, not a copy could be procured in all Germany, and the original languages of the Scriptures were not only generally neglected but the study of them was despised:—

'Even Latin, the common language of their religious services, was so little understood by the monkish clergy, that the most ridiculous mistakes were made by them, both in the performance of their offices and in their writings; an instance is related of one, who, instead of the usual form in baptism, was accustomed to say, "Baptizo te in nomine Patrie et Filie, et Spiritus Sancti"; of another who when he had received letters of recommendation for orders, couched in these terms, "Otto Dei gratia, rogat vestram clementiam, ut velitis istum clericum conducere ad Vestrum Diaconum;" and was ordered to read the epistle, which was considerably abbreviated in the writing, was so totally ignorant of the Latin, as to form the abbreviations into the following unmeaning words. "Otto Dei gram, rogat vestram clam, ut velit istum clincum clancum, convertere in vivum Diabolum;" and of a third, who for "famus Dei," constantly repeated "mulus Dei."

'The grossest ignorance of the Scriptures prevailed, not only among the laity, but also among many of the clergy. Degrees in divinity were conferred upon those who had scarcely ever read the Bible; and numbers of divines were far advanced in life, before they had ever seen one! In the year 1510, the university of Wittenberg registered in its acts Andrew Carolstadt, afterwards one of the reformers, as being *sufficientissimus*, fully qualified for the degree of doctor, which he then received: though he afterwards acknowledged that he never began to read the Bible till eight years after he had received academical honours. Albert, Archbishop and Elector of Mentz having accidentally found a Bible lying on a table, in 1530, opened it, and having read some pages, exclaimed, "Indeed I know not what Book this is; but this I see, that every thing in it is against us." Gerard Listerius in his note on the *Moria Encomium* of Erasmus says, I have known many doctors in divinity, as they were called, who have candidly acknowledged that they were fifty years of age, before they had read the Epistles of St. Paul;" and Musculus affirms that, prior to the Reformation, "many priests and pastors had not so much as seen a Bible."

'Andrew Forman, Bishop of Murray and Papal Legate for Scotland, being obliged to say grace at an entertainment which he gave to the Pope and Cardinals in Rome, blundered so in his latinity, that his Holiness and their Eminences lost their gravity, which so disconcerted the Bishop that he concluded the blessing by giving "all the false carles to the devil, in nomine patrie, filii, et sancti spiritus;" to which the company not understanding his Scots-Latin, said Amen!'

We might much extend these extracts, but must close with observing that Mr. Townley's Biblical Literature is one of the most curious, interesting, and valuable works, that ever came under our critical notice.

LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

THE Fourth Part of this elegant little work contains the lives of Alexander Hume, John Bellenden, Mark Alexander Boyd, William Wilkie, Robert Fergusson, William Julius Mickle, Alexander Geddes, and James Grahame.

As we have already expressed our very favorable opinion of the literary merits and interest which this work possesses, we shall now only say, that the fourth part is written with all that spirit, liberality, and critical acumen, which distinguish its predecessors from the general mass of biographies. With the impression that many of our readers think as we do, we shall only give one short extract in support of our opinion. It is a critical estimate of the poetical talents of Grahame, the author of the 'Sabbath':—

'In proceeding to examine Mr. Grahame's pretensions as a poet, it is difficult to divest one's self entirely of the prejudice which his virtues are calculated to excite in favour of his muse. But, making every allowance on this ground, no ordinary share of praise must still be his due. The most important exception probably, which can be taken to his works, is, that they are almost all too exclusively religious to attract the attention of the general reader. Perhaps it would be no misrepresentation of the spirit of any age with which we are acquainted, if we except only the canting age of Cromwell, to say, that such topics rather repel than invite the curiosity which so much befriended a writer. A like devotional character distinguished one of Grahame's oldest precursors in descriptive writing—Hume, of Logie,—to whom, indeed, he bears a very striking resemblance. Both of them belonged originally to the profession of the law, and both abandoned it for the church; both cultivated poetry with a view to religious edification, and both have studiously refrained from all reference to that tenderness, though most

selfish, of human passions, Love; lastly, both have fixed on subjects nearly alike as possible—the one celebrating the beauties of a Summer's Day, the other of the Sabbath, "the halcyon day." In the scale of merit, however, there is a great distance between the two. Although Grahame, like Hume, excels from his theme, he does not, him, omit to call up other strong emotions of the heart in its stead; altho' he looks on woman with no impassioned feeling, he does not banish her from view entirely. We have, in the Sabbath Day, no such meetings of lovers as with the utmost truth of painting described in the ballad of Logan Water.

"Awe mair at Leg in kirk will be
Meet wi' mi, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan Kirk."

'But we have, "at the close of living prayer," the affecting spectacle of youth and loveliness consigned to grave:—

"Again that kneel! The slow procession
The pall withdrawn, Death's altar, thine
board"

With melancholy ornaments (the name),
The record of her blossoming age, appears
Unveiled; and on it dust to dust is thrust
The final rite. Oh! hark, that sullen song
Upon the lower'd bier the shovell'd clay
Falls fast, and fills the void:—

'Nor, though averse to introduce us of love into the day consecrated to heaven, does Grahame appear to have shed any thing of a lover's feeling. For example, his description in the elegy, of two lovers, on an excessively thirty-first of December night:—

"To meeting lovers now no hill is steep
No river fordless, and no forest dark;
And when they meet, unheeded sweet
blust;

Unfelt the snow, as erst from summer's
Around them fell a shower of fading flowers
Shook by the sighing of the evening breeze

'Hume is simply pleasing; Grahame is impressive, often pathetic. The dwells on external objects alone, and other penetrates into the inmost recesses of our heart. Still, considering either merely as writers anxious to be popular by the shortest road, it may be acknowledged, that, on account of peculiarly religious character of their writings, they equally mistook their way.

'The next point to be noticed in manner in which Grahame has executed the design which he had conceived this will be better illustrated by a few quotations taken at random, than by a long and tedious analysis. If the following passages are not capable of affording some of the highest pleasures in the perusal, no of commentary can raise them to that distinction; if, on the other hand, the capability of delighting without such reference; it is, after all, the undertone of more ingenious than useful labour into the components of that enthusiasm, which, by one sweep of its hand has done the business already.

'The dawn of the Sabbath—its difference from the dawn of every other morn—is thus strikingly introduced.

'How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour,—hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.

The scythe lies glittering in the dew wreath
Of tided grass, mingle'd with fading flowers,
That yesternoon bloom'd waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant blessing midway up the hill.

Calanities sits thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the
dale;

And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tan'd song; the tolling
brook

Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen,
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling
smoke

O'mounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of Psalms, the simple song of praise.'

'The burial of beauty has been already
incidentally noticed, and the conclusion
quoted; the preceding part of this episode
is still more remarkable for the spirit
and pathos of genuine poetry.

"But wood and wild, the mountain and the
dale,

The house of prayer itself—no place inspires
Emotions more accordant with the day,
Than does the field of graves, the land of rest:
Off, at the close of evening prayer, the toll,
The solemn funeral-toll, pausing, proclaims
The service of the tomb; the homeward crowds
Divide on either hand; the pomp draws near,
The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing
'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'
Ah me! these youthful beavers, robed in white,
They tell a mournful tale: some blooming
friend

Is gone,—dead in her prime of years;—'twas
she,—

The poor man's friend, who, when she could
not give,

With angel tongue, pleaded to those who could;
With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye,
That ne'er besought in vain, save when she
pray'd

For longer life, with heart resign'd to die—
Rejoic'd to die, for happy visions bless'd
Her voyage's last days, and, hovering round,
Alighted on her soul, giving peace.

That heaven was nigh. O, what a burst
Of rapture from her eyes! what tears of joy
Her heavenward eyes suffus'd!—Those eyes are
closed,

But all her loveliness is not yet flown.

She smil'd in death, and still her cold pale face
Retains that smile, as when a waveless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted by a nightly frost, with ice,
Still it reflects the face of Heaven, unchanged,
Unmuffled by the breeze or sweeping blast."

ON THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS.

The architecture of the ancient Romans,
under their first kings, has been already
shown to have been derived from that of
the Etruscans. This people, a colony
from Greece, were antecedent to all the

• From 'Elmes's Lectures on Architecture.'

rest of the Italian peninsula in cultivat-
ing the arts, which they had practised
even before the reputed time of Cadmus.
All their arts were derived from Greece,
by the migration of the Pelasgi. The
architecture of Etruria should be consid-
ered more as a style, and as a school of
art, than as a name given to the works of
Etruscan artists. In its earliest period,
that is before and about the time of Cad-
mus, it partook of the Egyptian and ear-
liest Grecian styles; became afterwards
refined through its connexion with
Greece, and, finally, the immediate parent
of the Roman.

Having, in my preceding lectures, ex-
tolled the architecture of the Greeks
above that of the Romans, in a manner
beyond what the admirers of the Roman
style may approve, permit me to repeat,
by way of explanation, that it was not in
costliness or magnitude that the mighty
genius of the Greeks developed itself, so
much as in *invention, in taste, in beauty, in refinement*, and in leaving to posterity the
best models for imitation. These quali-
ties have given this gifted people their
deserved pre-eminence over all their
imitators or competitors.

* No remains of architecture or sculp-
ture are to be found in Greece but what
are canons of art, while Rome possesses
more to corrupt the taste of the young
architect than all its excellencies can
counterbalance. It is, therefore, to the
rules, the forms, the proportions, the
taste of the former, that the attention of
the student should be perpetually re-
called:—

* Hear! how learn'd Greece her useful rules in-
dites,

* When to repress and when indulge our flights.
POPE.

Greece, even in its state of decay,
should attract the student during his tra-
vels through the elements of the art, as
in the decline of literature and fine
taste, a city in the Asiatic desert did
Longinus, who retired thither as to an
asylum whence he might contemplate the
setting sun of Attic splendour.

The three essential and distinct quali-
ties in architecture, are *strength, grace,*
and richness. The three orders of the
Greeks possess all these requisites, and
the five anomalous orders of the Romans
possess no more. The aforesaid quali-
ties are the landmarks, the boundaries,
the north and south poles of the art. The
Doric displays the first-mentioned quali-
ty, of strength; the Ionic, the second,
of grace; and the Corinthian, the third,
of richness. The Corinthian is the *maxi-
mum*, uniting beautiful simplicity and
flourid decoration; while the Doric possesses
pure simplicity, plainness, and robust
strength; and the Ionic is the connect-
ing link between the two.

Yet in these three simple elements
what an endless variety! We no more
need a new order in our architecture than
a new letter in our alphabet. The ar-
chitect of talent will as little think of be-

wildering himself in the search of a new
order, as the illustrious discoverer of the
safety-lamp, who now, for the interests of
science, presides over the Royal Society,
would of searching after the far-famed
philosopher's stone.

Every style of architecture, to be com-
plete, must possess these three elementary
principles, and no style requires more.
That affectively called by the 'graves' at
the thrice picked bare bone of antiquity,
the English, but which is better known by
the untrue name of the Gothic, possesses
them; and this style, I think, may easily
be arranged, and a grammar formed of
its romantic, but erratic elements, which,
under the hand of a scientific architect,
may arise into a pure and ordered sys-
tem. Supposing, for instance, now I am
upon the subject, (which I will endeavor
to improve upon in its proper place,) sup-
posing, I say, that under the first clan, or
that of strength, we venture to put the
Norman and the Saxon; under the se-
cond, or that of grace, the architecture of
the period of Edward the Third, and in
kind; and, under the third, or that of
richness, we collect the styles called
florid.

Not that I would, with that instance of
bathos in architecture, Batty Langley,
whose paragon of ugliness are of late re-
visiting in our metropolis, make the five
orders of Gothic architecture complete,
or attempt to speak of his Tuscan Go-
thic, (they are his own nomenclature,) his
Doric-Gothic; his Ionic-Gothic; his
Corinthian-Gothic; or, that acme of ab-
surdity, his Composite-Gothic.

I have intruded this digression for the
purpose of impressing more and more
deeply upon the minds of the younger in-
quirers into the beauties of architecture,
the superiority of the Grecian arrange-
ment, or system of the orders, over that
of the Romans; for simplicity, ease of re-
membrance, utility, and for giving free
scope to fancy, invention, and genius;
and also that it can be applied as a sys-
tem to other styles.

From Egypt, as I have endeavored
to prove in my former lectures, architec-
ture, with the rest of the arts, visited
Greece; and, after the decline of the re-
nowned states of that empire, settled in
ages in Rome;—'a city,' says the learned
De Goguet, in his *Origine des Loix*,
'which seems to have been destined to
swallow up and absorb all the kingdoms of
the universe. Her feeble beginnings
presaged no such degree of power as she
afterwards attained. It was by steady pi-
lcey and unshaken courage that Rome tri-
umphed over all the obstacles that ap-
peared to oppose her enlargement.'

Greece, sunk into obscurity, and rid-
ded by luxury and corruption, the daily
dry-rot of national greatness, paralysed
by indolence and submission to her in-
querors, gave up, supinely, her rights,
her arts, her artists, to a people armed
with the rougher powers of industry and
arms.

Far be it from me, however, to insinuate, by these observations, that the cultivation of the arts enervates a people; for history affords abundant proofs to the contrary, of which a very few instances will suffice.

When arts and literature were at their zenith in Athens, so were public virtue, strength of arms, and industry; all grew together and flourished abundantly side by side; they languished, they sickened, and they died together. So it was with other ancient nations, and so it will be with every people present and to come: and it is only inasmuch as literature and the fine arts are the seal, as it were, the crown the capital of greatness, that the error has sprung up.

Before the introduction of pure taste, and the importation of Grecian art and artists into Rome, we have the authority of all historians to show that its architecture was as rude as that of any other nation of antiquity. Their Etruscan neighbours led them to copy Greek originals, and one of their earliest kings, Tarquinius Priscus, was a native of Greece; hence the origin of the Roman style. Nor was it Grecian architecture alone that the Romans imitated; but their literature, their eloquence, their manners, and customs, were all borrowed from their illustrious predecessors. Vitruvius founded his code of architectural laws upon the Greeks; Virgil imitated Homer; Cicero, Demosthenes. The early Roman plays were translations from the Greek, and their latter ones imitations.

The natural tendency of the ancient Romans was to the grand and wonderful, the colossal, the showy, and even the prodigality of extravagance. Hence, the temporary theatre of Marcus Scaurus, erected while he was edile, which he adorned with three hundred and sixty marble columns, and three thousand bronze statues; and it was capable of containing eighty thousand persons. The shafts of the lower range of columns were thirty-eight feet long, and their weight was such, that Scaurus was obliged to give security for the reparation of the great sewers over which they were to pass, if they should be damaged by their conveyance; and this, be it remembered, was for an occasional temporary amusement.

Such also is character was the wooden edifice erected by Curio, for the celebration of the funeral games in honour of his father; which was so contrived as to form, according to the nature of the exhibition, either a theatre or an amphitheatre. When to be used in the former way, the circular backs were placed against each other, thus becoming two separate theatres, so that the declamations, music, and applauding acclamations of the one, were not heard in the other. After the theatrical performances were concluded, the two edifices, turning on pivots, were rolled round by machinery, with all the audience within them, and the circle or amphitheatre was completed;—the pits,

cleared of the populace, formed the arena. These accounts, however improbable they may appear, are quoted on the authority of the elder Pliny.

The Meditator, AN OCCASIONAL PAPER, No. VI.

*Beatum, cui etiam in seculatæ contigit, ut
aspirationem, veraque opinionem, ansequi possit.*

PLATO APUD CICERONEM.

*Happy the man who, even in old age, attains
to wisdom and true knowledge.*

A NOTHER advantage, for which we are indebted to the studies of metoposcopy, craniology, chrymancy, political economy, and others of that stamp, is the manifest saving in the tax of poor's rates, which accrues to the public by their means. Persons, who might otherwise have come under the cognizance of the Vagrant Act, or become chargeable to their several parishes as incapable, through defect of natural parts, of providing subsistence for themselves, as shoe-makers, tailors, musicians, or bear-leaders, have, in the pursuit of the above studies, an ostensible calling or mode of existence, and are enabled to set the parish-buckle at defiance, by picking the pockets of the community at large, who purchase their philosophy. Thus a man who is too proud or too indolent to apply himself to a handicraft trade for subsistence, has nothing to do but turn author and philosopher. Though he had not the wit to set a pen-stake or frighten a crow from a corn-field, he may yet have more than sufficient to write you a very learned treatise upon horticulture or agriculture. Though his invention might be unequal to the soldering a brass pan or the rivetting a hoop for a cracked jordan, yet he finds no difficulty in giving us a proof of his abilities in a new theory of the deluge, an infidel cosmogony, or a smart parody on the Scriptures. He who feels in comprehending why you can't tanzeze and exuvassite simultaneously, will nevertheless contrive to puzzle you with a dissertation on gases, while one who couldn't tot up the teeth in the jaw-bone of an ass or calculate the neat proceeds of an impost upon rational parrots, will dash you off an essay on the national debt in a twinkling. Thus we see, by making philosophy a kind of depot, or house of refuge, for those who can succeed in nothing else, we take so much dead weight off the shoulders of the industrious part of the community, and, beside, have philoso-

phers, where, without the aid of above sciences, we would have none but plain fools.

Physiognomy is one of the professions among these. Can there be any more consonant to reason and sense, than the hypothesis upon which this theory sets out? namely, all dispositions of the mind follow the features of the face, or *e converso*; the features follow the dispositions. For, in the first case, by the different configurations of a man's nose, or head, or eyebrow, the mind, without anything but a subtle rafter, a *particula auræ*, within the cap, compressed or suffered to dilate itself, according as the said nose, head, or eyebrow, is short or long, or high, angular or curvilinear: the mind itself becomes consequently either narrow or expansive, shallow or profound, crooked or uniform. In the second case, viz. that of the features shaping themselves so as to conform to the internal disposition; hypothesis is scarcely less subtle. For the mind, being in its nature uniform, is inconsequently then elastic; ergo, by jutting, and pushing and driving, and shouldering, at the end of the nose, the inner angles of the cranium and the concavities of the eyebrow, if sufficiently potent, it will enlarge and otherwise proportionally conform those features to measures of its own dimension; weak and inexpensive, the features remain short, and snubbed, and, as it were, as they were when uniform in the womb.

As to craniognomy, the doctrine of telling a man's disposition and qualities from the prominences and roosties on his skull, is and ought to be upheld by every good father of a family: all over the world these do not only indicate the temper of a man's own disposition, but his wife's also. Let any fond benevolent British husband lay his hand upon his forehead, and deny this if he can. This theory, and the doctrine of trial heat, agree very well in this beside conforming rigorously to the Newtonian rules of philosophy which require the existence of the features brought to explain phenomena, first truly established, and its effects thereto demonstrated on rational principles, they also prove the eternal matter, to all appearance of a fact. For, our skulls and the earth, is nothing but the mother of a and a pottery of human bodies.

able to withstand the expansive and eternal pressure acting within them, must be endued with an affinity among their particles, proportionally cohesive and perpetual, i. e. are indivisible and eternal. Hence we have matter proved to be God, in one particular at least, that is to say, in its eternity; the next step is to shew it infinite, cogitative, and omnipotent, which we presume can be done with equal ease and satisfaction.

But of all these studies, none please me so much as that of comparative anatomy, whereby the several properties, dispositions, virtues, and energies of the human system are developed by comparing our physical organization with that of monkeys, cats, dogs, bears, owls, &c.

But there is another art, which, although not philosophical, strictly speaking, yet agrees so well with those I have mentioned, in affording an occupation in the last resort, that I cannot forbear taking this opportunity of giving it my humble subscription of praise. In fact, this branch of authorship does more in the way of thinning the manufactories, and depopulating the mechanical part of the community, to their very great benefit, than all the above studies of philosophy, taken together. It not only employs a great number of hands, but is of such easy attainment, that except for the impossibility of teaching a magpie the art of penmanship, a magpie might write very excellent poetry. Poetry! O Lord! sure you don't mean to assert that a magpie could write poetry? Be so good as to read my words over again, Mr. (P). If, by any dissimilarity, by the application of Spanish thumb-screws or other instruments of torsion, you can wrest my meaning into such an assertion, why build me up in bronze, and set me as a patron saint over perjurers, professed story-tellers, Abyssinian travellers, and breakers of the ninth commandment. No, so far from making such an impudent assertion, I venture to assert, that a magpie could not write poetry. Well—it's all one; you asserted, that if a magpie could write, he could become a poet. O—your humble servant; this is a different question: For the answer, give me leave to refer you to Prince Maurice's parrot*, and if the parrot does not satisfy you himself, it is vain

for me to attempt it. Still you say: though we do suppose a parrot capable of extempore poetry, yet, after all, a parrot is but a parrot, turn him as you will, and not a magpie. Granted: but have you recollected to slit the magpie's tongue with sixpence-worth of a decapitated monarch? Yes. Well—now slit your own tongue, and see if you'll talk a bit the better. Can you expect a magpie to do more than you, a man? this is a step beyond me; if you have the face, after this, to accuse me of setting up a magpie to be a poet, recollect, you have made him yourself more than a man; so hide your head in your palms, and kiss the butt-end of humility, or I'll expose you to the *genus irretabile*, to be burnt as a special blasphemist.

But to return; I say it is incalculable, of what benefit the art of poetry is to the manufacturing and agricultural interests, by taking off a number of superfluous and unprofitable hands, and thereby leaving the needle, the awl, the raping-hook, and the scythe, to those who are able to wield these instruments without maiming themselves, through ignorance of the manner of using them, and utter incapability of ever attaining it. Poetry is also much more efficient in this way than philosophy; inasmuch as the latter requires you to know so much of language as not to call a government debenture a sheet of waste paper, a golden sovereign a brass farthing, a nose a mouth, a scull a humming-top, or a wild man of the woods a reasonable creature; whilst the essence of poetry lying in calling things by wrong names, and applying your words in new and strange significations, the less you understand of the true meaning of words, the more likely will you be to misapply and misuse them; which I take to be the natural province of a poet. Thus, craniognomy requires some little knackery or dexterous jugglery in its management, so as to impose with an appearance of argument, but reason or common sense of any kind would be highly detrimental to a poet. Only think of a drama attempting to fob us off with a faithful personification of passion, humor, or wit, in clear, obvious, and appropriate language! Why the author would deserve lower damnation than the worst devil, who prints rubric and placards legible at telegraph distance, for reptile and monkey showings. Have you written a poem, containing anything but love and gew-gaw words, and brit-

tle images, bursting like bubbles, with puff! Your ear—take my advice, and kite it to the man in the moon, for it wouldn't be read by the gossips here, if it were written out on the broad heavens, in letters of stars.

If there be one entity in existence I despise more than an Atheist, it is a poet.

But that he might pick my pocket, I would much rather be in the room with a swindler. I can pity the prostitution of talents in the wily kurre; the dull unpretending simpleton is often amiable; even the witless pretender to philosophy, the alchemist, the physiognomist, the antiquary, are at least laughable; as for the dealer in namby-pamby and chit-chat, by the wood fire, I am his sworn brother in iniquity; but a poet has no earthly qualification but to make you ashamed of your species. It is something between an idiot and a goliath; the brainless corporeality of the one, with the finimness and nothingness of the other.

You go out to take a peaceful duh of tea with a female friend;—well—and you sit down in the simplicity of your heart to a little knee-neighboring chat with her; when, Mrs. Sachanoe comes up, and begs leave to introduce a protégé of her's, 'a young gentleman, who has a very pretty taste for poetry.' Now I'll be judged by St. Peter, if any one has a right to insult an unoffending gentleman, by putting such a trick upon him. I beg leave to acquaint my female acquaintance thus publicly, that if this is meant as an equivalent tax instead of card-money, (for I hate cards as much as poets,) thinking, perhaps, that I can better spare my ears to a poet, than my money to reimburse them for the cost of their tea and crumpets, I would rather give them the breeches off my person (and, God knows, I can ill spare them) than be thus delivered up to the pains of purgatory before my time.

It is true the thing will talk; yet, will use those distortions of feature which generally accompany mental energy, will utter such voluble gibbles, and words running over the tongue upon friction-wheels, will hop and hubble and take positions, cawing up the eye and making a leg, that, only it has not the wit to deny such a scheme; you would swear it had been paroled at St. Luke's. Nevertheless, I would rather be stoned by a bird-pie, with plucked jays and gurgulous chaffinches.—I swear, I swear!

* Mr. Locke gravely asserts the rationality of a Brazilian parrot, from its conversation given on the authority of Prince Maurice.—See the Essay on Human Understanding.

poet yet, who did not torn Ossian
into rhyme. WILDERNESS.

Original Communications.

RIDING THE STANG.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR.—Your correspondent, Mr. Ephraim Wood, who, in your last number, has favoured the public with an account of Riding the Stang, as practised in the north of Yorkshire, is mistaken in supposing that the custom is peculiar to that district; since it obtains also in the West Riding, and particularly in the market-town of Ripon, where I have, on more than one occasion, witnessed its performance; the principal actor being seated on a pole supported by two or more individuals with a numerous retinue. I am unable to trace the origin of this singular usage, but judging from the import of the term 'Stang,' which, according to Dr. Johnson, is a pure Saxon word, signifying a perch, and as to perch is to sit or roost as a bird, we can have no hesitation in concluding that the practice is derived to us from our Saxon ancestors. Its salutary effects may be inferred from the uniform sanction and approbation of ages.

Your obedient servant.

CANNY YATTON.

December, 12, 1821.

PARISH FEASTING.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR.—This is a reforming and retrenching age, and every one considers himself privileged to adopt systems of economy, and to suggest plans for the amelioration of the national burthens. Such exertions for the general benefit of mankind, have been as various in their objects, as they have been beneficial in their results. The Societies for the Suppression of Vice and Mendicity, have been active in removing from our public streets those gangs of nightly marauders and sturdy beggars, who so long infested every avenue of the metropolis; and bringing to the tribunal of justice those disciples of infidelity, whose pernicious maxims, if unchecked, would have demoralized the public mind, and by dissolving the ties of religion and loyalty, sapped the foundation of civil society.

Nor has the spirit of true patriotism stopped here; the public institutions of the metropolis, the hospitals, the

schools, the alms-houses, and even the prisons have been visited, their internal economy examined, and their abuses reformed; but the Poor Houses of the several parishes have as yet remained unnoticed. Here is indeed an ample field for inquiry, for it is from the injudicious conduct of these important establishments the distresses of the lower classes in a great measure originate, and it is by the want of proper energy on the part of Parish Officers, that so many beggars and idle persons, are still found loitering in the streets, and infesting every approach to the metropolis. Were the present Poor Laws put in vigorous exercise, there can be little doubt but the sum of human misery would be considerably lessened, while the nuisance of vagrants, still so much complained of, would be effectually removed. In your Chronicle of the 24th of November, I was much struck with the following passage, quoted from the Reports of the Mendicity Society: 'Whoever it shall be enabled to induce parishes to adopt a better system, in regard to vagrants, a very important step will be taken towards the end in view. If the entire suppression of mendicity be at all attainable, it will probably be effected by slow degrees, and will depend upon an infinity of circumstances; but its advance has been already arrested, and its most revolting features are receding.' From this statement it is evident that a greater degree of activity and vigilance on the part of parish officers, would tend materially to assist the operations of the Society, and that, without this, their influence must be partial, and in many instances even nugatory. But what say parish officers in reply to this charge of negligence? Their plea is, that the parish funds are inadequate to the support of all the vagrants who might apply for relief, or the employment of proper persons throughout the bounds of a large parish, to take up such as come under the denomination of vagrants. But whence arises this poverty? Are not the poor rates regulated by the number of the objects soliciting relief of the parish, and may it not be reasonably supposed, that the sum will be sufficient to supply the demand? As the parish officers have, thus the power of levying the poor rates, and we may conclude that they will exercise this power to its necessary extent, we must look to some other cause for the poverty complained of, and this we shall find in a great measure to be the prac-

tice of parish feasting. It is true that there are few public institutions which conclude their annual meetings without a feast, which is partly paid, in most cases, out of the funds, but though this is a rule more honoured in the breach than the observance, yet it is only annual, and therefore limited; but parish feasting is both frequent and abundant, and every meeting for business is considered inceptive, useless concluded with the customary libation to Bacchus; thus the stream of benevolence, which should have refreshed the fainting child of Poverty, is diverted from its course, and poured in copious profusion into the capacious stomachs of churchwardens, overseers, and, as you remark, 'of all in authority under them.' Surely, sir, this is an abuse which requires reformation, and though I am a member and sincere friend of our established church, I am an enemy to the unnecessary glutony of its parish officers.

'The labourer is certainly worthy of his hire,' and I am aware that the transactions of parish business, particularly if the parish be large, occupies much time, during which refreshment is necessary; but regard should be had to the wants of others as well as our own, and no more should be expended, than will supply the wants of nature. This growing evil might be immediately remedied, were a public auditor appointed to each parish, who should regulate all the expenses attending the frequent meetings of the officers, and, in cases of long protracted business, allow a certain sum per head for necessary refreshment. By the general adoption of this plan, combined with vigilance in the parish police, the funds would be found commensurate with the demands, and the comfort of the poor proportionally increased, while the public security would be promoted. E. G. B.

A LOVE TALE.

MANY of the Afghan songs and tales relate to love, and most of them speak of that passion in the most glowing and romantic language. A favourite poem, which tells the story of Audam and Doorkhaunee, is known to most men in the nation, and is read, repeated, and sung, through all parts of the country. Audam was the handsomest and bravest young man of his tribe, and Doorkhaunee the most beautiful and most amiable of the virgins; but a feud between their families long prevented their meeting. At last an accidental encounter took place, which ended in

a mutual and violent passion. The quarrels of the families, however, still kept the lovers separate, and perhaps in ignorance of each other's sentiments, till Doorkhaunce was compelled by her relations to marry a neighbouring chief. The affliction of her lover may be imagined, and his lamentations, and the letters that passed between him and Doorkhaunce, fill a large part of the poem; till, at last, after overcoming numberless obstacles, Audam succeeded in prevailing on his mistress to see him. They had several meetings; but Doorkhaunce still preserved her purity, and rejected alike the importunities of her lover and her husband.

Audam's visits did not long escape the husband, who was filled with jealousy and desire of vengeance. He took the opportunity of his rival's next visit to way-lay him, at the head of several of his own relations: and, though his attack was bravely repelled, and his opponent escaped with a desperate wound, he resolved to try if Audam's suit was favoured, by observing the effect of a report of his death on Doorkhaunce.

Doorkhaunce's only pleasure, during the long intervals of her lover's visits, was to retire to a garden, and to cultivate two flowers; one of which she named after herself, and the other after the object of her affection. On the day of the ambuscade, she was watching her flowers, when she observed that of Audam languish from sympathy with his recent misfortune; and, before she recovered from her surprise, she was accosted by her husband, who approached her with a drawn sword, and boasted that it was wet with the blood of Audam. This trial was fatal to Doorkhaunce, who sunk to the ground, overwhelmed with grief and horror, and expired on the spot. The news was brought to Audam, who lay wounded near the scene of the ambuscade, and no sooner had he heard it, than he called on his mistress's name, and breathed his last. They were buried at a distance from each other; but their love prevailed even in death, and their bodies were found to have met in one grave. Two trees sprung from their remains, and mingled their branches over the tomb.—*Elphinstone's Caubul.*

Biography.

JAMES PERRY, ESQ.

ALTHOUGH we have little to add to the Memoir of this amiable and much respected individual, which has appeared

in most of the public journals, and although we can pay no higher compliment to his talents and integrity, than his brother journalists of all parties have so unanimously done, yet we would not suffer a gentleman who has been so intimately connected with the press for nearly half a century, to pass to the tomb without some record of his worth in our pages.

Mr. James Perry was a native of Aberdeen. He was born on the 30th of October, 1756, and received the first rudiments of education at the Chapel of Garioch, of which parish the Rev. W. Farquhar, father of Sir Walter Farquhar, was minister. From this, Mr. Perry was removed to the High School of Aberdeen.

In the year 1771, he was entered of Marischal College, in the University of Aberdeen, and was afterwards placed under Dr. Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, advocate, to qualify him for the profession of the Scots law; but his father, who was an eminent builder, having engaged in some unsuccessful speculations in his business, young Perry left Aberdeen in 1774, and proceeded to Edinburgh, in the hope of obtaining a situation in some professional gentleman's chambers, where he might at once pursue his studies and obtain a livelihood. But, after long and ineffectual attempts to gain employment, he came to England, and was for two years engaged in Manchester, as clerk to Mr. Dentwiddie, a respectable manufacturer. In this situation he cultivated his mind by the study of the best authors, and gained the friendship and protection of the principal gentlemen of the town, by the talents he displayed in a society which was then established by them for philosophical and moral discussions, and by several literary essays, which obtained their approbation. In the beginning of 1777, he brought with him recommendations from all the principal manufacturers to their correspondents, but they all failed of procuring him any suitable introduction; it was, however, the accidental effect of one of them that threw him into the line of life, which, from that period, he persevered in with such invariable constancy.

There was at that time an opposition journal published under the title of 'The General Advertiser,' and being a new concern, it was the practice of the proprietors to exhibit the whole contents of it upon boards at different shop-windows and doors, in the same man-

ner as we now see the theatrical placards displayed. Mr. Perry being unemployed, amused himself with writing essays and scraps of poetry for this paper, which he hung into the letter-box of the printing house, and which were always inserted. Calling one day at the shop of Messrs. Richardson and Urquhart, booksellers, to whom he had letters of recommendation, he found the latter busily engaged in reading, and apparently enjoying, an article in the 'General Advertiser.' After Mr. Urquhart had finished the perusal, he put the usual question to him, whether he had heard of any situation that would suit him? to which he replied in the negative—at the same time holding out the paper, he said—'If you could write such articles as this, I could give you immediate employment.' It happened to be a humorous essay, written by Mr. Perry himself. This he instantly intimated to Mr. Urquhart, and gave him another article in the same hand-writing, which he had proposed to drop into the letter-box.—Mr. Urquhart expressed great satisfaction at the discovery, and informed him that he was one of the principal proprietors of the paper; that they wanted just such a person, and as there was to be a meeting of the proprietors that same evening, he would propose Mr. Perry as a writer. He did so: and the next day he was engaged at a salary of one guinea per week, and an additional half-guinea for assistance to 'The London Evening Post,' then printed by the same person.

Such was the incident that threw Mr. Perry into the profession of a journalist. He was most assiduous in his exertions for 'The General Advertiser'; and, during the memorable trials of Admirals Keppel and Palmer, he, for six weeks together, by his individual efforts, sent up daily from Portsmouth eight columns of the trials, taken by him in court; which, from the interest they excited, raised the paper to a sale of several thousands per day. At this time Mr. Perry wrote and published several political pamphlets and poems; and, in 1782, he formed the plan, and was the first editor of the 'European Magazine,' upon the design of combining, in one monthly publication, the usual miscellaneous contents of such a work with a review of new books. He conducted it, however, only for the first twelve months, as, on the death of a Mr. Wall, he was chosen by the proprietors of

'The Gazetteer' to be the editor of that paper, the proprietors of which consisted of the principal booksellers of the city of London: Mr. Thomas Payne, Mr. White, Mr. Nicol, Mr. Lockyer Davies, Mr. Paul Vaillant, with Sir N. Conant, Mr. Elmsley, &c. Mr. Perry undertook the editorship of the paper at a salary of four guineas per week, on the express condition that he was to be left to the free exercise of his political opinions, which were those asserted by Mr. Fox—opinions which, from their liberality in the cause of freedom, justice, and humanity, had made, on his first entering the gallery of the House of Commons, an impression that could not be effaced from his mind.

On his commencing editor of 'The Gazetteer,' he suggested to the proprietors the plan of employing several reporters, to facilitate the publication of the debates in Parliament. Up to that time, each paper had but one reporter in each house of Parliament, and the predecessor of Mr. Perry in 'The Gazetteer' had been in the habit of spinning out the reports of debates for weeks, and even months, after the session had closed; while Mr. Woodfall, in the 'Morning Chronicle,' used to bring out his hasty sketch of the debate in the evening of the following day. Mr. Perry's plan was adopted, and, by a succession of reporters, 'The Gazetteer' published in the morning with as long a debate as Mr. Woodfall brought out in the evening, and sometimes at midnight.

It happened that, in the years 1780, 1781 and 1782, there were numerous debating societies in every part of the metropolis, where many persons that have since been conspicuous in Parliament, in the pulpit, and on the bench, distinguished themselves as public speakers. Mr. Perry was a speaker in these societies, and is mentioned with great praise in 'The History of the Westminster Forum.' Mr. Pitt used to attend these societies, although he never spoke at any of them; and it is not perhaps generally known, that the Lyceum was fitted up and received that title, expressly for a superior school of oratory, by John Sheridan, Esq. a barrister, with the view of enabling such young gentlemen as were designed for the senate and bar, to practise public speaking before a genteel auditory. It was opened for a few nights, at 5s. the price of admittance. Mr. Pitt and several of his friends frequented it, but the enterprise fell to

the ground. It is positively stated that, afterwards, when Mr. Pitt came to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, having had frequent opportunities of witnessing Mr. Perry's talent in public speaking, and particularly in reply, he caused a proposal to be made to him of coming into Parliament, which would have probably led on to high fortune. Mr. Perry, however, thought proper to decline it, as he did afterwards an offer the same kind from the Earl of Shelburne.

Mr. Perry was for several years editor of 'Debrett's Parliamentary Debates,' to the exclusion of advertisements and other extraneous matter. This work had fallen into disrepute, and the proprietors set it up to public sale. In the meanwhile, Mr. Woodfall undertook another paper, under the title of the 'Diary,' and Mr. Perry bought the 'Morning Chronicle.' He announced himself, in conjunction with his friend, Mr. Gray, as joint proprietor and editor, and declared he would be responsible for its contents. From that time to the present day, it has continued to be the organ of genuine Whig principles, uniformly asserting the doctrines that placed the illustrious House of Brunswick upon the throne of the united kingdom, and equally deprecating all violent changes, whether attempted by Jacobins on one side, or Ultra Royalists on the other. The consequence was, that he was assailed and reviled by both extremes of party, while the great constitutional body of the Whigs, and of the friends of freedom, considered the 'Chronicle' as the true vehicle of sound constitutional doctrines. It is but justice here to remark, what is truly creditable to Mr. Perry, that he never suffered his paper to be degraded by private personalities or scandal, and that he never was suspected of venality. Twice, in the course of forty years, he was prosecuted by *ex-officio* informations, and was as often honourably acquitted. In the first instance, he was most ably defended by his noble friend, Lord Erskine, and in the second, he took his defence upon himself. In private life, Mr. Perry had the happiness to maintain his aged parents in comfort, and to bring up the orphan family of his sister by her first marriage. She was afterwards married, for the second time, to the celebrated Professor Porson, and died in 1796.

In 1798, Mr. Perry was married to Miss Anne Hall, a young lady of the

most amiable accomplishments whom, for many years, he lived the most perfect state of connubial bliss. She brought him eight children, whom he died young; and the daughter, of the most prodigious talents, was carried off at the fourteen, by the rupture of a vessel, in the arms of her mother, and gave a shock to that lady's constitution which she never recovered from, and sunk into a decline, and too soon to Lisbon in hopes of restoration, milder climate; on her return, taken prisoner by an Algerian, and after suffering much in the ship sunk under her complaints, her she was landed at Bourdeaux.

The industry and talent of Mr. Perry, as a journalist, cannot be fully exemplified than by the admitted success which he enjoyed shortly after he took the 'Chronicle' and almost expiring paper, the 'Morning Chronicle,' into his hands, of Themistocles, the celebrated Athenian statesman, that, on approaching for his want of political principles, he made this true friend never touched the lute to play on the harp; but commit to my charge a Ciceronian secure and inconvertible, I find it great and flourishing.' By the exercise of judgment and attention, did the subject of memoirs raise an obscure journeyman of the most distinguished and respectable. It was looked only throughout the British, but all over the continent, for the talent it displayed, a form independence, consistency with which it admitted genuine principles of politics. Even those who differ from Perry's political opinions, acknowledged the sincerity with which he adopted, and the candour with which he maintained. But this was not all; in the of his journal he at all times high sense of moral propriety; he not only never according to the fashion of when he began his literary career, but he carefully excluded all as might hurt the feelings of individuals, even when censure of them could not have been to any legal process.

As the celebrated William Hall was the first who gave the nature of correctness to the

Parliamentary Debates, so was Mr. Perry the first who contributed by his example to give a respectability to English newspapers, which they never possessed before; and in all the violent party conflicts in which he happened to be engaged, his adversaries were obliged to confess that his hostility was carried on with honour, as well as talent. He was beloved and respected by his numerous friends,—he was generous and liberal to all who stood in need of his bounty, while he exercised the greatest discrimination with regard to those who were worthy of it; and, while he took care that the duties belonging to his extensive establishment were punctually fulfilled, he had the rare quality of securing the attachment, as well as the esteem, of all those who were in his employ.

This much-respected individual died at his house at Brighton, on Tuesday, the 4th inst. in the 65th year of his age.

SURGEONS.

In the reign of King Henry VIII. as Gale informs us, there were very few worthy to be called surgeons. His account of those employed in the army is very humorous. 'I remember,' says he, 'when I was in the wars at Muttreil (Montreuil) in the time of that most famous prince, King Henry VIII. there was a great rabblement, that took on them to be surgeons; some were sow-gelders, and some horse-gelders, with tinkers and cobblers. This noble sect did such great cures, that they got themselves a perpetual name! for, like as Thessalus's sect were called Thessalions, so was this noble rabblement, for their notorious cures, called dog-leaches; for in two dressings they did commonly make their cures sound and whole for ever; so that they neither felt heat nor cold, nor no manner of pain after. But when the Duke of Norfolk, who was then general, understood how the people did die, and that of small wounds, he sent for me, and certain other surgeons, commanding us to make search how these men came to their death; whether it were by the grievousness of their wounds, or by the lack of knowledge of the surgeons; and we, according to our commandment, made search through all the camp; and found many of the same good fellows, which took upon them the names of surgeons; not only the names, but the wages also. We asking them whether

they were surgeons or no, they said they were; we demanded with whom they were brought up? and they, with shameless faces, would answer either with one cunning man or another, which was dead. Then we demanded of them what chirurgery stuff they had to cure men withal; and they would show us a pot or a box, which they had in a budget; wherein was such trumpery as they did use to grease horses heels' withal, and laid upon scabbid horses' backs, with rowel, and such like. And others, that were cobblers and tinkers, they used shoemaker's wax, with the rust of old pans, and made therewithal a noble salve, as they did term it. But in the end, this worthy rabblement was committed to the Marshalsea, and threatened, by the duke's grace, to be hanged for their worthy deeds, except they would declare the truth what they were, and of what occupations; and in the end they did confess, as I have declared to you before.'

Original Poetry.

THE SHEPHERD'S WISH.

From the Greek of Moscos.

WHEN calm the wave, and hush'd the wind,
And smooth as glass the water blue,
The sea delights my changeful mind,
And then I bid the groves adieu.

When foaming white the hoary main,
With folding waves the sailor sees;
I turn my prow to land again,
And sit beneath the waving trees.

More sweet to me beneath the wood
To sit, than skim along the brine;
When tempests rave o'er ocean's flood,
They only whistle through the pine.

How dull the prisoned sailor's life,
When tossed along the rolling main;
By winds and waves, in constant strife—
But sweet to sleep beneath the plane.

The warbled music of the grove,
A little fountain murmuring near,
More than the billow's swell I love,
That tortures, not delights the ear.

H. H. N.

SONG.

EVER sprightly, debonnaire,
Playful as the wanton air,—
Sporting thro' the waving trees,
Lightly as the passing breeze,—
See the charming Flora hies:
Now the mystic dance she tries;
Gaily to the tabor's sound,
Quick she prints the fairy ground.

Smiling like the vernal morn,
When its golden hues adorn,
The spotless lily of the grove,
Blooming forth in virgin love!

Or the new-born blushing rose,
When its dewy tint disclose
To the mind's enraptur'd eye
Beauty and variety.

HATT.

THE TON.

HAVE you the silly art acquired
Of tripping well? Have you achieved
Your broken phiz and foolish pace,
Which savour of the monkey race?
With waistcoat short, with blue sarinet,
Cravat of black, bright wrinkled bow,
Mustachios, whiskers, whirlpool hair,
The raving maniac's thoughtless stare?
If you have not these follies caught,
You will not of the ton be thought.

When from your toilette flourish'd out,
To mingle with the motley rout,
Or with a switch in glove-clad hand,
At the hotel to take your stand;
To bite your lips, your nails, and read
The news of pugilists and breed;
If you have never learnt to fling
The dice, the cue, the ball, the ring,
You must be felled, and pawn'd, and dull,
Before you in the ton are skill'd.

Sell your estates and take a suit
Of frocks, or mortgage and be mute;
Frequent the dashing circles, drink
Forever;—learn to leer and wink;
Consume your reason by degrees,
And fully will revive with ease;
Waste all your time and wealth in vice,
Think nothing good but high in price;
And then by real experience brought
Too late, you'll of the ton be thought.

TO LELIA.

THE warbling of the wave through moss
Wreath'd shell,
When all the spirits of the sea rejoice
And dance o'er ocean's surface, to the swell
Of its soft melody,—in like thy voice.
And lucid as that wave is thy blue eye,
And thy celestial brow is bright and fair
As those pure pearls that in that wreath'd shell
Lie,
Enshrin'd in hues of sweet carnation then,
And thy soft cheek excels that glowing
Shrine—
And thy love lips are like the coral's arm,
That round the rocky shell exchanging warm,
Embosoming nature's beauty. All the charms
That heavenly nature lavishes on earth,
Are charms because like thee! O, lovely
One!
Thy soul of purity's seraphic worth
And form's divinity, that seem to shun
All trace of imperfection, are above
The hope of earthly heart! My soul adores
The radiance of thy beauty, and I love
As one who loves the seraphim that pour
In brilliancy eternal round the throne
Of bright Omnipotence! O, saint of light!
To thee I'll breathe my anxious sighs,
If you will be alone at twelve to-night!

THE DEPARTURE.

SWIFT from happy shores retiring,
Edward turned his sorrowing eye;
Love, his nearly soul inspiring,
Frequent drew a tender sigh.

Oh! yet happy shores, he sighs,
As they faded from his view,
As the last speck from him flutted,
Wish'd that I return to you!

Oh! what I've trod again
The land whereon I lately trod,
O'er all I sink within the sand,
Consigned to providence and God.

If 'tis so—oh! tender creature,
Tender Marianne, what art thou?
Some will distort each feature
That is sweet and beautiful now.
Oh! how blest didst thou but bear me
Utter loud my sinking groan;
Oh! how blest if thou wert near me,
When this fragile life has flown.

And yet, oh! thou would'st but feel
Anguish which you should not know;
But if death will your life steal,
Might we not together go.

How freely would thy spirit soar,
Yet why would I thy life destroy;
Thou' I never view thee more,
May'st thou live and life enjoy.

Thou hast sworn, and I'll believe thee,
Thou wilt watch the moon's bright rays,
And tho' so far I cannot see thee,
On the same thing we will gaze.

As I look, oh! I shall fancy
That my Marianne looketh too
On the little meteor, dancing
Round its splendid circuit blue.

Gaze, my fair, for now 'tis rising
From behind yon cloud-capt hill,—
See the vast space that lies in,
See how beautiful, clear, and still.

Oh! for ever shine so brightly,
Orb of beauty—solemn shade;
Ever on the waves play lightly,
Never, never, never fade. J. C. P.

The Drama.

THE two national theatres have produced nothing during the week to call for particular notice. At Drury Lane, Mr. Kean has played some of his favourite characters, with his usual talents and usual success; and although we are, never weary of seeing him, yet we suspect our readers would scarcely thank us for again repeating what we have often expressed—our high opinion of his superior talents. Mr. Elliston who, in consequence of indisposition, was compelled to transfer the honors of the coronation to Mr. Cooper, is recovered and played the character of Rover, in the comedy of *Wild Oats*, with much of the spirit that distinguished his admirable performance of the part many years ago. The *Busy Body* has also been performed, with a singular mixture of good and bad actors. The *Six Francis Gripe* of Munden was excellent, the *Sir George Airy* of Mr. Penley execrable. He looked like a well dressed waiter of a tavern, and doff'd the gentleman so completely, that no one could have been so far deceived as to mistake him for one. The Coronation still continues so attractive, that the new splendid spectacle of *Giovanni in Ireland*, announced for this evening (Thursday) is deferred, in order to afford a few thou-

sands more, the opportunity of seeing the 'fac simile' of that interesting pageant, the coronation of George the Fourth. At Covent Garden Theatre, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and the *Exile* engross every evening—the lovers of novelty must consequently seek it elsewhere.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—The popular piece of *Tom and Jerry* continues to be played every evening to crowded houses. There is much good acting in the piece, which is of a bustling character, and exposes, with great fidelity, some of the most prominent day and night scenes in the British metropolis.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A lively little piece, with some highly animating and amusing scenes of humorous dialogue and sprightly equivocation, was produced at this theatre on Monday night, intitled *Arrivals, or Three Days at Long's*. Among those who sustained parts in this burlesque, Miss Booth, Miss Healey, and Mr. Vale, are intitled to particular notice for their spirit and vivacity. It was completely successful. The thousand times repeated *Thérèse* has been produced at this theatre, in which Mr. H. Johnston was an excellent Carwin, and Miss Booth the interesting *Thérèse*, or *Marietta*. If we may judge by the audiences, the little *Olympic*, under the management of Mr. Oxberry, is quite a favourite.

Literature and Science.

AN artist, at Milan, of the name of Cutaneri, has obtained a patent from the Emperor of Austria for a new invention, by which one horse, with his mechanism, can draw any machine with more facility than a team of four horses would in the ordinary way.

Voyage of Discovery.—Accounts have been received at Plymouth by the ship *Dick*, lately arrived from India from His Majesty's brig *Bathurst*, Capt. King, employed in examining the unexplored coast of Australasia, dated off Goulbourn Island, on the north coast of New Holland, the 6th of July last, the ship *Dick* and brig *St. Antonio* then in company, which the *Bathurst* had piloted from Port Jackson on their way to India, through a most intricate and dangerous navigation, in which the latter lost two anchors. At the date of the latter, they had been out six weeks from Port Jackson, three weeks whereof they had been sailing among coral reefs of frightful appearance, and were obliged to anchor every night

wherever they could find shelter, not daring to proceed after sun-set, having had many narrow escapes even in the day-light, but were, at the period before mentioned, entirely clear of that dreadful coast. They lost their two anchors and cables under Caring Cross Island, at eleven, p. m. on the 30th of June, and nothing but the tide, which, fortunately, set to seaward, kept them clear of the dangers which surrounded them on every side; and the weather being so exceedingly bad at the time, their escape was a miracle.

Mr. P. Baskerville, of Plymouth, a midshipman of the *Bathurst*, was sent on shore with a party on the easternmost island of Flinder's Group, for the purpose of picking up any part of the wreck of the ship *Frederick*, which had been lost there, when they were encountered by a large party of the natives, who commenced a horrible shout, which proved the signal to engage, and they commenced by throwing a shower of spears with great agility, by which two of the party were wounded. The *Bathurst's* people being unarmed, could make no other resistance than by defending themselves with stones, while a part of them were immediately dispatched in the boat, in order to procure fire-arms from the ship; the natives, seeing the transaction, took the opportunity, while the boat was absent, to attack those left on shore more violently, and Mr. Baskerville and his little party were surrounded and made prisoners. However, no attempt was made to take their lives after the capture, and, on the return of the boat, through artifice, they again joined their comrades, but shortly afterwards the natives came down in greater numbers, and again attacked the party, who being now armed, gave them a volley, that occasioned them to scamper off in all directions, leaving two on the ground wounded; but they soon after got up and escaped, and no others appeared while the *Bathurst* remained there.

A curious medal has lately been offered in Inverness, by a poor man, as a penny, the description of which may entertain some of our readers. It is about the size and thickness of a penny. On one side is the Pope's head, with the triple crown, which reversed displays that of the devil—motto—'Ecclesia peruersa tenet faciem Diaboli'; on the other side is a Cardinal's head, with hood and hat; reversed, this gives the head of a fool, with cap and bells—motto, 'stulti aliquando sapientes,'

or 'Sapientes stulti aliquando', as the legend may be read.* The execution of the piece upon which the heads are stamped is ancient and uneven round the edges; but the heads are extremely well executed, in high and well rounded relief, and display in the sour faces of the Pope and Cardinal, and in the folly of the fool, much spirit of caricature. The piece is probably of the period of some religious ferment, such as the reformation or revolution; perhaps it is foreign, and it is certainly uncommon. Though corroded, and worn a little, it is in good preservation.—*Innermost Journal.*

Magnetism.—The *Prussian State Gazette* mentions a highly important discovery, which Dr. Seebeck had communicated to the Academy of Sciences, at Berlin, in three different sittings. It was 'on the magnetic properties inherent in all metals and many earths (and not in iron alone as was supposed), according to the difference of the degrees of heat.' This discovery, it is added, opens an entirely new field in this department of natural philosophy, which may lead to interesting results with respect to hot springs, connected with the observations made by the Inspector of Mines, M. Von Trebra and others, relative to the progressive increase of warmth in mines, in proportion to their depths. According to M. Von Trebra's observations, the heat, at the depth of 150 feet below the surface of the earth, is one degree; at 300 feet deep, two degrees; at 600 feet, four degrees, &c.

At Pavia, new trials have been made, which prove the efficacy of *oxygenated muriatic acid* in subduing the hydrophobia. Dr. Previsali had prescribed it with success where the symptoms were advanced, in a liquid form, from a drachm to a drachm and a half daily, in citron water or syrup of citron.

Perpetual Fire.—In the peninsula of Acheron, in the province of Schirwan, formerly belonging to Persia, but now to Russia, there is found a perpetual, or, as it is there called, an internal fire. It rises, or has risen from time immemorial, from an irregular orifice of about twelve feet in depth, with a constant flame. The flame rises to the height of from six to eight feet, and is unattended with smoke, and yields no smell. The aperture, which is about twenty feet in width,

* 'Sapientes stulti aliquando' is the reading, when the cardinal's head is on the top.—Stulti aliquando sapientes, when the fool's head is uppermost, which makes a double meaning, fit for both cases.

consists of a mass of rock, ever retaining the same solidity and the same depth. The finest turf grows about the borders, and, at the distance of two toises are two springs of water. The neighbouring inhabitants have a sort of veneration for this fire, and celebrate it with religious ceremonies.

The Dec.

*'Floriferis ut apes in salubris omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur antea dicta.'*

DIETETICUS.

Lawless Court.—A court held on Kingshill, in Rochford, in Essex, every Wednesday morning after Michaelmas Day, at cock-crow, where they whisper, and have no candle, nor any pen and ink, but a coal; and he who owes suit and service there, and does not appear, forfeits double his rent for every hour he is missing.—Can any of our correspondents inform us if this court still holds its sittings, and when abolished?

Knighten Guild.—An old guild or company in London, founded by Edgar, consisting of nineteen knights. He gave them a vacant portion of ground, lying without the city, now called *Portoken Ward*.

Camberland, in his Memoirs, relates a very droll accident that occurred to the celebrated courtier, Lord Melcombe:—When he paid his court at St. James's to the Queen (Queen Charlotte) on her nuptials, he approached to kiss her hand, decked in an embroidered suit of silk, with lilac waistcoat and breeches; the latter of which, in the act of kneeling down, forgot their duty, and broke loose from their moorings in a very indecorous and unbecoming manner.—The fact is, braces not being used at that time, and Doddington being in person more like Falstaff than Slender, the duty of kneeling became a very perilous adventure. The Margravine of Barenth tells of a still more fearful affair that occurred to a lady on presentation-day. As she was going up to the throne, her foot slipped, and being singularly short and plump, she rolled over and over like a pumpkin, before she was recovered and set upon her legs by the grand chamberlain—an exhibition that put the gravity even of a German court to a hard trial.

Marriage Act.—Before the act for regulating marriages took place, a parson of the Fleet Prison, Mr. Gaynam, who died in 1797, married there above 30,000 couples! His fee used to be a dram and a shilling!

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

CERDICK is requested to send to our office my time after Monday, or to inform us how we may communicate with him.

We have received letters from several Correspondents, which we must defer noting to till next week.

Advertisements.

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And **Weekly Review:**

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

Sardanapalus, a Tragedy. The Two Foscari, a Tragedy. Cain, a Mystery. By Lord Byron. 8vo: pp. 430. London. 1821.

We never feel a stronger inclination to write than when one of the works of Lord Byron is the subject; but we have no sooner taken up the pen, than we reflect that every line of our's withholds from our readers so much of the brilliant effusions of his lordship's muse. As it is known that Lord Byron did not write his first tragedy of *Mario Fazio* for the stage, and was decidedly opposed to its being acted, he could not be expected to feel the usual modification of authors at its want of success; he has, therefore, in a few short months, produced three other dramas; for *Caio* is a drama, and is entitled a Mystery, in conformity with the ancient title annexed to dramas on scripture subjects, which were styled 'Mysteries or Moralities.' In the preface to the volume now before us, his lordship declares that the *tragedies* were not composed with the most remote view to the stage. He adds, alluding to the managers' dramatizing his former tragedy, 'with regard to my own feelings, as it seems that they are to stand for nothing, I say nothing.'

It is our intention, this week, to confine our notice to the tragedy of *Sardanapalus*; but, as the appendix to the second tragedy contains his lordship's defence against some illiberal and unfounded attacks, we shall make a few extracts from it. After handsomely noticing an expression which occurs in *Lady Morgan's Italy* and his own tragedy, as a curious coincidence, his lordship thus answers some of the charges of plagiarism, &c. He says,

"I am informed (for I have seen but few of the specimens, and those accidentally) that there has been lately brought against me charges of plagiarism. I have also had an anonymous sort of threatening intimation of the same kind, apparently with the intent of extorting money. To such charges I have no answer to make. One of them is ludicrous enough. I am

reproached for having formed the description of a shipwreck in verse from the narratives of many *actual* shipwrecks in *prose*, selecting such materials as were most striking. Gibbon makes it a merit in Tasso "to have copied the minutest details of the Siege of Jerusalem from the *Chronicles*." In me it may be a demerit, I presume; let it remain so. Whilst I have been occupied in defending *Pope's* character, the lower orders of Grubstreet appear to have been assailing *mine*: this is as it should be, both in them and in me. One of the accusations in the nameless epistle alluded to is still more laughable: it states seriously that I "received five hundred pounds for writing comments for Day and Martin's patent blacking!" This is the highest compliment to my literary powers which I ever received.

"Another charge made, I am told, in the 'Literary Gazette' is, that I wrote the notes to 'Queen Mab'; a work which I never saw till some time after its publication, and which I recollect showing to Mr. Sotheby as a poem of great power and imagination. I never wrote a line of the notes, nor ever saw them except in their published form. No one knows better than their real author, that his opinions and aims did not materially upon the intellectual portion of that work: though in common with all who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry, I highly admire the poetry of that and his other publications."

Mr. Southey, who made an ungenerous attack on Lord Byron, in his 'Vision of Judgment,' a poem, which, for absurdity, political profligacy, and blasphemy, is almost without a parallel, meets with a very just and richly merited castigation from his lordship, who, at the same time, speaks with manly wit and becoming modesty of himself:—

"Mr. Southey, too," says his lordship, "in his pious preface to a poem whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of Wat Tyler, because it is equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the "legislature to look to it," as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution: *not*, such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the "Satanic School." This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it not to be true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted: Voltaire and Rousseau were ex-

les, Marmontel and Diderot were the Basile, and a perpetual waging with the whole class by the despotism. In the next place, the Revolution was not occasioned by writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute every thing to the French revolution, and the revolution to every thing but its cause. That cause is obvious—the government exacted too much, and the people could neither give nor bear more.

[illegible]

"I am not ignorant of Mr. So's calumnies on a different occasion, ing them to be such, which he sent abroad on his return from Switzerland against me and others; they have him no good in this world; and, creed be the right one, they will less in the next. What *his* "death" may be, it is not my province to state: let him settle it with his Maker must do with mine. There is something at once ludicrous and blasphemous

arrogant scribbler of all works sitting down to deal damnation and destruction upon his fellow creatures, with Wat Tyler, the Apotheosis of George the Third, and the Elegy on Martin, the regicide, all shuffled together in his writing desk. One of his consolations appears to be a Latin note from a work of a Mr. Landor, the author of "Gebir," whose friendship for Robert Southey will, it seems, "be an honour to him when the ephemeral disputes and ephemeral reputations of the day are forgotten." I for one neither envy him "the friendship," nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it, like Mr. Thelouso's fortune in the third and fourth generation. This friendship will probably be as memorable as his own epic, which (as I quoted to him ten or twelve years ago in "English Bards") Porson said "would be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, and not till then." For the present, I leave him.

But to the tragedy of 'Sardanapalus,' which is founded on an event that occurred about eight hundred years before Christ, recorded by Herodotus, Strabo, and Diodorus Siculus. Sardanapalus, who was the fortieth and last King of Assyria, was celebrated for luxury and voluptuousness. He is represented as passing the principal part of his time among his women, disguised in the habit of a female, and spinning wool for his amusement. This effeminacy irritated his officers, two of whom, Belesis and Arbaces, conspired against him, and collected a numerous force to dethrone him. Sardanapalus, for a time, shook off his indolence, and placing himself at the head of his armies, defeated the rebels in three successive battles; but, at last, he was beaten, and, taking refuge in the city of Ninus, he defended it two years. At length, despairing of success, he huried himself in his palace, with his eunuchs, women, and treasures, and the empire of Assyria was divided among the conspirators.

Such are the materials on which Lord Byron has constructed a noble tragic poem, adhering closely to the story, and reducing it to all the dramatic regularity of which it was capable, in order to approach the unities, — conceiving, as his lordship says in the Preface, 'that with any very distant departure from them, there may be poetry, but can be no drama.'

The principal characters in the drama are Sardanapalus, the King of Ninus and Assyria; Arbaces, the Mede who aspired to the throne; Belesis, a Chaldean and soothsayer; Salamenes, the king's brother-in-law; Zariac, the

Queen; and Myrrha, an Ionian female slave, and a favourite of Sardanapalus. The tragedy commences with a fine soliloquy by Salamenes, which, as it describes the character of Sardanapalus, we shall quote entire:—

Salamenes (solus).

'He hath wrong'd his queen, but still he is her lord;

He hath wrong'd my sister, still he is my brother;

He hath wrong'd his people, still he is their sovereign;

And I must be his friend as well as subject:

He must not perish thus. I will not see

The blood of Nimrod and Semiramis

Sink in the earth, and thirteen hundred years

Of empire ending like a shepherd's tale;

He must be roused. In his effeminate heart

There is a careless courage, which corruption

Has not all quench'd, and latent energies,

Reprint by circumstance, but not destroy'd—

Steept, but not drown'd, in deep voluptuousness.

If born a peasant, he had been a man

To have reach'd an empire; to an empire born,

He will bequeath none; nothing but a name,

Which his sons will not prize in heritage—

Yet, not all lost, even yet he may redeem

His sloth and shame, by only being that

Which he should be, as easily as the thing

He should not be and is. Were it less toil

To sway his nations than consume his life?

To lead an army than to rule a harem?

He sweats in palling pleasures, dulls his soul,

And saps his goodly strength, in toils which

yield not

Health like the chase, nor glory like the war—

He must be roused. Alas! there is no sound

(Sound of soft music heard from within.)

To rouse him short of thunder. Hark! the

tute,

The lyre, the timbal; the lascivious tinklings

Of illing instruments, the softening voices

Of women, and of beings less than women,

Must chime in to the echo of his revel,

While the great king of all we know of earth

Lies crown'd with roses, and his diadem

Lies negligently to be caught up

By the first manly hand which dares to snatch

it.

Lo, where they come! already I perceive

The reeking odours of the perfumed trains,

And see the bright gems of the glittering girls,

Who are his comrades and his council, flash

Along the gallery; and amidst the damais,

As femininely garbed, and scarce less female,

The grandson of Semiramis, the man-queen—

He comes! Shall I await him? yes, and front

him.

And tell him what all good men tell each other,

Speaking of him and him. They come, the

slaves,

Led by the monarch subject to his slaves.'

Salamenes remonstrates with the king

on his effeminate amusement, and the

necessity there is for him to rouse himself

and see the danger which threatens

him. Sardanapalus exclaims, that his

brother-in-law wishes to make him a

tyrant. Salamenes answers,—

So thou art:

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that

Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice—

The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—

The negligence—the apathy—the evils

Of sensual sloth produce ten thousand terrors,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worse acts of one energetic tyrant.
However harsh and hard his own bearing.'

Salamenes reproaches Sardanapalus that the people say his sceptre is 'turned into a distaff;' the king replies, in truth which the history of all ages confirms:—

Thou seest

The populace of all the nations see
Each calamity they can to sink their over-
reigns.

Sardanapalus is a lover of peace, and rejoices that he has not shed blood, as he might have done, till his name

—became the synonyme of death,

A terror and a trophy.'

The solitariness of royalty is beautifully described in the following passages:—

Barb. There comes

For ever something between us and what
We deem our happiness: let me remove
The barrier which that hesitating accent
Proclaims to thine, and mine is sealed.

Myr. My lord—

Sard. My lord—my king—sire—sovereign!—
thus it is—

For ever thus, addressed with awe. I never
Can see a smile, unless in some broad ha-
zard.

Interesting glare, when the buffoons
Have gorged themselves up to equality,
Or I have quaffed me down to their shameless.

Myrrha, I can hear all these things, now
names,

Lord—king—sire—monarch—nay, time will
prized them,

That is, I suffered them—from slaves and ob-
bles;

But when they falter from the lips I love,
The lips which have been press'd to mine, I
chill

Comes o'er my heart, a cold sense of the fil-
hood

Of this my station, which represses feeling
In those for whom I have felt most, and main-
me

Wish that I could lay down the dull darts,
And share a cottage on the Caucasus
With thee, and wear no crowns but those of
flowers.'

The second act opens with an inter-
view between Belesis and Arbaces, at
the portal of the hall of the palace.

Salamenes, who is invested with the
king's signet, attempts, with a body
of soldiers, to seize them. Belesis re-
renders, but Arbaces defends himself.

Sardanapalus enters with his train,
and, snatching a sword, separates Sa-
lamenes and Arbaces, and pursues

the latter and Belesis.

In the third act there is a banquet
during which Sardanapalus is apprised
that the conspiracy has broken out—

Belesis and Arbaces enter with the
rebels; Belesis is wounded and dis-
armed, but is rescued; the rebels, how-
ever, are routed. The opening of the

fourth act displays great poetic imagi-

Myrrha (sola, gazing.)

I have stolen upon thy rest, if rest it be,
Which thus convulses slumber: shall I wake
him?

No, he seems calmer. Oh, thou God of Quiet!
Whose reign is o'er seal'd eyelids and soft
dreams,
Or deep deep sleep, so as to be unfeeling'd,
Look like thy brother, Death—so still—so stir-
less—

For then we are happiest, as it may be, we
Are happiest of all within the realm
Of thy stern, silent, and unawaken'd twin.
Again he moves—again the play of pain
Shoots o'er his features, as the sudden gust
Crisps the reluctant lake that lay so calm
Beneath the mountain shadow, or the blast
Ruffles the autumn leaves, that drooping cling
Faintly and motionless to their loved boughs.
I must awake him—yet not yet: who knows
From what I rouse him? It seems pain; but if
I quicken him to heavier pain? The fever
Of this tumultuous night, the grief too of
His wound, though slight, may cause all this,
And shake

Me more to see than him to suffer. No:
Let Nature use her own maternal means,—
And I await to second, not disturb her.

Sardanapalus (awakening.)
Not so—although ye multiplied the stars,
And gave them to me as a realm to share
From you and with you! I would not so pur-
chase

The empire of eternity. Hence—hence—
Old hunter of the earliest brutes! and ye,
Who hunted bloody-creatures as if brutes:
Once bloody mortals—and now bloodier idols,
If your priests lie not—And thou, ghastly bel-
dame!

Dripping with dusky gore, and trampling on
The carcasses of Indes—away! away!
Where am I? Where the spectre? Where—
no—that

Is no false phantom: I should know it 'midst
All that the dead dare gloomily raise up
From their black gulf to daunt the living—
Myrra:

Myr. Alas! thou art pale, and on thy brow
The drops
Gather like night dew. My beloved, hush—
Calm thee. Thy speech seems of another world,
And thou art loved of this. Be of good cheer;
All will go well.

Sard. Thy hand—so, 'tis thy hand;
Thy flesh; grasp—clasp yet closer, till I feel
Myself that which I was.

Myr. At least know me
For what I am and ever must be—thine.
Sard. I know it now. I know this life again.
Ah, Myrra! I have been where we shall be.
Myr. My lord!

Sard. I've been in the grave, where worms
are lords,
And kings are—But I did not deem it so;
I thought 'twere nothing.

Myr. So it is; except
Unto the timid, who anticipate
That which may never be.

Oh, Myrra! if
Sleep shows such things, what may not death
disclose?

Myr. I know no evil death can show, which life
Has not already shown to those who live
Embodied longest. If there be indeed
Ashore where mind survives, 'twill be as mind,
All unincorporate; or if there fits
A shadow of this cumbersome clog of clay,
Which stalks, methinks, between our souls and
beasts,

And fetters us to earth—at least the phantom,
Whate'er it have to fear, will not fear death.

Sard. I fear it not; but I have felt—have seen
A legion of the dead.

Myr. And so have I.
The dust we tread upon was once alive,
And wretched. But proceed: what hast thou
seen?

Spoke H's—'twill lighten thy dimm'd mind.
Sard. Methought—

Myr. Yet pause, thou art tired—in pain—
exhausted; all
Which can impair both strength and spirit: seek
Rather to sleep again

Sard. Not now; I would not
Dream; though I know it now to be a dream
What I have dreamt—and canst thou bear to
hear it?

Myr. I can bear all things, dreams of life or
death,
Which I participate with you, in semblance
Of full reality.

Sard. And this look'd real,
I tell you: after that these eyes were open,
I saw them in their flight—for then they fled.

Myr. Say on.
Sard. I saw, that is, I dream'd myself
Here—here—where we are, guests as we
were,

Willing a host that deem'd himself but guest,
Willing to equal all in social freedom;
But, on my right hand and my left, instead
Of these and Zames, and our custom'd meeting,
Was rang'd on my left hand a haughty, dark,
And deadly face—I could not recognize it—
Yet I had seen it, though I knew not where;
The features were a giant's, and the eye
Was still, yet lighted; his long locks curl'd
down

On his vast bust, whence a huge quiver rose
With shafts—heads feather'd from the eagle's
wing,

That peep'd up bristling through his serpent hair,
I invited him to fill the cup which stood
Between us, but he answer'd not—I fill'd it—
He took it not, but stared upon me till
I trembled at the fix'd glare of his eye!

I frown'd upon him as a king should frown—
He frown'd not in his turn, but look'd upon me
With the same aspect, which appal'd me more
Because it chang'd not, and I turn'd for refuge
To milder guests, and sought them on the right,
Where thou wert wont to be. But—

[*He pauses.*]
Myr. What intrud'?

Sard. In thy own chair—thy own place in
the banquet—
I caught thy sweet face in the circle—but
instead—a grey-hair'd, wither'd, bloody-eyed,
And bloody-handled, ghastly, ghastly thing,
Female in garb, and crown'd upon the brow,
Furrow'd with years, yet sneering with the
passion

Of vengeance, leering too with that of lust,
Sate—my veins curdled—

Myr. Is this all?
Sard. Upon
Her right hand—her hank, bird-like right hand,
Sate—

A goblet, bubbling o'er with blood; and on
her left, another, still'd with—what I saw not;
But turn'd from it and her. But all along
The table sat a range of crown'd wretches,
Of various aspects, but of one expression.

Myr. And felt you not this a mere vision?
Sard. No:
It was so palpable, I could have touch'd them:
I turn'd from one face to another, in
The eager fondness that such things

Ere I saw their's; but no—all turn'd
And stared, but neither ate nor drank,
Till I grew stone, as they seem'd to have
Yet breathing stone, for I felt life in
And life in me: there was a horrid
Of sympathy between us, as if they
Had lost a part of death to come to us
And I the half of life to sit by them
We were in an existence all apart
From heaven or earth—And nature
Death all than such a being?

Myr. And that
Sard. At last I sate marble as thou
wast

The hunter and the crew; and smiling
Yes, the enlarged but noble aspect of
The hunter smiled upon me—I shuddered
His lips, for his eyes moved not—art
man's

Thin lips relax'd to something like a
Both rare, and the crown'd figures on
Rose also, as if aping their chief's shal-
Mere imitations even in death—but I sate
A desperate creature creep through even
And, at the last, I fear'd them not, but
Full in their phantom faces. But then
The hunter laid his hand on mine: I
And grasp'd it—but it melted from me
While he too vanish'd, and left nothing
The memory of a hero, for he look'd
Myr. And was the ancestors of her
And thine no less.

Sard. Ay, Myrra, but the
The female who remain'd—she flew
And burnt my lips with her noisome
And, singing down the goblets on
Methought their poisons flow'd around
Each form'd a lideous river. Still sate
The other phantoms, like a row of statues
Stood dull as in our temples, but she
Embraced me, while I shrank from her
In lieu of her remote descendant, I
Had been the son who slew her for her
Then—then—a chance of all loathsome
Thro' thick and chapselous—I was
feeling—

Buried, and raised again—consumed I
Purged by the flames, and wither'd in
I can fix nothing further of my thought
Save that I long'd for thee, and a
they

In all these agonies, and woke and wept
Myr. So shalt thou find me ever at
Here and hereafter, if the last may be
But think not of these things—the an-
tions

Of late events acting upon a frame
Unused to toil, yet over-wrought by fate
Such as might try the sternest.

Salemenes is mortally wound-
dies immediately after reach-
royal palace. 'We now hasten
closing scene of the tragedy, the
of Sardanapalus. The soldier
around their sovereigns;

Sard. My best! My last! My
Let's not unman each other—part at
All farewells should be sudden, when
Else they make an eternity of momen-
And clog the last sad days of life with
Hence, and be happy: trust me I am
Now to be pitied; or far more for what
Is past than present—for the future,
In the hands of the duties, if such
There be: I shall know soon. Fare-
well.

[*Exit Paris and*
Myr. These men were honest: it is
still

That our last looks should be on loving faces.
Sard. And lovely ones, my beautiful!—but
 I bear me!

If at this moment, for we now are on
 The brink, thou feel'st an inward shrieking
 from

This leap through flame into the future, say it:
 I shall not love thee less; nay, perhaps more,
 For yielding to thy nature: and there's time
 Yet for thee to escape hence.

Myr. Shall I light
 One of the torches which lie heap'd beneath
 The ever burning lamp that burns without,
 Before Bal's shrine, in the adjoining hall?

Sard. Do so. Is that thy answer?
Myr. That shall see.

(Exit Myrrha)
Sard. (solus). She's firm. My fathers! whom
 I will rejoin,

It may be, purified by death from some
 Of the gross stains of too material being.
 I would not leave your ancient first abode
 To the defilement of usurping bondmen;
 As I have not kept your inheritance
 As ye bequeath'd it, this bright part of it,
 Your treasure, your abode, your sacred relics
 Of urns, and records, monuments, and spoils,
 Is which they would have revere'd, I bear with
 me.

To you in that absorbing element,
 Which most personifies the soul as leaving
 The least of matter unconsumed before
 Its fiery workings:—and the light of this
 Most royal of funeral pyres shall be
 Not a mere pillar form'd of cloud and flame,
 A beacon in the horizon for a day,
 And then a mount of ashes, but a light
 To lesson ages, rebel nations, and
 Voluptuous princes. Time shall quench full
 many

A people's records, and a hero's acts;
 Sweep empire after empire, like this first
 Of empires, into nothing; but even then
 Shall spare this deed of mine, and hold it up
 A problem few dare imitate, and none
 Despise—but, it may be, avoid the life
 Which led to such a consummation.

*Myrrha returns with a lighted torch in her
 hand, and a cup in the other.*

Myr. Lo!
 I've lit the lamp which lights us to the stars.

Sard. And the cup?

Myr. 'Tis my country's custom to
 Make a libation to the gods.

Sard. And mine
 To make libations amongst men. I've not
 Forgot the custom; and although alone,
 Will drain one draught in memory of many
 A joyous banquet past.

*(Sardanapulus takes the cup, and after
 drinking and tinkling the reversed cup,
 as a drop falls, exclaims—)*

And this libation
 Is for the excellent Beleses.

Myr. Why
 Dwell'st the mind rather upon that man's name
 Than on his mates in villainy?

Sard. The other
 Is a mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind
 Of human sword in a friend's hand; the other
 Is master-mover of his warlike puppet:
 But I dismiss them from my mind.—Yet pause,
 My Myrrha! dost thou truly follow me,
 Freely and fearlessly?

Myr. And dost thou think
 A Greek girl dare not do for love, that which
 An Indian widow braves for custom?

Sard. Then
 We but await the signal.

Myr. It is long
 In sounding.

Sard. Now, farewell; one last embrace.

Myr. Embrace, but not the last; there is one
 more

Sard. True, the commingling fire will mix
 our ashes.

Myr. And pure as is my love to thee, shall
 they,

Purged from the dross of earth and earthly
 passion,

Mix pale with thine. A single thought yet irks
 me.

Sard. Say it.
Myr. It is that no kind hand will gather
 The dust of both into one urn.

Sard. The better:
 Rather let them be borne abroad upon
 The winds of heaven, and scatter'd into air,

Than be polluted more by human hands
 Of slaves and traitors; in this blazing palace,

And its enormous walls of reeking ruin,
 We leave a nobler monument than Egypt

Hath piled in her brick mountains, or dead
 kings.

Or mine, for none know whether those proud
 piles

Be for their monarch or their ox-god Apis:
 So much for monuments that have forgotten
 Their very record!

Myr. Then farewell, thou earth!
 And loveliest spot of earth! farewell Ionias!

Be thou still free and beautiful, and far
 Aloof from desolation! My last prayer

Was for thee, my last thoughts, save one, were
 of thee!

Sard. And that?
Myr. Is yours.

(The trumpet of Pania sounds without.)
 Hark!

Sard. *Nam!*
Myr. *Adieu, Assyria!*

I loved thee well, my own, my fathers' land,
 And better as my country than my kingdom.

I satiated thee with peace and joys; and this
 Is my reward! and now I owe thee nothing,

Not even a grave. *(He mounts the pile.)*

Now, Myrrha!
Myr. Art thou ready?

Sard. As the torch in thy grasp.
(Myrrha fires the pile.)

Myr. Thy fire! I come.

*(As Myrrha springs forwards to throw her-
 self into the flames, the curtain falls.)*

This tragedy, like every production
 of Lord Byron, displays great poetic
 genius, and abounds in the most brilliant
 passages. It possesses, however,
 few of the requisites of an acting tra-
 gedy:—the plot is meagre, the incidents
 are few and not striking, and the
 situations undramatic. It how-
 ever should always be recollected, that
 Lord Byron does not write for the
 stage; that he aims only at producing
 a tragic poem; and every person who
 reads Sardanapulus must allow it to
 be one of no ordinary merit.

The tragedy of 'The Two Foscari',
 which is founded on a subject much
 better adapted to the stage than the
 story of Sardanapulus, we shall notice
 at some length in our next.

A Voyage to Africa. By W. Hutton.
 (Concluded from p. 786.)

MR. HUTTON'S return to Cape Coast,
 from Coomassie, was attended with several
 unappassionate adventures. He ap-
 pears to have travelled quicker than
 any of his companions, having per-
 formed the whole distance in six days,
 which the natives declared was never
 done before, either by native or Euro-
 pean. When a day's journey from
 Cape Coast, his haumcock-bearer de-
 serted him in the dead of the night,
 and in the heart of the forest. His
 servant, a little black boy, was his only
 companion; his feet were dreadfully
 lacerated, and tied up with the sole
 of an old pair of shoes and pack-
 thread; the path was rugged, and he
 was entirely destitute of provisions and
 water. Pursuing his journey, he ob-
 serves,—

'I at length arrived at some extensive
 plantations of Indian corn and plantain,
 which gave me hopes of being near Fas-
 trey, or the adjoining croom, called Yas-
 comadie. But just at this moment, my
 boy, who was before me, lighting me
 along with a torch, loudly exclaimed,
 "Majeh! majeh!" and danced about
 like a frantic person. Before I had time
 to inquire what was the matter, I found
 the cause, by feeling a number of large
 black ants crawling up my leg, which
 stung me dreadfully, by digging their
 forceps into the sores on my feet. I had
 some difficulty in tearing them off. My
 boy, from the agony he suffered, threw
 down the torch, and I had now the misery
 to be left in this dismal forest without a
 light! Having, with my servant, retreated
 from the nest of ants, we assisted each

* 'This is an exclamation the natives gene-
 rally use when flogged. It signifies failure.'

† The ants here mentioned, are species of
 the most surprising nature. They are different
 species of them; red, black, and white. They
 go in troops of millions and tens of millions;
 and the regularity and order with which they
 march from place to place are astonishing. In
 making their nests they throw up the earth to
 an incredible height, making hillocks at least
 six or eight feet high, and twenty feet
 more in circumference; they also make their
 nests in trees. Bosman, speaking of these
 worms, says, "they come to our forts and dis-
 tressers in such prodigious swarms, that they fre-
 quently oblige us to quit our beds in the night
 time; they are strangely rapacious, and as
 an animal can stand before them. They have
 often, in the night, attacked one of my
 sheep, which I have found a perfect abode in
 the morning, and that so nicely done, that the
 best master of the dismembering art could not
 succeed so well, it being impossible for human
 hands to have done it so artfully. As well
 as rats are, they cannot escape them; and as
 soon as one of them assaults a rat he is invari-
 ably gone." These ants appear to have a sort
 of language, calling one another to assist their
 prey, when they march off with it. In great
 order, all of them moving in the same direction.

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[illegible][illegible][illegible]

other as well as we could in the dark, in brushing them off our legs.

'Worn out with fatigue, having travelled nearly thirty miles, exposed eighteen hours in my wet clothes, from the rain which had fallen during the day; deserted by my people, without any thing to eat or a glass of water to allay my parching thirst; without even a bed of straw to lie down upon; without a great coat or any thing to shelter me from the heavy dews of the night; without the means of making a fire to keep off the wild beasts which every where surrounded me in the forest, I was almost without hope. And if any thing had been wasting to fill up the uncertainty of this night's misery, it was the circumstance of my having travelled, in the early part of the day, in my wet clothes, which were doubtless wet from the profuse perspiration I had been thrown into by walking, and which now hung about me the whole night.

'To proceed on my journey or to return, with a view of finding my people, in the dark, I conceived was equally hopeless; and, indeed, I was too fatigued, and in too much agony to do so. I therefore sat down in the forest (being unwilling to climb a tree) and waited anxiously for morning. In this situation the lines of Mr. Bird, in the "Vale of Slaughter," forcibly occurred to me:—

"But far remote thy native valley lies,
Dear are the scenes thy dubious path supplies.
Where, when the night falls chilly on thy head,
Will thou, sad wanderer, find thy lonely bed?
No friendly comfort near to hush the sigh
That thou may'st breathe in weary agony."

Having passed the night in singing the most noisy song I could think of, in which I was assisted by the discordant yells of my boy Quassie (whom I was obliged to keep awake by a gentle rap occasionally on the head with my sabre), I proceeded at day-light, and, in less than half an hour, passed through Yancoffodie; so that, had I continued my journey the preceding night, only half an hour longer, I should have escaped the misery which I have just described.

"On leaving Yanconfofie, we passed many extensive plantations of Indian corn, plantains, and fruit, and crossing a beautiful stream, about a mile from Paintrey, we entered that neat little village, which, it will readily be imagined, was an agreeable relief to me, after the perilous night I had just encountered. Here I was received with the most cordial welcome by my old friend Quamiso Hloenyese, the house-master, with whom we put up on our journey to the capital. A large brass pan of water was immediately provided to bathe my wounded feet, and, stripping off my wet clothes, I wrapped myself up in a

* 'I did not sing from an impression that music would charm the savage beasts, but as I had no fire, I thought it was the best plan to prevent them from coming near me, which I have no doubt it did; for, although I heard them frequently throughout the night, they did not molest either me or my companion.'

large country-cloth of Hoyenese's, and felt comparatively comfortable.'

On the subject of the Niger and the rivers in the heights of Benin and Beafra, Mr. Hutton has the following judicious remarks :—

So many theoretical opinions have been hazarded as regards the course and termination of the Niger, that it only remains to be practically decided which of those opinions is correct. Some have supposed that this great river is absorbed by sands, others have endeavoured to prove that the Nile and the Niger are one and the same river, and various conjectures have been offered from time to time, which still leave us in the same uncertainty upon this interesting subject; but the clouds which have so long obscured this geographical problem, it is now hoped, will shortly be dissipated.

'Among all the hypotheses which have been submitted to the public', that which has lately been published by Mr. McQueen, carries with it the greatest probability of being correct; not that I come to this conclusion from the facts so distinctly elucidated by that gentleman, but from various inquiries and observations during my residence in Africa, and particularly in my last visit to that country (before the publication by Mr. McQueen), I gave almost precisely the same opinion upon this subject, and stated it, in writing, to the President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh (Mr. Henry Mackenzie), who did me the honour to read it before that board in April last.

I read it before that board in April last. I have since seen Mr. McQueen's publication, and read it with increased satisfaction, from the circumstance of that gentleman's sentiments being so much in accordance with my own, and the whole of his arguments have tended to confirm the opinionions I have long entertained; namely, that the Niger terminates in the bights of Benin and Biafra. In support of this opinion, Mr. McQueen has so ably arranged the various authorities, both ancient and modern, that little now remains to be said upon the subject. It may be proper, however, to notice two authorities which he quotes in support of this opinion: the first is Gregory of Abyssinia, who states, that flowing west from the Egyptian Nile. He says pointedly, "*descendit enim verus regionem Elwah, et sic illabitur in mare magnum; viz. Oceanum Occidentalem.*" The other is Mr. Robertson, who states, "that the natives on the coast of Benin and Biafra assert, that all the rivers

* * M. Mollin (to whom we are indebted for determining the sources of the Senegal, Gambria, and Rio Grande) has laid down the source of the Niger, in his map, nearly two degrees further to the westward than it was hitherto supposed to be. How far this gentleman may be correct in doing so, we must leave to future travellers to determine; but I have not copied him in my map, as I would not pay so bad a compliment to the diligent researches of the enterprising Park.

in the Delta come from one gr
which descends from the north."

‘ Indeed, although it is true Moors, whom I have met with in the interior and elsewhere, have insisted on there being a communication between the Niger and the Nile, natives on the coast positively state the rivers in the bights of Benin and Biafra are branches of the Niger, which they call *Inaukussey*, or *Insonkassy*, and in the Fantee and Ashantee languages signifies *Large Water*, or *Large*’

"That much was my opinion, I stated to Mr. Mackenzie, but also since as 1819, I wrote a letter to him, to be laid before Lord Bathurst the same effect, and suggesting arrangements on the rivers Volta, Lake Formosa, as well as on the island Fernando Po, which would command the sea and extensive trade with all Africa, and by which our merchandise could be transported into the year of that country with facility and ease. Much credit is due to Mr. M'Carty the able manner in which he has set out the advantages which would result from our taking possession of the island Fernando Po. It is, however, but to others to observe, that he means the first to suggest this, as myself, but my respected friend Charles McCarthy and Mr. Robinson submitted the same opinion for his Majesty's government; and Mr. Robinson, in 1819, arrived on the Coast with three vessels, for the taking possession of this island, and the sanction of his Majesty's government."

'But to return to the subject at hand, we will suppose, for a moment, that the main body of this river does indeed flow into the bights of Benin and Biafra, and that some other branch of it, to the south of the Leasa, I have no doubt, may ultimately be found to do so. If this is true, have positively stated again, that the Niger communicates with the Nile, and after all the information has been collected to support this notion, it would be presumptuous to say that such is not the fact.' It is clear that these two great rivers may communicate with each other, but they are distinct rivers; neither is it probable that the Niger may communicate with the Nile, and also throw off a great body of water, by a tributary stream, to the south of the Leasa, not yet discovered.

* 'A stronger proof, indeed, strange concatenation of rivers referred to than that mentioned Bowdich, drawn by Baron H. who represents the courses of the and Amazon to be quite opposite

* 'Mr. Dupuis, I believe, is of the Niger and the Nile unite, and the opinion of others. (Vide Jackson of Morocco and Bowdich's Ashantee)

other, notwithstanding their immediate connection; and there is nothing more improbable in the Niger and the Nile being connected by the Gir (although flowing in opposite directions), than there is in the Orinoco and Amazon being connected by the Caciaquaire.

* According to information we obtained at Coomassie, there is a water communication from Porto Nova and the Lagos river nearly all the way to Egypt; and this is, in a great measure, confirmed by the late Mr. Jarvis, of the company's service, with whom I had many conversations, who stated that, during his residence at Lagos, he met with Negroes who had come from the banks of the Niger, who assured him that there was a water communication nearly the whole of the way. Mr. Bowdich, in a late publication, speaks of having received similar information, and Mr. Robertson writes also to the same effect, and says he was informed that canoes have come from Timbuctou to Lagos in three days; but this, I suppose, must be a typographical error, as I cannot imagine that gentlemen would write such a manifest absurdity, three weeks being more likely. The Quolla* mentioned by the Moors, and alluded to by Mr. Bowdich, is said to be the Lagos, and not the Niger†. The Moorish name is the *Bahr Neel* or *Seer Neel*, which the Moors call all large rivers, and the sea they call "*Bahr Mull*," "*Joliba*" is also a figurative name, meaning "a great river;" and the Negroes call the Nile of Egypt "*Gubbi*," which signifies a sea. It is also called "*Neel Massar*" and "*Neel Sham*." The Niger likewise is known by various names, such as *Neel-el-Abede*, *Joliba*, *Coudha*, &c.

† The Quolla is reported to be one month's journey from Coomassie, and the Niger one month's journey from the Quolla. According to Mr. Bowdich's account, the Niger is forty-seven days' journey from Kong, to which place the Ashantees can travel in safety. The Mecca itinerary, detailed by that gentleman, is of considerable value, and strongly tends to confirm what I have stated in the first part of this chapter, respecting the route to the Niger, through Ashantees.

‡ On the route to Coomassie, after passing the Boosempa, most of the rivers run to the eastward. The Volta or Adiri is said to flow from the Kong mountains, and is a beautiful river, which empties itself into the ocean about one degree to the eastward of our settlement.

* Mr. Dupuis, in Adams's Narrative, states, upon the information of a Negro of Bambara, that Quolla is the name of a country, and says it must be to the south-east of Bambara; and, about three journeys from the capital of Quolla is a considerable lake, or rather a river, which communicates with the Niger.

† This statement I would wish to be understood as offering with great diffidence, as I had no opportunity of confirming it by the general reports of the Moors.

at Accra*. This statement is indeed confirmed by the new map published by Mr. Bowdich, on which this river (the Volta) is traced from the Coomba or Zamma, close to the Kong and Koon-doo-goree mountains.

* These scanty notices, regarding the Niger and the geography of this part of Africa, I trust will be excused, when it is considered that I was prohibited from making inquiries upon these subjects. Vide Instructions, p. 416 and 447.

† But, from what has now been stated, it will be evident that these noble rivers afford the greatest facilities for the introduction of our commerce into the very heart of Africa; and it cannot be too often repeated, that whether they have a communication with the Niger or not, they ought at least to be explored, as more trade might be thus carried on in one month, than on the Gold Coast in a year; there being no rivers of any magnitude near our settlements there, and, consequently, the transportation of merchandise on the heads of the Negroes for hundreds of miles under a vertical sun, must evidently be attended with every disadvantage to the African trader, as well as to the mercantile interests of Great Britain.

Mr. Hutton's maps appear to be well drawn, and we doubt not are as correct as the imperfect knowledge we still have of this portion of the globe will permit; the coloured engravings give a good idea of the African costume.

Malay Annals: translated from the Malay Language, by the late Dr. John Leyden. With an Introduction by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F. R. S. 8vo. pp. 361. London, 1821.

THIS is an unfinished production of that excellent oriental scholar, Dr. Leyden, who undertook to translate some of the most popular traditional stories of the Malays, but, unfortunately for that branch of literature of which he was so distinguished an ornament, he died without completing his design. The work, from the want of explanatory notes, with which it was intended to be enriched, is in many respects unintelligible; and, though it might have been difficult to get any one to supply the deficiency, yet, unless that had been done, we think it would have been as respectful to the memory of the lamented translator, to have withheld the Malay Annals from

* Colonel Streunberg (whom I frequently had the pleasure to meet at table, with the late General Dundas, after he sailed up this river) gave me some interesting particulars respecting his journey; but as they are correctly given by Mr. Bowdich, I will not repeat them.

the public. The introduction of Sir T. Raffles has nothing at all to do with the rest of the volume. With this impression, we shall not enter into any analysis of a work in every respect so incomplete, but shall merely select two of the traditions which it contains. The first, it will be seen, has some reference to the most universal of all traditions—the Deluge:—

“Raja Suran, considering that he had now become acquainted with the contents of the land, wished to acquire information concerning the nature of the sea. For this purpose, he ordered a chest of glass, with a lock in the inside, and fixed it to a chain of gold. Then, shutting himself up in this chest, he caused himself to be let down into the sea, to see the wonders of God Almighty's creation. At last, the chest reached a land, denominated Zeya, when Raja Suran came forth from the chest, and walked about to see the wonders of the place. He saw a country of great extent, into which he entered, and saw a people named Barsam, so numerous, that God alone could know their numbers. This people were the one half infidels, and the other true believers. When they saw Raja Suran, they were greatly astonished and surprised at his dress, and carried him before their raja, who was named Aktab-al-Arz, who inquired of those who brought him, “whence is this man?” And they replied, “he is a new comer.” “Where is he come?” said the raja. “That,” said they, “none of us know.” Then Raja Aktab-al-Arz asked Raja Suran, “whence are you, and whence have you come?” “I come from the world,” said Raja Suran; “and your servant is raja of the whole race of mankind; and my name is Raja Suran.” The raja was greatly astonished at this account, and asked if there was any other world than his own. “Yes, there is,” said Raja Suran; “and a very great one, full of various forms.” The raja was still more astonished, saying, “Almighty God, can this be possible?” He then seated Raja Suran on his own throne. This Raja Aktab-al-Arz had a daughter named Putri Mahtab-al-Bahri. This lady was extremely handsome, and her father gave her in marriage to Raja Suran, to whom she bore three sons. The raja was for some time much delighted with this adventure; but at last he began to reflect what advantage it was for him to stay so long below the earth, and how he should be able to carry his three sons with him. He begged, however, his father-in-law to think of some method of conveying him to the upper world, as it would be of great disadvantage to cut off the line of Secauder Zulkarnein. His father-in-law assented to the propriety of this observation, and furnished him with a sea-horse, named Sambrani, which could fly through the air as well as swim in the water. Raja Suran mounted this sea-horse, and amid the lamentations of his spouse, the

princess; the flying steed quickly cleared the nether atmosphere, and having reached the upper ocean, it rapidly traversed it; and the subjects of Raja Suran quickly perceived him. The mantri of Raja Suran, perceiving on what sort of animal his master was mounted, quickly caused a mare to be brought to the shore of the sea. On perceiving the mare, the steed Sambrani quickly came to the shore, and as quickly did Raja Suran dismount from him, on which he immediately returned to the sea. Raja Suran then called a man of science and an artificer, and ordered the account of his descent into the sea to be recorded, and a monument to be formed, which might serve for the information of posterity to the day of judgment. The history of this adventure was accordingly composed, and inscribed on a stone in the Hindostanee language. This stone being adorned by gold and silver, was left as a monument, and the raja said that this would be found by one of his descendants, who should reduce all the rajahs of the countries under the wind. Then Raja Suran returned to the land of Kling, and after his arrival he founded a city of great size, with a fort of black stone, with a wall of seven fathoms in both height and thickness, and so skillfully joined, that no intricacies remained between the stones, but seemed all of molten metal. Its gates were of steel, adorned with gold and gems. Within its circumference are contained seven hills, and, in the centre, a lake, like a sea, and so large, that if an elephant be standing on the one shore he will not be visible on the other; and this lake contained every species of fish, and in the middle was an island of considerable height, on which the mists continually rested. The island was planted with trees, flowers, and all kinds of fruits, and whenever Raja Suran wished to divert himself, he used to frequent it. On the shore of this lake was a large forest, stocked with all sorts of wild beasts, and whenever Raja Suran wished to hunt, he mounted his elephant and proceeded to this forest. The name of this city was Bijanagar, which, at the present time, is a city in the land of Kling. Such is the account of Raja Suran, but if all his adventures were to be related, they would rival those of Hananah.

Our next story, and with which we shall conclude, is, in the highest degree, romantic, and would furnish a fine subject for a fairy tale, at Covent Garden Theatre:—

It is related, that the wife of Sultan Mahmud, and mother of Rajah Ahmed, returned into God's mercy, and the king was extremely afflicted! and how long it was that, through grief, he would not have the nobles sounded! All the chiefs likewise looked gloomy, at seeing the grief of the prince; and all their attempts to console him proved ineffectual, and could not remove the impression from his heart. One day, all the nobles, mantri,

and hula-balangs, assembled, and the king asked them, what they advised, since the land of Malacca was now devoid of a queen. The chiefs said, "the daughter of what raja would you choose? Mention the name of any princess, and we will go and ask her in due form." The king replied, "I don't want to marry a raja's daughter, for any other raja may marry a raja's daughter; but I want to marry one to whom no other prince can aspire." "Inform us, then," said the nobles, "whither your wishes tend, and we will do our utmost to carry them into effect." Then said the king, "I want to ask the Princess Gunung Ledang." Then they asked him whom he wished to send as his messengers. He said, "I will send the laksamana, Sang Satia, and Tun Mamed." They cheerfully assented. Then Tun Mamed first set out with the men of Indragiri, to clear the way to Gunung Ledang, for he was the head man, or pengulu of Indragiri. After long journeying they reached the foot of the hill, and began to ascend it, but found no road; the hill men, however, showed them the road, for the way was excessively difficult, with violent gusts of wind, and a cold quite unupportable. They advanced, however, till they reached about the middle of the mountain, when none of the people could proceed farther. Then, said Tun Mamed to the laksamana and Sang Satia, "stop you here, gentles, and let me ascend this hill." The others assented, and Tun Mamed, with two or three hearty men, ascended as well as he could, till he came to the bamboos, which are spontaneously melodious; and all that ascended felt like birds flying, in the furious gusts of wind, and the clouds closed round so near, that one might touch them; and the sound of the musical bamboos was extremely melodious; and the very birds lingered to hear their music; and the forest deer were all enchanted by their melody; and Tun Mamed was so delighted with their sound, that he could not prevail on himself to advance on his journey for some time. Again, however, he proceeded slowly, till at last he reached a garden of wonderful beauty, such as had never been seen. It was full of all kinds of flowers and fruits which are to be found in the whole world, arranged in plots of divers kinds. As soon as the birds of the garden observed the approach of Tun Mamed, they uttered all kinds of cries, some like a man whistling; others like a person playing on a pipe; others like a person playing on the sirdam; others like a person reciting verses; others like persons bersaluta, or joyous; others like persons ber-gorindam, or conversing in dialogue. The large lemons made a loud noise, the grapes giggled, and the pomegranates smiled; and the warasac laughed aloud, while the rose repeated pantuns, in the following style:—

"The teeth are grating against each other,
They wish to eat the fish of the tank;

Fine and fat are the roes for frying,
And the scales will stick to the breast."

"The Tanjung's flower replied,—
"Dang Nila put in his betel box,
The Berimbang and the Pidada fruit,
Was there ever such a fool as you,
The bird is flown, and you are only ginsing
the pepper (for catching it)."

Tun Mamed was exceedingly surprised to hear a tree so skillful in making pantuns, as well as to see the whole arrangement of the garden. Tun Mamed at last came up to a hall in the garden, the whole materials of which were of bone, and the roof of hair. In the balcony dais, sat an old woman, of elegant appearance, with a plaid thrown across her shoulder, with four young women before her. As soon as they saw Tun Mamed, they asked him, "whence do you come, and whither are you going?" Tun Mamed said, "I am a Malacca man, named Tun Mamed. I am sent by the Sultan of Malacca, to ask in marriage the lady Princess Gunung Ledang. This is the reason of my coming. The laksamana, and Sang Satia also are on the hill beneath, but unable to ascend, and have sent me onward. Now, please to inform me what is your name, and whence you come?" The elder lady replied, "my name is Dang Raya Rani, and I am the head person here of the Princess Gunung Ledang. Whatever you want, stay here, and I will go and represent it to the princess." On this the five females instantly vanished. Then there came to him an old woman, hunch-backed, and bent threefold, and said to him, "Dang Raya Rani has delivered your message to the Princess Gunung Ledang, who desires me to say, that if the Raja of Malacca wishes for me, he must first make a flight of stairs of gold, and another of silver, from Malacca to Gunung Ledang; and in asking me, he must present a goat's heart seven platters broad, a moth's heart seven platters broad, a vat of human tears, and a vat of the juice of the young betel nut, one phial of the raja's blood, and one phial of the Prince Raja Ahmed's blood; and if the raja performs this, the Princess Gunung Ledang will assent to his desire." As soon as she had spoken this she vanished, so that nobody could perceive where she had gone. According to some accounts, however, the elderly lady who conversed with Tun Mamed, was the Princess Gunung Ledang, who had assumed the appearance of an old woman. Then Tun Mamed returned and descended to the laksamana and Sang Satia, and informed them of what had passed; after which they all returned and related the whole of the old woman's conversation to Sultan Mahmud Shah, who said, "all these requests may be complied with, but the taking of blood is an unpleasant business, and I have no inclination for it at all."

The Gossip: A Series of Original Essays and Letters, Descriptive Sketches, Anecdotes, and Original Poetry. 8vo. pp. 188. London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH we are now only in the third year of our editorial age, yet, in that period, we have seen a host of contemporaries, who started with more apparent vigour than ourselves, consigned to the 'tomb of the Capulets.' The 'Indicator' no longer points out the sweets of literature; the spell of the 'Talisman' is broken; we are compelled to take our breakfast without a 'Dejeuner,' and silenced is the tongue of the 'Gossip.' A host of reviews, journals of literature, &c. have 'fretted their hour,' and are now no more, while we (thanks to a good constitution and the nursing kindness of our friends) live to perform an act of christian friendship to the manes of our deceased contemporaries.

The 'Gossip' was born on Saturday the 3rd of March, 1821, about eight o'clock in the morning, and expired about the same hour on the 11th of August, to the inexpressible grief of numerous friends and acquaintance.

The 'Gossip' was a light, amusing, and unassuming little weekly periodical, and though only a two-penny tract, was not 'two-penny trash.' The twenty-four numbers now before us, for that was the extent it reached, contain some articles, which we think ought to have saved it from annihilation; and, although we know it is extremely unedifying to acknowledge merit in a contemporary, yet we venture to do it, and quote the following articles in support of our opinion:—

CONJECTURE ON SHAKESPEARE.

MACBETH, Act I. Scene 3.

And mouchal, and mouchal, and mouchal in her lap

And mouchal, and mouchal, and mouchal. Give me, quoth I.

And mouchal, and mouchal, and mouchal. And mouchal, and mouchal, and mouchal. And mouchal, and mouchal, and mouchal.

And mouchal, and mouchal, and mouchal. And mouchal, and mouchal, and mouchal. And mouchal, and mouchal, and mouchal.

For the following conjecture, but very plausible, amendment, we are indebted to an edition of the play of Macbeth, published at York, in 1797, by Mr. Harry Rowley.

It certainly appears, very strange, that a witch (a being remarkable for mischief and revenge for insults) should not inflict some punishment upon the sailor's wife who affronted her, instead of purposing to take a long voyage to vent her malice on the offender's husband, who, it does not appear, had in himself given any

cause of complaint whatever.—Mr. Rowe therefore, observes, that in Scotland, the rown-tree was supposed to have the property of driving away witches and evil spirits. "An ancient song, called the "Lardley worm of Spinnleston blangs," has the following stanza:—

"Their spells were vain. The hags return'd
To the Queen in sorrowful mood,
Crying that witches have no power
Where there is rown-tree wood."

A rown tree was certainly the answer given to the witch by the sailor's wife, and plainly means, "I have a charm against all your power, and defy you to injure me, so begone, and do your worst;" and then the subsequent resolution of the hag becomes perfectly natural, who in return argues thus, "I cannot be reveng'd on the charm-guarded rump-fed ronyon, but her husband is open to my power; he has no charm to protect him, and therefore on him I'll vent my spite."

Some of the very learned commentators on this passage have very absurdly supposed that the rump-fed woman was charitably fed from a great man's kitchen, because in ancient times "rumps, kidney's fat, and trotters," were the perquisites of the cook, and sold to the poor. Now Shakespeare only meant to convey the idea of a fat, indolent, and unweildy sailor's wife, of whom *fac-similes* may, at this day, be seen in every sea-port of Great Britain. Besides, Shakespeare tells us, that her husband was gone to Aleppo, "master of the Tyger," which is more a proof of riches than poverty.

'Anticipations of public opinion in the year two thousand three hundred on the poets of the present day.

S—t, Sir W—r. An eminent poet and novelist of the 19th century. He published 2000 volumes in prose and died at length of a broken heart, from the circumstance of having been out-bid at a sale in the purchase of a black letter piece of antiquity, afterwards proved to be spurious. His avowed aim was to rival Lopez de Vega, and treble the tax upon paper, in which he ultimately succeeded, and was rewarded by a liberal government, with a baronetcy. It was his usual boast that he had written more in a few years, than the world would be able to read in as many centuries. In his last moments he raved upon Ballantyne and Winkin de Worde; declared that publication was his God; that he thought of no devil, but the printer's, and regretted no errors but those of the press.

He was shrouded in proof sheets of his last novel, and followed to the grave by all the printers in England and Holland. The superstitions of that dark and bar-

• In England the witch-elms, or perhaps the withen-tree, mountain ash (*Sorbus aucuparia*) was supposed to possess the same property.

† In the North Riding of Yorkshire, it is still very common to preserve a piece of stick (of what wood we know not) and wear it in the pocket, as a charm against the power of witchcraft.—Ed.

barons age have not failed to inform us, that even after death his spirit paid nocturnal visits to the press, and delighted to disarrange with its unsubstantial fingers the types it could no longer employ.

B—n, L—d. A dark and powerful poet of the same age. He was born in a charnel house, and at an early period fell in love with a death's head and cross bones. Disappointed in this elegant attachment, he became melancholy, wrote stanzas to worms and sextons, and finally married a mere woman, in a fit of hypochondria. He was undoubtedly somewhat licentious; having seventeen mistresses in his native country, (eight of whom were actresses, and the remainder, maids of honour,) besides a scraggo or two in Greece and Albania, established during his travels in search of a skull-capacious enough to hold a gallon of Greek wine. He is said to have possessed a peculiar felicity in swimming, and at one period crossed the Hellespont three times a day during several months for an appetite. Of these feats we find mention in upwards of fifty passages throughout his works.

His Lordship made a vain attempt to rebuild the temple of Jupiter Olympus with pebbles, and a cement of powdered bones.—Drank himself delicious at the fountain of Dirce, and expired at length in the catacombs of Egypt, dancing the giuacca among the mummies.

S—y, R—t. Poet and biographer. This author produced an infinite number of stupendous poems, some of which it is said were to be seen in the libraries of the curious about a century ago, but are now totally obsolete and forgotten. He published proposals for nine hundred epic poems to be produced in as many successive weeks, but after writing six months without sleep, was seized with an unaccountable drowsiness from which he never recovered; and it was ever afterwards remarked that his works had sympathetically imbibed the power of producing similar torpid sensations on others.

He died in a fit of blank verse, having accomplished little more than half his proposed task. A malicious story is told of this writer being at one time the King's Jester, or Court Buffoon, with the singular title of Poet Laureate, a name, in no way generally supposed given in derision to those contemptible creatures who write bombastic verses in praise of the king and court. But this is a mere traditionary rumour, and in all probability far from being founded on truth.

W—ds—th. A poet. None of whose multifarious productions have reached our age, with the exception of a few passages, which, for their pretensions, add extreme simplicity; have for many years found a place in the London Primer, had modern Reading made Easy. He formed his style when a child, and never departed from it, the simplicity of the nursery being obvious and apparent throughout the whole range of his more mature

'The uniform tendency of his writings was to throw down (at least in the poetical world) all distinctions of men and things. To render the mishaps of a plough-boy of equal importance with the calamities of a monarch, and a lamb bleating on the mountains an object of as spirit-stirring as a victorious army.

'From cotemporary writings preserved by the lovers of ancient trash, we learn that *W—ds*—th either wrote or planned a poem of some magnitude, named "The Excursion," consisting of one hundred cantos, and an introduction in fifty parts; this work, if accomplished, has long been forgotten. He was the inventor of re-busses and conundrums; and in his extreme old age is said (we know not how truly) to have thrown the adventures of "Jack the Giant Killer" into blank verse, with a prefatory essay on true simplicity of style. We have likewise met with the titles of various other works attributed to this now forgotten bard; such as "Tommy Hickelbruff," "The Bloody Gardener;" "The White Doe," &c. &c. But how far tradition may speak correctly on these points it would at this distance of time, be useless to inquire.'

A Letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles in reply to his Letter to Thomas Campbell, Esq. and to his two Letters to the Right Hon. Lord Byron. By Martin McDermott, 8vo. pp. 86. London, 1821.

THE silly controversy about the morality of Pope, and the rules and invariable principles of poetry seems interminable; and if we may judge from the positive tone of the disputants is likely to remain so. After reading the letters of Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles, we got so satiated with the subject, that it was some time before we had resolution to venture on the pamphlet now before us.

Mr. McDermott takes the side of Lord Byron, Mr. Campbell, and the Quarterly Review, respecting the poetical talents of Pope, whom they place by the side of Shakespeare and Milton. He also agrees with his Lordship in all the arguments which he has advanced against Mr. Bowles's principles of poetry, but he differs with the noble bard in granting, that images or objects are poetical *per se*, and contends that there is no object in either art or nature that is so. On other points Mr. McDermott dilates at some length, and with considerable ability, but the subject is worn threadbare, and it would be very difficult for any talent to give it a new interest, especially after Lord Byron and Mr. Campbell have written so well upon it.

French Verbs simplified. By M. Patenôtre. 8vo. pp. 58. London, 1821. THE French student will find a knowledge of the principles of the language considerably facilitated by the little manual of M. Patenôtre, which we therefore recommend to his attention.

Original Tales of My Landlord's School. By Wm. Gardiner. 12mo. pp. 146. London, 1821.

THIS is a good Christmas present for a child of six or eight years of age; and is embellished with engravings on wood, from designs by G. Cruickshank.

The Mediator, AN OCCASIONAL PAPER, No. VII.

The manifest use of a Dedicator is this, videlicet: That the readers may be so blinded by the lustre of a splendid name, that they shall consider all the Author's faults as no many palpable beauties; or, at all events, as real though unintelligible perfections. AXON.

I HAVE thus given a succinct, explicit, and circumstantial description of my earthly person. Some might doubt the policy of this, inasmuch as it is a kind of Hue and Cry, and might serve as a direction to the officers of justice, in case these papers were found to contain anything subversive of civil government, or too nearly subversive, or too nearly touching the sensitive person of royalty, in matter of private libel, or of public defamation. But the least attention to the difference between satire and libel, will always preserve an author from the above danger, much better than the concealment of his person. Satire is drawn from general views of the follies, the singularities, and the vices of human nature. Libel from a particular, and frequently from a partial view of its object. The former is useful, the latter criminal. Satire makes you despise folly and hate vice. Libel tends to make you despise and hate yourself. Satire is a silent monitor. Libel is an open accuser. You are either ignorant that satire applies to you, or you hope that others are ignorant that it does apply, and therefore endeavour to avoid the faults which entail it. You know that libel does apply to you, that every one knows it, that remedy of the fault you are accused of is impossible, that the correction of it is useless; you therefore persist in it. Thus the tendencies of satire and libel are directly opposite; the one good, the other evil.

And, if this be looked into, it will be found to resolve itself into the distinction between knowledge and truth. We may assert generally, that the exposition of knowledge never can be injurious, but must be always beneficial: the exposition of truth may frequently be highly detrimental. There is no stronger instance of this than the use to which the Holy Scriptures have been put by weak or designing men. The Sacred Volume is a book of truths. Explain these truths properly, and then they become knowledge, which never can but redound to the honour of God and the utility of man; leave them unexplained, or explain them improperly, they are then bare truths, (for the sacred propositions are true in themselves, however falsely explained,) and lo! into what sects, factions, faiths, opinions, and beliefs is the world divided! The assertion, that things are so, which is truth, may set foolish or depraved minds on a train of false reasoning: the assertion that things are so, and the explanation why they are so, which is knowledge, puts an end to further disquisition, and the possibility of error therefrom, which is the only ill effect to be dreaded. In the same way, just satire is knowledge, just libel is truth. In this case also, we see that truth is injurious, knowledge is useful. Satire opens the springs of the human heart, shows where the true sources of vice and folly are to be found, and by this means teaches us how to diminish and dam up the vicious currents. Libel points out with invidious hand the folly or the vice, but gives us no knowledge of its source, or the manner of preventing it. Libel deals with facts alone, satire with their origin. The one is the office of the villain or the knave, the other is the business of the philosopher.

Having thus briefly excused myself, I proceed. If these papers contain an explicit description of my corporeal person, I think they also contain an implicit delineation of my incorporeal (begging the materialist's pardon) person; in the junction of which two different persons, consists the one person, I call myself. From hence, I think, with a spice of that sort of prophecy, usually denominated, common-sense, and with the additional information, that I dwell within lath and plaster of the nocturnal scenes of those damnable orgies, performed by shrunk lions and mock tigers, within three inches of the upper elements, within snore of the owls on the chimney brink,

—that I eat crasses, and drink the pitiful tears of heaven, the reader may draw some shrewd conclusions as to the manner of my life, and the tenor of my conduct in it. Yes; if, as you promised, you had dedicated the six preceding numbers to yourself, but—
True; I forgot

DEDICATION:

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD WILDERNESS.

MY LORD,—In thus fulfilling my promise of dedicating to you these papers, be assured it is my judgment and not my ambition, which directs my choice. Your title, my Lord, should never win that from me, your merit could not. Ambition may do very well in a king or a conqueror,—judgment must satisfy the philosopher. Toally myself, who am but an ape of philosophy, with a Lord, were but a sorry stretch of ambition, if I looked no farther than his title; but when I cover myself with an escutcheon of the order of merit, to which his title may give eclat, where I openly praise his qualities, I tacitly approve my own judgment in appreciating them. Believe me also, my Lord, no dedicater ever approaches his patron with more sincere conviction of the praises he was about to bestow on the great personage, than I do in the present instance. I am no worshipper for broken meats, and if the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table were to be gathered by flattery, either of him or his butler, (and in this the lord and the drawer of corks are nearly upon a par, except that I believe the latter has the fuller and more servile levee,) I would rather choose to go to bed with Lazarus, than purchase the means of life by the sale of my honesty. As the poet says—

'I would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
'Nor Jove for his power of thunder.'

The reverence which is paid to rank, title, and estate, is very well as a bond of society. The theory of social equality is mere Utopian. It can no more exist than a plurality of gods. If we were all lords, we should have no tinkers; for who the devil would mend a kettle, with a patent of nobility in his pocket? It may be said, if we are all equal, every lord would mend his own kettle. Absurd! we must have tinkers as well as lords: Wherever there exists society, there must be laws to bind it; where there are laws, there must be law-makers; and the ablest law-maker will be the greatest man in the community. This is the origin of rank and degrees of state. In one respect indeed, we are all on an equal footing; we are all

servants: the poor man is the servant of the lord, and he, in his turn, is but a servant in a richer livery. Yet, still we must have gradations even in servitude. Each particular society must in this resemble the grand system of the universe. In this, the ranks of all things existing, estimated according to their powers and intellectual capacities, by which alone excellence is properly measured, rise in a continuous ascent, from insignificance to infinity. It may be likened to a vast cone, the rings thereof representing the several potentialities and order of intellectual excellence with which the individual things of the universe are endued, beginning from a mathematical point, which may be taken for blind matter having no mental efficiency, and from thence increasing in size and circumference, so as to represent proportionally all the different degrees of intellectual comprehension existing in the world, till at length it swells out into an illimitable base, which comprehends ubiquity itself, the infinite, the inconceivable, the omnipotent and omniscient God.

But the cones of particular societies, such as nations and empires, differ from the great cone of the universe, in other particulars besides magnitude. In this especially, that whereas in the latter, the place of each individual is founded on attributes proper and intrinsic to the individual himself; in the former it is estimated by circumstances (most frequently) purely accidental and extrinsic. The difference between the beggar and the king, lies not in the men, but in their offices. The apex and the base of these cones, are not blind matter and omniscience, but a reasonable creature in rags, and another of the same species in ermine. Hence, the reverence I spoke of above, is for the vulgar. By it, a proper degree of subordination is preserved, but the philosopher looks upon such miserable and accidental distinctions with contempt.

This is a comical kind of a dedication. I set out with a resolution of praising your lordship's qualities, and thereby my own judgment in appreciating them; but in a fit of my profession, have deviated into a lecture upon societies, cones, kings, and beggars. However, to make a long story short, for altitude of wit and profundity of judgment, I know of no person who is your equal, except—

Your Lordship's

Most sincere and most devoted admirer,

THE MENTATOR.

Original Communications.

PARISH FEASTING.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Without pretensions to any of the qualities of a public writer, but with feelings that I have heard eulogized as characteristic of an Englishman, and with courage enough to defend the class to which I belong when assailed, I venture through your indulgence to repel the wanton attack made on parish officers by your correspondent E. G. B.

The improved state of literature and knowledge of the present day might render any remark of mine upon parish feasting superfluous, were it not that the rising generation,—with warm honest feeling, unaided by experience, and guided, perhaps, by your correspondent,—might fall into ungenerous erroneous conclusions, which a hint or two may probably prevent. If parish feasting prevail to an alarming extent, 'so as to increase 'the sum of human misery,' it would be well in your correspondent, before he so loudly asserts it, to show where this growing evil is to be found; I have not seen it; and till he does show this 'giant form'—this bug-bear, it is but fair to treat the assertion as at least unguarded; for, if true in any instance, and not universally so, it raises, or is calculated to raise, an unjust outcry against those parish officers who do their duty disinterestedly.—If we inquire into the characteristics of that important officer, an overseer of the poor, we shall find that he is chosen as 'a substantial inhabitant and householder,' and is called away from his usual avocations to do the duties of a most irksome and difficult office, in which he is to see the poor properly provided for, and to guard against imposition upon the purses of the parishioners,—and this he is to do 'on compulsion;' if he do not, he is subjected to a penalty; and if he do,—as honestly, as diligently, and with as much talent and discrimination as a meritorious magistrate,—he may escape the imaledictions of his brother householders; he may be even unexecrated by the poor he governs;—but if he has partaken of a vestry dinner, (should custom have made such honourable,) then the law and unthinking, who may have a high judgment as gratitude, are to be influenced by the seeming philanthropic reflections of E. G. B.—Sir, I believe as 'just and true Englishmen' will take a man from his business and re-

pley him usefully, laboriously, or disagreeably, without wishing him some compensation or complimentary acknowledgment, and it is consistent with good old English custom so to do. When the services of a gentleman have been had that *deserve* high remuneration, but which it would be as repugnant to good taste to offer as to receive, it is agreeable to our best feelings that some kind of entertainment may be proposed, at which honourable mention may be made of services performed, and at which the bonds of friendship and concord may be strengthened by cheerful convivality;—and I should pity the man who would object, as one of a parish, to give an officer a good dinner, whose services could not have been purchased for a hundred guineas. Crying parsony! I hate it. Leaving this point, I would advert to another of E. G. B.'s opinions: he says, 'that a greater degree of activity and vigilance, on the part of parish officers, would materially tend to assist the operations of the Mendicity Society; and asks, "what are they to do to this charge of negligence?"—Negligence of parish officers in not assisting the Mendicity Society! Surely this gentleman's zeal has over-ran his judgment.—And thus, in many cases, no doubt, the tender feelings, humane motives, and weak conclusions of the well-meaning, induce them to meddle with public economy, to guide which they are incompetent, raise clamours against efficient officers, increase the discontents of the poor, and do injury where they intended none.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

Dec. 18. A PARISH OFFICER.

RIDING THE STANG.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Ephraim Wood, wishing for some information relative to this singular custom, I have extracted the following account from a work, entitled *Popular Pastimes, or the Customs and Amusements of Great Britain in Ancient and Modern Times*, which, if you think worthy of notice, you will oblige me by inserting. Your's, &c. E. W.

Riding the Stang (according to Dr. Jameson) is the remains of a very ancient custom among the Goths, who were wont "to erect what they called *nidstaeng*, or the pole of infamy; with the most dire imprecations against those who were thought to deserve the reprobation which this act implied.

The person thus subjected to dishonour was called *nidings*, or infamous, and he was therefore deemed incapable of making oath in any cause. A memorable instance of the consequences of raising the *nidstaeng* is furnished in the *Runic Law*, which states that Egill Scallogrim, the celebrated Icelandic bard, having performed this tremendous ceremony against Eric Bladdox, who, he supposed, had highly injured him, the latter soon after became hated by all, and was obliged to fly from his dominions in Scandinavia; for Soren gives *stang-hestes* as signifying a *roddle-horse*. Callender observes, that in Scotland, 'Riding the Stang is a mark of the highest infamy, and the person who has been thus treated; seldom recovers his honor in the opinion of his neighbour.' 'When they cannot,' he continues, 'lay hold of the culprit himself, they put some young fellow on the stang, or pole, who proclaims, that it is not on his own account that he is thus treated, but that of another whom he names.

The glossary to Gawin's Douglas's Virgil, informs us that riding the stang, is 'when one is made to ride on a pole for his neighbour's wife's fault.' The word *stang*, says Rey, is still used in some colleges in the university of Cambridge: 'to *stang* scholars in Christmas time, being to cause them to ride on a colt-staff or pole, for missing of chapel.' In the Icelandic tongue, *stang* means a spear; and hence, probably, the *stang* of Yorkshire and the north, where it signifies a long pole.

'I am informed,' says Dr. Jameson, 'that in Lothian, and, perhaps, in other counties, the man who had debauched his neighbour's wife was forced to ride the stang; yet this punishment was not exclusively inflicted on gallants detected in criminal amours. The virago who had beaten her husband was also subjected to ride the stang, not in person, however, but by substitute, as we learn from Allan Ramsay's admirable continuation of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," canto 31, where, after the marriage, the visitors became inebriated, and the conduct and punishment of a graceless vixen are thus humourously drawn:—

The wail's wife her black derry sought,
And fand him skis and him;
Quoth she, 'This doggie work's be drat
bought';
He ban'd and ga'e a girm,
Ca'd her jade, and said she micht
Gae bane and scum his kirk:

Whicht ladens, for gin you ought
Mist, I an wist ye a gairn.
To reel some day
Ye'll wind a pirl, ye silly snool,
Wad worth ye'r drunken soul;
Quoth she and tap-out o'er her stool,
An' clought him by the squab;
He shook her, and swore muckle dool,
'Ye's thole for this, ye scaul;
I've rive frae aff ye'r hips the hool,
And learn ye to be baul,
On aie a day!'
'Ye'er tippin'giant scant o' grace',
Quoth she, 'gas me gang duddy;
Our abour Fate an break o' days
Been thumping at his study;
An' it be true that some fouk says,
Ye'll girm yet in a woo'dy';
Syne wi' her nails she rive his face,
Made a' his black bald bloody
Wi' acits that day.

A gippy that had seen the wail,
I wot, he was nae lang,
Till he had gather'd seven or eight
Wild hemps stout and strang;
They frae a burn a kaber raght,
Ane mounted wi' a bawg,
Betwixt twa's shoulders, and sat straight—
Upon't and rode the stang.
On her thaid day.
The wires and gytling's a' spaw'd out,
O'er midding and o'er dykes,
Wi' many an unco skirl and shout,
Like bumbes frae their bykes;
Thro' thick and thin they scour'd about,
Plashing thro' dubs and sykes,
And sic a reid thro' the rout,
Gart a' the hale town tyke.

Yamph loud that day.

In Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of Leeds, it was customary, about sixty years ago, to 'ride the stang' on the man who had beaten his wife; but this practice was pursued only by the lowest of the vulgar.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,—It is but natural that we should wish to encourage and support whatever affords us pleasure and improvement; this consideration it is, that causes me to regret, that my abilities are not equal to my inclination, in contributing a subject that might excite an interest in your excellent literary miscellany. The perusal of it never fails to produce a train of reflections, which I sometimes commit to paper; but as I do not observe any of my sex have favoured you with their lucubrations, (in prose) I feel diffident in stating my opinions, either to obtain further information, or truths I may have discovered in the course of my own reflections, and which I should present to you in the form of essays.

Some of my late reflections have been on the present rage for spectacular amusements; at those theatres which

ought solely to be devoted to the interests of the genuine drama, leaving coronations, processions, fire-works, &c. &c., to the minor theatres, which appear now to be in fact emulating with the large houses, in regular dramatic performances, as the large houses are descending to such performances as were used to be confined to the minor theatres.

I think many observations of the good Spectator, on the abuse of the theatres, are very applicable to the present times, and I should be much pleased to see any champion of the regular drama step forward as the Spectator in its defence.—I am, Mr. Editor,

Your constant reader and admirer,
MARIA OF DOWD TEAS.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE

ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION.

IN our last account of the progress of the Land Arctic Expedition, under Lieut. now Capt. Franklin*, we mentioned that they reached their wintering ground in the beginning of October, at Cumberland Fort, from whence they were to set out in the proper season, upon the more important and hazardous remainder of their journey.

Mr. Williams, the principal agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, and dignified with the title of Governor, being resolved to prepare his visitors for some of the scenes which were to become part of their future occupation, proposed to Mr. Franklin and Mr. Richardson a wolf-hunt, in the beginning of January. Those gentlemen having practised the necessary accomplishment of running with snow-shoes, were qualified to join in the hunt, and the wolf, against whom the attack was meditated, had already roused the anger of the inhabitants of the fort, by killing several of their dogs. Indeed, upon one occasion, the ferocious animal had attacked two of the Company's servants, as they were crossing Cumberland Lake with a quantity of fish, and obliged them, after having torn one of them in a desperate manner, to leave the provision behind. At the time the hunt was proposed, there was a great fall of snow upon the ground, and the track of the formidable white wolf, which had so long persecuted the fort, was observed on the outside of the stoccade. The thermometer at the time was thirty-nine degrees below Zero, and the wolf had just abandoned

the lake, in despair of getting hold of any living creature with which to satisfy his ravenous appetite. The hunters set out with three dogs, and were well armed. Having followed the track of the wolf through the woods about two miles, they started him as he was devouring the bark of a tree. After a most toilsome and disastrous exertion for two hours, two of the half-breeds succeeded in destroying the wolf, which had been completely harassed by hunger and fatigue. The officers of the expedition and the Company, who had not been in the habit of scouring the woods in snow shoes, presented the most miserable spectacle. In their efforts to get through the thickets, their faces had been frightfully scratched, and their duffle coats and chin cloths—the latter being put on to keep their chins and cheeks from being frozen—were torn to pieces. Under these circumstances, it was found necessary to kindle a fire with all possible dispatch, and, even before that could be accomplished, it was feared that the intense cold would more woefully disfigure some of the poor adventurers. The warmth of the blaze from the brambles and trees soon removed this gloomy apprehension, and the wolf was immediately skinned and drawn for the purpose of being roasted. The animal, however, was so old and weather-beaten, that not one of his hungry pursuers could put a tooth in the most delicate part of him.

A report had for some years prevailed, within a circuit of some thousands of miles, both amongst the natives and the British settlers and the servants of the two companies, that an Indian conjurer, named Ka-ka-wa-rente, who resided far away amongst the most distant northern tribes, was revered as one of their deities by the surrounding people, and was actually capable of performing the greatest wonders, in consequence of his awful intercourse with supernatural agents. Mr. Williams, who had learned that this extraordinary person was within five hundred miles of the fort, and that he had very recently foretold some remarkable calamities that soon occurred amongst the tribes, sent a messenger to him, requesting that he would as soon as possible appear at the fort. The conjurer gladly accepted the invitation, and reached the post at the latter end of January, accompanied by two mortal agents, named Wappisthaw and Tappotum. Upon his arrival, the half-breeds paid homage to him, and even

several officers of the Company placed implicit reliance in his power, so high was his character throughout the land, for an intercourse with the world of spirits. Wagers were laid upon the effect of his magic, and the officers of the expedition were surprised at the readiness with which their ridicule was answered by the proposal of considerable bets. In reply to a question put to Ka-ka-wa-rente, as to what he was able to do, he said—'every thing. He could bring back a wife to a husband, or separate man and wife for ever. He could, in fact, reconcile things the most contradictory in their nature. It was in vain that attempts were made to weaken his power with his agents above or below, and as absurd to try to imprison his body as his mind.' Mr. Williams said he should be content with an experiment upon Ka-ka-wa-rente's body, and the next evening was fixed for the trial. Ka-ka-wa-rente, not thinking it respectful to the invisible powers with which he communicated, to request their assistance within the walls of those who doubted their infallibility, pitched his leathern trut in the woods, within half a mile of the fort, and called upon the governor to put him to the test. Wappisthaw and Tappotum stood at the door of the tent, the former blowing a whistle, the latter beating a drum, when the principal inhabitants of the fort sallied out with lighted torches in their hands. The conjurer was rather struck with the preparations at first, but he soon laughed away the fears of some of his admirers, who had observed that he was not insensible to the cold. The Governor then produced a quantity of stout new ropes, and having served in the navy for several years, and placing some reliance in his own strength, undertook to imprison the conjurer in the tent. With this view, having stripped Ka-ka-wa-rente naked, he tied his arms and legs together, and put so many seamen's knots upon the ropes, that the efforts to get out of such thralldom could not but be attended with excessive pain to any one not under the immediate care of the gods. The conjurer was then placed on his back within the tent, at the top of which was a small hole for the admission of the particular genius who was to release him. In a few moments a great bustle was heard within the tent: the whistle and drum played as it were, with the very spirit of inspiration; still the Governor and the officers of the expedition had such re-

* See Literary Chronicle, No. 131.

once upon the seaman's twist, that while others looked to the top of the tent in the expectation of seeing the ropes fly out of it, they kept their eyes upon Wappisthaw and Tappotum, in order that the marician might be under no compliment to human agency. A quarter of an hour was occupied in this manner, when a loud cry was heard from the tent, and, immediately after, Ka-ka-wa-ente was pulled out in a state of insensibility, pinioned as before, and frozen almost to death, notwithstanding his laborious efforts to anticipate the work of his invisible friend. The publication of this circumstance had the effect of removing from the minds of the thousands of Indians who had placed such confidence in the power of the conjurer, all respect for his former exertions. He slunk back to his own people, but was no longer received as a superior. A few months afterwards, he was seen hunting with his companions, whose hardships he was compelled to share from the moment he was proved to be a liar. It was a wish expressed with a great deal of fervency by Mr. Franklin, upon observing the exceeding docility of the Indians, and their contempt of all attempts at imposture, that the religious societies of England would send out amongst them some of those excellent men who are so easily procured to visit other countries, for the purpose of giving religious instruction where it would be most gratefully received.

Original Poetry.

FOR GREECE AND LIBERTY.

"Woe! Woe! woe! woe! woe! woe!
Of many an age in thee,
Renowned Greece! her counsel gave,
Twice—as her thoughts be free!
And Poesy the lesson taught
To many a list'ning throng—
Inspiring, as her bosom wrought
With ecstasy of song.
Their mingling voices, who not fell,
Or linger'd at the sound,
Degenerate, 'til the foamman dwelt
Upon the Grecian ground?
Thy native plains his burial-place,
Thy mountain-pass his bed,
His dust too honor'd in disgrace
To mingle with thy dead.
Yet, hoos it now, enslave'd, to know
The freedom of thy race,
Or waken, but in dreams, the glow
That fir'd th' Olympian chace?
Reviler! age on ages more
Through slavery degrade;
The stamp of heaven the freeman bore,
Departs not with the dead!

O, lead me where the Samian fields
Unfil'd uncultur'd lie,—
That, ere the bloody Moslem yields,
While yet my arm its weapon wields,
For Hellas I may die! Mac.

TO THE GREEKS.

"Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes—their story not unknown—
Arise, and make again your own;
Smash from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires,
And be who in the strife expires,
Will add to their's a name of fears
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They, too, will rather die than shame!"

LORD BYRON.

Ye children of those who in days that are gone,
In vanish'd but glorious ages,
With splendour unrivalled a galaxy shone,
Of heroes, and patriots, and sages;
Rush forward to combat, your infidel foe
On the fields where your fathers have stood,
Nor cease from the strife till the tyrant is low,
And your right arm is red with his blood!

One thought on the deeds that your great sires
have done,—

But one glance at Thermopylæ's shore,
And then will the battle of freedom be won,
And the tyrant be beat as before!

Again will thy laurel be placed on the brow
Of that freedom which erst was thy boast,
Whose spirit is watching thy proud struggle
now,

And inspiring each patriot host!

Then lose not your strength in disunion and
fear,

But as brethren and patriots unite,
And show to your foemen a courage as dear
As your sires did in Salamis' fight!

Rear the hallow'd cross high, and rush on your
foe,

Nor despair, tho' be powerful be,—
The laurel of conquest your God shall bestow
On the brave, and the pure, and the free!

J. W. DALBY.

TO —

Bloom on, fair flow'rs, in nature's vernal sight,
Now meek-eyed morn plays on thy daisies
cheek;

Whilst sportive love, in airy revels, seek
To shed o'er thee his rays of purple light!

And when the rose on those sweet lips, dear
maid,

With all its fragrance perish in the tomb;
Thy worth, bright excellence, which ne'er can
fade,

Shall rise and flourish in immortal bloom!
HAY.

A SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

Say, what is happiness? ah, where
Resides the nymph so bright?

Does she within the palace dwell,
Where pleasure holds her potent spell,

Or does she with the peasant share
Her calm delight?

Tis not where pomp and idle state
In proud importance dwell;

For fell misanthrope and dark deceit,
Waiting around the monarch's seat,
But ill conceal the bitter hate

The tongue could tell,

The peasant's cot is not her home;
For there, with wrinkled brow,
Sits Poverty, whose chilling frown
Forbids her presence to be known,
And sends the luckless wretch to roam,—
The claim retreat

But wouldst thou seek the calm retreat
Where love and friendship share
The sweet delights of social life,
Free from ambition, want, and strife,
Where honour, truth, and virtue meet,
E. G. B. Her home is there.

THE CORPORAL'S GRAVE.

In a lone and silent spot,
Underneath the willow,

There the corporal's grave is wrought,
There I made him pillow;

Full of thought and sad at heart,
Wandering round the fountain,

There I pray'd the comrade's part,—
All his noble actions counting.

Rest of moss, of herb, or grass,
Underneath the willow,

Should a stranger thither pass,
He will know the corporal's pillow:

Dark and fresh, the sloping earth
Forms his long and narrow prison;

But the essence of his worth
Into glory's sphere is risen. P.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Oh, did I hear of thy soft melting lay,
Sweet Philomel, and oft have wished to hear

Thy full notes warble on my pensive ear,
And all their magic to my soul display;

But chance did not e'er till now my wish obey.
And hope stood lost in doubt, truly misbe-

lieving,
That from thy little frame thou couldst convey

Sounds which could raise the soul entranced
to heaven.

How great must be his voice who thus has
given,

Concentrated in thy speck of life, the power,
When, from the grove each other songster's

driven,
To fill with ecstasy thy midnight bower;

And on thy voice to hear the thoughts away,
From all the fears of night and cares of day.

G. A. N.

Fine Arts.

At the anniversary of the Royal Academy, on Thursday last, Sir T. Lawrence, the President, delivered the following address to the professors and students:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I congratulate you on the decided improvement of one of the schools of art (the Life Academy), and the general alacrity displayed in all. A spirit of emulation so useful in all professions, is most particularly essential to the perfection of art. I caution you, gentlemen, against too great a reliance on that genius with which nature has gifted you; it is by perseverance alone, and not by natural talent, that you will be enabled to surmount the difficulties of art—those difficulties which enhance and give superiority to our profession over all others. While I congratulate you that the Life

Academy has this year retrieved its character. I cannot omit still to enforce the necessity of a constant attention to correctness and purity of drawing; and this, too, in the most minute and apparently insignificant parts, as well as in the general contour of the whole. The works of antiquity should never be absent from your memories; let no one depend upon the correctness of his eye for fidelity of representation, without having first formed his ideas of beauty from these; for a knowledge of beauty is essential to that of truth. The gentlemen who are candidates in historical painting, I would earnestly advise, when inventing their compositions, not to be led away by an attention only to a play of line and an harmonious adjustment of parts, but to let truth, nature, and simplicity be their guide. It is well known that the happiness of life is often lost by an inattention to known and vulgar truths; and in the same manner are the beauties of art missed by overlooking those simple and affecting incidents which nature presents to us every day. When inventing, gentlemen, I would advise you not to follow this or that great master, but to consider your subject as it would have taken place in reality; rendering every thing subordinate to expression, for it is by expression alone we can touch the heart. He who would make us feel, must feel himself, says a high authority, and the experience of every day justifies the truth of the assertion. To attain the powers of expression, I would recommend to you to make it your constant pursuit every day and every hour of your lives, ever to concentrate your thoughts towards that point; for whatever tends to fix and concentrate our thoughts, elevates us as thinking beings. Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Dominichino, and Rembrandt, are the four greatest masters of expression, and from the sketches of these in existence, it is evident that they made expression the primary and constant object of their studies. The first designs of Leonardo, for all his works (excepting those upon fortification and the mathematics) are highly finished drawings of expression. For the characters and expression in his 'Last Supper,' he appears, all his life-time, to have been searching through nature. Raphael seemed to have formed in his mind the whole of his intended work before putting a line upon paper, and all was regulated by expression. Dominichino thought no line worthy of the painter that the mind did not draw before the hand. The portfolio of Rembrandt is like the page of Shakspeare—every drawing is in itself a drama—the passions speak for themselves; composition, colour, arrangement of light and shade—all are lost in the power of expression. It is this, and this alone, that intitles our works to situations in the galleries of monarchs, and by the side of the great efforts of genius of different ages.

The following distribution of premiums took place, viz:—

To Mr. John Graham, for the best historical painting, the gold medal, and the Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West, handsomely bound and inscribed.

To Mr. W. Frederick Smith, for the best historical groupe in sculpture, the gold medal and the Discourses of Reynolds and West.

To Mr. Richard Kelsey, for the best architectural design, the gold medal and the Discourses of Reynolds and West.

To Mr. Andrew Morton, for the best copy made in the Painting School, the silver medal and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr. W. Rose, for the best drawing of an academy figure, the silver medal and the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr. W. Watts, for the next best drawing of an academy figure, the silver medal.

To Mr. George Fogg, for the drawing of an academy figure, the silver medal.

To Mr. C. Smith, for the best model of an academy figure, the silver medal and the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr. T. Braddery, for the best architectural drawing of a public building, the silver medal and the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr. Robert Osborn, for the next best architectural drawing, the silver medal.

To Mr. Edward Edwards, for the best drawing from the antique, the silver medal and the Lectures of Opie and Fuseli.

To Mr. Henry Collen, for the next best drawing from the antique, the silver medal.

To Mr. Henry Francis Goblet, for a drawing from the antique, the silver medal.

To Mr. Joseph Dinham, for the best model from the antique, the silver medal and the Lectures of Opie and Fuseli.

To Mr. John Ternouth, for the next best model from the antique, the silver medal.

After which, the President addressed the students at some length, expressing the satisfaction of the Members of the Royal Academy on the improvement of the schools, encouraging them to persevere in their attention to correctness and purity of drawing, and concluding with observations on their mode of study for the higher departments of art, which he enforced by reference to the example of the greatest masters.

The general assembly afterwards proceeded to appoint officers for the ensuing year, when—

Sir Thomas Lawrence was unanimously re-elected president.

New Council.—E. H. Baily, R. Westmacott, R. Smirke, jun., and H. Bone,

Esquires.—Old Council.—A. Cooper, W. Collins, D. Wilkie, and J. Ward, Esqrs.

Visitors in the Life Academy.—New List.—E. H. Baily, J. Flaxman, B. Bore, and R. Westall, Esquires.—Old List.—J. Jackson, T. Phillips, M. A. See, C. Rossi, and D. Wilkie, Esquires.

Visitors in the Painting School.—New List.—A. Cooper, W. Collins, W. Milne, and J. M. W. Turner, Esquires.—Old List.—H. Thompson, H. Howard, T. Stothard, and M. A. See, Esqrs.

Auditors re-elected.—G. Dance and J. Farington, Esqrs.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—It has often been urged against Mr. Kean, by those who would rather carp at a trivial fault than award due praise, that in his dramatic career, he would bear 'no rival round the throne,' nor act in any piece in which he was not the *alpha* and *omega*. That charge can now no longer be made against him, while, in order to afford an opportunity for a young lady making her debut in *Jess Shore*, Mr. Kean has played the part of Lord Hastings. Although *Hove* did not possess, in a high degree, the principal features of tragic invention, such as the nice discrimination of character, and the skilful development and varied play of passion; yet his drama is poetical, without affectation or bombast, his verification is remarkably sweet; and his plays abound with sentiments, given with great force and elegance. *The Fair Penitent* is *Roe's* best tragedy, though, perhaps, *Jess Shore* excites the deepest interest in an audience, on account of the sympathy for the fair unfortunate, created by the traditional story of her wrongs and misery. In this tragedy, *Roe* professed to be the imitator of Shakspeare, but nothing can be more dissimilar than the mode and colour of writing in the two poets, unless, indeed, we compare the genius of each.

The tragedy was brought forward on Friday night, for the avowed purpose of introducing Miss Edmonstone (who has been a pupil of Mr. Foots, and does honour to his instructions) in the character of *Jess Shore*. The lady, who, we understand, is twenty-five years of age, possesses the natural advantages of a graceful figure and a countenance capable of varied and forcible expression. Her voice, though not very powerful, has some of the tenderness in its natural key. There is scarcely any fault in her action that is not common to inexperienced per-

formers, and that a little discipline will not correct. 'It is easy to discern in the performance that this young lady has had recourse to her own judgment and the suggestions of natural feeling, for her guide and standard. The timidity which is always so becoming in a first appearance happily was of service to her on this occasion. The calamitous story of the fortunes of Jane Shore appeared pictured in her dejected and languid features as she entered. She rather faltered through the earlier scenes, which afforded so many fine declamatory passages; and it was not until almost the fourth act that she appeared to be warmed into an entire sympathy with the tragic suffering of the ill-fated heroine. In the fine dialogue between her and Glo'ster, at the commencement of the fourth act, her glow of pride at the recollections of her more fortunate days produced a fine strain of animated delivery. The closing scenes of exhaustion and agony told with terrible force upon the audience—the applause was frequent and ardent. Mr. Keen's Hastings was as good as the character could be made, but it is not one in which he could possibly reap any new laurels. Mr. Cooper's Glo'ster was respectable; Mrs. Egerton's Alicia good. On Monday and Thursday evenings, the tragedy was repeated with increased effect.

On Wednesday night, encouraged by the success which had attended her efforts in *Jane Shore*, Miss Edmiston ventured on the strongest ordeal to which her talents could be subjected, and one in which she hazarded, we thought rather injudiciously, her dramatic reputation. We were, however, mistaken, and most agreeably so.—The character was that of Lady Macbeth, one that, perhaps, was never before attempted by a lady on her third appearance on the stage. The transition from *Jane Shore* to Lady Macbeth was a most adventurous flight. The managers themselves appear to have felt it, and, in conformity with that feeling, a preparatory address was spoken by Mr. Cooper, which reminded the audience of the difficulty of the undertaking, and deprecated all comparison with that great heroine of the stage, who so far embodied Shakespeare's matchless portrait as to give it the appearance of reality. Miss Edmiston's youth and figure does not correspond with the notion we form of Lady Macbeth from the tragedy. As it was once observed of Garrick, that though, on his first entry, he appeared

short, yet he seemed to rise as the play advanced, and, before the conclusion, he seemed the tallest person on the stage. The remark will apply to Miss Edmiston's Lady Macbeth, for she had not been long in the character before she seemed so identified with it, that we forgot every thing else. Her conception of the character was generally correct, and, in several instances, she gave touches of such real spirit and intelligence as completed the dramatic illusion. The opening scene was very impressive; she read the letter amidst breathless suspense, in so admirable a manner, that it produced the most enthusiastic applause. When she is told that Duncan is to take up his residence at the castle, the passage, 'when goes he hence,' was delivered by her with an eagerness both of look and voice, which gave it the most powerful effect. Again, in the scene which ensues the murder, she distinguished herself by a firmness of deportment, and an energy of tone, completely in unison with the character. In the banquet and in the sleeping scenes, she was scarcely less successful, though the last is one of the utmost difficulty, which can only be given with due effect when great talents are combined with experience. When Miss Edmiston has acquired the latter, her acting in this scene will nearly approach perfection; as it was, it possessed much excellence, and the whole performance placed her not only in the first rank as a female tragedian, but as the first at present on the stage.—Mr. Keen's Macbeth is well known; and he always plays best when best supported by other actors: his personation of the Scottish tyrant, on this evening, was one of his happiest efforts. In the dagger scene, and in that immediately after the murder, he was particularly successful, and electrified the audience by his powerful acting; the fight with Macduff was admirable, and his death was truly terrific. Mr. Cooper sustained the character of Macduff, and gave greater proofs of talent than in any previous part; his horror at the murder of Duncan, was expressed in the most forcible manner, and the mixture of grief and revenge in the scene where he is informed of the fate of his wife and children, afforded him an opportunity of depicting those varied emotions which always put an actor's powers to the test; he succeeded in turning them to his advantage, and was rewarded with loud applause. The whole tragedy was admirably act-

ed, which we trust will ensure its frequent repetition.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A new piece entitled the *Milliner's Apprentice*, which excites continued laughter, but does not meet our entire approval, has been produced here. *Arrivals, or Three Days at Long's*, and *Life in London* maintain their popularity, and the house is well filled every evening.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—*Life in London* continues in full favour at this house, and is repeated every night with some amusing afterpiece.

Literature and Science.

An apparatus has been invented at Glasgow, for the manufacture of any mineral water requiring to be charged with carbonic acid gas, which amounts, in fact, to the development of a power hitherto unknown, but equal to that of steam. This machine is described as having neither gascometer nor air pump, yet the strength of a boy is ascertained to be capable of compressing into any vessel from thirty to forty atmospheres, as gas, in a few minutes; while to effect the same with a forcing pump, would occupy the strength of several men as many hours. A machine equal in force to an engine of forty-horse power, and requiring neither fire nor water, would not occupy a space of more than four feet square. For many purposes it may be more applicable than steam; but by reason of the present price of sulphuric acid, greatly more expensive.

The Bee.

*'Florisora ut apes in solibus omnia fimo,
Omnia nos titidem depascitur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS

John Wesley's Opinion of a Chancery Bill.—The following passage occurs in the journal of the Rev. J. Wesley, under the date of Thursday, 27th of December, 1744.—'I called on the solicitor whom I had employed in the suit lately commenced against me in Chancery. And here I first saw that foul monster a Chancery Bill! A scroll it was of forty-two pages in large folio, to tell a story which needed not to have taken up forty lines!—And stuffed with such stupid, senseless, improbable lies (many of them, too, quite foreign to the question,) as I believe would have cost the compiler his life, in any heathen court either of Greece or Rome. And this is equity in a Christian country! This is the English method of redressing grievances.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

LORD BYRON'S NEW TRAGEDY:

'THE TWO FOSCARI.'

THE tragedy of the 'Two Foscari' is founded on an event which occurred at Venice near the middle of the fifteenth century, during the authority of that bloody tribunal, the Council of Ten. The story is given at considerable length in Dora's History of the Republic of Venice; but, as his lordship has adhered pretty closely to it, we shall so connect our extracts as to give a tolerably faithful sketch of the plot. The characters of the tragedy are only six, excepting a few nameless senators, and consist of Francis Foscari, the Doge of Venice,—Jacopo, his son, who, in 1445, was accused of having received presents from some foreign princes, which was an infraction of one of the laws of the republic. He was brought before the Council of Ten, in which his own father was compelled to preside: he was interrogated, put to the torture, and condemned, and, from the mouth of his own father, he received the sentence of banishment. After five years' exile, a second alleged offence brought him again into the power of this hated Council. Besides these, the *dramatis personæ* comprise only Loredano, a patrician, and Barbargo, both sworn foes to the Foscari,—Memmo, a chief of the Forty,—and Marina, the wife of young Foscari.

The first act, which is rather dull and tedious, develops the enmity of Loredano and Barbargo, and the ferocious cruelty of the Council of Ten, in putting young Foscari repeatedly to the torture, in order to force some confessions from him. There is a pretty passage, in which young Foscari, on standing at a window which overlooks the water, describes the sports of his youth and his ardent love for his native Venice:—

'Guard! How feel you?
Jacopo Foscari. Like a boy!—oh, Venice!
Gua. And your limbs?

J. Fosc. Limbs? how often have they borne me
Vol. III.

Bounding o'er you blue tide, as I have skimm'd
The gondola along in childish race,
And, masqueraded as a young gondolier, amidst
My gay competitors, noble as I,
Raced for our pleasure in the pride of strength,
While the fair populace of crowding beauties,
Fiebian as patrician, cheer'd us on
With dancing smiles and wishes audible
And waving kerchiefs and applauding hands,
Even to the goal!—How many a time have I,
Clown with arm still tustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughen'd; with a swimmer's
stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drench'd
hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me; and oft,
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making
My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen
By those above, till they wax'd fearful; then
Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
As show'd that I had search'd the deep, exulting,
With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing
The long-suspended breath, again I sprang!
The foam which broke around me, and pursued
My track like a sea-bird!—I was a boy then.'

In the second act, the interview between Marinus and her father-in-law, in which she endeavours to induce him to save her husband, is very tame, and does not possess one particle of that spirit which Lord Byron usually displays on such occasions. Here, however, we meet with one gem:—

*Doge. Child—child—
Marina (*abruptly*). Call me not child!
You soon will have no children—*you* deserve none—

You, who can talk thus calmly of a son
In circumstances which would call forth tears
Of blood from Spartans! Though these did not weep

Their boys who died in battle, is it written
That they beheld them perish piecemeal, nor
Stretch'd forth a hand to save them?

Doge. I cannot weep—I would I could; but if
Each white hair on this head were a young life,
This dual cap the diadem of earth,
This ducal ring, with which I wed the waves,
A talisman to still them—I'd give all
For him.

Mar. With less he surely might be saved.
Doge. That answer! only shows you know
not Venice.'

Loredano enters, and informs the Doge that the 'Ten' have decreed a second banishment of young Foscari, without putting him further to the tor-

ture. The third act opens with a soliloquy of the unfortunate Foscari in prison:—

No light, save you faint gleam, which shows
me walls
Which never echo'd but to sorrow's sounds,
The sigh of long imprisonment, the step
Of feet on which the iron clank'd, the groan
Of death, the imprecation of despair!
And yet for this I have return'd to Venice,
With some faint hope, 'tis true, that time,
which weans

The mangle down, had worn away the hate
Of men's hearts; but I knew them not, and
here

Must I consume my own, which never beat
For Venice but with such a yearning as
The dove has for her distant nest, when wheel-

ing
High in the air on her return to greet
Her callow brood. What letters are these which
[*Approaching the wall.*]

Are scrawl'd along the inexorable wall?
Will the gleam let me trace them? Ah! the
names

Of my and predecessors in this place,
The dates of their despair, the brief notes of
A grief too great for many. This stone page
Bolds like an epitaph their history,
And the poor captive's tale is graven on
His dungeon barrier, like the lover's record
Upon the bark of some tall tree, which bears
His own and his beloved's name. Alas!
I recognize some names familiar to me,
And lighted like to mine,—which I will add,
Fittest for such a chronicle as this,
Which only can be read, as writ, by wretches.

[*He engraves his name.*]
Young Foscari's wife is admitted to see him, and the interview between them is in the noble poet's happiest style:—

Marina. My best beloved!
Jacopo Foscari (*embracing her*). My true wife
And only friend! What happiness!

Mar. We'll part
No more.

J. Fosc. How! wouldst thou share a dungeon?
Mar. Ay,

The rack, the grave, all—any thing with thee,
But the tomb last of all, for there we shall
Be ignorant of each other—yet I will
Share thus—all things except new separation;
Is it too much to have survived the first.
How dost thou? How are those worn limbs?

Alas!
Why do I ask? Thy paleness—
J. Fosc. 'Tis the joy
Of seeing thee again so soon and so
Without expectancy has sent the blood
Back to my heart, and left my cheeks like thine,
For thou art pale too, my Marina!

Mar. 'Tis
The gloom of this eternal cell, which never
Knew sunbeam, and the sallow autumn glare

Of the familler's torch, which seems akin
To darkness more than light, by lending to
The dungeon vapours its bituminous smoke,
Which cloud whate'er we gaze on, even thine
eyes—

No, not thine eyes—they sparkle—how they
sparkle!

J. Fos. And thine! but I am blinded by the
torch.

Mar. As I had been without it. Couldst thou
see here?

J. Fos. Nothing at first; but use and time
had taught me

Familiarity with what was darkness;
And the gray twilight of such glimmerings as
Glide through the crevices made by the winds
Was kinder to mine eyes than the full sun.
When gorgeously overgilding any towers
Save those of Venice; but a moment ere
Thou camest hither, I was busy writing.

Mar. What?

J. Fos. My name: look, 'tis there—re-
corded next

The name of him who here preceded me,
If dungeon dates any true.

Mar. And what of him?

J. Fos. These walls are silent of men's ends;
they only
Seem to hint surlily of them. Such stern
walls

Were never piled on high save o'er the dead,
Or those who soon must be so—What of him?
Thou askest—What of me? may soon be ask'd,
With the like answer—doubt and dreadful
surmise—

Unless thou tell't me tale.

Marina informs her husband that
his life is safe, and that his sentence is
banishment:—

J. Fos. Had I gone forth
From my own land, like the old patriarchs,
seeking

Another region, with their flocks and herds;
Had I been cast out like the Jews from Zion,
Or, like our fathers, driven by Attila
From fertile Italy to barren islets,
I would have given some tent to my late coun-
try.

And many thoughts; but afterwards address'd
Myself, with those about me, to create
A new home and fresh state: perhaps I could
Have borne this—though I know not.

Mar. Wherefore not?
It was the lot of millions, and must be
The fate of myriads more.

J. Fos. Ay—we but hear
Of the survivors' toil in their new lands,
Their numbers and success; but who can num-
ber

The hearts which broke insilence of that parting,
Or after their departure! of that malady
Which calls up green and native fields to view
From the rough deep, with such identity
To the poor exile's fever'd eye, that he
Can scarcely be restrain'd from treating them?
That melody, which out of tones and tunes
Collects such pasture for the longing sorrow
Of the old mountaineer, when far away
From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,
That he feeds on the sweet, but poisonous
thought.

And dies. You call this weakness? It is strength,
I say—the parent of all honest feeling.

He who loves not his country, can love nothing.
Mar. Obey her, then; 'tis she that puts thee
forth.

J. Fos. Ay, there it is: 'tis like a mother's
curse.

Upon my soul—the mark is set upon me.

The exile you speak of went forth by nations,
Their hands upheld each other by the way,
Their tents were patch'd together—I'm alone.

Mar. You shall be so no more—I will go
with thee.

J. Fos. My best Marina!—and our children?

Mar. They,
I fear, by the prevention of the state's
Abhorrent policy (which holds all ties
As threads, which may be broken at her plea-
sure),

Will not be suffer'd to proceed with us.

J. Fos. And canst thou leave them?

Mar. Yes. With many a pang
But—I can leave them, children as they are,
To teach you to be less a child. From this
Learn you to sway your feelings, when exacted
By dutiful paramount; and 'tis our first
On earth to bear.

J. Fos. Have I not borne?

Mar. Too much
From tyrannous injustice, and enough
To teach you not to shrink now from a lot
Which, as compared with what you have un-
dergone

Of late, is mercy.

J. Fos. Ah! you never yet
Were far away from Venice, never saw
Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,
While every furrow of the vessel's track
Seem'd ploughing deep into your heart; you
never

Saw day go down upon your native spires
So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,
And after dreaming a disturbed vision
Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not.

Mar. I will divide this with you. Let us
think

Of our departure from this much-loved city
(Since you must lose it, as it seems), and this
Chamber of state, her gratitude allots you.
Our children will be cared for by the Doge,
And by my uncles: we must sail ere night.

J. Fos. That's sudden. Shall I not behold
my father?

Jacopo inquires if he may not see
his children.—Marina answers:—

'I would that they beheld their father in
A place which would not mingle fear with love,
To freeze their young blood in its natural cur-
rent.

They have fed well, slept soft, and knew not that
Their air was a mere hunted outlaw. Well,
I know his fate may one day be their heritage,
But let it only be their heritage,
And not their present fee. Their senses, though
Alive to love, are yet awake to terror;
And these vile damps, too, and you thick green
wave

Which floats above the place where we now
stand—

A cell so far below the water's level,
Selling its pestilence through every crevice,
Might strike them: this is not their atmosphere.'

No sooner have the vindictive Lore-
dano and Barbarigo succeeded in ban-
ishing the son, than they seek to
wreak their vengeance on the father.
The young Foscari, whose love of coun-
try rises to an enthusiasm without a pa-
rallel, and who would rather live in the
dungeons of his native city than
breathe the fine air of Candia, on be-
ing summoned to embark, suddenly
dies in presence of his wife and father.

The fifth act brings us to the Doge's
apartment, where a deputation from
the senate proposes that he should re-
sign. The Doge consents, and this
brings us to the end of the tragedy.
The Doge, having resigned his dignity
and given up his ring and diadem, a
impatient to depart:—

Chief of the Ten. My lord, if you insist
Are bent upon this rash abandonment
Of the state's palace, at the last resort
By the private staircase, which conducts you
towards

The landing-place of the canal.

No. I
Will now descend the stairs by which I
mounted

To sovereignty—the Gian's Stair, on whose
Broad eminence I was invested due.

My services have call'd me up those steps.
The malice of my foes will drive me down.

There, five and thirty years ago, was I
Install'd, and traversed these same halls, from
which

I never thought to be divorced except
A course—come, it might be, fighting in
them—

But not push'd hence by fellow citizens
But, come; my son and I will go together—
He to his grave, and I to pray for mine.

Chief. What thus in public?

Doge. Elector, and so will I be deposed.
Marina! art thou willing?

Marina. Here's my arm!

Doge. And here my staff: thus people will
I go forth.

Chief. It must not be—the people will per-
ceive it.

Doge. The people! There's no people, you
well know it.

Else you dare not deal thus by them or me.
There is a populace, perhaps, whose looks
May shame you; but they dare not grow or
curse you,

Save with their hearts and eyes

Chief. You speak in a passion,
Else—

Doge. You have reason. I have spoken
much

More than my wont: it is a foolish which
Was not of mine, but more excuse you,
Inasmuch as it shows that I approach
A danger which may justify this deed
Of yours, although the law does not, we will
Forewell, sir!

Barb. You shall not depart without
An escort fitting past and present rank.

We will accompany, with due respect,
The Doge unto his private palace. Say!

My brethren, will we not?—

Different Voices. Ay—Ay—

Doge. You shall not
Stir—in my train, at least. I could not
As sovereign—I go out as citizen

By the same portals, but as citizen
All these vain ceremonies are base

Which only alternate the hour the name
Applying poisons there are antidotes—
Pomp is for princes—I am none—They say
I am, only to these gates—Ah!

Loredano. Hark!

[The great bell of St. Mark's
Barb. The bell!

Chief. St. Mark's, which with the bell
Of Malpiero.

Doge. Well I recognize the sound? I heard it once, but once before, And that is five and thirty years ago; Even then I was not young.

Barb. Sit down, my lord!

You tremble.

Doge. 'Tis the knell of my poor boy! My heart aches bitterly.

Barb. I pray you sit.

Doge. No; my seat here has been a throne till now.

Marina? let us go.

Mar. Most readily.

Doge (walks a few steps, then stops).

I feel athirst!—no one bring me here

A cup of water?

Barb. I—

Mar. And I—

Lor. And I—

(The Doge takes a goblet from the hand of Loredano.

Doge. I take yours, Loredano, from the hand Most fit for such an hour as this.

Lor. Why so?

Doge. 'Tis said that our Venetian crystal has

Such pure antipathy to poison as

To burst, if aught of venom touches it.

You bore this goblet, and it is not broken.

Lor. Well, sir?

Doge. Then it is false, or you are true.

For my own part, I credit neither; 'tis

An idle legend.

Mar. You talk wildly, and

Had better now be seated, nor as yet

Depart. Ah! now you look as look'd my hus-

band!

Barb. He sinks!—support him!—quick—

a chair—support him!

Doge. The bell tolls on!—let's hence—my

brain's on fire!

Barb. O do beseech you, lean upon us!

Doge. No!

A sovereign should die standing. My poor

boy!

Off with your arms!—That bell!

(The Doge drops down and dies.

Mar. My God! My God!

Barb. (to Loredano). Behold! your work's

completed!

Chief. Is there then

No aid! Call in assistance!

Attend. 'Tis all over

Chief. If it be so, at least his obsequies

Shall be such as befits his name and nation,

His rank and his devotion to the duties

Of the realm, while his age permitted him

To do himself and them full justice. Brethren,

Say, shall it not be so?

Barb. He has not had

The misery due to a subject where

He reigned; then let his funeral rites be

princely.

Chief. We are agreed then?

All. except Loredano, answer—Yes.

Chief. Heaven's peace be with him!

Mar. Signor, your pardon: this is mockery.

Juggle no more with that poor remnant, which,

A moment since, while yet it had a soul,

(A soul by whom you have increased your em-

pire,

And made your power as proud as was his

glory).

You banish'd from his palace, and tore down

From his high place, with such relentless cold-

ness;

And now, when he can neither know these

honours,

Nor would accept them, if he could, you, sig-

nor,

Purpose, with idle and superfluous pomp, To make a pageant over what you trampled. A princely funeral would be your reproach, And not his honour.

Chief. Lady, we revoke not

Our purposes so readily.

Mar. I know it,

As far as touches torturing the living.

I thought the dead had been beyond even you,

Though (some no doubt), consign'd to powers

which may

Resemble that you exercise on earth.

Leave him to me; you would have done for

His drops of life, which you have kindly short-

ened:

It is my last of duties, and may prove

A dreary comfort in my desolation.

Grief is fantastical, and loves the dead,

And the apparel of the grave.

Chief. Do you

Pretend still to this office?

Mar. I do, signor.

Though his possessions have been all consumed

In the state's service, I have still my dowry,

Which shall be consecrated to his rites,

And those of— (She stops with agitation.

Chief. Best retain it for your children.

Mar. Ay, they are fatherless, I thank you.

Chief. We

Cannot comply with your request. His relics

Shall be exposed with wonted pomp, and fol-

low'd

Unto their home by the new Doge, not clad

As Doge, but simply as a senator.

Mar. I have heard of murderers, who have

inter'd.

Their victims; but ne'er heard, until this hour

Of so much splendour in hypocrisy

O'er those they slew. I've heard of widows'

tears—

Alas! I have shed some—always thanks to you!

I've heard of heirs in sables—you have left none

To the deceased, so you would eat the part

Of such. Well, sir, you will be done! as

one day,

I trust, Heaven's will be done too!

Chief. Know you, lady,

To whom ye speak, and perils of such speech?

Mar. I know the former better than your-

selves;

The latter—like yourselves; and can face both.

Wish you more funerals?

Barb. Heed not her rash words;

Her circumstances must excuse her bearing.

Chief. We will not note them down.

Barbarigo (turning to Loredano, who is writing

upon his tablets). What art thou writing,

With such an earnest brow, upon thy tablets;

Loredano (pointing to the Doge's body).

That he has paid me?

Chief. What debt did he owe you?

Lor. A long and just one; Nature's debt and

mine. [certain falls.

We need scarcely observe to our

readers, that this is a tragic poem and

not an acting tragedy; indeed, it

scarcely possesses one of the requisites

for an acting drama; though it abounds

with beautiful passages. The story

we think an excellent one for the stage,

but Lord Byron, great as his talents

are, does not possess dramatic genius,

and has handled it very tamely; in-

deed, though in subject much superior

to the effeminate Sardanapalus, in po-

etic merit the tragedy is much beneath it.

SEVERITY OF PUNISHMENT.

Speech of Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq. in the House of Commons, May 23, 1821, on the bill 'For mitigating the Severity of Punishment in certain Cases of Forgery and other Crimes connected therewith.' 8vo. pp. 70. London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH much has been said and written on the severity of the English laws, yet we have never met with so able, so argumentative, or so comprehensive a view of the subject as in the pamphlet before us. It is a speech of Mr. Buxton, a gentleman well known for his philanthropy, delivered in the House of Commons last session, during the discussion of a bill 'for mitigating the severity of punishment in certain cases of forgery and the crimes connected therewith.'

Mr. Buxton begins by denying the necessity of inflicting death, or the efficacy of such punishment in preventing crimes. On the contrary, increase of crime and excess of punishment have gone hand in hand together. The severity of punishment, as disproportioned to crime, is next noticed: for example,—kill your father or catch a rabbit in a warren—the punishment is the same! Destroy three kingdoms or destroy a hopbine,—the penalty is the same! Meet a gipsy on the highway, keep company with the said gipsy or kill him, no matter which—the penalty by law is the same. The inefficacy of capital punishments is ably illustrated:

'About the year 1811, the linen bleach-ers of England and Ireland found their property peculiarly exposed to depredation. This they ascribed to the impunity with which that crime was committed; and that impunity to the reluctance to prosecute; and that reluctance to the severity of the law. They therefore came to Parliament praying for protection, and intimating that that protection would be found in a mitigation of the law. That prayer was conceded: in this house, cheerfully; in another place, acquiescence was granted somewhat in the same spirit in which the Satirist describes the deities of old as yielding to the fool's importunities of their votaries:—

'Erefter domos totas, opacibus ipais
Dit facies."

'And here it was determined to punish those romantic petitioners with the fulfilment of their prayer, and to inflict upon them the penalty of conceded wishes.

'With what effect? Among the official returns appended to our Report, gentlemen will find a return of the number of persons tried and convicted of this offence in the county of Lancaster—the county in which this species of trade is principally carried on. This return is for

twenty years, thirteen of which were prior, and seven subsequent to the mitigation of the law. Of these seven, I take no notice of the two first; because it is plain that no conclusion can be drawn from the immediate effect of the alteration of the law. Where the penalty is mitigated, you must expect always an apparent, sometimes a real increase of trials—always an apparent, because those who did not prosecute before, now prosecute, and are found to do so, perhaps, with more severity than others, for the purpose of showing that their previous abstinence originated in principle, and not in any selfish consideration. Sometimes a real increase is also to be anticipated; because those who are in the habit of committing this species of offence know only as yet that the penalty is mitigated, and have not learned from experience—the only instructor to whom they will listen—that that mitigation brings with it a greater certainty of punishment. I shall, however, enter into a comparison, of which no man will deny the fairness. I take the first five years, during which the crime was capital, and compare them with the last five years, during which it was not capital. Now, if I prove that this offence has increased, but only in the same proportion with other offences, I prove my point, for the reasons which I have already assigned. But if I go a step further, and prove that, while all other crimes have increased, this alone has remained stationary, *a fortiori* I prove my point: but what if I go a step, and a very great step further, and prove that, while all other offences have increased with the most melancholy rapidity, this, and this alone, has decreased as rapidly—that there is only one exception to the universal augmentation of crime, and that one exception the case in which you have reduced the penalty of your law;—if I do this, and upon evidence which cannot be shaken, have I not a right to call upon the noble lord opposite, and upon his Majesty's ministers, either to invalidate my facts or to admit my conclusion?

"Well, then, all other crimes have increased in the county of Lancaster. That is my first position:

During the first five years,	
Highway robbery	31
Burglary	30
Horse-stealing	7
Stealing in dwelling-houses	4

During the last five years,	
Highway robbery, 77—the number more than doubled.	
Burglary, 103—the number more than trebled.	
Horse-stealing, 31—the number more than quadrupled.	
Stealing in dwelling-houses, 45—the number increased more than eleven-fold.	

Then we come to the offence of stealing from bleaching-grounds, and we find 28 in the first five years, 9 in the five last; that is, the offence has decreased two thirds. But we have always contended, that by reducing the penalty you aug-

ment the certainty of conviction. Is any thing of this kind observable? It appears by the official returns, that, during the former period, at least one third were acquitted; and it appears also that, during the latter period, there has not been one single acquittal.

"I must confess that I was surprised at this result—that it exceeded my expectation; and I felt anxious to ascertain what had been the effect in Ireland. I therefore addressed a letter to a gentleman of the name of Hancock, of Lisburn, with whom I had no personal acquaintance, and of whom I knew no more than that he was a gentleman of great respectability, who had invested a considerable sum of money in this species of trade. His answer was, "that though, from the general increase of crime, arising from the peculiar state of these countries. Bleach-ground robberies have not lately diminished, yet that the change of punishment of death has not had the smallest tendency to increase this particular crime; but, on the contrary, convictions have been in much greater proportion than under the old law. Prosecutors now act vigorously, witnesses give their testimony willingly; and especially jurors, relieved from the punctious visitings of nature, feel grateful for the relief, and willingly return verdicts of condemnation, when death is not the consequence." He then goes on to say, "it is worthy of observation, and tends to show the benefit of the change in the law, that convictions have multiplied so greatly since 1811. In my opinion, the protection to Bleach-grounds is much increased, and things probably would have been much worse under the old law, owing to the greater number of culprits who would have escaped."

"This, though satisfactory, was not conclusive. But I have since received from Mr. Walter Bourne, clerk of the crown, a return of the number of committals and convictions for Bleach-ground robberies on the north-east circuit of Ulster, for twenty years; and with it I pursue the same method as with the returns from Lancaster. I take the five first years, and compare them with the five last: and these are the results:—

First five years during which the offence was capital.		Last five years during which the offence was not capital.	
Antrim	24		18
Armagh	11		4
Down	15		12
Louth	4		5
Monaghan	7		3

"But here returns the question: has any greater facility of conviction resulted from a mitigation of the law? It has. While the law was rigid, it was hardly possible to prove a conviction. Out of sixty-two persons committed, fifty-eight or fifty-nine had not been convicted. But since that alteration, though the number of trials have decreased nearly one-half, the number of convictions have increased five-fold."

English history throws a curious light on the subject of criminal jurisprudence:—

"First, the reign of Henry the Eighth—a reign remarkable for the abundance of its crimes,—which certainly did not arise from the mildness of its punishments. In that reign, says his historian, 72,000 executions took place for robberies alone—(exclusive of his religious murders,) amounting, on an average, to six executions a-day, Sundays included, during his whole reign. What was the effect of the barbarous severity of the law? Did it do that for which it was designed? Did it prevent crime? Upon that point, Sir Thomas More is no bad authority. He introduces into his works, a dialogue between himself and a lawyer. "The lawyer applauds the severity of the law, and exults in the fact, that he had himself seen twenty executed upon the same scaffold. But he concludes by confessing, that it was a little difficult for him to explain how it happened, that, "while so many thieves were daily hanged, so many still remained in the country, who were robbing in all places."

"It may be supposed, that these severities would at least have succeeded at the conclusion of his reign, and that he would at length have exterminated the race of robbers. There is, however, in existence, in Strype's Annals, a letter from a magistrate of Somersetshire to the lord chief justice, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This letter gives an account of the state of society in Somersetshire during "the glorious days of good Queen less;" and such an account as may make us all rejoice that those "glorious days" have long since passed away. The magistrate writes thus:—"I may justly say, that the able men that are abroad, seeking the spoil and confusion of the land, are able, if they were reduced to good subjection, to give the greatest enemy her Majesty hath a strong battle, and, as they are now, are so much strength to the enemy. Besides, the generation that daily springeth from them, is likely to be most wicked. These spare neither rich nor poor; but, whether it be great game or small, all is fish that cometh to net with them; and yet I say, both they and the rest are trussed up apace." But what was the reason criminals so abounded at that time? The same magistrate, very undesignedly—for he is a strong advocate for the severity of the law, and calls the statute for the execution of gypsies, "that golly edict"—lets us into the secret. He says: "In which default of justice, many wicked thieves escape. For most commonly the most simple countrymen and women, looking no farther than to the loss of their own goods, are of opinion that they would not procure any man's death, for all the goods in the world." This conveys a striking picture of the state, both of the law and of the country, at that time. It appears, that the people still

neral Paoli, in company with a lady of distinction, to solicit the life of his uncle. The nephew's anxiety made him think the lady did not speak with sufficient force and earnestness. He therefore advanced, and addressing Paoli, said, "Sir, is it proper for me to speak?" as if he felt that it was unlawful he should make such an application. Paoli bade him proceed. "Sir," said he, "may I beg the life of my uncle? If it is granted, his relations will make a gift to the state of a thousand zechins. We will furnish fifty soldiers in pay during the siege of Furiati. We will agree that my uncle shall be banished, and will engage that he shall never return to the island." Paoli knew the nephew to be a man of worth, and replied, "You are acquainted with the circumstances of this case, and such is my confidence in you, that if you will say, that giving your uncle a pardon would be just, useful, or honourable for Corsica, I promise you it shall be granted." Though the affection between relations is exceedingly strong in the Corsicans, the young man turned round, burst into tears, and quitted the general, saying "Non vorrei vendere l'onore della patria per mille zechini." "I would not have the honour of my country sold for a thousand zechins;" and the uncle suffered.

"George!—This illustrious monarch, in answer to a petition of the lord mayor and aldermen of the city of London, on the 6th of November, 1718, said, "I shall be glad, not only for your sakes, but for my own, if any defects which may touch the rights of my good subjects are discovered in my time, since that will furnish me with the means of giving you, and all my people, an indisputable proof of my tenderness of their privileges."

"Sobieski.—At the time that the treasury of Poland was exhausted, the city of Warsaw drained of its last ducat, the provinces laid waste, and every means of raising a supply seemed impracticable, the council hopeless of devising any expedient for even a temporary succour, met in his majesty's cabinet, to consult about obtaining resources. The debate was as depending as their situation, until Thaddeus Sobieski, who had hitherto been a silent observer, rose from his seat. He advanced towards Stanislaus, and taking from his neck and other parts of his person those magnificent jewels which it was customary to wear in the presence of the king, he knelt down, and laying them at the feet of his majesty, said, in a suppressed voice, "These are trifles, but such as they are, and all of the like kind which I possess, I beseech your majesty to appropriate to the public service."

"A Noble young man!" cried the king, raising him from the ground, "you have indeed taught me a lesson; I accept these jewels with gratitude. Here," said he, turning to the treasurer, "put them into the national fund, and let them be followed by my own, with my plate, which I desire may be instantly sent to the mint.

One half of it the army shall have, the other we must expend in giving some little support to the surviving families of the brave men who have fallen in our defence."

"The palatine readily united with his grandson, in the surrender of all their personal property, for the benefit of their country; and, according to their example, the treasury was soon filled with gratuities from the nobles, which enabled the army to march out, newly equipped, and in high spirits."

Foreign Literature.

Memoirs de l'Abbé Morellet de l'Académie Française, sur le 18me Siècle, et sur la Révolution précédés de l'Eloge de l'Abbé Morellet. Par M. Lémontey, Membre de l'Institut, 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1821.

THE Memoirs of the Abbé Morellet are written by himself, M. Lémontey having had no other share in the work than that of editing it, and furnishing a somewhat unintelligible and silly eulogy. It is to be regretted that the Abbé did not commence his Memoirs before he reached his seventieth year, as his recollection of the events during the early period of his life is very imperfect, and hence the first portion of the work is comparatively uninteresting. Such portion of it, however, as relates to the revolution, is curious and important.

Andrew Morellet was born at Lyons, in 1727, and was the son of a paper-manufacturer. In the course of his collegiate education, he became the companion of two men, Turgot and De Brienne, both of whom were afterwards ministers of state. At the conclusion of their academical studies, in 1751, De Brienne gave a farewell dinner to Morellet, Turgot, and about a dozen of their companions, when, in a moment of hilarity, they agreed to meet on the same day in the year 1800, to play a match at hand-ball against one of the walls of the Sarbonne; but such is the mutability of human affairs, that when the day arrived, Morellet found that he had not only survived all the company, but even the Sarbonne itself, which had been destroyed in the early part of the revolution.

Morellet's connection with Turgot and De Brienne, naturally drew his attention to political subjects; he was, however, so moderate in his principles, that he luckily escaped the fury of the revolution without any dishonourable compromise. In his religious principles he was rather free, though he boasts that he was never an Atheist;

which is more than could be said for some of his friends, particularly Barré D'Holbach, at whose house the following 'excellent scene,' as the Abbé calls it, took place:—

"One evening that Diderot and Rousseau had outdone each other in talking atheism, and had said things to call down a thousand thunderbolts on our heads, if *thunderbolts fell on such occasions*, the Abbé Galiani, who had listened patiently to this dissertation, at last said—"Gentlemen, gentlemen, allow me to say that if I were Pope, I would clap you both up in the Inquisition; or if I were King of France, in the Bastille: but having the happiness to be neither, I have only to promise to meet you here next Thursday, and I hope you will hear my answer as patiently as I have heard yours." "Very well,"—we all exclaimed, and particularly our Atheists,—on Thursday."

Thursday came, and after dinner and coffee, the Abbé gathered himself up into an arm-chair, cross-legged like a tailor; and, as the weather was hot, holding his wig aloft on his left hand, and gestulating with his right, he proceeded as follows:

"Let me suppose that one of you gentlemen, who believe that this world is the production of chance, were to go to the gaming-table, and that your adversary were to throw *seize-à-cœur*, twice, thrice, four, five and six times running, our friend Diderot would lose his money, and think the devil was in the dice. Very well; the game proceeds, and your adversary still goes on throwing his main of seven, and without variation or interruption wins every stake. Diderot will now lose his temper as well as his money: he will swear that the dice are loaded—that the adversary is a blackleg, and that the house is a *hell*! Ah, Mr. Philosopher! because the same sides of two dice come uppermost for ten or a dozen times, and you lose a few shillings, you *frankly* believe that it is caused by a trick, an art, a combination, by, in short, a *mauvais d'œuf* and his subversive tools; and yet, seeing in the universe around you, millions of millions of combinations, more regular, more difficult, more complicated, and all certain—all useful—all beautiful—you never suspect that the dice of nature are loaded, that there is, indeed, an art, a combination, and a *Master Intelligence* above, who regulates the great play by his subversive tools, and confounds the reason and the skill of such shortsighted gamblers as you."

It would lead us to too great a length to follow the Abbé in the black catalogue of crimes which he unfolds in his *Memoirs of the Revolution*; we shall, therefore, only select a few of the most striking passages. The first relates to the death of the celebrated Condorcet:—

"Among the remarkable events of the

melancholy times, is the manner in which Condorcet perished. Condorcet, whose name has been spread over Europe, the pupil and friend of D'Alembert, the still nearer friend of M. Turgot, found himself, as it were, naturally summoned to our Legislative Assemblies; and if he did not sit in the first, he appeared in the second and third.

Every body expected from him settled opinions, great independence, courage in combating the abuses of the old government, and those sentiments of justice and humanity which true philosophy inspires. These hopes, however, he disappointed, not only since he has been a member of the Convention, but long before. At the commencement of the revolution he had written several things, in which he expressed sentiments quite contrary to the principles which he was known to profess, and to which he had pledged himself in several works. For example, after having expressed the highest respect for the rights of property in all his writings, both against M. Necker and on the form of the States-General, he no longer pays any regard to those rights, when he attacks even the usufructuary property of the clergy, that of the feudal rights purchased by the proprietors, doing away the personal services and that of the renters, in substituting for a given value in silver and gold, nominal value in paper, by which they were to lose fifty—nay, a hundred, and even two hundred per cent.

Having become a member of the Convention, and a judge, if not *de jure*, at least *de facto*, of the king, when the evidence itself and the forcible arguments of Deszeze and the grave authority of Malesherbes, convinced all just men that the king was innocent, he had the baseness and the cruelty to declare the king guilty, and voted every kind of punishment short of death. He added, that he did not vote the king's death, only because he did not think that society had the right to punish with death any crime, whatever was its enormity.

During the whole time that he sat in the Convention, we have not seen him rise once to oppose the sanguinary laws which it enacted, nor to denounce that band of robbers and assassins, called Jacobins, at whose meetings he occasionally appeared and presided. He thus became connected with Brissot and Robespierre. When Brissot was arrested, together with some of his partisans, Condorcet withdrew from the pursuit of the successful party, and lived a wandering and obscure life. He was taken up in Paris by a lady, who knew him only by reputation; she afforded him a generous asylum. Here he remained until the domiciliary visits of April, 1794, when, fortunately for himself, he fled, and strolled about for several days in the neighbourhood of Clamart, Fontenay, and the forest of Vevriere, about three leagues from Paris.

M. and Madame Suard, with whom he had lodged several years, had a house

at Fontenay, divided into two apartments, one of which was let to M. de Monville, one of the Council of Parliament. One morning, Condorcet presented himself at the door of M. de Monville, supposing it was M. Suard's. A servant opened the door to him; the unfortunate fugitive had all the appearances of a beggar,—a long beard, a torn coat, his feet wounded, and he seemed dying of hunger, after having spent several nights in the woods:—"Ah, my God! sir," said the servant, "how I pity you!" "What, then, do you know me?" "Oh, yes, sir—often have I attended upon you at M. Trudaine's." "Can you admit me?" "Alas, sir, it is impossible; my master does not like you." "What, is not this M. Suard's house?" "No, sir, there is his door."

Condorcet went in to Suard's, and found him at home. Suard sent away his servant, and learned from Condorcet his situation. He gave him some bread, cheese, and wine, and agreed to go to Paris to see if he could obtain a passport for Condorcet. Suard went to Paris, obtained the passport, and returned to his house, where he expected that Condorcet would meet him at an appointed hour. But Condorcet did not come at that hour, nor the next day, nor for two days after. On the third day, Suard and his wife went to spend the evening at a house in the neighbouring village, and there they heard that a person was arrested at Clamart, who was believed to be Condorcet: this was the fact.

The unfortunate wanderer, on leaving Suard's house, whence he had taken with him some bread, had returned to the forest of Vevriere, where he passed the night. The next morning he went to Clamart, and he was eating with avidity an omelet in a public-house, when his long beard, his negligent exterior, his unswelled air, attracted the attention of one of those volunteer spies who then infested all France. The spy asked him who he was, whence he came, whither he was going, and desired him to produce his passport. Condorcet, always too much embarrassed to speak or reply clearly, said, at length that he was in the employment of M. du Sejour, one of the council of the Court of Aids,—that he followed mathematics, and could produce the most satisfactory references, on account of his connexion with that person. These answers did not satisfy the spy, who conducted him to Bourg-la-Reine, where, not being able to give a satisfactory account of himself, he was imprisoned.—The next day he was found dead. He had taken stramonium mixed with opium, which he always carried about him; he had said to Suard on leaving him,—"If I have one night before me, I have no fear; but I abhor being dragged to Paris."

Strange and melancholy end for a man of his talent and reputation! His wife, one of the handsomest, best-informed, and most intellectual women that ever adorned the sex, retired to Anteuil, and

was reduced to the necessity of painting miniatures for her livelihood.

There is an excellent chapter of Morellet's attempt to procure, from the municipality of Paris, 'a certificate of civism,' which was a passport so necessary, that to walk the streets without one incurred the danger of the guillotine.

The Abbé, in vain, supplicates this famous commune, which kept the convention in awe, and was, in fact, the sovereign authority of the whole nation; but his certificate was traversed, and he was obliged to relinquish all hopes of obtaining it. At the last sitting at which the poor Abbé attended, Lubin, the President, who was the son of a butcher, not only sung the *Marseillais Hymn* and *Ca Ira*, but in all the pomp of his official dress, and from the eminence of the judicial bench, entertained the assembled crowd for full three-quarters of an hour, with patriotic songs, one of which was 'The Sparrow which my Lassy loves.' But, to give a faithful picture of the crime and absurdity which marked the proceedings of this council—the Common Council of Paris, we must quote the Abbé's account:—

'I had obtained,' says the Abbé, 'my certificate from my own section, and had taken it in the beginning of July, for final approval, as was the custom, to the Common Council at the Hotel de Ville; day after day I attended, and day after day was disappointed, until the 17th of September, when my case was finally appointed to be heard.'

'I arrived at the Hotel de Ville at six in the evening. At each end of the hall benches were erected amphitheatrically, which were filled with women of the lowest order, busy knitting, or mending waistcoats and breeches: their appearance was squalid, their eyes fiery with drink and rage, and their deportment worse than masculine. These women were hired to sit here, to fill the scene, and to applaud the actors.'

About seven the President and his colleagues took their places in the centre of the hall; he and the secretaries at one side, and in front of them, on the right, the several members of the Common Council, and on the left the poor suppliants.

'The business began by reading the minutes of the last meeting; in which the arrest of Bailly, late mayor of Paris, was announced, and the speedy death of this traitor and enemy of the people prophesied: this promise was received with shouts of *bravo*, and the most violent expressions of joy from all sides, but particularly from the women.'

'Another article of the minutes was a decree which forbade *pretty women ap-*

pearing at the mayor's office, whither they came to solicit the release of imprisoned aristocrats. At this article, *Hebert*, the Attorney of the Common Council, rose to complain of the non-execution of this salutary law. Somebody attempted to observe, in extenuation, "that in the land of freedom the public offices were necessarily open to all; that tastes differed, and that a lady might be admitted as ugly by one, and rejected by another as pretty; and that young and old, handsome or plain, all might have business to do; and that, in short, the public offices could not possibly execute the decree." These reasons however plausible, did not convince *Hebert*, who renewed his complaints against these petty aristocrats,—these *Circés* as he called them,—to the great satisfaction of the crowd of women, most of them old, and all of them disgusting, who composed the auditory.

'Now entered with a clatter of drums and fifes, bodies of recruits furnished to the army by the respective sections: each made a speech of devotion to liberty, and hailed to tyrants; and the President replied to each in the same style; and not content with speechifying, he stood up, and at the top of a sharp discordant voice screamed out the several verses of the *Marseillais Hymn*, while all the auditory joined in the chorus. This performance gave him and his assistants so much gratification that he repeated it to each deputation, (five that night,) and every time further favoured his audience with "Ca Ira," by way of afterpiece.

'Next came a wounded soldier, who, in the vulgar language, "swore never to quit his post," (which he had already left); this speech was received with such applause, that the fellow thought he could not do better than repeat it, which he did with new applause. Encouraged by this repeated success, he was about to begin again, but was with some difficulty persuaded that every one must have his turn; he was consoled, however, for this little check by getting a place near the President, where he stood during the whole sitting, enjoying his glory and the admiration of the company.

'Then came three Austrian deserters, swearing in unintelligible French to die for France; and then an orator from one of the sections swore (there seems to have been nothing but swearing and singing) by the holy trinity of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—"the only trinity," added the wretch, "in which we believe."

The Abbé Morellet was a prolific writer, principally on political subjects, but none of his works intitle him to much praise as a literary man, though he was a very remarkable instance of the longevity of intellect. He died on the 19th of January, 1819, at the age of ninety-two; and up to that age, he used to celebrate his birth-days with a family fête, which he enlivened

by an annual song. That which he wrote and sung at the commencement of his ninety-first year, is a panegyric on old age, and is remarkable for its spirit, elegance, and gaiety.

Original Communications.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!—CAIN'S SECOND MURDER!!

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,—I have just been on my knees, at least two hours and a quarter, returning thanks to my guardian deities for the wonderful escape which it has been their pleasure to procure me. The benevolence of my disposition makes me eager to communicate to you the interesting particulars of this event, in order that others may benefit by my experience, and be prevented from rushing unwarily upon immediate horror, and, it may be, ultimate perdition!—You must know, Mr. Editor, that I (in common with yourself and the majority of our countrymen), am a great admirer of the poetry of Lord Byron. You may guess then with what delight I saw announced all over the city and elsewhere, in blue, white, and red, the publication of the three dramas, that are now making so much noise in the literary world. I have hitherto been denied an opportunity of perusing these productions; and this circumstance, which I had been inclined to consider as peculiarly unfortunate, turns out to be quite the contrary. This morning, Mr. Editor, a friend put into my hand a number of 'Loquemanne's Cunnynge Advertiser,' which contains a notice of, and remarks upon Lord Byron's 'Cain,' which have absolutely electrified me. The Quarterly's attack upon Shelley, and the 'Advertiser's' celebrated 'cutting up' of the 'Cenci' are nothing to it! I am ashamed to confess that till now, I have never been very partial to the above journal, but shall henceforth conceive that I owe it an unerasable debt of gratitude. It has preserved me from undergoing the penance of struggling through a perusal of 'Cain, a Mystery;' to which operation the renowned critic of the above Advertiser has fallen a victim! Praise, Mr. Editor, for an instant, and pay to departed worth the tribute of one sympathizing tear! He was your rival, but though a little pompous and not less conceited, he was an honourable man, and had the interests of literature at heart.—Sir, I would not, for the possession of the whole world; and

his own mighty genius into the bargain, endure the least of the agonizing tortures, that must evermore goad the conscience of the wretched bard. He has written 'Cain,' and killed an editor!

—Cruel, cruel man! had not the immorality and evil tendencies of his 'Don Juan,' and the very palpable plagiarisms contained in all his works, together with his affected contempt for the 'Cunnynge Advertiser,' inflicted enough of suffering upon the sensitive mind of the departed reviewer, to excite his reluctant compassion and restrain him from putting a finishing stroke to the dreadful work, by sending 'Cain' into the world to work fresh mischiefs? Can we disbelieve him or blame ourselves, when we hear such a man declare, that 'he has not loved the world, nor the world him?'—How can we reverence the writer of such appalling 'mysteries' as Cain?

I once thought that the honest independence of Lord Byron's opinions, his sturdy good sense, and his unassuming integrity, had caused him to have such assaults as the writers in Blackwood, and the men whom his 'Cain' has just destroyed; but I am now convinced that it must be the frightful infidelity that characterises his works, that occasions the ceaseless enmity of his distinguished opponents; and I cannot but lament that so many passages of his more heart-felt effusions should have touched my sympathies to the core, and captivated my affections so completely as they have.

I see, Mr. Editor, I see but too clearly, that Lord Byron is as bad as either of his friends, Messrs. Shelley or Leigh Hunt; and the unfortunate writer who is now no more, has often solemnly averred of the latter, 'that they are fiends who care not how much misery they cause on earth, nor how much anger they excite in heaven!' What will not Lord Byron have to answer for?—I should have read 'Cain,' and doubtless I should have died too! dreadful and overwhelming thought!—Yes, Sir, I have as much reverence for religion as the late Mr. J., and the effect would have been the same with me as with him. You cannot, therefore, feel surprised that I am grateful to the work which warned me of my danger.

It would appear that the unfortunate gentleman did not expire immediately, but was preparing (like the Roman putting his robes in order, ere he did fall), to depart with decency last Thursday afternoon. Unhappily for us,

are bound to conclude that he is gone by this time;—sacred be his memory! With his own dear dying hand did he extract passages from this horrible drama, to prove that the reckless and blasphemous author had made Lucifer talk like Lucifer, and not like Mr. Wilberforce. The enormity of this offence, in every point of view, must be perceptible to the first glance of your editorial and inspeccatorial capacity. To be sure, Satan, in *Paradise Lost*, does the same thing; but then, as our all-accomplished but unfortunate critic very justly observed, Milton's Devil is in pain, while we are not exactly aware whether Lord Byron's Prince of Darkness is conversant with any thing but pleasure!

You will thus perceive, Mr. Editor, what a basilisk sort of work this 'Cain' must be; and if, after this warning, with that desperate courage for which you reviewers are celebrated, you venture to read and review this 'Mystery,' and survive the operation, I shall consider you little better than Lord Byron, and not much inferior to his Satanic Majesty himself! Trusting that you will profit by this admonitory note,

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours, very truly,

Dec. 22, 1821. J. W. D.

ANCIENT MEDAL.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—You mention in your last 'LITERATURE AND SCIENCE,' p. 797, some curious particulars of a medal having been offered in Inverness. I have an engraved fac simile of this coin in most excellent preservation, in a book under the following title, 'ΣΥΜΒΟΛΙΣΤΕ, or the intimate Conversation of Pope and Devil, attended by a Cardinal and Buffoon; to which is annexed the Portrait of each, with a brief explication' thereof. By James Salgado, Spaniard and Converted Priest. London; Typis T. Snowden, 1681.' Over the grotesquely hideous face of the Pope are these lines:

Papa, Satanas, fratres nudo jungatur ab arcto,
Cui quoniam mundi fertur uterque: Deus,
Quod erit junctum est; quia, quo diabitur orbis
Communis voto, suffiat uterque: sibi.

DEVIL.

With what strict bonds the Pope and Devil are tied!

Who, 'twixt them, both the rule o' th' world divide.

They, to each other mutual kisses lend,
And in their voice which way the world shall bend.

MORIO GNATHONI BAPHLOINIS, JUNGATUR SAT CAR,
OCTEBI NAM SCAMIN FRATER UTROQUE: FACIT.

Vix spectator erit, stulto modo tolle theatrum;
Nec Romas, dempto Cardine, Presul erit.

FOOL.

Too! Fool and Card'nal join, and well they may:
Both make the world their scene and all a play,
No shew in th' fair without a lay buffoon;
So, without Cardinal, no Pope at Rome.

This book, which contains 47 pages in Latin and English, is a severe philippic against the Pope, and denounces him with every epithet that consigns him to eternal woe. It is dedicated to Prince Rupert, Duke of Cumberland; in the last period, the author wisheth success 'proportionable to his high valour.' An appendix of 39 pages is full of matter relative to a magistrate, and gives a fac-simile, but much larger. Round the portrait are these words, 'moriendo restituit rem Edmund Bury Godfrey:—the reverse represents, 'tantum religio potest suadere malorum;' the Pope stands to witness the scene, Sir Edmund cries 'pro fide et patria.' He is being stabbed and strangled by three persons; and his holiness exclaims, 'Hereticus non est serranda fides!' Underneath are the words that follow; 'the true effigies of Sir Edmund Bury, who was cruelly murdered by the Papists in the year 1678, and of his age 57. He was a worthy gentleman and zealous Protestant, justice of the peace, &c. inhumanly butchered by the ruffian hands of the pernicious emissaries of the Pope. Sir Godfrey Edmund is a just man, crushed down: an Abel falls—a Jonathan perishes, when Cain makes insurrection, when the Philistines compe, and the murderers wash their hands in the blood of the innocent.' I add, Mr. Editor, that the language in 'Pape et Diaboli' is not suited to the uniform delicacy of your instructive paper; in the hope that I have not been too prolix, I beg, Sir, to offer you my thanks for your inserting this article, and wishing you 'a merry Christmas and happy new year.' I remain, your's, very respectfully,

Dec. 15, 1821.

ANTIO.

CURIOUS WILL.

THE following lines are copied from the original will of the late Nathaniel Lloyd, Esq., who died some time since, at his seat at Twickenham, Middlesex:—

What I am going to bequeath,
When this frail part submits to death;
But still I hope the spark divine
With its congenial stars shall shine:
My good executor fulfill,
I pray ye, fairly, my good will,
With first and second codicil.

And first I give to dear Lord Hinton,
At Twyford School now, not at Wigton,
One hundred guineas for a ring
Or some such memorandum thing;
And truly much I should have blunder'd
Had I not given another hundred
To Vere, Earl Poulett's second son,
Who dearly loves a little fun.
Unto my nephew, Robert Longdon,
Of whom none says, he e'er has wrong done,
Tho' civil law he loves to hash,
I give two hundred pounds in cash.

One hundred pounds to my niece Tuder,
(With loving eyes one Matthew view'd her,)
And to her children, just among 'em,
A hundred more, and, not to wrong 'em,
In equal shares I freely give it,
Not doubting but they will receive it.
To Sally Crouch and Mary Lee,
If they with Lady Poulett be;
Because they round the year did dwell
In Twickenham House, and serv'd'd full well,
When Lord and Lady both did stray
Over the hills and far away:
The first ten pounds, the other twenty;
And, girls, I hope that will content ye.

In seventeen hundred sixty nine,
This with my hand I write and sign,
The sixteenth day of fair October,
In merry mood, but sound and sober;
Past my three score and fiftieth year,
With spirits gay and conscience clear;
Joyous and frolicsome, tho' old,
And, like this day, serene, but cold,
To friends well wishing, and to friends most kind,
In perfect charity with all mankind.

NAT. LLOYD.

Original Poetry.

THE DYING YEAR.

As the sad lover with his mistress parted
In woe and weeping to a distant shore,
No voice awakens, bleeding, broken-hearted,
Save that which speaks to him of joys no more.
No eye, evasive of the common stare,
To gaze on one loved countenance alone,
As if it found the real ideal there,
A Phidias struck upon the breathing stone.
So, shade of the departing year, I weep,
Successive as thou fittest time annual round,
Some ling'ring loveliness into the deep
Evanish'd, at thy steps 'decaying sound;
And wish in vain the future may reveal
A part of what I've felt, but never more must feel!

Dec. 24, 1821.

MAG.

STANZAS.

SPIRIT! the holiest,
Beaming bright,
Sweet are thy regions blest.
Slumber light
Grieves o'er my weary eyes
Flitting dreams
Pass with thy spirit by—
Brightly he gleams.
Skimming the lucid air,
Hovering o'er
His dead victims there,
Breathe no more!
Quickly the fatal shafts
Glancing above—
The poison this Spirit wrares
Is hopeless love.

The sleeping waters roll
In silence on—
The silence of a guilty soul
When hope is gone:
And on their chrystal side
A hly bows,
Steeping in the fairy tide
Her faster brows.
Beneath the hly's stem
A violet blows;
Rushing to part them
The dark wave flows:—
In the shade of the twilight
They pass away;
And the spirit takes flight
On the morning ray.
Sweetest! thou lovely one—
Light of my soul—
The torrent has now begun
Onward to roll;
Closer then clasp me,
Aye, to thine heart—
The torrent may rush, but we
Never will part.

14th Jan., 1821.

H. A.

TO PEACE.

O PEACE!—thou cordial of the breast,
That giv'st the soul its wonted rest;
Sweet inmate, be my bosom's guest,
And I with thee,
Not caring for the world's alarms,
Serene will sleep, undisturb'd in thine arms
Most quietly!—

And when Aurora's rosy eye
Peeps out the golden eastern sky,
Unveiling heaven's canopy

In streets of light,
I'll gird my loins each passing day,
And journey on my lonely way
With calm delight!

And when I lay me down to sleep,
May gentle peace her vigils keep!
That sorrow oft hath made to weep

In sighs and tears,
Subduing every anxious weight
That bears on life's uncertain state,
Its doubts and fears!

HATT.

LINES

Written in consequence of an observation made
by a young lady in the author, that it was to
be lamented that the rose which she held had
not been allowed to remain until it bloomed!
ALAS! 'tis not strange that that beautiful rose
Should be plucked from its stem by an un-
feeling breast,

For scarce half its beauties 'thas been led to dis-
close,

Or 'tis in its summer habiliments dress.

How oft do we find that the youth of the maid
Is blemished ere 'thas reached its bloom;
How oft do we find seeming virtue's a shade,
And that honour has sunk to the tomb.

The hand that can tear, and the heart that can
wish

To draw innocence sweet from its duty,
Ought never to taste the enchantment and bliss
That is yielded by virtue and beauty.

May he, me's (who would pluck the sweet rose
ere it bloom).

Taste the sweets which this life can bestow!
May he be neglected—nor mourn'd when en-
tomb'd,

And, oh! in this life great be his woe.

Yet when his soul flies to its Maker above,
May his sins and his faults be forgiven;
And his sufferings, in this life, alone serve to
prove
The justness and mercy of heav'n.—J. O. P.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Elliston is a bold man; he has not only ventured to deprive the little play-going world of its usual holiday amusement, a pantomime, but he has attempted to force upon the public as a substitute, a piece which is a disgrace to the theatre, and an insult to the feelings and understandings of the audience. This is the long promised, much prepared, *Giovanni in Ireland*,—an extravaganza as it is called, which may be described in two lines. In it

'Wisdom and wit are not seen,
But folly at full length.'

If a total absence of plot, incidents, humour, and sentiment, had been the only objections to this piece, we might have been disposed to pass a lenient judgment; but when, to the want of all these requisites for a drama, we add, that it is, in many places, grossly indecent,—that it is an insult to that religion which Ireland chiefly professes, we shall not be accused of ill-nature if we speak of it in terms of unmix'd severity. To describe the thing is difficult, for it was an incomprehensible jumble from beginning to end; and the scenes were so unconnected, that they might have occurred in any order which the scene-shifter pleased, without the slightest injury; or half of them might have been omitted without making any breach of the progress of the story.

The author, Mr. Moncrieff, had collected names of some of the powerful characters of Lady Morgan's Florence McCarthy, and Miss Edgeworth's novels, and the names only, for they were stripped of every portion of their spirit, and these were all made subservient to Giovanni and Leporello. At an early hour symptoms of disapprobation, 'not loud but deep,' manifested themselves in all parts of the house; and, but for the beautiful airs (for they were all wretched parodies,) it would never have got through the first act. The piece opened with a beautiful scene, a view of the Bay of Dublin by moonlight, and the arrival of the Holyhead packet at the Pigeon House, from which the hero landed, and the business of the opera commenced; and proceeded amidst evident signs of uneasiness in

all parts of the house. On several occasions, when the impatience of the audience could no longer be controuled, but burst out and exhibited itself in cries of 'off!' and loud hisses, a beautiful air, warbled forth by Madame Vestris, Miss Povey, or Miss Cubit, procured their further forbearance; and thus, amidst alternate storms and calms, the piece reached the end of two long tedious acts, when in fact, Giovanni, the hero of the piece disappeared. The third act was entirely occupied by a grand pageant, representing the procession of the Knights of St. Patrick to the cathedral, and the ceremony of their installation; but even pageant seems to have had its day, for this, though splendid in scenery and decorations, could not even find toleration. The marriages which had been so long suppressed burst out in a storm, which had the effect of bringing the ceremonies of the cathedral to a very abrupt termination. The scene changed to a view of the pier and harbour of Dunleury, and the departure of the Royal George yacht, which was followed by a beautiful moving panoramic view of the coast scenery from Dunleury to Milford Haven, with the landing of the Sovereign at that place, with which the piece concluded. This really beautiful piece of scenery and mechanism, however, failed to create any impression in favour of the piece. The actors did all that could be done for it, but in vain, and the curtain fell amidst loud hisses. On Mr. Russell's coming forward to announce it for repetition, the cries of 'off,' and the efforts of friends, prevented a single word being heard. The afterpiece of *Monsieur Tonson* commenced, but the renewal of the uproar, and cries of 'Manager' rendered it totally inaudible. Mr. Russell again came forward and addressed the audience, entreating their indulgence for a repetition of the piece, when he treated many objection unavoidable on a first night's representation, would be removed. This address had the desired effect, and the farce was suffered to proceed.

On Monday night *Giovanni in Ireland* was repeated to a slender audience as ever graced a theatre on a Christmas holiday. Considerable entertainments, and some reformation had taken place; but it still remained such a piece of 'manity,' that the audience was decidedly against it.

We wish Mr. Elliston would get

us tragedy, comedy, or farce,—even the farce of the author of *Giocanni in Iceland*, rather than such ridiculous mummery as he is now attempting to impose upon us;—and he must ultimately do so, for his treasury will bear evidence that will convince him his last extravaganzas is unpopular.

We are happy to hear that Miss Edmiston, who has played Jane Shore and Lady Macbeth with such great success, is studying the character of Belvidera, in which she will soon make her appearance. In speaking of this lady last week, we said she was twenty-five years of age; we find, however, that she has attained her great dramatic fame at the early age of twenty-one.

COVENT GARDEN.—After the performance of *Virginies*,—in which Mr. Macready, Mr. Abbott, and Miss Beaumont played the principal characters, amidst the noisy applauses of a crowded holiday good-natured audience, a new grand and comic pantomime, called *Harlequin and Mother Bunch, or the Yellow Dwarf*,¹ was played for the first time;—too often is there just cause to complain of the vaunting puffa of the play-bills, but here the piece is well and truly described. The story is taken from the tale of Mother Bunch, in which the *Princess Allfair* (Miss Dennett), has two lovers; one, the *King of the Gold Mines* (Mr. Ellar), and the other the *Yellow Dwarf* (Grimaldi), son of the Fairy of the Desert, *Mother Bunch* (Master Longhurst). The King of the Gold Mines is the favourite lover, afterwards transformed to Harlequin, and the Yellow Dwarf, the rejected, becomes the Clown. After various situations of difficulty, which by magic aid are happily surmounted, the piece closes with the union of the King of the Gold Mines and the Princess Allfair. In his adventures Harlequin is attended by a favourite lacquey, *Guinea Pig* (Mr. Grimaldi, jun.) whose remarks with Pantaloon (Mr. Barnas), and the pantomimic tribe afforded ample gratification to the lovers of fun and laughter; while the more sedate part of the audience were delighted with the ever-varying brilliancy of elegant, tasteful, and splendid scenery. Of this description is the bedchamber of the princess, the draperies of which are of the most elegant and costly kind; the castle, of polished steel, which is perhaps as tasteful, and noble a specimen of scenic representation, as ever graced a theatre; and the brilliant splendour of the Gold

Mine must be most dazzling to those who find pleasure in the reflection of burnished gold, which here shone in every direction: even the wigs of the favoured inhabitants hung in brilliant golden tresses over their rich habiliments. One of our greatest pleasures in visiting a theatre at this season, is in beholding the delight so generally expressed by all around, and, upon this occasion, it seemed universal. The piece was much applauded and *Harlequin and Mother Bunch* will no doubt have crowded levees throughout the festival season.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—After the popular burletta of *Tom and Jerry*, which increases in attraction, an admirable comic pantomime was produced, founded on the well known story of *The Beauty and the Beast, or Harlequin and the Magic Rose*. The gambols of Paulo, as the clown, of W. Kirby, as Harlequin, with the graceful dancing of Miss Simpson, kept the house in continued merriment. The tricks were good and well managed, and the scenery excellent, particularly the last, the azure palace of the fairy Moonbeam, which was a most beautiful scene, and does great credit to the artist, Mr. Franklin.

SURREY THEATRE.—This favourite house opened on Wednesday night, with three new pieces. The first was a farcical burletta, called *Jack in the Green, or the Family Punch Bowl*, and seemed to give great pleasure to the good folks of the holidays. An interesting melodrama, by Mr. Ball, of Norwich, called *Ugolino, or the Tower of Famine*, followed, and the last piece was called *Animal Sympathy*. It is a most whimsical romance, and was admirably played. Several novelties are announced, which shew that the spirited manager of the Surrey will be able to compete with his theatrical rivals.

OLYMPIA THEATRE.—The treat prepared for the holiday-folk at this theatre, consisted, first, of *Life in London*, the part of Tom by an amateur, who played the character with spirit and effect; next, *Rumfuskinn*, which seemed to give universal delight; and, lastly, a new pantomime, entitled *Harlequin Tatter'd and Torn*, in which many excellent scenes were displayed, very creditable to the talents of the artists. A lady made her first appearance as Columbine, who danced with considerable skill, and was much applauded. The tricks wanted originality to recommend

them; but, taken as a whole, the pantomime deserves commendation, and will well maintain its rank among the London Christmas amusements.

COBURN THEATRE.—The proprietor of this theatre has introduced a novelty,—a looking-glass curtain, which reflects his own folly, as well as that of the audience, in paying their money to witness such a ridiculous exhibition in a theatre. It is certainly splendid, and appeared to give approbation to an audience which has always been proverbial for its good nature and indulgence.

Literature and Science.

Signs of the Weather.—In general it may be taken for granted, that violent tempests seldom or never happen without previous indications of their approach: one of the most insidious, but at the same time most certain prognostics of an impending storm, is prettily well known to sailors by the name the "mackerel sky." The clouds appear dappled, (*cyrrhus*) and the sky is generally serene. If these dappled clouds either increase in magnitude and apparent density, or suddenly assume a different shape, a description, the storm is at hand; but if they seem to diminish and fade away, they foreshew settled weather. The halo or circle round the moon, another sore prognostic of bad weather, but it does not always precede a heavy gale; perhaps it more frequently denotes rain, but very often both wind and rain. The larger and broader the halo, the nearer is the bad weather. The streaky appearance of the high clouds (*cirrus stratus*) is another sign, and demonstrates that there is ready a strong gale in those regions, which, at no distant period, will sweep the lower part of the atmosphere. The *aurora borealis* makes its appearance, it is a sign of a gale from the opposite point, and the brighter the aurora the more severe will be the gale, which generally takes place within 36 hours at most; when the aurora is very brilliant, it denotes that the storm is not very far distant. Shooting or falling stars also indicate an approaching storm, and the more visible these meteors appear, the more dangerous is to be apprehended. Virgil notices this prognostic 2000 years ago, and the justness of his description has been proved thousands of times: *Sape etiam stellis, vento independente, visis*

*Præcipitis coelo labi, noctisque per umbram
Fluminarum longos a tergo albescere tractus.
When glowing stars are seen to glide,
With sparkling train through ether wide;
The watchful mariner will know,
That stormy winds will quickly blow.*

The Bee.

*'Floriferæ ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascitur aura dicta.'*

R. ETIUS

Mrs. Inchbald's Grave.—The remains of this celebrated lady, it is known, were deposited in the New Burying-ground attached to the parish church of Kensington; and there has just been placed over the grave a large and substantial but plain grave stone, with the following inscription: neither in the form of the stone, nor in the character of the letters, is there the least ornament:

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

(Then a Cross).

Sacred to the Memory of

ELIZABETH INCHBALD,

Whose writings will be cherished while Truth,
Simplicity, and Feeling, command
public admiration;

And whose retired and exemplary Life closed
as it existed,

In Acts of Charity and Benevolence.

She died August 1, 1821.

Aged 66 years.

Requiesce in peace!

The New Burying-ground is divided into compartments, which several divisions are numbered; and it may not be uninteresting to add, that at the end of Mrs. Inchbald's grave are the figures 142, and that it is next to the grave of George Charles Canning, eldest son of the Right Hon. George Canning, over which there is an elegant marble monument.

By an official return, laid before the Lord Mayor, of the christenings and burials, within and without the walls of the city of London, from Dec. 12, 1820, to Dec. 11, 1821, it appears that there have been christened—males, 13,072; females, 12,160; total, 25,232. Buried—males, 9,379; females, 9,079; total, 18,451. Whereof have died:—

Under two years of age	4276
Between two and five	1793
—five and ten	904
—ten and twenty	628
—twenty and thirty	1358
—thirty and forty	1817
—forty and fifty	1867
—fifty and sixty	1872
—sixty and seventy	1612
—seventy and eighty	1312
—eighty and ninety	771.
—ninety and a hundred	150
A hundred and eight	1

The city of Metz, it appears, has been some time afflicted by one of these

plagues of Egypt—viz. frogs. Several streets were found covered with these animals, and no one could imagine from whence they came, until a *Marchande de Grenouilles* (frog merchant) explained the mystery by applying to the tribunals and claiming his property. He had shut up six thousand frogs in the troughs and buckets of the fish-market, and several children, who discovered his dépôt, put every one at liberty. The frogs, delighted with freedom, spread themselves in every direction. They entered the houses, and the inhabitants could not relieve themselves from their visitors, without considerable trouble and difficulty.

When first the beer pumps were introduced in the bars of the country inns, they excited a great deal of curiosity amongst the bumpkins, and they used to be continually looking at, prying into, and handling them, as their slender knowledge of hydraulics did not enable them to comprehend the principle upon which they acted. This meddling sort of curiosity, greatly annoyed a Mr. Boniface, at a country inn, in the neighbourhood of London. By the bye, this same gentleman was considered within his own sphere, not only as a great wit, but a great poet also, and was famous for *making verses*, upon all extraordinary occasions; now this being considered as one of those great events worthy of his notice, he invoked the muses (over his pipe and his pot), and produced the following *very elegant and classical* couplets, which he printed on a board, and placed over the handles of his beer cocks, in order to prevent any further encroachments being made on them.

* Caution,

'Whoever preumes with these here cocks for to meddle,

Shall pay a pint of beer, that there is the riddle;
But whoever preumes these here cocks for to draw,

Shall pay a pot of beer, and that there is the law;

But if he does not pay that, he shall be sous'd
In the pond with the ducks,

And all *this* here comes of meddling with them
these here cocks.

Illuminating in Germany, alias *Darkness Visible*.—The following is from a German paper:—'In a placard, which the magistrates of Nieubury caused to be made public on the occasion of his Britannic Majesty's passage to Hanover, the following was noticed among other arrangements:—"The manner in which the inhabitants shall illuminate their houses is left to their own disposition; nevertheless, we would

wish that every window looking over the street should be lighted with one candle at least. We should be glad that even two candles should be placed in each of the aforesaid windows. Such of the inhabitants as find it a hardship to purchase candles are invited to wait upon the burghmaster, who will defray the expense." What a splendid appearance the town of Nieubury must have presented, when every window had its little-farthing rushlight burning in honour of the Majesty of Britain!

Mr. Horne Tooke, on finishing his pamphlet, intitled the *Two Pair of Portraits*, thus concluded:—'The author now begs leave to propose two questions to his readers, which all men, he conceives, will in their closets answer in the same words.—You have here been presented with four portraits (merely an assemblage of known indisputable facts). *First question*—Which two of them will you choose to hang up in your cabinets, the *PITTS* or the *FOXES*? *Second question*—Where, on your consciences, should the other two be hanged?'

Epigram.

A Scotchman, delighted when Salomon's play'd,

Would tender his hand; 'But no,' Salomon said—

'Thou'rt fattier generally allance,
This mark of your kindness I needs must refuse!

My *fiddle* you like, and that's all very well,
But I'm not over partial to *your's*.'

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

Some of our readers will perhaps be disappointed in not finding a review of the *Farmer*, in our present number. To such we must observe that it is a part of the plan on which we set out, and to which we have faithfully adhered, to render every volume of our work complete in itself; and as we did not conceive we could do justice to the last production of the author of 'Waverley' in one number, we have deferred reviewing it until next week.

In addition to a copious review of the *Firer*, our first number for the new volume will contain reviews of Lord Byron's 'Cain, a Mystery,' and Lady Harriet's Letters, with such a variety of literary and scientific intelligence, as will, we trust, ensure us a large accession of subscribers.

We have received several communications which we shall notice in our next.

Cedric's polite note has been received, and he will find an answer at our office on Monday.

London:—Published by J. Knicker, 25, Great Street, East of St. Dunstons Church; where orders, notices, and communications, may be addressed. Editor (post paid) may be addressed, Mr. Knicker, 25, Great Street, East of St. Dunstons Church. Printed by G. W. Smith, 11, St. Dunstons Church, East of St. Dunstons Church. Printed by G. W. Smith, 11, St. Dunstons Church, East of St. Dunstons Church.

Mr. Home Tom is pamphlet, called "The Fortunate, the more their new help are questions to himself he guesses, all a cover in the new one here been present (merely an meeting) putable fact). For two of them will go in your column. 57 FOXES? Sometimes your concern, and be hangd?"

be hungry: *Ap-
A. So, I'm, dear?
play?
Would wonder to last?
and—
'The' your fancy play?
This mark of your kind-
ness;
My, shall you like, and
But I'm not over well*

TO READERS: FOR

Some of our readers pointed to our being late in our power under the service that it was put off set out, and to what we hoped, to make report complete in itself; and we could do justice to the spirit of "Knapton" have deferred making all

In addition to a large
rate, our first number
contains reviews of *Les Mis-
teries*, and *Lady Macbeth*.
variety of literary material
will, we trust, interest
readers.

We have serious
which we shall attempt
Cedric's pulse was but
he will find to answer
day.

day.



